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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

P-19

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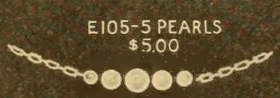
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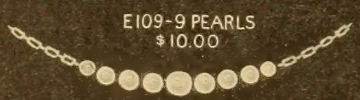
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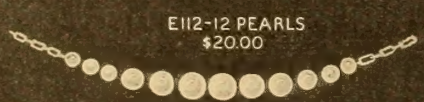
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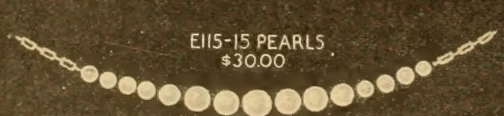
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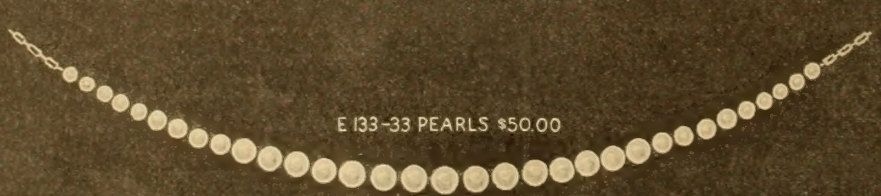












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James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XII

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Impressions

More of those delightful impressions by Julian Johnson. He paints with that wonderfully colorful word-brush his impressions of Antonio Moreno, Alice Joyce, Charles Clary, Constance Talmadge, Mollie King, Olive Thomas, Alma Reuben, Irene Castle, Raymond Hatton, William Desmond, Marc MacDermott, and George M. Cohan.

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The Red Corpuscle of the Celluloid

Who? None other than William Farnum. Frederick James Smith takes you down to Sag Harbor, Long Island, Farnum's summer home, and there you meet all the folks—not by any means overlooking the telegraph boy. Don't miss the photograph of Farnum and his telegraph boy. It's a big grin in itself. For the first time Bill Farnum gives up some early footlights history that makes mighty interesting reading.

Soldieress of Literary Fortune

We promised you a story about Frances Marion, the little doll scenario writer that is writing Mary Pickford's screen stories. Here's a story for every girl who wants to climb the ladder of success in screen or scenario work. Here's a girl worth knowing.

Douglas Fairbanks Has Joined Our Staff

Yes, Old Doc Cheerful is a writer. If you haven't read his book, do so. Then you'll appreciate what a treat is in store for you every month when you read his "Happy Page." Well, here's our editorial mit, Doug. You will brighten things up, I wot. He won't even tell us what he's going to write about, but his very own page begins next month.

Geraldine Farrar's Page Every Month

Miss Farrar has very generously consented to edit a page in the new PHOTOPLAY in which she will tell our young lady readers about her screen and operatic work, as well as a lot of wonderfully interesting personal reminiscences. One of these days she is going to tell them just how hard it is to spend years in the hardest kind of work and study to achieve success, what their chances are of getting into motion pictures. If you are not ready for the cold, hard truth avoid this page.

How Do You Like the Dubb Family? And what do you think of Temperamental Tim, Mr. O'Reilly's hard guy from the Southwest. They will be back again in the November issue.

A Moving Picture Outfit for Your Church or School

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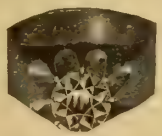


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Photo by White

ALICE BRADY showed discrimination in selecting William A. Brady as a parent. But, since her first stage appearance, Alice has justified her advancement by consistent, hard work. She sang well in light opera, proved herself equally at home in drama and then invaded papa's movies. She has fast developed into a favorite since joining World Film in 1915. She is 22 years old and unmarried.



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ELSIE FERGUSON used to grace musical comedy. Then came a dramatic metamorphosis and Elsie began to attract attention. "Outcast" established her as one of our most promising young stars. Born on Manhattan Isle in 1883, Miss Ferguson was educated in New York and invaded the stage in 1901 in "The Girl from Kays." She is married and has just been won over to the movies by Artcraft.



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PAULINE FREDERICK was born in Boston in '84. A Boston girls' finishing school started her stageward. Pauline's immediate predecessors were of Scotch and New England ancestry, all of which can hardly be reconciled to her 90°-in-the-shade Mrs. Potiphar of "Joseph and His Brethren" and her little nightie characterization of "Innocence." "The Eternal City" marked her screen debut.



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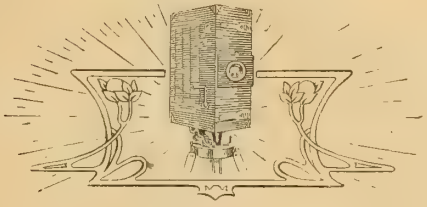
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PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XII OCTOBER, 1917 NO. 5



The War-Time Sanctuary

AN interesting sidelight on universal humanity is furnished in the United States Commissioner's final report on Belgian relief. He writes that no matter how ill-nourished or insufficiently protected against the elements the Belgian town and country folk might be, a certain percent of their dole from across the sea was laid aside for motion pictures, and no urgent physical demand could induce them to relinquish the fleeting visions of happier scenes, elsewhere. The photoplay theatre is their mental sanctuary.

We have long recognized the projection-machine's invasion of every country; we are acquainted with 'cross-trench merriment between British and Germans over Chaplin's pasteboard replicas, but probably few of us have thought that all this while the booth-lamps have been burning steadily in that little land which is the pain-wracked operating table of a broken world.

This should be a heartening assurance to American motion picture manufacturers, not only as to their material welfare, but as a reminder of their great duty in keeping alive hope and laughter and interest in things other than destruction.

As our world-war goes on, the light behind the flying celluloid must grow brighter and brighter. The time is promoting democracy in other things than government. For one thing it is making a democracy of amusement, and the photoplay is the most democratic of diversions, not only in its price, which is more alluring in adversity than in prosperity, but in its all-encompassing appeal.





Mollie likes to dance, and swim, and drive her car, and you may be sure she does all three well.

Mollie *of* Manhattan

Mollie King was all of eight months old when she made her stage debut. At seven she was given her first important role.



Miss King declares that one great advantage the picture business offers is that it gives the actor and actress a home.



Says Mollie, in expressing her views on love and marriage, "I suppose that some day I'll be married, and have a home, for it's in every woman to love love, whether she finds her ideal lover or not".

When Is a King a Queen? When They're born in this Family, Where the Miss Kings outnumber the Mr. Kings just Two to One.

By John Ten Eyck

Photographs posed exclusively for Photoplay Magazine by White.



THE most popular picture of a great actress puts her in an apartment which at least three-fourths of her following will describe as swell; surrounds her with all the torture of luxury that a picture property man can get together; and provides her with a gently melancholy line of thought on the old home and the old friends, all far, far away.

Beginning an at-home story about Mollie King we are cramped in our style.

Though Mollie lives at the top of the Ansonia, one of New York's most celebrated apartment hotels, she still sticks in her childhood surroundings, and trains with her childhood friends.

On Sundays she goes to the parish church she attended as a child, and is greeted by the friendly smile of Father Taylor, the priest who confirmed her.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays she goes to work, but she has many an off-hour in those days in which she romps about her portion of Manhattan village with the boys and girls she romped with when her skirts were shorter (just a little bit) and her responsibilities were lighter in weight.

The city girl the books tell about is born in Nimrim, Mo., or Hellroaring Gulch, Mont., or Brindle Pass, Tex. She is the girl who really becomes citified at great speed, and lives up to all the traditions of citification found in the popular novels. She may arrive from her outland looking like a 1912 tonneau, but in no time at all, employing a French modiste from Riga or Kiev, living in a Forty-Seventh Street hotel and dining per invitation at the Longacre restaurants, she becomes so excessively newyorky that even pastoral pictures cause her a great deal of pain.

Your true country girl nowadays had a street-car to lull her to her baby sleep. Such is Mollie King, whose countryside was Central Park, with the Hudson river for a brooklet, and Broadway for the main street of her village.

She was born within a golf shot of the great hotel where she now lives. She attended the public schools and she graduated from Wadleigh High School. She is one of those perfectly impossible pretty girls whose head is not destined to be willed to a collar-button factory. Her English is as beautiful as she is; and, looking at these pictures, you must admit that that's some tribute.

The quaint home of Mollie, her mother, her sister Nellie

and her brother Charles is in the Ansonia's very peak. Beneath the window of her living room Broadway winds like a crooked stream, and one's gaze goes straight out over the myriad-celled heart of the greatest city in the world. In the room there is a comfortable couch, a library table with a reading lamp, a well-littered piano, some books, some paintings, some autographed portraits, and, at the window, a wide seat upon which any dreamer, staring below, may imagine himself an emperor upon the throne of the world.

I came into this room at the end of a cool day in Spring. Darkness hovered above the city, in a vain assault, flung back and into its eternal deeps by a million needles of electric fire. Mollie came into the room, serene and softly gowned; her lips laughing, her eyes alert. That day she had been doing a "tank scene" in "The Double Cross."

"Did you ever have to stay in the water a long time on a cold day?"

I recalled my childhood hours of terrible enforced bathing, when to comb my hair and wash to a water-line was awful punishment.

"I've been put into water when I didn't want to be put," I answered. "I think I get you."

"Today they had so many retakes, and my costume wasn't a—well, it wasn't *much* of a costume, and I was thoroughly chilled."

The sympathy basis established on the aquatics we began to talk of photoplay acting in general, and its comparisons with stage acting, in both of which, little Mollie King is a



Mollie combines the sedateness of middle age, with the ingenuous charm of seventeen.





Miss King lives in the "Ansonia", one of the great apartment hotels of New York. From her living room windows one looks down on Broadway.

veteran and a super-postgraduate.

As a real personal expression she prefers the stage, because—she says—she can bring herself to her role at every performance, and deepen and widen her conception at every repetition. She believes that a great part does not become a great part until it has been played many times, and bears the polish and finish of long study and scrutiny—months, perhaps, of continuous playing.

But the screen has other advantages which the stage hasn't and never can have. Miss King thinks that every great part should be eventually played upon the screen, for the spoken drama's tragedy is its short life, while the screen's greatest asset is its immortality. And second to this, is the infinite breadth of its appeal.

She spoke in a very awed voice, and with her hazel eyes wide with suppressed emotion as she said: "I never play a part that I'm not thrilled with that thought. I do the very best I can because I know I am creating something that has power to creep into every corner of the world, and live, and live, and live until I am old and deaf and toothless—and oh, how well I try to do every little scene!"

What manner of woman is this Mollie, who combines the sedateness of middle age with the ingenuous charm of seventeen? When and how does she play, and what are her beliefs and disbeliefs?

She plays at dancing, of which she's very fond—she was a professional dancer of the stage brand, you know—at swimming, when not applied in too large doses, and in driving her little car, which she hurls up and down Broadway with the assurance of a racing chauffeur.

Apart from these pictures, Mollie needs no very great particularization in words. She is brief, but not too brief; she has a superb complexion, and sunrise hair. Don't forget the previously indexed hazel eyes, and a set of teeth which, if generally duplicated among mankind, would make the dentists turn their forceps into ploughshares and their picks into pruning hooks.

One's best judgment on a woman may be made after considering her ideas on love and marriage. Somehow, you get around to the love and marriage topic inevitably, whether your drive is personal, or impersonal as a reporter's impertinences usually are.

And I found that Mollie's ideas on love and marriage were not only sweet, but sane—which is much rarer; and, in an adolescent child of nineteen, rare to the vanishing point.

"I suppose," she said, "that some day I'll be married, and have a home, for it's in every woman to love love, whether she ever finds her ideal lover or not.

"I think the tragedy of home-life today lies in the lightness with which married people treat their domestic

(Continued on page 134)



I *Love* Leading Men Don't You?

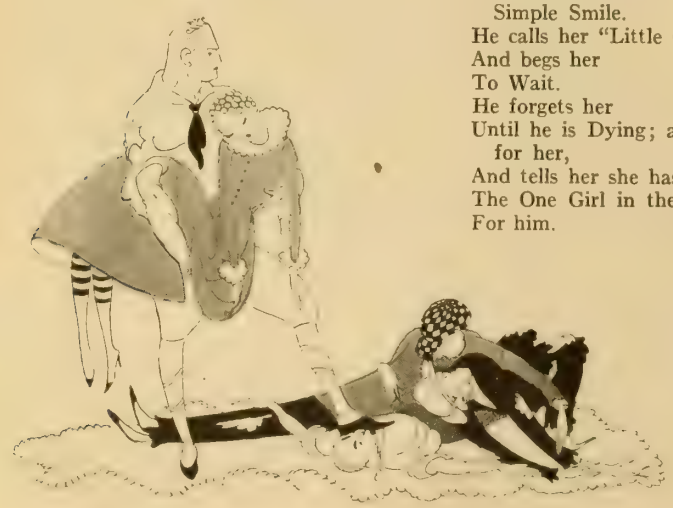
By Delight Evans

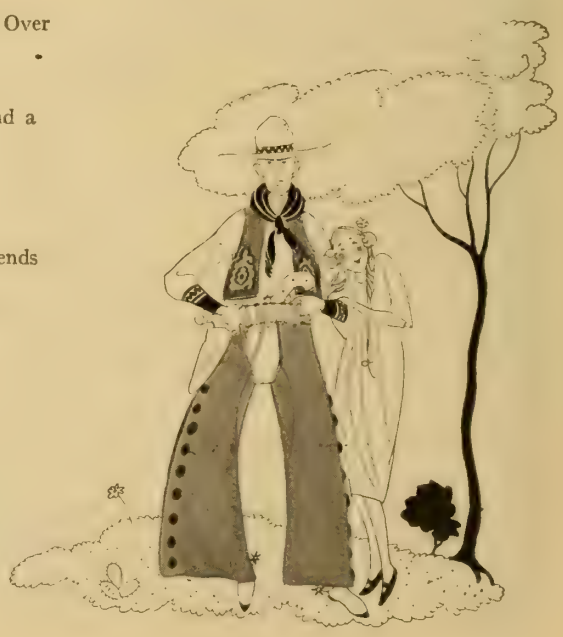


THERE is
The Perfect Young Man.
His neck is Too-Beautiful—
There-ought-to-be-a-Law-against-it.
He is never Happy
Unless he can Pull one Fight,
Rescue the heroine,
And Register Resolution—
(I wish I knew how he does it).
He has
A Leading-Lady.
Once in a while
You catch a glimpse
Of a disappearing skirt or a stray curl.
He has a Horrible Grudge
Against the Scenario-Writer; because
He Thought of It first.
He minds everybody's business
Perfectly.
He Mixes-In—
He thinks he is
Helping.
He gallops merrily
To Save Something; while the orchestra plays
"When Grandma Sings the Songs she Loved
At the End of a Perfect Day."
Then there is
The Raw-Boned Westerner,
With the face that Only a Mother
Can appreciate.
He is never shorter than six feet three.
He labors under a Secret Sorrow:
A Lost-Love, that is Hounding him to his Grave.
(He can't get there soon enough to suit *me*).
But there is always
A Girl, who Realizes
That he is a Diamond-in-the-Rough—awfully Rough.
She Helps him To Forget;
And he Follows her Every Move
With Longing Eyes.
He gets his Reward
In the last hundred feet
When she tenderly Kisses him,
And Digs her sharp little Chin
Into his Shoulder.

And then
We have the Artist:—
The Beautiful Artist,—
The Struggling Artist,—
The Lovable Artist
Who Visits the Farm.
He is always
Getting Letters, so
He can Crush Them
In his Strong Lean fingers.
He has Coal-Black hair,
And a Tiny Mustache.—
Nobody ever saw a Blond-Artist.
He is always
Painting his Master-Piece—
The Picture which he Knows
Will Win the Prize.
He always
Paints Women;
And the Farmer's Daughter
Is his Ideal—
The One Type
He has Longed to Paint,
And has Searched For the World Over
And never found.
He poses her for hours
Near the Brook in the Wood,—
Clad in the Trees-and-Flowers and a Simple Smile.
He calls her "Little Girl,"
And begs her
To Wait.
He forgets her
Until he is Dying; and then he sends for her,
And tells her she has always been
The One Girl in the World
For him.
His Master-Piece
Won the Prize.
And he Kisses her Gently
Upon the Ear.

And oh
The Careless Cads and the Beautiful Bounders,
Who are always so absorbed in a cigarette
That you can't be sure they are really
There.
They Love the Ladies—"God Bless 'Em!"
And Close-Ups are Everything to them—*Every*thing.
They are Club-Men.
They Carry a Roll in each pocket;
They are continually
Tipping.
Sometimes they are not called "Jack."
The Beautiful Bounder
Loves a Dear-girl, but he tells her
He Isn't Worthy.
He swings a cane.
He has an Elderly Aunt, and Sometimes even an Uncle.
He Loves Art.
He smiles Sardonically
He is Disappointed in Life.
He runs his fingers through his hair,
And Woulds to God he could Reform.
(Would to God he Could!)
I love Leading-Men.
Do you?







"I think I am one of the best comedians in the picture game. And you can't have me arrested for that, can you? (Now if you've got that down, Charlie, what the blazes else shall I ask myself?"

"*If* I Say *It* Myself—"

Being an Interview with His Favorite Screen Idol

By Charlie Murray

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Your request that I interview myself at hand. Is this a scheme of PHOTOPLAY'S to save the salary of a regular interviewer, or is it a test to feel out my literary ability? Well, Steve Brodie took a chance, and why not a humble Keystone comic? So here goes, and damned be he who first cries plagiarist.

First, let me tell you that my honest-to-goodness name is Charlie Murray and that I first saw the light of day in the quiet little village of Laurel, Indiana, on June 22, 1872, thus making me the proud possessor of forty-five long, sweet years—some of them longer than others, but they all seemed the same.

Well, to start this drama of high life, I shall say that both my parents were white, and of very excellent stock, as can be proved by consulting the *Breeders' Magazine*. I eat three meals a day and the food is always censored. I have two good eyes, a few teeth and some hair. I chose to be an actor because all my brothers were blacksmiths and A1 hammer wielders. The bellows and anvil did not appeal to a temperament like mine, as I wanted to do something big, so I joined an Indian medicine show and left the old homestead flat. Oh yes, I was ambitious.

I don't receive three hundred letters a day nor do I employ a private secretary. I live in the Murray apartments in Los Angeles, but I do not own them. A number of people think I do; therefore I gain a lot of prestige and a six-room apartment for sixty dollars a month. I am drawing a very fair salary and I love my wife. I think I am one of the best comedians in the picture game. But you can't have me arrested for that, can you? I don't own any automobiles, ranches, town houses or ukuleles. I would sooner shake hands with a hod carrier than I would with a millionaire, as I know he got his hod honestly.

My greatest fault is in loving my own wife, and I have had the same one for fifteen years. I never go out without her; if I did, I'd never get in when I got back. We never have a word in the apartment, as my landlord has provided a roof garden where all the married couples air their differences.

Dr. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, advised us against having any children, saying they would not live. As soon as they grew old enough to recognize their father, they would laugh themselves to death. So all we have in the

way of pets is a couple of cute porcupines, August and Bertha.

I don't play golf, tennis, old maid or casino. My favorite pastime used to be unloading schooners and it is still a favorite indoor sport. I am very fond of the open air and I have taken up croquet and squash as a twin art.

I once went to South America, where the natives cook by the sun. When I got there, the sun did not come out for four days and by that time I was near starvation.

I am tolerably athletic, but not as supple as Doug Fairbanks.

I owned a race horse once and, after two attempts at winning, I traded him for a Whiteley Exerciser, which I still have.

I love the birds and animals and all of nature's scenery. Sunday generally finds me on the beaches admiring the calves. I never smoked opium, but smoked herring is a passion with me.

I have written twenty plays for the speaking stage and I still have them all.

My dear old father is seventy-eight years old and, if I live to be that age, I shall still be in the pictures, even if I have to resort to the rogues' gallery. And I do believe that Jesse James could get as much money as Billy Sunday, if Bob Ford had not separated Jesse from his breath. I believe in Faith, Hope and Charity; also it's a long lane that gathers no moss.

Understand me when I say that all my efforts in the amusement line have not been confined to the screen. Oh, dear no. My early days were fraught with a good deal of excitement. At the tender age of twelve, I was chambermaid to a skating Shetland with the old John Robinson's Ten Big Shows Combined. I also worked in the "leaps" with the other clowns, and, say, money with that show was as scarce as an oil painting of King George in the Kaiser's palace at—er—Windjammerhaven. But everybody was happy. Perhaps that was because of the lack of money—explaining the carefree, happy attitude with which the professional hobo wanders through life. I have never been a hobo but I can easily perceive the joys attendant upon roaming through the country and subsisting upon the fat of the land as handed out by sympathetic housewives. Of course some housewives are not as generous as others but the hard luck story of the motion picture actor out of work and on his way from Los Angeles to New York would be a brand-new one. It ought to get the food.

For twenty years I starred with Ollie Mack, under the team name of Murray and Mack. "Finnigan's Ball" was our greatest success. We made so much money that I contracted financial rheumatism in both hands. I couldn't get either of them open—not even for carfare. We played every town in the country that possessed an opera house and we generally carried from twelve to fifty people as we always organized our company to fit the crop reports.

Mr. D. W. Griffith gave me my chance to go in pictures, at the tantalizing sum of five dollars a day—some days. But, after annoying the camera for five weeks, he gave me ten a day and I served the Biograph Company for eighteen months as principal comic. Then I joined Mack Sennett's Keystone, where I have been for three years, and have signed for two years more, at a very jealous salary, if I do say it myself.



At the right, Charlie Murray, at left, Ollie Mack, a team that starred together for twenty years.

I am generally in the dressing room at eight-thirty in the morning and I leave the studio at four in the afternoon and hike me to my six-room tepee, where two wonderful arms and two beautiful big black eyes, with all the love and warmth that can breathe from a body that is as perfectly molded as the Venus de Milo and a face as adorable as Mona Lisa's, stretch forth their sublime loveliness and bid me welcome. After a strenuous day spent at the Keystone, I feel amply repaid for all the pies and bruises and falls that I have met with. And when I look back and see the advantages that I have lost by playing hookey instead of chalking the blackboard and searching the innermost pages of McGuffey's Reader and using my sleeve for a slat rag and—ah, those were the happy days.

Well, I see I am rambling in my desire to fill your order, but I must confess that a studio dressing room is no place in which to write a story of one's life. As I look out of my window, I see Mack Swain being hung by a band of Keystone Indians, and Chester Conklin being shot up three stories high on the end of a hose, and off on another set Louise Fazenda is trying to commit suicide without mussing her makeup, and about nineteen different guys keep coming in and asking if there is any truth in the report that Mack Sennett has sold out to the Triangle and is Mack Sennett married to Mabel Normand—to all of which I say that I don't know.

Well, gentle editor, my assistant has just called and says that everything is all ready to shoot, so here goes to make a picture. And if you can make any sense out of these few lines, I hope I see you well and that your efforts in behalf of the European struggle will be appreciated by all concerned, including the author of this notable literary achievement.

Yours truly,

CHARLIE MURRAY.

FATTY ARBUCKLE (324 pounds net), the famous film comedian, on his recent visit to New York from his celluloid home in California, attended a dietetic lecture at which the speaker declared that at 75 years of age an average man has eaten an amount of food equal to 1500 times his own weight. He further proved that, if the bread alone he has consumed could be piled separately, it would occupy a space equal to that of a good-sized building. The vegetables, on reappearing, would fill a train three miles in length, and the bacon, when placed end to end in single slices, would stretch along a line four miles long. The reappearance of five tons of fish and one-fifth of a ton of cheese would surely haunt him; while twelve thousand eggs, ten thousand pounds of sugar and fifteen hundred pounds of salt would put in their claim. And he has smoked no fewer than 250,000 cigarettes. At this point in the lecture Arbuckle burst into tears.

"To think," he sobbed, "I've never saved a coupon."



A Real Photoplay Romance

DISAPPOINTMENT note to one million young men: Anita Stewart is engaged. She has promised Rudolph Cameron that she will eat breakfast opposite him for life and be his leading lady always.

The lucky man is 25 years old and has been playing opposite Miss Stewart for about six months in Vitagraph pictures. Previous to that he spent a number of years on the stage.

To anticipate a thousand inquiries to the Question and Answer man—he is five feet eleven and has brown hair and eyes.

"Temperam

The first of a remarkable

By Edward S. O'Reilly



In the next few days the poor bad man led a life of

It was me that was responsible for Tim Todhunter's downfall, although I never meant to do it. You see the old man was puttin' on a western five reeler with a bad man maverickin' around through the story. He comes to me and says:

"Jim, this is a whale of a story but there ain't nobody on the lot that can do justice to that bad man. I want to find somebody with a naturally mean face, the homelier the better."

"You want Tim Todhunter from San Simon," I says. "It ain't humanly possible for anybody to be any uglier than him. He is the homeliest human ever born and shortly after his birth he had a relapse. He's a real bad guy too. That's his business."

"Get him," orders the old man, and that's the way it happened.

Everybody west of the Pecos knows old Tim Todhunter. His career is the biggest part of the history of three counties down on the Rio Grande. He's been fightin' and shootin' folks so much it got to be a habit with him. As a deputy sheriff and Texas ranger he kept order on the border for close to twenty years.

Tim's strongest point is that fightin' face. You've seen them pictures of old Gernonimo, the Apache demon. Well Tim's face is like that only not so good lookin'. His nose has been warped by the kick of a mule and his features are all mussed up with scars where the Mexicans tried from time to time to whittle him up with their knives.

Obeyin' the old man's orders I went down to San Simon and persuaded old Tim to try the movies. When I finally told him he could draw down a hundred dollars a week just for gettin' his picture took, he surrendered. When I steered him into the office back at Celestial City the old man fell on my neck. Swore that Tim was a gold mine.

"Nobody will believe there is such a mug until they see it and then they'll doubt it," he said. "Lord, I hope he'll screen all right."

Well, we shot a few feet of him and he screened one hundred per cent pure cussedness. Skidmore, that's the old man, was as pleased as a boy with a new stone bruise. His specialty is western stuff and he's a shark at it. You see he used to be press agent for a wild west show back east and naturally knows all about cowboys.

The name of this scenario that they're featurin' Tim in is "The Taming of the Wolf." Tim is the wolf and he is supposed to be a holy terror of a bad actor just like he was in real life. Then the vigilantes mob him and chase him and he goes projectin' around thinnin' them out with his pistol until a girl puts the come hither on him and gentles him down. When the scenario ends the Wolf is tame and eatin' out of the girl's hand and has cut out most of the murderin'.

They made that mob scene first and I wouldn't have missed it for a new hat. Here was old Tim, all dolled up the way cowboys always are on the magazine covers, with two six-shooters hanging to him. Then the outraged peasantry of the community gang up on him. They are mad at the way he keeps killin' off all the best public speakers of the town and they are hell bent on reformin' him by depriving him of his future.



terror. They did everything but be decent to him.

ental *Tim*"

series of stories by a new writer

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

Say, when that mob laid violent hands on poor Tim there was somethin' doin'. Tim lost his temper and took things serious. As I told you he was a holy terror with a gun but he ain't never learned how to fight with his fists.

Skidmore orders the mob to charge. One curly headed extra grabs Tim by his good ear and slams him against an adobe wall and then the gang hits him in a unanimous kind of way. They were tryin' to act convincin' and they did.

Tim pulls his gun and tried to puncture the leader of the bunch but the thing wasn't loaded. According to the scenario he was supposed to fight his way out of that crowd and escape by leaping on a horse. He fought along may be about seven or eight feet when somethin' went wrong. Tim forgot the plot of the piece and fell on the back of his neck. One of them man eatin' molly-coddles had busted him one in the mouth and the poor outlaw went hors de combat.

"That ain't no way to do; thought I told you to escape," yelled Skidmore as Tim came scratchin' up out of the gravel. "Now you've got to do it all over."

"What you mean to stand there and tell me that that low down attack on a unarmed man, was premeditated," yelled Tim. "Just give me a few cartridges and I'll shoot a little caution into this whole army. That ruffian soaked me when I wasn't lookin'."

"Get busy. We got to use this light," orders Skidmore.

"Why any fool would want a picture of an outrage like that, gets me," declares Tim. "I'm through. I've got a round trip ticket and I'm goin' back to the border where it's safe."

No amount of argument would make him change his mind. Skidmore tried it and I tried it but Tim was clear stampeded. Finally Skidmore sent for Maybelle La Tour, the leadin' lady, and begged for help.

"You just go to this horse faced hick and tell him he's got to finish the picture. Tell him that he'll crab your chances and that you got three widowed mothers or something like that to work on his sympathies. There's a hundred in it for you if you persuade him to stay."

You've seen Maybelle on the screen and you know how easy it would be to be persuaded by her. She's got Helen of Troy lookin' like a kitchen mechanic and she's had a whole lot of practice in bossin' men. Tim didn't have a chance. In five minutes he was beggin' her to dry her tears and swearin' that he'd obey orders if they hung him twice a day.

In the next few days the poor bad man led a life of terror. They did everything but be decent to him. He was mobbed and lynched and thrown off a bluff and his only comeback was to shoot at them with blank cartridges.

When they did the water stuff he tried to sneak off in spite of his promise to Maybelle, but she headed him off at the depot. You see, he had to jump into a river and swim across with the vigilantes smokin' him from the bank. Where Tim comes from it never rains and there ain't been enough water to swim in since the Carboniferous age. The bull frogs down there have hoofs instead of web feet and if you dropped one in a bucket he'd drown.

But finally he got through with most of the stunts. All the time Maybelle was workin' overtime tryin' to win that



"Pardon me for buttin in on this scene of bliss, but who is this angleworm?"



hundred from the old man. She actually went with this holy terror into a ice cream place and watched him barkin' at a nut sundae. He lost all of his rough and rowdy ways and became as meek as a sheep herder.

One night he confides to me that he has a secret to spring on me. We walked around behind the corral and he says:

"Slim, don't women just naturally beat hell?"

"Oh, some of them do, but what's on your mind?" I asks.

"It's Maybelle," he admits. "You know it sounds plum sacrilegious to say so, but the little girl loves me."

"As bad as all that," I said. "What makes you think so?"

"She's went and gone and told me," he says with a hideous smirk. " 'Tim,' she tells me, 'you're such a relief after these fool actors. Your face radiates sterling worth. It must be grand to have a strong man like you to lean on.' Now she's a good girl and she wouldn't have said that if she didn't mean it.

"I got a swell job now and could keep her in comfort. Would you mind insinuatin' to her that I reciprocate them soft feelings? I've tried to several times, but I don't seem to have any luck. She always changes the subject. It's her damnable maidenly reserve."

When a strong man falls for a woman he always makes a fool out of himself. How an old leather neck like Tim Todhunter, with a face like a gargoyle ever got it in his head that any woman could love him for himself alone, beats me. Everybody on the lot was wise to what Maybelle was doin' and bets were bein' made whether she'd win that hundred or not.

It was a darned shame to watch the way she put him through the jumps. Poor Tim would come chargin' along on a horse and then he'd do a fall and plow up about an acre of sand while Maybelle looked on admiringly.

"Did I register that all right?" he'd ask.

"Splendid," Maybelle would coo. "What a wonderful technique you've got."

When she first sprung that about the technique Tim thought she meant his nose, and explained that it had been broke so many times that they wasn't any bone in it. He never did rightly get his rope on that word but finally decided that she was praisin' his shape.

It's just awful what a pretty girl with a bet on can do to a simple minded wildcat like Tim. She actually made him think he could sing. That voice of his was even money with his face. All he'd ever used it for was to page cows in a thunder storm. One night I caught him singin' "Silver Threads Among the Gold" to her. He said it was that anyway and I know he wouldn't go to deceive me.

We was half through the picture when Skidmore came to me with a grouch.

"It's this way," he explains. "Here I hire this guy for his fierce face. Now it ain't fierce any more. Maybelle has got him wanderin' around talkin' to himself. Just look at that mug. Is that the way any respectable bad man ought to look?"

It was too true. That face was registerin' the sickly sentimentality of a day old calf. Poor Tim was roped and hog tied by the wiles of a woman. He didn't have a fierce look left in him. He'd even lost his temper. You couldn't make him mad about anything.

One day there was a little general average lookin' kind of a man showed up at Celestial City and asked for Maybelle. When she saw him she gave a little squeak and threw her arms around him and gave him a kiss right in public. I wish you could have seen Tim's expression. He dropped his chin about a foot and just stood gazin' for a

minute as if he'd seen a ghost. Then that fightin' look began to come back. Walkin' up to Maybelle he says:

"Pardon me for buttin' in on this scene of bliss, but who is this angle worm?"

"Oh," says Maybelle, kind of flustered. "This is Mr. Smith, my last husband. Didn't you know I was married?"

"I never dreamed you had any Smiths in your past," says Tim cuttingly. "And how about all them things you let me murmur into your alabaster but deceitful ear? That's all off, is it?"

"Ain't he the funny card, Jerry?" says Maybelle with a peal or two peals of laughter. "I quit. The job's worth more than a hundred."

Tim stalks off the lot and his face looked like a sour thunder storm. Naturally me and Skidmore thought that he'd jumped the reservation for good but I went and looked him up for one last argument.

"I know it was pretty rough," I condoled. "Reckon you'll be wantin' to leave."

"Well, Slim, I ain't denyin' that it's some blow," he says, kind of mournful. "She told me she loved me two or three times. If we'd have kept on the way we were goin' I'd have kissed her before the week was out. Then to have a little old misplaced husband come hornin' in just throws me clear off my feed."

"But Tim, you're goin' to stay and finish the picture, won't you?" I asked, settin' myself for an argument.

"It's this way," he says, lookin' solemn. "I've decided that I won't let no woman wreck my life. I owe a duty to my public. From now on I'm goin' to live for my art."

Can you beat it.

And now he's boardin' in a bungalow and learnin' to play the ukulele.

A Close-Up on November Photoplay Magazine

On All Newsstands October First *Ask your dealer to save you a copy*



In addition to a wonderful series of Personality articles, and the usual superb features there will be:

THE BIG SCENE

By FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

A great short story by the distinguished author of "The Brute," "The Painted Woman," "A Song of Sixpence" and other novels listed among the best sellers. "The Big Scene," is the first of a series of short stories with moving picture themes written by him for PHOTOPLAY.

It is about a dream of an m. p. actress, one of the kind that makes your brain reel with the film and your lips mutter "Oh boy." She was engaged to Percival Malone, a star camera man. She denounced him as a coward for not enlisting, and Percival admitted his faint heart. But how that boy came through when the fighting spirit of the Malone's shot the front handle right off his name.

A Whack at the Muse

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

Do you like "Temperamental Tim," in this issue? If you don't think it's great stuff you're lonesome in your opinion. Tim Todhunter is a rare and interesting character. In the next story he says, "I'm goin' to horn in on that author stunt." And he does it with a vengeance.

Shades of Shakespeare, Dickens, and Dumas! Such an author as he turns out to be. The magazine editors are scrambling for "Tex" O'Reilly's stories, and when the editor of PHOTOPLAY cajoled him into writing a series of picture stories for this magazine he got a real treat for his readers. We've got to tell you about O'Reilly himself some day. It will be more interesting even than the stories he writes.

You Can't Get Away From Them

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Illustrated by Herb Roth

We put Mr. Pollock's story last on the list because he recently wrote an inscription in a gift book he sent us that necessitated explanations at home. But his next story for PHOTOPLAY is as good as his inscription was troublesome.

Do you know that you can't get away from moving pictures even if you are sent to jail? Righto. The distinguished author from Shoreham, L. I., was in the calaboose—for speeding—and he had to sit through a three-year-old serial. He appealed to the governor against this inhumane treatment of prisoners.

And what do you think of a big mining corporation that has solved the labor problem by providing its workers with moving picture theatres? That's in the story too.





Bessie Barriscale, twelve months old



Above, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, Edna Purviance.

Ella Hall, one year old on St. Patrick's day.



Two Hard Guys

At the left, Master Thomas Meighan. He looks innocent enough, but at that very minute he was planning to mess up the nice white dress that mother so carefully laundered.

And see who's here (at the right) the greatest two-gun man in movie history. Well, Bill Hart, you were raised right anyhow.



Babyland



The "kewpie" shown above is Harold Lockwood, two and a half years old. In the circle: May Allison at six months.



Mary McLaren is quite grown up now, but she hasn't changed a bit.



The little lady in the family group is Miss Anita King. The babe at the right is Nell Craig.



Bill Russell *and* His Faithful "Yim"



"Yim" Russell (he has adopted his master's name) has been a character north and south in California for many years. A splendid cook, possessing a sense of humor that would make most Irishmen seem half-witted, he was welcome at every mining camp and rancho.

One day he was coaxed into playing a little part in a picture in which Russell was starring. He followed the actor to his bungalow, drove out the negro cook and established himself in his place. That night he served dinner.

"Who are you?" demanded Russell.

"Me Yim. Me work here. Me boss now. Glo to hell."

Photo by International Film Service

Lionel Comes Across

By Roy Somerville

Illustrated by John R. Neill

Much to his distaste Lionel finds it necessary to go into trade, ana chooses the cinema.

Miss Hortense Beverly,
Beverly Court, Coldston Road,
Hammersmith, West.

Dear Girl Hortense:



I AM to become a cinema actor. I know it is shocking and all that, but what is a chap to do. Quite so.

Fancy the second son of a baronet rubbing elbows with these vulgar fellows. Trust me, old dear. to keep the blighters in their places.

It all came about in a rather odd way, you know. Father cut me off without a shilling when I told him it was too much of a bally nuisance, this learning to be a soldier; so I borrowed a hundred quid from Lord Percy and here I am in the States—New York, I think they call the bally place.

Only fancy! I thought of going into trade and all that sort of thing, but the idea of perspiring and moping over—well, perhaps the price of lard—caused me a positive shudder, don't you know. It is all quite right for these bally Yankees to make their millions that way, but a gentleman—never!

I had thought a bit of marrying an heiress—one has to do something to live, you know—but I thought of you, old dear, and felt it wouldn't be real clubby to ditch you that way. And then the most extraordinary thing happened. The thought of money suggested the cinema, and I remembered having read somewhere of the tidy incomes paid to the beggars who act in them. The idea came in a flash—I would become a cinema actor! The late Sir Herbert and others of the gentry had gone in for that sort of thing—why not I? Eh, what?

It is quite extraordinary how necessity sharpens one's wits; but then the Glendennings always were a brainy lot.

Bowles, faithful old soul, is with me. He pleaded so hard to continue in my service, without thought of wages, that I was quite touched by his devotion. It is rather fortunate that I yielded to the beggar's entreaties for he is proving invaluable. Only today he was busy thinking out a name for me to assume in the cinema business. Something like this, you know: "Ezra Francois Throckmorton." The Ezra is American; Francois, French, and Throckmorton English, of course; which makes one think of the three principal allies. Clever, don't you think? Anything about the war is quite popular over here.

It has been a hard day for both of us, and I have a beastly headache which came on suddenly after the thought of going into trade; so forgive me if I close without the usual swank between engaged couples. Your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

After deliberating several days I have thought out quite a clever plan to enter the cinema business without losing caste. I shall have Bowles write that his young master thinks it would be a jolly lark to surprise his friends on the other side by appearing on the screen—just a joke on them, you know—and that he might be persuaded to become a leading man if there were suitable arrangements made about salary. Bowles is quite carried away with the idea, and the beggar has prepared a deucedly clever letter.

He has just returned from making inquiries downstairs about the cinema people, and brings back a most amazing mess of information. I thought, at first, that someone had been spoofing him, but then he is most reliable, and insists that the lad at the cigar-stand was once a cinema actor for several days. Quite so.

It seems there are five or six blighters leading the band. One Charlie Chaplin "crowds 'em in." A meaningless expression but considered quite an honor in the beastly business. He is English, of course. Then there is one Douglas Fairbanks, a jumping-jack sort of person, who leaped into popularity almost overnight. (A pun, by Jove! Don't you see—jumping-jack—leap? Clever, don't you think?) William Hart is a cow-person who wears those queer American trousers of untanned hide and kills Indians. He is quite a favorite with Bowles who reads Fennimore Cooper.

I am given to understand that there are an extraordinary number of girl stars—"fluffs" I think the lad called them—and one Mary Pickford leads the lot. The bally name sounds familiar. Aren't there some Shropshire Pickfords? I am certain I have heard the name mentioned at the club. Perhaps, it was that vulgar little rotter, Townsend. He frequents cinema shows.

The name makes me think of dear, old Piccadilly, so I shall have Bowles address the letter to her. I trust she is not one of those flighty Yankees we used to ridicule so during the "tripper" season. That sort would not appreciate the honor. Righto!

You may prepare for our marriage in a few months, as the lad at the cigar-stand told Bowles these cinema actors are paid $10,000 weekly, which is equivalent to about two thousand pounds in English money. Quite a tidy sum, don't you think? And I shouldn't have to give up my clubs.

Lots of love and all that sort of thing. Your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

It is most a week since I wrote this young Pickford person, and thus far I have received no reply. It is what one might expect from trades-people, don't you think? I have questioned Bowles who assures me that the letter went to post properly.

By the way, Bowles has been had. He purchased some sticks of paint which the lad told him was necessary to put on my face. My word! There is nothing the matter with my face! I have had quite a bit of fun ragging him about wasting the money, and the poor beggar is almost in tears.

Love from your

LIONEL.



"I could not but wonder why people should frequent such a pub. He informed me that it was hired for a scene in the underworld."

Dear Hortense:

Another week and I have had no word from the cinemas. I am quite provoked, and in too beastly a temper to write much. I shall send Bowles tomorrow to demand an explanation.

Your LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

Your letter received this morning and I was rather surprised at the injured tone of it, you know. You complain because my letters contain no terms of endearment for you. Extraordinary how important affairs make one forget. I shall make amends now, old dear, my adored one, beautiful one, sweetest of women, and all that sort of thing. Quite so.

I sent Bowles to see the Pickford person but they refused to let him enter, stating that the yard or lot was full of squirrels, and that one of them might carry him off to a hollow tree. Fancy!

Love from your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

Well, old dear, it has all been explained in a most extraordinary manner. I have met the young Pickford person and have accepted her apology. She is a most amazing young creature, not a bit like our sort, of course, but still quite interesting.

It came about in this way. I was passing through the foyer of my hotel this afternoon when I noticed a young woman staring at me in a most vulgar manner. As I regarded her curiously, she nodded. I puzzled a bit to remember where I had possibly met her; then, presuming she might have visited some of my London friends before the war, I doffed my hat. She smiled an invitation to join her; so, you know, I did so.

It was quite the silliest conversation I ever had with a young woman, and as I am not extraordinarily clear on some parts of it yet, perhaps I had better set it down exactly as it happened. Should you discover any hidden meanings I trust you will be clubby enough to disclose them in your next letter. Bowles is quite stupid in such matters.

I approached her with the remark: "Haven't we met somewhere—London, perhaps?"

"Somewhere in France—perhaps!" She was quite impertinent.

"Really!" I replied with some asperity. "It must have been in Paris, then, for I seldom visit the provinces."

Her reply was most obscure. "Say," she cried. "Can't you think up a newer stall than that?"

It was most puzzling, but the word stall suggested that she might be interested in horses, and I began to describe the new stables the Governor was building. She interrupted rather sharply: "Say! What's your business—a kidder?"

How thoroughly American! The first thing—business! I was feeling a bit thick at her overbearing manner, and replied with some sharpness, "Cinema."

Most extraordinary the way that young woman can twist one's meaning. She regarded me suspiciously, and inquired with evident disbelief: "Cinnamon?"

I proceeded to explain, and after a bit I learned that the bally cinemas were called "movies" over here. Fancy, such an outlandish name! In a little while we were real clubby and I was most amazed at her familiarity with these cinema stars.

And now comes a bit of cleverness on my part, old dear, that I shall some day impart to Sir Conan Doyle for one of his dotty detective stories. The thought came to me: Bowles had written a letter to one Mary Pickford about one Lionel Glendenning—here was a young woman who had sought the acquaintance of one Lionel Glendenning—she knew all about cinema stars—she was Mary Pickford. Most simple. Eh, what?

While I was thinking out this problem she was rattling on about the sunny smile of this Fairbanks person, when I surprised her suddenly, with: "Why did you not respond to Bowles' letter, Miss Mary Pickford?"

She regarded me as if I were a bit balmy, and stuttered something about there being nobody home. As I could prove nothing to the contrary, I was forced to accept the explanation. I told her then of the contents of the letter, and lectured her severely for giggling in such a silly man-

ner. In telling Bowles afterward, he thought I was a bit too sharp with her, but one can't be gentle in trade. Righto!

Suddenly, she grew serious, and a shrewd look came into her eyes. "You're a wonder," she said, "to know I was Mary Pickford. I have been looking for a leading man everywhere. I have found him in you. I do hope you will call upon my manager, Mr. Art. Craft tomorrow night at eight. Here is the address."

She scribbled it on a card, which she handed to me as she arose to depart. It is all quite plain. Mr. Craft sent her to look me over. It was rather sharp dealing, but then Bowles tells me one must be constantly on guard in trade. I shall remember this advice when I dicker with Mr. Craft tomorrow.

With constant affection and all that sort of thing, your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

I have been through some most amazing adventures in trading circles since writing you last. Upon my honor, I see where the bally thing might have its attractions. I am now tarred with the stick of trade, you know, for my contract as a cinema star is jolly well signed. Quite shocking, and all that, but then one need not remain a tradesman forever—merely a little flyer, you know.

I find I am a bit muddled about the way it all came about, as these cinema rotters have a jargon of their own which is quite puzzling. I shall describe my adventure in its entirety and perhaps, you will understand—women are so quick at those things, you know.

To begin at the beginning, Bowles was at his best last night when he groomed me to meet this Craft person. I really looked quite fit. The address given was a sort of pub on a rather seedy street, and not quite the place where one would expect to find people of exorbitant wealth. But then, what can one expect from these uncouth Americans? I was a bit sorry, however, that I had dismissed the cabby. Quite so!

I overcame my repugnance and hastened inside. I must confess I was a bit flattered by the reception. Everyone stood still and stared with astonishment at the honor conferred by the presence of a gentleman. Even the rotters here recognize breeding. One rangy chap asked the others severely: "Who left the door open?"

It was rather decent of the fellow to fear that I might be subject to drafts, and I begged him to have no concern, that I was quite strong. He was not satisfied, and insisted that I must prove my strength. I silenced him by stating that I had come to converse with Mr. Craft. Immediately the coarse person who serves instead of a barmaid in this bally country, grunted something about laying off there and came out from behind the bar. I began to have a bit of respect for this Mr. Craft. One could see that he was a man of importance by the curiosity with which the beggars stared at his visitor.

I was led into a large back room which gave forth a most deafening blare of raucous music when the door was opened. I understand they were having what is known as a "rag-time party." Doubtless a distortion of the well-known English slang, "ragging."

The Pickford person was seated in a cubby-hole with a badly-groomed bounder who seemed to have a distressing affliction which caused him to speak from the corner of his mouth. It really made me quite nervous. He was properly introduced as Mr. Art Craft, and immediately became offensively familiar, insisting that I should call him Art and that he call me Glen. I refused to listen to any such suggestion, and the young woman noted my evident annoyance. She brought him up sharply, with: "Cut out the josh, and get down to business."

Most extraordinary! I can see now why women are such successful blighters in business. When they want a thing done, it must be done at once. Righto! This Craft person obeyed like a whipped puppy, and questioned me rather closely about my connections, and if I had bank ref-



"I had only proceeded through the first few lines when someone pressed a beer mug into my right hand"

erences, and things of that sort. As he seemed a bit dubious about my replies, I was miffed and merely handed him my bank book for confirmation. After studying the figures a bit, he returned the book to me and became quite loquacious.

"And now to business," he said, genially. "What salary do you want?"

"Two thousand pounds per week—not a shilling less." I was quite decisive, for I had talked the matter over with Bowles, and had come prepared. He must have noted the determination in my manner, and fell to whispering with the young woman. Reluctantly enough, he filled in a contract for the full amount, and we both signed it. Then the bounder insisted that I should give him a check to cover the fee for filing the contract with the Mayor. I hesitated, but noting their surprised glances, I made out the check. He beckoned to one of his employees and commissioned him to attend to the matter of filing without delay.

He seemed relieved when the contract was safely on its way to the Mayor, and winked to several of his employees as though he had done a good stroke of business. Several of them joined the party, and respectfully requested me to give a specimen of my acting.

You know my favorite recitation, old dear—that Hamlet thing which was the Earl's delight whenever I did it for him? Well, I decided upon that. I had only proceeded through the first few lines when some one pressed a beer-mug into my right hand. It was a bit incongruous, but I instantly guessed the intent—the skull of Yorick.

I was tendered an ovation at the close, and was forced to accept many encores. Quite so! Then came a request to do the same recitation with an Irish dialect. I had never attempted this before, but I rose to the occasion, and made a creditable showing. The players were most enthusiastic, and I finished amid their heartfelt applause. They are a jolly lot, this cinema crowd, and most appreciative. I really believe I shall learn to endure them when I have taught them their places.

Love from your
LIONEL.

Miss Hortense Beverly,
Beverly Court, Coldston Road,
Hammersmith, West.

My dear Miss Beverly:

Mr. Lionel is too ill to write, and has requested me to do so in his stead. He has just returned from a brief sojourn in the gaol where he was most unjustly confined for denouncing the Mayor to his face. A lot of silly surgeons examined him about a certain lost contract and he was promptly released. He is quite enraged. Mr. Lionel has sent for a counsellor. He adds the request that you shall have your cousin, Lord Percy, loan him fifty quid for the enclosed I. O. U. He sends his love.

Very respectfully,
JAMES BOWLES.



Louise Huff is another disciple of the rake and the hoe. Evidently she finds it a bit strenuous, but Louise is used to working hard, poor girl, and what is home without a garden.



Subterranean Cinema

90 Feet Under Shell-Torn Verdun

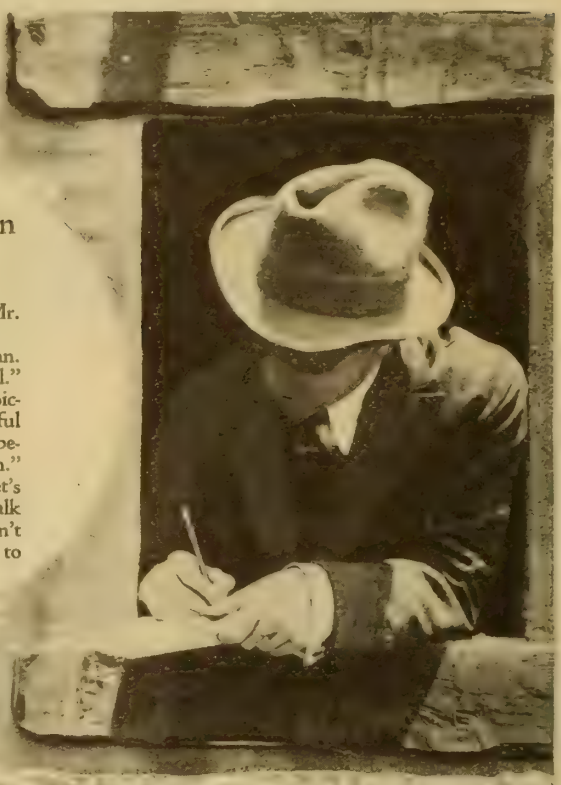
TO this haven come tired fighting men of the Allied Armies after their weary vigil in the trenches. Here is peace and sanctuary from the fray. No messengers of death can enter here.

The once fair city of Verdun is a scene of desolation and ruin, tenanted only by military patrols. Far under the surface, however, the daily life of the city goes on with its stores and homes and its moving picture theatre, a marvel of engineering accomplishment.

Re-drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A PHOTO INTERVIEW *with* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS





By Alfred A. Cohn

Let's Go!

"Are you set, Al?" said Mr. Fairbanks.

"Yup!" answered Mr. Cohn.

"Aw-right; start your pencil."

"I believe that the motion picture industry has a wonderful future. I like it particularly because it keeps oneout in the open."

"If it's all the same to you, let's stroll around the lot; I can talk better in motion. We won't waste any time going around to the stairs".



A Pair of Suspenders

"As an art, the photoplay has not begun to come into its full fruition. More and more the public, now initiated into many of the mysteries of cameraland, demands not only artistic photography but suspense and surprise; and a good seasoning of comedy".

"Just drop easy-like. Nothing can happen that a bottle of arnica won't fix".



Look Out Below!

"The chief difficulty these days is the lack of suitable stories, although half the world is writing so-called scenarios".

"Now let's hike over to the Subway".

5745 Minutes from Broadway

"California offers exceptional opportunities to the producer of photoplays. (Los Angeles papers please copy.) Every conceivable locale in the world can be duplicated here, and so forth. We loll in Venetian gondolas or take the subway for Harlem, 3500 miles away".





Drawing by D. Fairbanks.

"In this game of life the fortunate ride" (Hear! Hear!) "at the expense of the less fortunate. The big idea is to do it cheerfully no matter how humble the task".

Steady: On the Right!

"What we, as a nation, need most these days, is more balance—more poise. We Americans are too susceptible to panic and hysteria, particularly in a time when absolute balance is required".

"Let's take a spin in the little old boat—got ninety out of her yesterday out in the country—and go for a swim up in my back yard. Got a lot more to tell you and a swim would put you in shape for it".



They're Off at Hollywood!

"Another great fault with us, as a people, is our insatiable demand for speed. We want it everywnere—we even dine too rapidly because of our fear that we will miss something somewhere. Why can't people take it easy? Speed merely serves to speed the end of existence. Funny I can't get more than 80 out of her today".



The Ole Swimmin' Hole.

"What do I think of the future of the moving pictures? Well, I think none of us can visualize it. In a few years —as a matter of fact the industry is now merely in its infan —"

"Better look back and see if I didn't say that once before."

"According to the rules, it goes only once in an interview. Some pool, isn't it? Had it built to save beach trips".



At the End of the Rope

"Good cheer and real companionship do not come in bottles and the door to fame is never swung on double hinges."

"Gee, Billy Sunday couldn't do better than that, could he? And talking about Billy—"



A Sunday Stunt on Saturday

"The man with a message for the world will get it over if he is earnest and conscientious, and can impress his sincerity on those who listen."

"It's mighty handy to have a press agent and a valet around (standing, left to right); one can always be sure of their enthusiastic applause at the right time".

Another Interesting Point

"I aim to have some real purpose, some theme behind each photoplay I produce; not a lesson conveyed in some conventional way but with a coating of sugar as it were, over it."

"Come on over. These are only wooden spikes anyhow and couldn't hurt much".

Off (or over) To the Front

"There is a fallacious belief that pull is required to make a success on the shadow stage. That belief is rapidly being—"

"Don't holler or you'll drop the pencil. Beyond this shack lies Flanders".

In the Wake of the Boches

"With many who get up in the world, the big problem, though they do not realize it, is to get down again—down to the level of the man who views life—"

"Now don't get nervous. The bombardment is over and these Belgian buildings are sturdy affairs. It won't fall unless I shake it".

The End of a Perfect Day

"As I was saying, when you fell, life is just a game of give and take and—"

"Call up the Receiving Hospital, Naka, after we slide him in, I want to go a few rounds with Spike".

Cleopatra *Plays* a Return Date

Photographs by Stagg



Cleopatra in her twentieth century reincarnation goes over the script at the end of each day on the porch of her six-room dressing room bungalow.



It is not generally known that Admiral Peary has fallen a victim to Theda's wiles, but he has. This particular Admiral Peary however is not the one who discovered the end of the earth, but he's just as well satisfied.



OUT on the desert which adjoins the bean fields of Ventura County, California, they have builded the Pyramids and the Sphinx. On a pseudo Nile, almost within the corporate limits of Los Angeles, they have restored the ancient walls and temples and water front of Alexandria, Egypt. Sixty miles away, on the beach at Balboa they have constructed a fleet of war craft and already have fought a desperate battle for the possession of Alexandria.

At these various "locations" and within the Fox studio at Hollywood, Cleopatra has lived again in the person of Theda Bara. She has "vamped" Caesar, who has again been slain at the foot of Pompey's statue; she has lured Antony from Octavia, only to fall desperately in love with her prospective victim; and she has again taken the deadly asp to her bosom with the same fatal effect. Director-general J. Gordon Edwards has been in personal charge of the direction throughout. The accompanying photographs were taken especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The press agent snapped this just before Cleopatra left to despoil the tomb of some ancient ruler of Egypt. You may recall that she found enough jewels on the mummy to show Antony an awfully good time



"I think you're wrong" said Cleopatra to Rameses Edwards, as she consults the script. You will notice that Marc Antony is just going into a clinch with the siren of the Nile. Note the famous Peacock feather costume.

Cleopatra enters her four-horse power touring car and starts to Alexandria to call Caesar's bluff.





An exact reproduction of the historic monument with the face restored to what is thought to have been its original contours.



Yep, *Crops is Fine* B'Gosh

This agricultural stuff is quite the thing this year. We don't know who started it but everybody's doing it now. Norma Talmadge likes it 'most as well as riding, and she recommends both to persons who are bothered with superfluous avoirdupois.

The Lesson

By Jerome Shorey

The awakening of a girl from a small town who was carried away by the glamour of city life and a city beau



After the elopement, Helen had a troubled feeling that it was not the right thing to do.

"WELL, if you don't like it you know what you can do."

In all the thousands of times the words have been spoken by sweethearts in the heat of a petty quarrel, it is probable that they have seldom been spoken with so much energy and decision as they were by Helen Drayton, when with a vigorous and final nod she slammed the gate as a strong hint that she had no desire for "Chet" Vernon to follow her into the house.

All Chet had done was to tell Helen, as tactfully as he could, that people were beginning to talk about her and the city visitor, John Galvin. He wanted her to understand that he was not telling her because it hurt his pride to be "cut out," although all Jonesville knew he and Helen had been "keepin' comp'ny quite a spell." His motive was merely to put Helen on her guard against the gossips. But he did not and could not know that Jonesville and all its people and ways had been getting on Helen's nerves, until she felt herself stifled by the life, although it was the only life she had known. When the stylish young stranger appeared at a dance, she was ready to fling herself into his arms for very relief from the deadly monotony. And Galvin was really attracted to the pretty, simple girl. What hurt Chet most, however, in the course of the quarrel, was that Helen had remarked with acid in her voice:

"Who wouldn't prefer an architect to a soda mixer?"

Chet had questioned the possibilities of life behind the row of syrup bottles as a permanent career, but had accepted the job rather than do nothing. So when Helen slammed the gate there was nothing for it but to go back to his white apron, and resume his attempts to quench the thirsts of the population of Jonesville. He sensed disaster to his romance, and could find no words of repartee for the raillery of "Tub" Martin and the other boys and girls who were his regular customers.

To do John Galvin justice, he was very much in earnest, and soon he told Helen that he wanted to marry her. And she said "Yes," not so much to Galvin himself, as to what he represented—escape from the everlasting monotony of the small town. It was less a "Yes" to him than a loud and defiant "No" to Jonesville. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton looked John over and decided that he would be an entirely acceptable son-in-law.

* * * * * * * * *

John Galvin was a clever architect, but there were several flaws in his character. One of these was selfishness. Why mention the others? This selfishness cropped out first in his disinclination to go through the fuss of an elaborate wedding at home, and he concealed it in a plea for immediate marriage. So he and Helen eloped after Mrs. Drayton had all the arrangements made to launch her daughter upon the sea of matrimony with suitable ceremony. A telegram told the story to the disappointed mother, though when it was all over Helen had a troubled feeling that she had been unfair, and that it was not the right thing to do. But it was done, and so they went on to New York, and before she realized that her girlhood was behind her, she was cheerfully engaged in the multitudinous duties of a housewife who cannot afford a maid.

The next time Galvin's selfishness came into prominence it had still another name—economy. Having left home without a trousseau, Helen

NARRATED by permission, from the photo-drama of the same name, written by Virginia Terhune Van de Water, and produced by Selznick with the following cast:

Helen Drayton.....Constance Talmadge
"Chet" Vernon.....Tom Moore
John Galvin.....Herbert Heyes
"Tub" Martin.....Walter Hiers
Henry Hammond.....Joseph Smiley
Mrs. Hammond.....Lillian Rambeau
Ada Thompson.....Dorothy Green
Harriet Reeves.....Christy Walker

soon needed clothes, and one morning mentioned the fact. In Jonesville she had never had to ask for money. When she needed anything all she had to do was to go to the store and have it charged. So it was with much diffidence that she made her request. Galvin hesitated, then realized that after all one must furnish one's wife with necessities, and handed her—a ten-dollar bill. After he had gone Helen looked glumly at the bill, so out of proportion to her needs, sighed, and hurried down town to make what purchases she could.

At luncheon that day, Galvin went to an expensive restaurant with two friends, brusquely refused to permit them to pay, or even share the $8.40 check, and handed the waiter a ten-dollar bill, grandly waving away the change.

Helen was preparing dinner when he reached home. On a table in the living room he found three or four parcels, and opened them—a pair of gloves, stockings, and—ye gods!—a pair of white shoes!

"Helen!" Galvin's voice was sharp and commanding.

She hurried in from the kitchen with an inquiry on her face.

"What does this mean? You buy the kind of stuff millionaires' wives wear."

Helen tried to explain that she bought the shoes very cheap at a sale, but Galvin would not listen. He stormed at her, accused her of extravagance, asked her if she thought he was made of money. The dinner was forgotten, but soon forced itself upon their attention. In the midst of his tirade Galvin stopped and sniffed. Helen sniffed. Something was burning. They rushed into the kitchen. A panful of perfectly good chops was sending up a column of smoke.

To make matters worse the chops had burned while they were quarreling.



More violent words. Besides being extravagant she was slovenly in her housework. A flood of tears. Galvin retreated to the living room. Then silence.

Throughout the improvised meal more silence. Galvin gulped his food, and his silent sneer was worse than his scolding. The telephone bell relieved the tension.

"We're going over to the Hammonds' for the evening," Galvin announced as he hung up the receiver.

"I won't."

"You've got to. Hammond's sending the car. He's a big contractor, and you've got to be friendly with him and his wife. It's business."

Listlessly Helen obeyed. An hour later she was glad. Mrs. Hammond was a simple, motherly soul, and while the men talked business, Helen made a real friend. But this did not cure the ache in her heart. She could find nothing of which to accuse herself. She knew Galvin had been unjust, and she feared he would be so always. It was a life problem she was facing, and meeting Mrs. Hammond brought a great hunger for the love and sympathy of home. She must tell her mother—she must get advice. So a few days later she insisted upon going home for a short visit, and Galvin grumpily consented.

"We were afraid you weren't coming," was the general greeting Helen received as she was welcomed by a group of old friends at the station.

"Afraid I wasn't coming?" Helen repeated wonderingly.

"Yes—for Tub Martin's wedding."

"Oh yes." She had forgotten the news in the recent letters from home, in her own tragedy, and now she had not the heart to tell even her mother of the real cause of her visit. She tried to share in the excitement of the preparations, but without much success, and when the day of the ceremony arrived, and her eyes met those of Chet Vernon, as Tub placed the circlet upon the finger of his bride, she had to turn away. Only the fact that women always cry at a wedding concealed her unhappiness. Her mother took for granted that all was well with her and Galvin, and so Helen decided that it was better that only one of them should be unhappy, and she spared her mother. A few days later she returned to the city, still unable to see a solution of her problem.

Her one haven was the friendship of Mrs. Hammond, a friendship that soon yielded important fruitage. Mrs. Hammond was giving an elaborate luncheon and asked Helen to help her decorate for the occasion. Helen had never guessed that she had a natural gift for such work, but Mrs. Hammond soon recognized it, and gave her free hand. And Mrs. Hammond's friends admired the way everything was arranged, and asked who had done it. Before she was aware of it, Helen was in great demand.

The next time Mrs. Hammond asked for her help, she took her aside after it was all over and said:

"Now my dear, I'm not going to let you do this without paying what I would have to pay if I hired a professional decorator," and handed Helen a check that took her breath away. Her protestations were of no avail, and as she realized what the money meant in the way of dainty things so dear to the heart of every normal woman, her objections became more and more perfunctory. So she took the check, and hurried home, full of elation.

"Shall I tell John?" she asked herself, and as she answered the question with a prompt and decisive negative there came a little pang at her



Expect you to support me? Do you think your stingy checks paid for these?

heart. For she understood fully now that she did not trust her husband. But this revelation was tempered by the knowledge that at last she was, in a measure, independent of him. They would go on as before—a dreary outlook—but it would not be so bad.

Mrs. Hammond's example was followed by other wealthy women, and Helen soon found her days so busy that her own problem became less acute, less incessant.

John was succeeding too. His ability was unquestioned, and through Hammond he obtained many contracts. He found it necessary to call at Hammond's office frequently —more frequently, in fact, than the actual necessities of business demanded. The answer was Hammond's secretary, who also happened to be his niece. Ada Thompson was attractive and pert, and Galvin often contrasted her with Helen. Here was a girl who could have been a great help to him in business, instead of a mere dull little country girl, who knew nothing but housekeeping. They became quite chummy, Galvin and Ada, though both pretended that it was all business, as Ada was invariably present at Galvin's conferences with Hammond. But neither of them could pretend that it was a business necessity for Galvin to take Ada to luncheon at a flashy restaurant, even if Galvin did pretend that he was celebrating a big deal over a bottle of wine.

* * * * * * *

"I'm going to do the boldest thing," wrote Harriet Reeves of Jonesville to her old friend Mrs. John Galvin, of New York. "I'm going to ask you to ask me to visit you. It's awfully dull here since Chet Vernon left. But perhaps you haven't heard. He gave his job at the soda fountain to Tub Martin, and has gone to New York. Have you seen anything of him? We went over to call on Tub the night before he left. And oh yes, did you know about Tub? Twins. Honest. I thought Chet would eat them up. Don't you think Chet was just *made* for a husband? We all thought you were going to marry him."

And so the gossipy letter ran on, and on, but Helen read the rest with eyes that did not see. So Chet was going to marry Harriet Reeves, and Harriet wanted to come to New York so she could see him. Well, Chet would marry some one, of course, and it might as well be Harriet, though

Harriet was a scatter-brain and never did have a lick of sense.

Harriet came. Under cautious cross-examination by Helen she admitted that Chet had not yet said in so many words that he wanted her to marry him, or even that he loved her, still, as Harriet insisted, "You can always tell a man's intentions." And her theory was supported by the circumstantial evidence that while Chet had made no attempt to see Helen since he arrived in New York, he responded with surprising promptness to a telephone summons from Harriet. Moreover, he called frequently as long as Harriet was there, Helen effacing herself as much as possible, with a queer little dull ache in her bosom.

One evening they went to the theatre together—the three of them. Galvin had telephoned that he could not come home to dinner on account of important business. After the theatre Chet took Helen and Harriet to a cabaret. In a distant corner he saw Galvin transacting his important business. The girls were facing in an opposite direction. Chet wanted to be sure he was right, and strolled over to Galvin's table. Galvin greeted him effusively, and introduced his business guest—Ada Thompson. Chet turned away,and went back to Helen. It was not for him to interfere, so he said nothing to the unsuspecting wife.

A few days later Harriet went home, and Chet's calls ended abruptly. Helen felt utterly alone, and buried herself in her work, which was assuming the dimensions of a lucrative business.



Chet responded with surprising promptness to a telephone summons from Harriet.

At length the inevitable disillusionment arrived. The Hammonds gave a big house party at their home at the seashore, and Helen and Galvin were among the guests. So was Ada Thompson, as a matter of course. Helen was in no mood for joining in the hilarity of the other young people. Their high-pitched laughter grated upon her, and she wandered off by herself, apparently not missed by any one. But she could not help noticing that whatever were the diversions of the moment, her husband and Ada were seldom far apart. If she had loved Galvin, this might have aroused her jealousy, but she gave the matter only passing thought.

But as she strolled through the grounds one afternoon, the cool depths of a secluded summer-house invited her and she went toward it, her light tread upon the grass making no sound. She neared the entrance and looked in. She gasped, and looked again, doubting for an instant her own eyes. Then she turned and fled as silently as she had come. She hurried to her room and flung herself upon the bed. But when the first shock had passed it was determination and not grief which possessed her.

Swiftly packing her grip she made an almost incoherent excuse to Mrs. Hammond, and asked for a car to take her to the railway station.

* * * * * * * * *

Galvin followed on the next train, as soon as he discovered her hurried departure. He found her packing bags and trunk and angrily demanded an explanation. At first Helen refused to speak, but finally, when Galvin seized her, she shook him off.

"I'm leaving you, for good. I saw you in the summer-house," she said, and turned back to her packing.

"You sha'n't leave me," Galvin snarled. "My word's as good as yours. You've got no proof."

"It doesn't matter. I tell you I'm going," she replied.

"All right then," Galvin answered with assumed indifference, "but don't expect me to support you, if you go."

"Expect you to support me!" Helen's tone was sharp and icy. She picked up a few of her costliest gowns from a heap and held them out toward him. "Do you suppose your stingy checks paid for these? Do you think I could dress as I do on the money you dole out to me?"

Galvin looked at her in astonishment. Then he demanded angrily:

"If I didn't pay for them, who did? I always thought you were getting pretty friendly with old man Hammond."

Helen ignored the insult.

"I'll show you who paid for them," she said, and took out a small account book. "Look at this, and this, and this," she said, turning the pages rapidly. They bore memoranda of teas, card parties, dinners, and all manner of functions, and showed her earnings. Then she produced a bank book, and Galvin gasped as he looked at the balance.

Silently Helen finished her packing, while Galvin moodily paced the room.

"I'll send for my things later," Helen said as she closed the door.

Galvin realized that she was gone forever.

The news of Helen Drayton Galvin's divorce a year later soon reached Chet Vernon, and he located the studio where she had established a flourishing business in interior decoration. It did not take him long to explain his visit.

"Then it wasn't Harriet after all," Helen said softly.

"No, you little silly, it wasn't," Chet replied, gathering her into his arms.



Bringing *the* Motion Picture *to* Church

By Frederick James Smith

THREE years ago I interviewed Thomas H. Edison. The inventor sat in a little room of his West Orange factory. A prophetic light flashed in his eyes, half hidden by shaggy gray eyebrows. He rubbed a nervous hand across the white stubble upon his face.

"The motion picture is going to be the great educational factor in the future," he said. "It is going far beyond anything we can prophesy today. In a few years you will find it aiding the minister in his pulpit, the teacher in the schoolroom, the scientist and surgeon in the laboratory and clinic. The motion picture isn't just an amusement toy. It is going far—far. May I live to see the dawn of the film as an educational and civic force!"

Mr. Edison has lived to see the motion picture begin its mission of usefulness. There is no question of the work now being done by the film in schools, churches and Y. M. C. A.'s. Up to a year or two ago educational and religious workers were fighting the picture as a menace, today they are joining forces with it. Today we find the Young Men's Christian Association, through its international committee, arranging to furnish motion pictures to America's vast new army in camps from coast to coast. From promoting attendance in Sunday schools and visualizing a sermon, its possibility of usefulness goes all the way to galvanizing a whole town into activity. Out in Canasaraga, N. Y., near Hornell, the Rev. Harry E. Robbins injected new life into a whole community with the film.

The National Board of Review, and more particularly its National Committee for Better Films, reports a remarkable sweep of religious interest in the motion picture throughout the United States. "We have received a vast number of letters from churches in the last few months," says Herbert F. Sherwood, assistant secretary of the organization, as well as publicity representative. "We point out to each church that the motion picture can be used in two directions: first, as an entertainment feature; second, in direct connection with the religious services. If the church elects to take this second avenue of usefulness, a decision must also be reached whether the motion picture is to be made a side issue to the sermon or should it become an attraction with the sermon incidental.

"The Rev. Henry Medd, pastor of the Methodist Church at Bay Shore, N. Y., for instance, decided to make the motion picture paramount. He began announcing 'motion picture services with special music.' He presents a scientific or educational film or perhaps a photoplay illustrating some phase of life from which a sermon may be based, adds a twenty minute talk, gives a programme of music and has increased his church attendance three hundred per cent.

"We suggest to each inquirer," continued Mr. Sherwood, "that the church can, with proper handling, make vital use of the film. There are mechanical and physical requirements to be considered, of course. Fire laws, for instance, must be carefully obeyed.

"We are glad to give whatever service we can along this line. We can provide guidance regarding films to be selected and give churches and schools information as to where they may obtain the right sort of picture.

"We have noted a steady development taking place in the motion picture world. America, if we may make a comparison, has been criticised in its handling of export trade for not giving consideration to conditions abroad. Our goods going into South America, for instance, have frequently to be repacked. Goods shipped in large boxes had to be reboxed in small containers suitable for packing on the backs of mules.

"Sometimes I think our motion picture business has been doing just this sort of thing. Producers haven't considered the needs of special groups. They tried to make one picture fit the world's requirements. Things are changing now, however. Manufacturers are just beginning to realize the value of pictures for the family."

The National Board of Review publishes a quarterly "Garden of American Motion Pictures," a carefully compiled list of pictures suitable for the family and for children. This includes everything from photoplays and comedies to educationals, scenics, news reels, cartoons films, etc. A monthly bulletin is issued by the organization, edited by Mr. Sherwood. This is made up of suggestions and hints regarding the selection of films, and comments

upon activities in behalf of better films everywhere.

On the face of it, the problem confronting a minister, teacher or Y. M. C. A. secretary who wishes to present and maintain motion pictures as a part of his organization seems pretty big. But it is being worked out in many localities.

In New York City the Judson Memorial Baptist Church has been utilizing the motion picture on Sunday afternoons to entertain thousands of foreign children—Italian, Hebrew, Greek and Russian. The church is located in the Washington Square district, on the edge of the big foreign district. The "Happy Hour"—with its pictures and music—became a tremendous success and has been made a part of the church's Sunday school plan. Thus pictures are used as an adjunct to the lessons.

Motion pictures are not limited to Sunday use by the Judson Memorial Church. On Thusday evenings, the church movies are open to grown-ups as well as children, one cent admission being charged. This with the co-operation of Judson Memorial Church and New York University.

The Rev. Christian F. Reisner, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, presents motion pictures to the church children on Sunday afternoons and, on Sunday nights, utilizes the photoplay to illustrate the subject of his sermons.

It has remained for the Rev. Harry E. Robbins, of Canasaraga, N. Y., to prove the community usefulness of the film. Through his work in New Bedford, Mass., and in Carbondale, Pa., the Rev. Mr. Robbins came to believe that many of the social problems among the mill workers and coal miners and the unrest among the farmers in outlying districts were, in reality, due to lack of recreation. One day was as dull as another. They were missing the romance of being alive.



The Rev. Harry E. Robbins of Canasaraga, N. Y., proved the community usefulness of the film.

So, when the Rev. Harry reached Canasaraga, a village that had slept twenty years undisturbed, he smiled—and thought of the motion picture. Canasaraga shipped beans to the cities and went to bed at eight every evening. Charlie Chaplin could have walked down Main street without being recognized.

Then the new minister began to do things. He started a Men's Club and imported a billiard and pool table from New York. After the club was installed over the firehouse, the Rev. Robbins went around and looked at the Canasaraga Opera House, which had been "dark" for four seasons. Canasaragans knew little of the movie. Some of the inhabitants occasionally went twelve miles to Hornell, where they saw the cheap, flashy pictures of the nickelettes.

But the new pastor was confident of the power of good pictures. So he laid a plan before the Men's Club to hire the idle opera house and present pictures. Moreover, he made it a community affair and asked the other pastors to help. The Roman Catholic priest became a loyal Robbins rooter but the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches turned down the offer to co-operate. But the minister went right ahead.

From the start the parson's opera house was a sweeping success. Things began to happen. The Rev. Robbins used the motion picture entertainment to help increase Sunday school attendance. This was through the distribution of free tickets. Moreover, the theater, at first not intended to make money, began to pay—and has kept on the right side of the ledger ever since.

About that time the town woke up. Canasaraga acquired a board of trade. New buildings are going up, the main streets have been paved and the village has secured a street electric light system.

So much for the civic value of the film from the church angle. Y. M. C. A.'s are taking up pictures actively. The association branch at Coatesville, Pa., has a large auditorium, seating a thousand. The association uses this as a motion picture theater, one man being employed to give his entire time to selecting pictures and conducting the exhibitions. This plan has been followed for five years and the branch feels itself well repaid by its success in handling the leisure time problem.

The Y. M. C. A. at Dalton, Mass., an industrial town of 3,500 inhabitants, runs a motion picture entertainment in order to keep its people from going to adjoining towns for amusement at night. Under its care, Daltonites see the right sort of pictures.

The Bedford Branch in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been conducting commercial motion picture exhibitions, showing eight reel programmes to audiences of a thousand or more.

Again the Commonweal Club, of Syracuse, an organization of women, recently proved the value of the motion picture to further a public improvement. They secured permission from the board of education to organize and promote a community center in one of the city school buildings. Their plan for raising funds was built around the film. The clubwomen divided the city into eight districts and appointed a sub-chairman to each district. Each sub-chairman had a committee of from eight to twelve to sell tickets at one dollar for a series of ten admissions to approved motion pictures at a certain theater. The club paid the exhibitor half of what it received for the tickets. In this way the exhibitor and the club shared and sufficient funds were raised to put the project over.

Surely Edison's dream is being realized.

The Man *with* the Iron *in* His Eye



TRY to think of a good adjective to apply to Harry Morey. We give you a total of one guess. . . . What? . . . Virile. . . . Right the first time.

Morey's climb to fame has been slow. Unfortunately Morey elected to invade pictures just at a time when clothing store cuties were in vogue. So they gave Morey character roles—everything from horny handed policemen to simple youths with a penchant for dinner pails.

Shortly after this it began to dawn upon producers that perhaps after all the dear old public might want some other kind of a hero than the one who keeps his pinch-back pressed and strolls into the big crisis with a bamboo cane and a dental smile, saving the day and the whiteness of his linen at one and the same time.

And this was the dawning for Harry Morey, this realization that the public wanted real men, red blooded men, not spineless sissies. Thus Morey became a star.

Vitagraph has recently been giving Morey a lot of prominence. He played opposite Alice Joyce as the heroic forger in "Within the Law" and as the nonchalant gentleman who walloped the German army single handed in "Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation."

To return to facts, Morey was born in Kentucky, suh. Started out to be a Shakespearean actor but reformed. Then invaded musical comedy, actually singing tenor solos under the spotlight moon. In those days he chanted the moon-spoon-tune stuff in the giddy companies of Anna Held, Weber and Fields and Montgomery and Stone.

To the right, Morey plays the count in "The Lady of the Glove." Below, a scene from "The Question", with Alice Joyce





Lucille Zintheo, after some very creditable work in a number of pictures found she preferred the stage to the screen. While her beauty was well interpreted by the lens it was brought out in equally fascinating manner by the footlights. She made a genuine hit in "His Little Widows," which played at the Astor Theatre, New York. You will remember Miss Zintheo as the young lady who brought Spokane into prominence. She is the second beauty to the left of Carter De Haven in the picture above.

Photoplay Magazine's "Beauty and Brains" Girls Achieve Screen Success

One offered leading lady role by Douglas Fairbanks. Four others appearing in big productions.



Our little Quaker lady, Lucille Satherwaite, of Waynesville, N. C., is shown here in one of the principal roles supporting Mae Marsh in the film adaptation of Margaret Mayo's delightful play, "Polly of the Circus." A real beauty and a delightfully distinctive personality Miss Satherwaite should go far in her chosen work.

FIRST a little history: Less than a year ago PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE concluded its famous "Beauty and Brains" contest, and ten happy girls were brought from every section of the United States, and one from Canada. They were chosen out of a field numbering more than ten thousand plain, pretty, and beautiful girls. The chairman of the board of judges was no less an arbiter of beauty and intelligence than Lillian Russell.

When they arrved in New York the daily newspapers devoted columns to them and acclaimed them as a wonderful aggregation of beauty, a fitting commentary on the fairness of the contest.

The camera does not take kindly to all beauties. It is subtle and mysterious in its affections. Nearly all of the beauties "screened" well, that is, photographed well for moving picture purposes. Five were given contracts by picture companies immediately. Some of the girls preferred home to a professional life.

And today: Here they are! PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is proud of its children. Their ways have not been strewn with roses. As in every other profession, work, application, and determination to succeed is paramount. To themselves belong the full credit for their victory.



Mildred Lee, who hailed from Kansas City, is the type of girl who never gives up. After a short experience in pictures, she, like Miss Zintheo, went in for the theatre. While playing at the Cocoanut Grove, atop the Century Theatre, her beauty and vivacity lead to a flattering offer from the picture magnates. She is now playing leading roles in L-Ko comedies in Los Angeles.

Alatia Marton is now under contract with the Keystone company, doing leading parts. She was offered by Douglas Fairbanks the position of leading lady in his next picture, but was unable to finish a picture she was working on at the Keystone in time to accept the flattering offer. At the conclusion of the contest she was given a contract by the Selznick Pictures Corporation. She returned to her home in Texas for a few months and later joined the Keystone forces in Los Angeles where her beauty and ability earned her leading parts.

Helen Arnold, of Louisville, Texas, swept into instant success. Her camera tests were hardly completed before she was engaged by the Frohman Amusement Corporation to play a leading part in "The Witching Hour." She has since played in many other pictures. At present she is supporting Ethel Barrymore in Metro productions. The accompanying scene shows her with that distinguished star in "The Call of Her People."



Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

WELL the draft has done its worst. It has singled out Wallie Reid, Charley Ray, George Walsh, and Irving Cummings. The last named was about the only film player of prominence drafted in the East. It was in the West where most of the damage was done. At this time it is impossible to state whether or not Wallie and George will be called out to do real fighting as each is possessed of a wife and child, while Ray and Cummings are supplied with a wife each. Although each has a wife who is a professional and may be adjudged capable of supporting themselves and children. Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport and Walsh to Seena Owen. It would be an awful blow, however, to the feminine contingent of the great army of film hero worshipers should the quartet be taken. Of course they would still have J. Warren Kerrigan and Harold Lockwood who escaped the draft and Francis X. Bushman, who wasn't in danger at any time.



Marjorie Daw, caught in the act of "coming back". This popular little player who gained international fame as the protege of Geraldine Farrar when the diva made her motion picture debut at the Lasky studio, has been absent from the studio for many months as she has been devoting her time to studies. She returned to the screen, however, in support of Sessue Hayakawa in a recent Paramount Picture.

THE comedy studios of the West Coast were hit particularly hard, although Charley Chaplin was not among those called who will form the first army. Jay Belasco and James Harrison, leading men in Christie Comedies were selected among the first. At Fox's, Victor Potel, the "Slippery Slim" of old Essanay days and Director Charles Parrot saw their names posted early on draft day. At Keystone, Business Manager George Stout was drawn and at L-KO, Director General Jack G. Blystone was in the first thousand. At Universal City William Franey and Milton Sims, comedians led the list followed by Directors Craig Hutchinson and George Marshall. Francis McDonald, husband of Mae Busch, Lloyd Whitlock and J. Webster Dill of the dramatic branch of the Big U. Bud Duncan, junior member of the former comedy firm of Ham & Bud, also felt the draft early in the day. Horsley's studio offered Comedian Neal Burns and his director Horace Davey.

LASKY'S studio was hit the hardest. In addition to Wallie Reid, several minor players and a number of technical employees were drafted. Roy Marshall, assistant to Marshall Neilan, Mary Pickford's director and Lucian Littefield, well known young character actor, were among them. Littlefield didn't wait for the draft. He left a month previously for France with the Pasadena Ambulance unit. Tom Forman, also a well known Laskyite, likewise declined to wait for the draft and joined the Seventeenth Company of Coast Artillery which is composed almost wholly of motion picture men. Triangle will contribute Lynn F. Reynolds, recently acquired from Universal where he won distinction as a Bluebird director. Victor Fleming cameraman in Douglas Fairbanks' company resigned to join the colors as soon as he saw his name among those drawn and Pliny Goodfriend, Vitagraph cameraman and husband of Mary Anderson, will also take the trip abroad.

MAE MURRAY is now a Bluebird star. The little blonde deserted Lasky several months ago and her director Bob Leonard quit at the same time. He will continue as her director at Universal City.

TRIANGLE, now running full speed ahead with H. O. Davis, erstwhile boss of Univeral City, at the throttle, has been despoiling the latter concern of some of its best known stars. Ruth Stonehouse, Ella Hall, Roy Stewart are among the players and Lynn Reynolds and Jack Conway head the directors who made the switch.

ADMIRERS of the little French comedian will be pleased to learn that Max Linder has so far recovered that he is contemplating a comeback to the screen sometime in November. He recently left the sanitarium in Southern California to which he was removed when he collapsed while making comedies for Essanay.

D. W. GRIFFITH has completed one of his war pictures made on the battlefields of Europe and is now working on the second one, according to words from London. He had planned to return home after one picture but decided to do at least one more. It is understood that neither will be completed until the return to America as scenes are to be made on this side. Robert Harron and the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, have the principal parts in the pictures.

NO little surprise was caused in studio circles last month when it became known that Geraldine Farrar would

leave Lasky's at the termination of her contract which has been in existence three years. Miss Farrar has just completed her fourth photoplay, a spectacular DeMille production based on the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and she is now engaged on a modern film play. Lou-Tellegen, husband of Miss Farrar, who had a brief career as a Lasky director, will appear with Miss Farrar in her new productions, according to report.

WANDA PETIT, one of the prettiest of Fox ingenues, has transferred her affections, and likewise her baggage from Fort Lee to Hollywood. She will probably be seen opposite George Walsh if that hirsute gentleman manages to retain his civilianship.

REGINALD BARKER who has been making pictures with Thos. H. Ince for a period dating about three years before Billie Burke and her pajamas appeared at Inceville, and who made the first Triangle picture "The Coward" has deserted both Triangle and Ince. He is now a member of the Paralta Company's directing forces and his first picture will be a picturization of Harold McGrath's book "Madame Who." Bessie Barriscale will be the star.

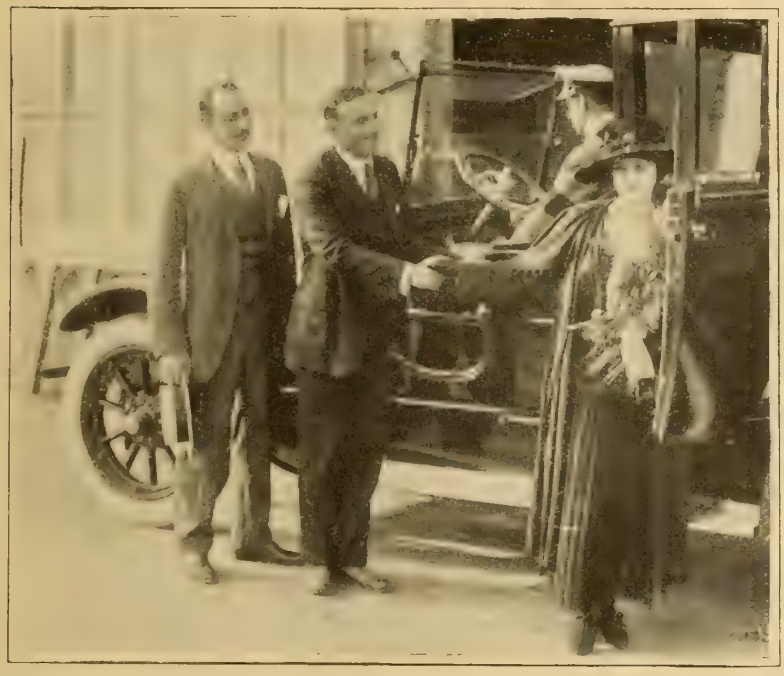
CLARA WILLIAMS has also packed her bandanna handkerchiefs, ear-rings, riding habits and her famous forty ball room frocks and left Triangle for Paralta. Clara made quite a hit recently by her rendition of the old military song, "You're in the Army Now," for the enlisted men at the Presidio, San Francisco.

JIMMY YOUNG has settled down on the Coast once more and has become a regular member of the studio colony. He attends the fights at Jack Doyle's arena every Tuesday, competes in all the fox-trot contests and has issued an open challenge to wrestle "Bull" Montana "Doug" Fairbank's athletic trainer. That is the result of having too much time on his hands; Jimmy only works at directing pictures 18 hours a day.

NORMA TALMADGE has a new director. He is Charles Miller who sprang into sudden prominence by virtue of the really remarkable picture "The Flame of the Yukon" with Dorothy Dalton. Miller is a nephew of Henry Miller and before entering upon motion picture work was an actor and stage director of prominence.



Meet Mr. Montezuma, who was some pumpkins in his day. It is Raymond Hatton at his old job of kinging in Geraldine Farrar's new picture of Aztec days—you know, when they had so much gold they used to make automobiles out of it.



They made quite an occasion of it when Elsie Ferguson arrived at Fort Lee for her first day's screen work. Director Tourneur was right out in front to open the limousine door, and that's going some for a high-priced director. Yes, of course she knew her picture was being taken.

HOW the years fly by. Why it seems as if it were yesterday that Theodore Roberts won the tennis championship of the Alimony Club at the Ludlow St. Jail and now we find after one day's military drill at the Lasky Studio he became so exhausted he had to be carried home. He has just returned to work after a month on the sick list.

MOLLY MALONE has married a minister's son. Now comes the question: If a motion picture studio is no place for a minister's son, how about a minister's son's wife? Molly says no matter what the answer is she is going to stay at Universal City and continue to act before the camera. The smiling, trusting and courageous young man who stepped up to the altar with Molly is Forrest Cornett, the son of the Rev. W. H. Cornett of the First Presbyterian Church of Venice, California. Mrs. Forrest Cornett is 20 years of age and her husband is one year older. He was drafted. So Molly is the second "war

(*Continued on page 114*)



Story time at the Selig Studio. The young lady is Amy Leah Dennis, 16 year old star. The tall individual in the foreground is director J. A. Richmond.

"That Reminds Me *of the* Time When Weber *and* I—"

WHEN the camera isn't clicking—when "Props" is busily engaged in getting the new set ready, and there is nothing to do in the studio but wait, everyone in the company waits until Lew Fields gets a far away look in his eye, and then they gather close. For Lew can then be induced to reminisce.

He is now making "The Barker," at the Selig Studio in Chicago, and Lew is rather fond of the town.

"Weber and I were school boys together. We were together twenty-eight years on the stage. Ten years ago I was playing at the Garrick here in 'The Girl Behind the Counter.' I was asked to play at a hospital benefit. I went out to the hall after the show. There was nobody to greet me. I went out on the rostrum and gave a monologue. Never got a hand or a smile. I remarked to 'Props': 'This is *some* benefit!' 'Props' said: 'Th' only trouble with you, ole man, is you're in th' wrong hall. This here's a bible class convention.'

"Reminds me of another," Fields continued. "In the old days on the road we traveled by special train and carried one hundred and fifty people. I wired a tank town to have two property men, two electricians, etc., on hand to get quick action when the show arrived. The reply came back: 'I'll be there. Bill.'

"My first picture? Mack Sennett was responsible for my downfall. I was working in a company out at the Keystone. I fell out of a taxi and blackened my eye and I told Sennett at the end of the day that he could cancel the contract if he wished.

"Brady directed me in another picture," continued Mr. Fields. "Brady chided me for not putting enough feeling into my rehearsal scenes. I said: 'Brady, the camera must click; the camera is my audience; it spurs me to put feeling into my work. Brady said that was all right and he ordered the man to turn the camera crank. I put feeling into the scene. After it was over, Brady said my work was fine. 'Now, we'll take the scene,' said he.

"I like motion pictures. I think the people want both laughter and tears. I have discovered that the old Weber and Fields style won't register on the screen."

Lew Fields may not be as young as he once was but during the circus scenes in "The Barker" he turned a succession of "cart-wheels" which were the envy of a host of youngsters.

Insulting the Flag

"THAT ought to get a hand," declared the film director as he had the Stars and Stripes photographed for insertion into a photoplay that had a poor chance of "getting over." It is as much a sacrilege to use the flag for this purpose as it is to use it for advertising purposes and the federal statutes forbid the latter. If the film producers haven't the good taste to stop this practice, action to that end should be taken by the authorities.



Destiny *or* Ambition?

John R. Freuler, President of Mutual started with a "store show" and now twenty-four corporations call him "Papa."

By Terry Ramsaye

"THERE is a certain destiny which shapes our ends, roughhew them as we may," wrote a certain honorably ancient poetic gentleman. Right here the upstart author of this sketch rises to remark that the aforesaid poet person like many great writers of the period was off his reckoning several degrees of longitude.

The old saw which is quoted here—obviously for the purpose of starting a fuss and to attract attention to the opening of this article—belongs right where it is, among the cannery jars of commencement oration platitude.

Careful consideration of the careers of certain men convinces the painstaking investigator that assuming that our ends are sound we may roughhew destiny considerably.

Destiny assumes that we start out from somewhere and are lead along through a lane of long lean years, or short chubby years, until we arrive somewhere.

Now that might do very well if one had a whole lot of confidence in Destiny's good intentions and Destiny's ability as a guide, general manager and guardian ad litem. Some folks do not feel that same soft, calflike trust in Destiny.

All of which is introductory to the remark that if you want to see a man who has taught Destiny to jump through, roll over and play dead, drop into the offices of the Mutual Film Corporation and ask for the president—John R. Freuler.

Send in your name. If he's busy you'll get an audience and if he is not—well then he is not there, because he's busy somewhere else.

You will find him a pleasant person to meet and easy to talk to if you have anything to say. He is big, firm faced, with hair that got white early to contrast with a pair of very clear blue eyes. The eyes have smile wrinkles around them frequently and a wide play of expression.

When Mr. Freuler stands up his hat is a trifle over six feet above the carpet. Also when he gets up it is a sign that he is either going to say something, go somewhere or sit down.

Now when he says something, listen. You will have plenty of time to get it all, because he takes his time. Whatever he says may be put right down in your little note book, too, because when he is done he has said exactly what he intended to say and it is all said, abso-

lutely, positively, finally, conclusively and in conclusion.

Summing up a section of John R. Freuler's conversation and boiling it down usually means to repeat it verbatim plus a few extra words he saved and you can't. When a contract is to be drawn in the offices of President Freuler there are two ways to get it—one is to let six corporation lawyers wrestle over it for two weeks and the other is to plant a stenographer in the office and let her take "J. R.'s" outline of what he wants in it.

Somewhere about three blocks back I was saying something about Destiny. At this point you may have gotten the impression that it was solely for the purpose of making a few fresh remarks about the philosophy of certain very justly deceased proverb makers. But true to the alleged laws of rhetorical construction the writer unerringly leads back to bring in the thread of thought for so long left fluttering in the breeze of verbage.

Destiny may have started out with the most honored intent of running the career of John R. Freuler. Mr. Freuler was born very successfully November 17, 1872, in the village of Monroe, Wis. For several years immediately after that he did not organize any corporations, being engaged in looking things over and getting his bearings. He got Destiny's number very early in life and left Monroe, where he might easily have grown up into a position of local power and prominence. He located, with the guidance of his sturdy Swiss-American parents, in Milwaukee, where the schools were better.

The records have not been consulted but tradition indicates that the young John R. Freuler was a diligent student without indulging in any boy-prodigy feats of learning. Vacation times he improved the shining hours by running errands for a Milwaukee druggist and getting his first ideas on business. He worked out a few details of operation around the drug store which increased his earning capacity by 50 cents a week and taught him something about the value of volume in output, waste time and other important factors in industrial life.



John R. Freuler — at right — and Charles Chaplin — at left — the payer and payee of the world's greatest salary. Below — The Theatre Comique, the great-grandpa of the Mutual Film Corporation.

It is some years later however, that we find Mr. John R. Freuler a clerk in an investment banker's office, juggling long columns of figures, working out accounting systems, interest tables and sundry such items of the world of applied economics. One might well believe that it was there that Mr. Freuler discovered how you can lock up several dollars together in the dark for a while and presently get a lot more dollars out.

This work took up only twelve or fourteen hours a day of the young man's time so he cast about for a side line, with the result that he rented an idle building and carried on a warehouse business incidentally. This grew into a rather pretentious warehouse concern in a few years. But there are limitations in the warehouse business and the active yearnings of Mr. Freuler were for more territory to conquer. He found considerable of it in the land business. He went into it. He acquired land, money, and a lot of new experience.

At this period Mr. Freuler was in the stage of commercial development which would have entitled him to stay satisfied. He had a business, a motor car, a home and a family. He had defeated small town Destiny and was an urban success. By all the laws of circumstance, etc., he was due to stay right there.

But all the while John R. Freuler was carefully conserving the interests of John R. Freuler and looking for more to do.

This he found one day in 1905 when a friend induced him to become a sort of secret and silent partner in a motion picture theater. Then things started.

In the first place the theater, the little two hundred seat Theater Comique out in Kinnikinnic Avenue, in Milwaukee, was a curious success. There were hundreds of people going in as Mr. Freuler could plainly see as he slipped up the street at night to inspect his theater when no one was observing him. But there never seemed to be any money coming out so far as Mr. Freuler could discover from his partner's report.

This was irritating. Mr. Freuler went into the theater investment mostly against his will, feeling that his position in the community was rather out of keeping with the status of a nickelodeon show. That was bad enough, but now to get beaten out of his investment besides. Never. Not for J. R. F. He bought out the theater, fired the army of partner's relatives he found infesting the payroll and hired a manager for the house.

Mr. Freuler was not sure yet he wanted to admit he was a coming picture magnate. He got interested in a whimsical way in making the little theater make money. He studied the public and the pictures.—And then he was in the picture business in earnest.

The rest of the story is simple. He rented pictures for the theater. He discovered there must be money in renting pictures. He investigated first and then invested. Thus was born the Western Film Exchange of Milwaukee, which grew into the Mutual Film Corporation of today with its branches all over the U. S. and Canada. Meanwhile the Western Film Exchange and its growing family of allied exchanges scattered over the country needed more film.

Mr. Freuler again investigated and again invested. This time in studios to make the films to supply to his exchanges. Thus was the American Film Company, Inc., born of the efforts of Mr. Freuler and Samuel S. Hutchinson, who is still president of the American. Then after the American has come a long line of Freuler organizations.

In the upper right hand corner of the big flat, glass topped mahogany desk in Mr. Freuler's office all these corporations have their nest. He can reach into this nest any time and pull out a handful of report cards and tell you the pulse, temperature and blood pressure of any one of those corporations. He knows them by their first and middle names and treats them with the kind, firm, administrative touch of a father. He has fathered a large number of corporations, twenty-four of them about, and they have all lived to grow up and honor their dad.

Some of these corporations are little heard of outside of the technical film circles which they serve, while others

(*Continued on page 136*)

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

Photoplay Magazine's Annual Review of the Year's Acting

By Julian Johnson



No man has shown to finer advantage than Sessue Hayakawa.

JUST a year ago this department drew a bead on the actors through the peep-sight of a typewriter and noted progress or retrogression. Who, in the thespial year ending September 1, 1916, had gone forward? Who had slipped? Who were the few who had stood still?

Since that day the photoplay world has added as much territory and populace as the material world following Columbus' discovery of America. The activities have become vastly more varied, and it is by so much the more difficult to judge players' accomplishments. Instead of the little band of notables who confronted the medal-awarders a year ago, there is now a regiment—a brigade. It is impossible, in the following summary, to chronicle all of the year's playing achievements. This is only an attempt to bring back to memory a few of the more conspicuous accomplishments.

A little introspection will assure you that this has been a veteran's year. The big things have been done by the practised hands. The toilers who long ago planted the seeds of labor have begun in the past twelvemonth to reap the harvest of patience.

Nevertheless there have been irresistible newcomers: men and women who have added wonderfully to the screen's credit-total; men and women who, we hope, will continue their camera labors.

I believe we may class as newcomers not only the actual novices, but folk who, looming large on other horizons, have walked toward the Cooper-Hewitts for the first time.

For instance, George M. Cohan. Cohan is a man who seems to dare anything, and, in his own pliable *argot*, he invariably "gets away with it." Apparently this is so; really it is not. Cohan is a fellow who combines ingenuity and common-sense with patience and a willingness to work. The result all lazy folk call genius. Cohan has undertaken a number of new things and has entered more than a few novel subjects in his time, but each he has studied arduously, thoroughly. As a result, he achieved with the optic "Broadway Jones" just what he achieved when he essayed melodramatic farce with "Seven Keys to Baldpate," or genuine revue with the "Cohan Review, 1916," viz., complete success.

On the other hand, the year has brought us out of nowhere such camera-blossoms as Jewel Carmen, radiant in "A Tale of Two Cities," and "American Methods." Here is a gift jewel-like as the girl's name; lovely, feminine, deeply emotional. I mention Miss Carmen not as the only twinkler in the new constellation — perhaps not even the brightest twinkler—but as a case thoroughly in point.



Gladys Brockwell has done much good acting and justified predictions made for her.

Some of those we class as new are really not new to the camera, though new to the public. Some have flashed under directoral genius in a single part, and have not reappeared.

If ever a star was born full-fired, such a visual birth was Bert Lytell's, the Lone Wolf in Brenon's new picture of that name. On the other hand, the year made Mollie King a genuine star—but she entered the year an adept camera technician; she was ripe for public plucking, but she hadn't been plucked. Her superb little personality at length made her very mediocre serials commanding. She outclassed her stories.

Consider as new names,



Dorothy Phillips cannot be surpassed. She has poise, beauty and exhaustible reserve.



Fairbanks has had a line of goods marvellously adapted to his biff-bang demonstrations.



William S. Hart has gone forward. Louise Glaum shows herself a very human villainess.

also, Mildred Manning the wholesome and delightfully human heroine of the photographed O. Henry stories; Nazimova, the super-tragic personality of "War Brides;" Franklyn Farnum, a smile-made Universalite; June Elvidge, World's industrious recruit from musical shows; and little Gladys Hulette, Thanhouser's very, very best bet.

Then there are Sylvia Bremer, the beautiful girl you've seen lately in Ince pictures; Alma Reuben, the dusk damsel who first cast her ivory lustre across the Fairbanks gelatines; Mary Thurman, Mr. Sennett's triumph of the flesh; Olive Thomas, an ex-Ziegfeldian who is an even more roguish soubrette in the shadows; Florence Deshon, the one-part wonder you may remember in "Jaffery;" Florence Vidor, who begged the whole world to hold her hand in the death-cart with Sidney Carton; Adda Gleason, whose Ramona was as subtle, carefully studied and finely drawn as any stage rendition you or your grandfolks ever saw.

"Intolerance" was responsible for a whole basket of planets. "The Crisis" put forward a remarkable actor in Sam Drane—who died before seeing his own impersonation of Abraham Lincoln. Max Linder scintillated for a few weeks —then, through ill-health, flickered down, through several wretched photoplays, to inactivity.

To Margaret Illington, a magnificent performer behind footlights, was awarded the lemon-medal which in the preceding year was fiercely contested by such notables as DeWolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, Willie Collier and Weber & Fields.

But as I have said, it is among the established toiler in set and on location, if not among the actual veterans, that we must look for the premier advancements of the year.

Not because they are necessarily the biggest women of screenland, but because they come quickest to mind, I want to mention, first of all, Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Phillips. Miss Talmadge has emerged from nervous, angular girlhood to emotional heights. Her performances of "Panthea" and "Poppy," sweeping the whole gamut from childish playfulness to mature tragedy, are the feats of a virtuoso, ringing true in every tone.

In the same manner Dorothy Phillips, as a dramatic actress, cannot be excelled today. She has poise, beauty, apparently inexhaustible reserve. She cannot, like Miss Talmadge, flash like lightning from laughter to tears and back again, but she has more sheer strength and drive. See her in "Hell Morgan's Girl," and "The Rescue," and you see her in epoch-making pictures.

The public has gotten so it thinks by companies as well as by the names of stars. "Lasky pictures," "Selznick pictures," "Bluebirds"—each of these names has its popular significance.

William Farnum is easily the most conspicuous of the Fox folk. In years of stage success, followed by years of film popularity, he did not do so fine and commanding a thing as his Carton and Evremonde. "A Tale of Two Cities" in Frank Lloyd's celluloids should live as long as Dickens' story. Jewel Carmen we have considered. Miriam Cooper, by no means a beginner, promises new phases of great interest in her Fox work.

Harry Hilliard, a sincere young leading man of

limitations, has made some genuine advances. Gladys Brockwell has done much good acting this twelvemonth, and has justified the predictions made when she was with Fine Arts. Theda Bara continues to pour the vitriols of vampiredom over her rapt world—which world, I take it, is somewhat diminished in these days of more excitement in the streets and less in the theatre.

George Walsh, generally insincere and full of bulging muscles, appears to have his audiences; and so does June Caprice, whose deliberate ingenuisms distress me beyond measure.

World's only advances in the past year have been made in the importation of several fine French films, revealing the strong yet delicate art of such people as Susan Grandaise and Albert Signer—the latter an especially wonderful man of mature years, in many ways absolutely without a screen rival. World's Fort Lee films are principally laurajeanlibbey "literature." June Elvidge and Ethel Clayton are the only World people who have progressed in 1917. Alice Brady has, if anything, gone backward. Montagu Love, a fine actor, has had small chance to do anything worth while. The best World picture: "Husband and Wife," with Blinn, Clayton and Love.

This has not been a sensational acting year for Ince. "Civilization" called forth some especially fine efforts by George Fisher, Howard Hickman and Herschell Mayall, but "Civilization" was a piece of pacifist sentiment against which this column railed at its production, and which nowadays would (probably) be barred by the Federal authorities.

William S. Hart has gone forward undeviatingly along the lines he had laid down for himself more than a year ago: he has been busy, and is busy, creating a genuine visual literature of the frontier. He is a splendid though restricted actor and an honor to the craft of which he is a genuine ornament.

Of new luminaries, Dorothy Dalton has flamed forth more brightly than any other Ince woman. Of Sylvia Bremer and Alma Reuben we have spoken. William Desmond has thoroughly established himself. Charles Ray, though exhibiting no more great flashes, has been doing consistently good work. Louise Glaum, smouldering along in shades of iniquity, now and then gets a human part and shows herself a very human villainess.

Margery Wilson has been seen to best advantage as a tender foil to the rugged Hart. Enid Bennett—pretty, and as deep as a saucer of water. Frank Keenan, notwithstanding his slow and exasperating "registrations," played a few mighty parts.

In the Lasky camp I can think of no man who has shown to finer advantage than Sessue Hayakawa. In the superior artistic accomplishments of this handsome Japanese are exhibited every trait of his race: no great originality, but limitless patience, an adroitness amounting almost to cunning, an ability to utilize to the utmost every trick of expression, every actor's artifice, every resource afforded by a bizarre character or an unusual scene.

Raymond Hatton's biggest performance was the King of France in "Joan the Woman," but throughout the year he has proved himself an invaluable asset to his organization. He is one of the most deliberate, most subtle and most effective character actors of stage or screen.



Pauline Frederick, potentially the greatest dramatic actress of the screen.



George M. Cohan seems to dare anything and invariably "gets away with it."



Charles Ray has been doing good work.
Margery Wilson has been best opposite Mr. Hart.



William Farnum is the most conspicuous of Fox folks.
Florence Vidor has made herself a place.



Geraldine Farrar made a wonderful Joan.
Wally Reid has improved month by month.



Mr. and Mrs. Drew have supplied an almost flawless line of domestic comedies

Mme. Petrova's cold inhumanity has worsted her by wearying her audiences.

Fannie Ward, the scientific baby, has walked her ingenue path until she has worn it out; she should essay a new trail; she is a genuine actress, and can do really different things, as "The Cheat" proved.

Marie Doro was not the success in pictures that "The Morals of Marcus" prophesied.

Cleo Ridgeley has retired.

Jack Pickford seems to be a first-class possibility, and Louise Huff and Vivian Martin are interesting little girls.

Anita King has done little or nothing of consequence in the past year.

Mae Murray did her best work with Lasky and made at least one superb picture: "The Plow Girl."

Geraldine Farrar rests upon one optically sonorous performance, Joan.

Theodore Roberts, the grand old man of the Hollywood lots, has done so many good things that it would require a catalogue to enumerate them.

Wallace Reid has improved, month by month; still a matinee idol, he has emerged from matinee-idol insipidities; watch this young man; he is capable of big things.

In Famous Players Pauline Frederick, potentially the greatest dramatic actress of the screen, has had but one chance to expand and delineate. This chance came with "Ashes of Embers," and it was improved not only by her, but by Frank Losee.

Marguerite Clark clinched her supremacy with "Snow White," one of the top-notch delights of the year.

Ann Pennington, for whom much was hoped, has been unfortunate in vehicles; "The Little Boy Scout" was quite dreadful.

The two pre-eminent names of Artcraft are two of the three pre-eminent names of the film industry: Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. A determined effort has been made to give Miss Pickford suitable and appealing plays, but the effort has not been uniformly successful.

Her year's best were "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and "The Little American," and in both she shone. Her worst, in point of effectiveness, was the excessively costly and excessively dull "Less Than the Dust."

Mr. Fairbanks, with the aid of Anita Loos, has had a line of goods marvellously adapted to his biff-bang demonstrations. Consider "American Aristocracy," "The Americano," or "Wild and Woolly," all comedies with *situation humor*—the rarest article in celluloid.

Mention of two of three lens pre-eminences of course leads directly to that third: Mr. Chaplin. This comedian is due to receive very distinct congratulation. On the pinnacle of success he has been standing on his toes to go higher. He has been working. He has toiled over each picture with most commendable patience and enthusiasm. "The Immigrant" is a cameo for detail.

Mr. Selznick's entertainers include Norma Talmadge and Nazimova, already mentioned. Clara Kimball Young seems to be more of a legal than lens star of late. Miss Young's best performance of the year was the biggest picture of her life: "The Common Law." After which—and a picture or two—she shied headlong into the courts.

She has not progressed since "The Common Law." Her work has been distinctly on the down grade. Perhaps she will come back to Zukor.

Constance Talmadge, who mountaingirled herself into wide celebrity, bids fair to be of stellar material. She is alert, pretty, girlish, humorous and dramatic—though dramatic to a less degree than her sister Norma.

One individual, and one only, continues to defy that law of nature which says that one must go forward or fall back. I doubt not that this party will continue just so.

Her name is Pearl White, and Pearl White's fame is fixed and changeless as if she had been dead two hundred years. Her empire of admirers, and the talents by which she sways them, remain whatever the calendar's changes.

Mrs. Castle, a popular personality, has triumphed with very little acting ability and in a vehicle so poor as "Patria." Her's is the conquest of an individual, almost unhelped by book or personal talent.

Antonio Moreno has emerged from the pretty-boy state to serious abilities.

Creighton Hale, Ralph Kellard and Doris Kenyon have maintained their places, but have added little or nothing to their records.

In Vitagraph nothing has happened which is more pleasurable to record than the complete "return" of Alice Joyce. This young woman, leaving the screen a few years ago at her marriage, retired an ingenue, and came back as an emotional actress, winning new admirers, challenging new criticisms, essaying untried roles. In the past few months Alice Joyce has not had parts or direction to match her abilities, but her year has been a great one, notwithstanding.

On the other hand, Anita Stewart, Vitagraph's great star, will be eclipsed in another twelvemonth if she does not get out of the rut of ordinary stories and less than ordinary direction into which she has inadvertently tumbled. S. Rankin Drew, in "The Girl Philippa," demonstrated that the Anita Stewart of today is more potent and even more beautiful than the Anita Stewart of last or any other year, but one play does not account for a whole season in motion pictures, whatever it may do on the stage.

Dorothy Kelly has done bits of good character, now and then. So has Marc MacDermott.

Earle Williams has been conventionally unimpressive, and Peggy Hyland a disappointment.

E. H. Sothern left the screen just as he began to find himself upon it. His first essay, "The Chattel," was quite dreadful.

The whole Universal organization has felt the impress of H. O. Davis, now the general manager of Triangle. Almost anybody in the game will tell you that Davis is most efficient in efficiency; that he saved money and avoided waste, but that his artistic influence is doubtful. Here I differ. I believe Davis' energy directly responsible for Dorothy Phillips, for the new phase of Herbert Rawlinson, for Franklyn Farnum, for such masterly things as "We Are French," for the whole line of Bluebirds; and while some Bluebirds have been tame, some were splendid.

Ben Wilson, George Hernandez, Mollie Malone, Ruth Clifford, Louise Lovely, Douglas Gerrard, Mary MacLaren, Hobart Henley and Ruth Stonehouse have signalized the year's work at Universal City.

(*Continued on page 135*)



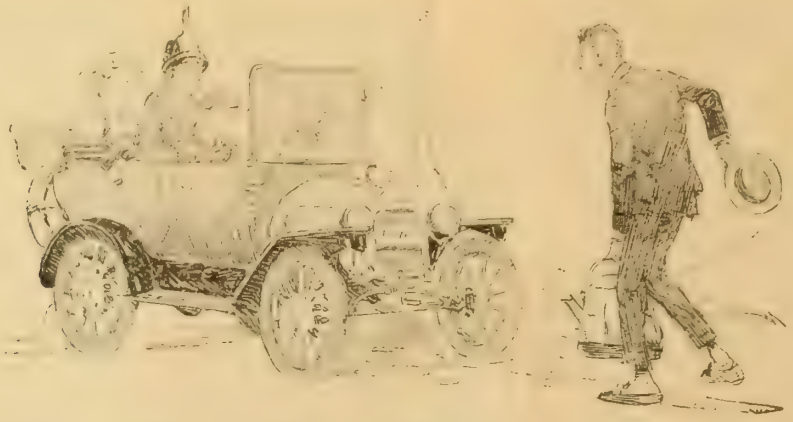
Norma Talmadge has emerged from nervous, angular girlhood to emotional heights.



William Russell is Mutual's best player of promise. He possesses the appeal of pleasant youthful force.



Pearl White's fame is fixed and changeless. Her empire of admirers remains, whatever the calendar changes.



The Dubb Family Goes *to the* Movies

By Hildegarde Rudin

Decorations by R. F JAMES

MRS. DUBB suggests the family spend the evening at the movies.

Mr. Dubb suggests Bill Hart.

The Dubb kid suggests Charlie Chaplin.

Mrs. Dubb suggests Mary Pickford.

The sweet-sixteen Dubb suggests Francis X. Bushman.

They compromise on Douglas Fairbanks.

Dubb gets the Ford out from behind the gas range.

The Henry hits on two cylinders.

His wife discovers a rip in the kid's pants.

Sweet-sixteen has just washed her hair and can't do a thing with it.

Dubb gets half way to the theater and finds he is out of gasoline.

He gets started again and remembers he left his purse on the mantel.

They get to the theater that advertised Fairbanks, and find the film didn't come and a Theda Bara is running.

They take another vote.

They can't agree, so they go to the nearest theater.

Nobody wants this star but they go in anyhow.

The feature is just ended and the people coming out say the show is rotten.

A fat man steps on Dubb's corns.

The kid loses himself in the dark.

Dubb finds him and the usher gives them seats next to the drums in the orchestra.

Dubb leads the flock back and gropes for other seats.

Men curse him.

Women make cutting remarks about her.

Dubb finds two seats on one side of the aisle and two on the other.

He stands there and debates how he shall divide the gang.

He and the kid crawl over half a row of mad people reaching their seats.

Two people the other side of him decide they don't want any more, and crawl over the Dubbs.



Mrs. Dubb sees them go out and crawls into Dubb's row with Sweet-sixteen.

He asks her why she didn't stay where she was.

A man in front turns around and tells him to keep quiet.

A man behind begins reading titles out loud to his girl.

Dubb turns around and says "Aw shut up."

The kid begins reading titles aloud.

The man behind gives Dubb the laugh.

The man beside him gets sleepy and begins to lean.

Somebody in the row behind had garlic for dinner.

Sweet-sixteen asks to get the candy out of the slot-box.

Dubb drops a dime into it and it won't work.

He gives Sweet-sixteen a dime and she drops it on the floor.

She gets down to find it, and the woman next her steps on her hand—accidentally.

Dubb tells his wife to make her daughter sit still.

The whole audience laughs and Dubb asks the kid what it was about.

He starts to tell Dubb and the man next tells him to shut up.

The orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers."

The Dubbs discover that they have all seen the picture before—years before.

They crawl over everybody and climb into the whimpering Henry.

The wife wants to see a Mary Pickford.

Dubb says it's time to go home.

The others all say no.

Dubb gets nasty about it and drives home anyhow.

The engine has asthma and dies in the traffic.

The fresh kid in the big "Marmon" advises him to take the whimpering "Henry" to a nut factory.

Dubb says he wishes he had gone to see the Theda Bara film.

His wife says, "So that's the kind of man I married."

And Dubb says "GOOD NIGHT!"



CLARA WILLIAMS prefers horses to gasoline buckboards. And why shouldn't she, for it was her superb horsemanship that won her big chance in the early western pictures with Essanay following a short but successful stage career. Perhaps you have seen her in some of those Italian girl characterizations; she does them splendidly Miss Williams appears in Triangle productions.

Clothes

SOME NEW *AND* CHARMING COSTUMES DESIGNED *FOR* MARY PICKFORD

Posed exclusively for Photoplay Magazine



Can one imagine a more exquisite negligee than the one shown above? The body of the garment is made of pink satin and over this is worn a cape of lace. The effect is charming indeed. The boudoir cap is of pink chiffon, trimmed with lace and tiny ribbon roses.



Magnificent, is the word which best describes the gorgeous robe of Royal ermine shown at the right. Hundreds of skins perfectly matched were used in the making. It is lined with pink brocaded satin. The hair ornament, so becomingly worn by Miss Pickford, was designed by Lucille. It is made entirely of ribbons, lavender, pink and gold.

Copyrighted photographs by Hartsook, Los Angeles



(Above) Quite wonderful is this little evening gown of white net, trimmed daintily with rows and rows of ruffles. At the waistline a touch of color is supplied by a narrow band of blue ribbon and a spray of pink and blue roses. The shoulder straps are fashioned of iridescent beads.

It would be hard to find a lovelier frock for summer afternoons than the one shown above. It is of sheer white organdie effectively trimmed with wide lace insertions and little groups of daisies. The hat worn with this dainty dress is also of organdie, a bit uncertain of line and trimmed simply with pale blue satin ribbon.

At the right, a Madame Frances gown suitable for informal evening wear. The material chosen was soft, pink taffeta; the trimming, fluted ruffles. The yoke is of flesh-colored chiffon, and a pleasing color contrast is made in the girdle, of Alice blue velvet.



GLADYS BROCKWELL admits being born in Brooklyn. Stock and vaudeville preceded pictures with Gladys. Then came the silverscreen with Lubin, New York Motion Picture, Fine Arts, Universal and Fox. Gladys is one of the few actresses who can dash from ingenue leads to supervampire characters and back again with ease. She was featured in "Her Temptation," a Fox production.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

"Holier Than Thou!" At last we can say it, with moving pictures on the sanctimonious end of the comparison.

The camera has been accused of invading the home, intruding upon the wedding, desecrating the funeral, blaspheming disaster by making it a show, and trading upon every zephyr of scandal or whisper of misfortune even as Wall street barters the miseries of mankind. And to a certain extent it has done so.

But—

It has never made such a monkey of itself, such a vulgar thing of affection or so coarse a sentiment of patriotism as the popular song.

The camera has swept the battle-fields, mimic much more than real, but it has remained for the jesters of tin-pan alley to find nothing but a barber-shop tune in the fortissimo of artillery fire, nothing but sick-at-the-stomach "poetry" in the sublime ambitions of democracy in general, and the hopes and fears of democracy's individuals in particular.

The mightiest conflict since stone axes inspires these majestic lines:

"Little girlie you look sad,
I'm afraid you're feeling bad,
Because he's leaving,
But stop your grieving
He don't want you to feel blue
For it's not the thing to do;
It'll soon be over
Then he'll come marching back to you."

Shades of Julia Ward Howe!

The Mayor and the Major. Since Chicago is America's second city and one of the greatest in the world, its artistic as well as material doings have wide reflection.

For a long time Chicago picture censorship has been as queer a bird as Chicago municipal politics. Mayor Thompson, who distinguished himself a little over two years ago by his Napoleonic settlement of a great traction strike, has straddled every fence in sight since the war came home to America, and, as Alexander yearned for worlds, so the Mayor has longed for more fences upon which to divide himself militarily.

His ultimate chance came when Gen. Joffre was, by a unanimous expression of Chicago's resolute citizens, invited to honor the king city of the lakes. Thompson demurred, fearing that "the German element might be displeased."

Major Funkhouser—who may be anything but Teutonic despite his Teutonic name—appears to have taken his cue from his civic master. Upon Mary Pickford's sturdy democratic expression, "The Little American," he vented the same doubt that his chief cast upon the hero of the Marne. At first he refused to license the exhibition for Chicago—then did so, somewhat precipitately, as he beheld the tidal wave of public opinion poising its foam-crest far above his head.

The Mayor and the Major have stepped right out of America, and have stepped upon themselves.

Paying the Author. Before the matter of authorship adjusts itself the manufacturer must right one wrong that is wholly of his making.

He must, in accord with the publisher or the theatrical manager, give the author an equitable share of his work's profit.

If you write a book or a play you get, in addition to any lump sum agreed upon, a royalty. That is, you get it provided you are not idiot enough to make a flat sale. If your novel or your comedy brings in a lot of money, you get a lot of royalty. If your manager reaps no reward, neither do you. So far, no more equitable plan has been devised.

The film manager, in almost every agreement with an author, fights free of royalty. He buys for a lump sum. His argument is that the astoundingly intricate system of film receipts—and indeed they are intricate!—makes an impartial figuring of royalty, upon any basis, almost impossible. In reality, the manager-manufacturer figures less on difficulties of accounting than on the possibilities of the piece. He plays it, and buys it, for an average picture; he hopes it will be a knockout; sometimes it is; more often it isn't. So in the end, the manufacturer is stung more frequently than the playwright, though he doesn't think so.

The Big Theatre Here to Stay. The high-class photoplay house, conducted on lines worthy any theatrical tradition, is no longer an exotic of the cities, nor an experiment among the managerially adventurous. It is here to stay, and has been recognized and adopted by the public-general, just as that public took to its heart the multivarious services of the great department-store.

The big theatre, with its various commodities of orchestra, artistic surrounding, drama, travel, education, comedy, news and song, is the department store of the picture play.

The arrival of the big theatre is a very serious matter for the manufacturer, for it means a complete readjustment of picture-making to suit the new needs. The big theatre must have better pictures and fewer.

"Ye Compleat Sleeper." Oh, for an Izaak Walton of the picture-show, and for a blessed brochure with such a title!

We are revolutionary enough to maintain that he who has never slept in a picture-show has missed one of the most charming experiences in modern life.

We are not advising the photoplay-shop as a lodging house, nor do we feel that the sleeping-treatment should be administered to every picture. In fact, our idea of a good picture is one that scarcely lets you wink.

Nevertheless, the mediocre picture has been many a business man's siesta, the somnolent digester of many a good lunch, the surcease after a day of toil.

How often, at night, has the weary mother nodded through a travelogue; the little boy curled comfortably off to slumberland in a problem-play; father, settled for rest amid the billing of the sentimental lovers—only to wake refreshed when the fight starts, and the drummer whacks out his audible shots.

The sneers of all the nerve-busting alert notwithstanding, there is much to be said for the picture that brings you relaxation and repose. Ask your doctor if the picture that put you to sleep didn't help a bit?

❧

Up to the Authors. The photoplay authors of America must, within the next year or two, decide an important question for themselves and the whole future of the screen.

Is the great art of the picture story to be a reflection or an original image?

In other words, are the projecting machines to visual novels and put silence and real outdoors into spoken plays; or are they to cast shadows of their own creation, arresting life as it has been caught directly for the lens, unfiltered by book-covers or theatre-curtains?

No art can claim substance, merit and durability which is not an original expression. Roman art is a misnomer, because Rome had no art; what she called her art was a reflection of the art of Greece, as a base, with the lesser arts of other countries amalgamated into something that looked new and wasn't.

It is within the power of the camera to sieze upon life from a wholly new angle; to put upon life a penetrative illumination such as it has never received in all history; to spread wide the carpet of light for visual Shakespeares and Miltons who are to come.

Or, the camera may continue a toy, an amusement, a mere illustrator of best sellers.

It is, in its last analysis, up to the authors. The photoplay manufacturer, despite his not unnatural liking for the great advertising impetus of a popular novel or a triumphant play, will likewise turn an eager eye upon the man who can write tremendous original stories for the screen. One writer, and one manufacturer, might in nine months' time turn the whole business around and head it in the other direction.

These Ought to be Strafed. A celebrated weekly which prides itself upon its accurate treatment of all actual affairs, artistic or material, featured a film fiction story recently in which a serial star—her day's labor ended—retired to the contemplative shadows of a room in the third-floor back, and, from time to time, partook frugally of such food as her small earnings permitted. Is it possible that these publishers never saw a serial leading lady? Sheba keeping that date with Solomon was a demure wren, compared to one of these peacocks visiting her milliner. The only serial leading lady that we know well enough to greet by her first name at six yards goes about in a couple of Rolls-Royces; not exactly at the same time, since she uses the cars as alternates. And that fiction story should be strafed simply because such things are not being done.

Another favorite fiction topic is the spry little heroine who waited 'steen weeks on the edge of the lot, and, when Mme. Longshot became peeved or ill, leaped into her place and became a star in 200 feet of "take." This misrepresentation is insidious and wicked where the other is only an inconsequential misstatement. This makes young girls believe that screen success is luck, favoritism or accident, whereas accidents and luck made not one of the screen's stars. Success in the celluloids is like success on the stage, or in any other art: it is won by persistent application, considerable time, a lot of patience and more or less brains.

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"Not Under My Name." No film-maker of consequence would issue, in these aseptic days of '17, lurid sex-plays, prurient white-slave celluloids, unwholesome problems, or even salacious comedies. The standard brands are clean.

But there is a worm in the apple-core.

The spotless manufacturer has one get-by to dirty money.

He winks at the offering, but says, solemnly: "Not under my name!"

And so it came to pass that the profits of several dull, unclean photo plays have gone into the pockets of respected magnates who serve a fine line of customers with sterilized goods, and who are absolutely inexcusable in state-righting mawkish, vulgar subjects whose very agents they would be ashamed to converse with in public places.

It is true that this practice is not widespread.

It is just common enough to be ominous. In self-protection the men who control America's photoplay output should not yield their releasing systems and their private influence to anything which may not emblazon their names. This does not apply wholly to films of suggestion; it applies also to the "get the money" manager who, as a sub-corporation or another individual, exploits that which is cheap and dull to turn what we may term the junk-dealer's penny.



Photo by White

A Melody *for the* Viola

"Come girls, we're going into pictures," said mother. So here's Miss Dana

By Randolph Bartlett

TO tell properly the story of Viola Dana it is necessary to back into the past a distance which might be described in the Kentucky mountaineer's measurement, "Three hollers and a look."

One whole generation ago a certain young woman aspired to a stage career. This was long before little Miss Dana was even the germ of an idea. But the young woman's parents frowned upon her ambition. Yea more—they not merely frowned, they spoke in stern and arbitrary terms. They wondered how a daughter of theirs could so far forget her careful upbringing as to desire to become a member of that questionable profession. They could not understand it. So often the very best of parents do fail to understand the cherished desires of youth, and this young woman's parents were perfectly good parents so far as they went—but they stopped short of perfection in this regard. They could comprehend the ambition of a young woman to become the leading soprano of a church choir, or even, as a special concession, to play quite the best game of croquet in the neighborhood. But the stage—goodness gracious—how preposterous, not to say shocking.

So the young woman silently smothered her disappointment—silently so far as the family circle was concerned. But from time to time she confided to other rebellious spirits of the neighborhood that when she grew up, and married, and had daughters, she would see to it that they went on the stage, in order to make up to the world what it had lost through the unreasonable attitude of the parents before mentioned.

Now while with many of us, the *sine qua non* (Latin for "Can't get along without it") of childhood becomes the jest of later years, with this determined young woman the idea kept growing in intensity. She did grow up. She did marry. She did have daughters. And all three daughters are now on the stage—the shadow stage to be exact.

That is the true story of how Viola Dana received the impetus which has sent her skyrocketing through the stage firmament, until at nineteen she is one of the pet stars of the film public and the Metro pictures organization. The other two young women who had the good fortune to be born of the same uncompromising mother are a still younger sister, Shirley Mason, and an older one, Edna Flugrath, who exercised her right of priority to retain the family name for professional purposes.

To the close observer it might seem that Mrs. Flugrath's determination to launch her daughters upon a thespic career was considerably handicapped by her wealth of blessings; for while it is no very great task to find a place upon the boards for one charming daughter, the task of placing three at a time, all still so young at the beginning of the enterprise as to require the constant maternal presence, and all so nearly the same age, would appear almost appalling. Let Viola tell it:

"My earliest and happiest recollections are of the time when I was about five years old, and Shirley was half past three or a quarter to four. We were taught to dance—I don't mean just toddling around, but really going through definite, regular steps. Mamma used to take us to clubs and such gatherings, and as far as I can remember, I believe we were quite a success—possibly more on account of being so little than because of talent. So you see, we lost the sense of shyness with our baby teeth."

To interrupt—when Miss Dana says she lost the sense of shyness, she makes a statement that may be misleading. The average young woman who has been on the stage all her life, acquires a certain effrontery of manner—a calm cocksureness. Miss Dana lost only the shyness of embarrassment. She lost none of the delicate reticence that is one of the most exquisite of charms in woman.

To proceed: "When the time came for us to carry out mamma's girlhood ambition, and she started making the round of theatrical agencies, the fun began. A manager who wanted one child seldom wanted two, and when three were suggested he would usually ring for the riot squad. But mamma found one who wanted two, finally, and talked him into rewriting the piece to make room for a third. So we began. And so we continued. Having done it once we—or mamma—had the confidence to do it again. In the next few seasons goodness knows how many plays and things had to be changed to please her and fit us. It sounds quite funny now, but it was just business then."

Of course everyone knows it was "The Poor Little Rich Girl" that made Viola Dana's reputation, and of course a lot of jealous cats say if it hadn't been for that wonder play the moving picture people would never have noticed her. Is that so? It just shows how little some people know. Viola Dana was in pictures before Eleanor Gates dreamed the beautiful dream that blossomed in that exquisite production, and she would be a picture star today if she had never been on the stage. Because:

While the small person of Viola Dana was first introduced to the world in Brooklyn, in the fullness of time her abode shifted to the other extreme of Greater New York, namely the Bronx. Not far from her home—or rather the home of that indomitable mother—was the old Edison studio. So far as could be gleaned from an hour's chat with Miss Dana, Mrs. Flugrath never in her life overlooked an opportunity. Returning from a tour of the provinces one summer, Mrs. Flugrath considered the geographical location, looked upon it as a dispensation of providence, and said to her chicks:

"Come girls—we're going into pictures."

She had made up her mind, and it would have taken more than Thomas Alva himself to have stopped her, even if he had wanted to, which he would not have. So Viola, and Edna, and Shirley went into pictures—and stayed in, barring a few excursions to the footlights. Of these first experiences Viola says:

"It was Shirley they wanted most—she was so cute and clever and little. Edna and I just trailed along."

From which it will be seen that Viola is a great booster for her family. The facts, established by the theatrical records, show that it was Edna who burst into full blossom first, though not on the screen. At sixteen this young woman was premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera. Shirley achieved fame last of all, her first unmistakable starring appearance being in "The Seven Deadly Sins."



Photo by White

"I have been playing a lot of married women, but I hope they'll give me girl parts"

Midway between came the most brilliant of the trio—Viola—capturing the public heart in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and holding it steadily ever since.

The word which is synonymous with Viola Dana is youth. At various times in a long career of observation of stage ladies, the present chronicler has tried to define the spirit of youth—to take it apart and see what makes it go—and each time he has been smugly satisfied with the results. With this in the background he will refrain from observing that Viola's secret is THE SECRET of youth, but at least he must insist that it is among the most interesting and effective, even though she has not figured it out for herself. The remarkable thing is that it is unaffected by the fact that Miss Dana has lived all her life in New York. To remain young in the midst of all those square miles of solid masonry, where house crowds against



Photos by White

house, where so many streets are constant reminders of the presence of poverty and dissolution, where there is such a dead mass of dullness, where the majority is compelled to herd rather than live—to remain young in spirit with these things constantly in the foreground, even if you do not have to mingle with them—that is a real achievement. And here is the secret:

Perhaps I have given some suggestion that Viola Dana was blessed with a mother who refused to recognize defeat. What to others would have been defeat, to her was merely a delay, an obstacle to be overcome. This means the possession in generous measure of one certain quality—the quality which, by the way, has made the French nation the most loved and admired in the world—buoyancy, resiliency—the quality which causes its possessor, as Lowell said, "to bend like perfect steel, and spring again, and thrust." Viola Dana has inherited a full share of this attribute.



The word that is synonymous with Viola Dana is *youth*. Even New York cannot pile years on her wonderful child-like charm

When this was suggested to Miss Dana, she objected, first of all, to any remark derogatory to New York.

"Why, New York *keeps* you young," she insisted.

"That is because of the contrast," we urged patiently and somewhat laboriously. "If you have the youthful spirit, New York fosters it; if you tend toward age, New York will make you a Methuselah at twenty. It's like this—if you put a toy balloon in a tub of water it jumps to the surface, and refuses to be kept down. It isn't because the water has any special interest in the balloon, or wants it to float and helps it do so. It is because the water is so heavy, and the balloon so light, so buoyant, that you can't keep the balloon off the surface without using brute force. But if you kill the buoyancy by puncturing the balloon, it will sink to its death at once. It is the same with folks. The very exhilaration of floating on the top of the huge mass which New York represents, keeps you young."

Miss Dana listened to all this quite respectfully, as behooved a young woman in the

presence of her elders, and if she had so much as nodded, I would have said that she said it herself, but she only pursed up her lips and gave the orator one of those sidelong, birdlike glances, that is a nice girl's way of saying, "I don't believe a word of it, and New York is a perfectly lovely place." But as it is too good to leave out, I have put it in anyhow.

"I'm sorry they didn't get 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' for me," she said, tactfully changing the subject so as not to queer herself with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. "It was the one thing I wanted to do, of course, to perpetuate, in a way, the part I created on the stage. But as I couldn't get it, I'm glad Mary Pickford did. She's such a dear. But I have been promised 'Blue Jeans' as a consolation."

Among Miss Dana's recent Metros, she has had two East Indian roles—one that of a nearly abandoned wife in "God's Law and Man's," and the other a princess in the amusing "Lady Barnacle." She has just recently finished a story by Willard Mack, "Aladdin's Other Lamp," her role being that of a slavey in a boarding house. Two pictures made with Edison, "The Cossack Whip," and "The Stoning," she ranks among her best efforts.

"I have been playing a lot of married women and things lately, but they have promised to give me more girlish parts in the near future," she said, adding gravely, "I want to do that sort of work while I am still young."

"What is your next picture?"

"We haven't decided on the title. It may be called 'The Girl Without a Soul.' I play twins. One of the twins is a sort of baby vampire. I love it."

And the little person, curled up in a big chair, giggled to the accompaniment of a chord on a ukelele.

Which busted up the whole interview with laughter on both sides, which was just as well, for at that moment Miss Dana's ownest own director-husband, John Hancock Collins, entered with the announcement that the new Packard had been delivered and was waiting for her ladyship's approval, and there was as much chance of doing any more interviewing as of getting a kitten to abandon a ball of worsted to engage in a discussion of the binomial theorem—whatever that is.



Viola Dana as the East Indian girl in "Lady Barnacle," one of her recent successes



This abandoned tunnel made a most desirable location for the filming of interior mine scenes. A lighting plant was installed in the tunnel. The "Miner" is Antonio Moreno, his companion is Mary Anderson.

The Photoplay in Nippon



A garden in the midst of movies. Thousands wait here to see the shows.

Long streamers advertise the films' charms.

At right—The Japanese poster artist's conception of American stars is as startling as it is violent. Here is one of Francis X. Bushman.





It's hard to get past the little ticket choppers with their kimonas and white aprons—they smile so alluringly!

THE moving picture theatre has done something for the women of Japan that no other institution has accomplished; it has provided a means of evening entertainment where they may go with their husbands and children.

In Yokohama and Tokyo the movie theatres are segregated in certain districts. There is a "Theatre Street" in Yokohama where twenty-five of the picture houses are located.

One always removes his shoes when entering a Japanese home, hotel, temple and some shops and the picture house as well.

At the opening of the show the manager steps upon the stage in the inevitable frock coat, which is a mark of formal distinction all over Japan, at every function, and he will give a rather tedious talk on the merits of the film to be shown.

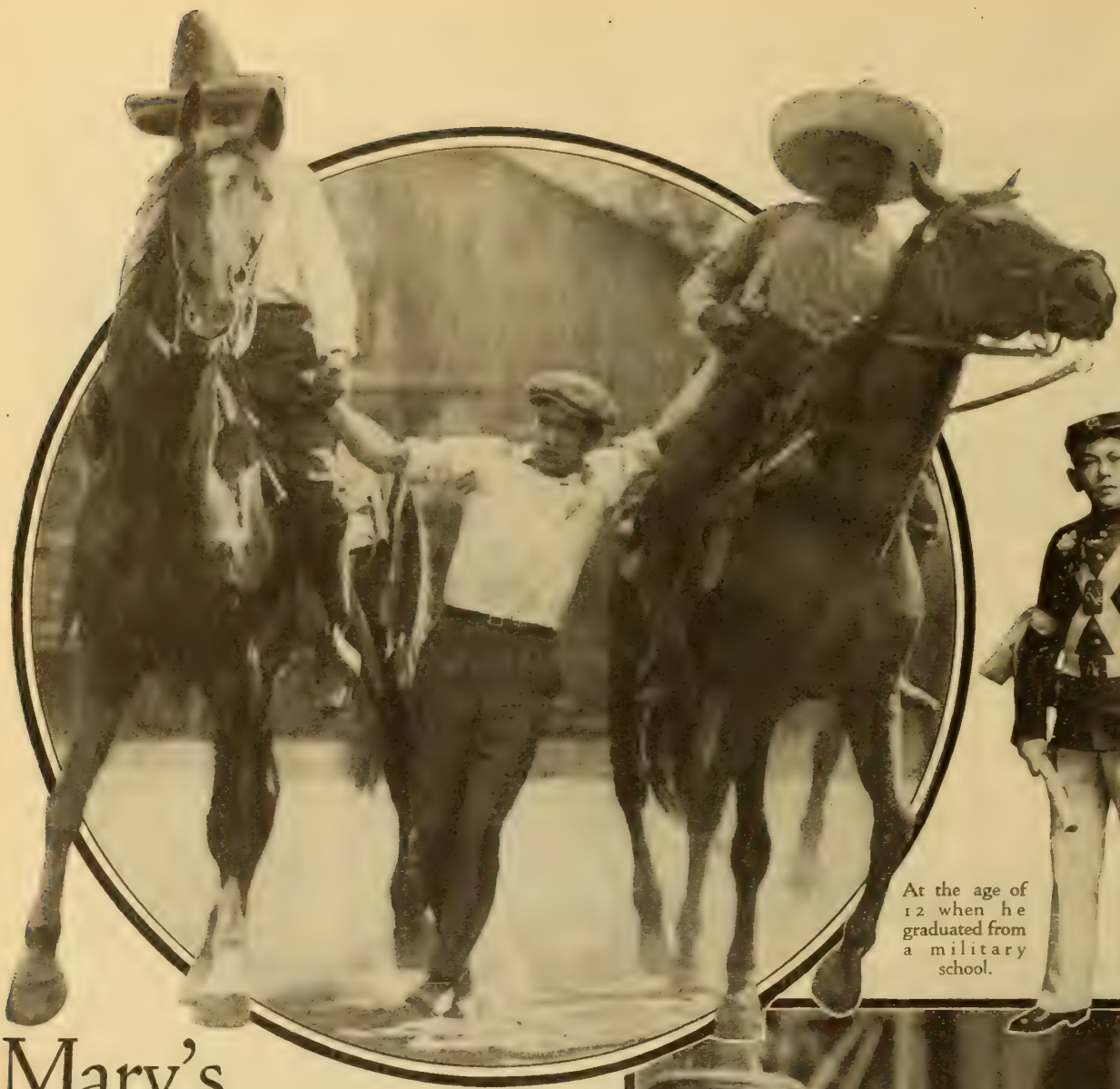
If it is an American film, the opener will be a speaker who describes the scenes and action in Japanese. Now, a Japanese play is largely dialogue with very little action. There may be a thousand feet of film showing two or three characters seated on the floor. The speaker comes into play again for the audience cannot know what it is all about unless the silent actors' conversation is repeated for them.



Theatre fronts are done so gorgeously and so true to life that you don't mind paying homage by taking off your shoes ere entering.



Rickisha runners always suggest the movies to tourists before they do the temples. There are 25 on one street in Yokohama. The Odeon is considered one of the best.



At the age of 12 when he graduated from a military school.

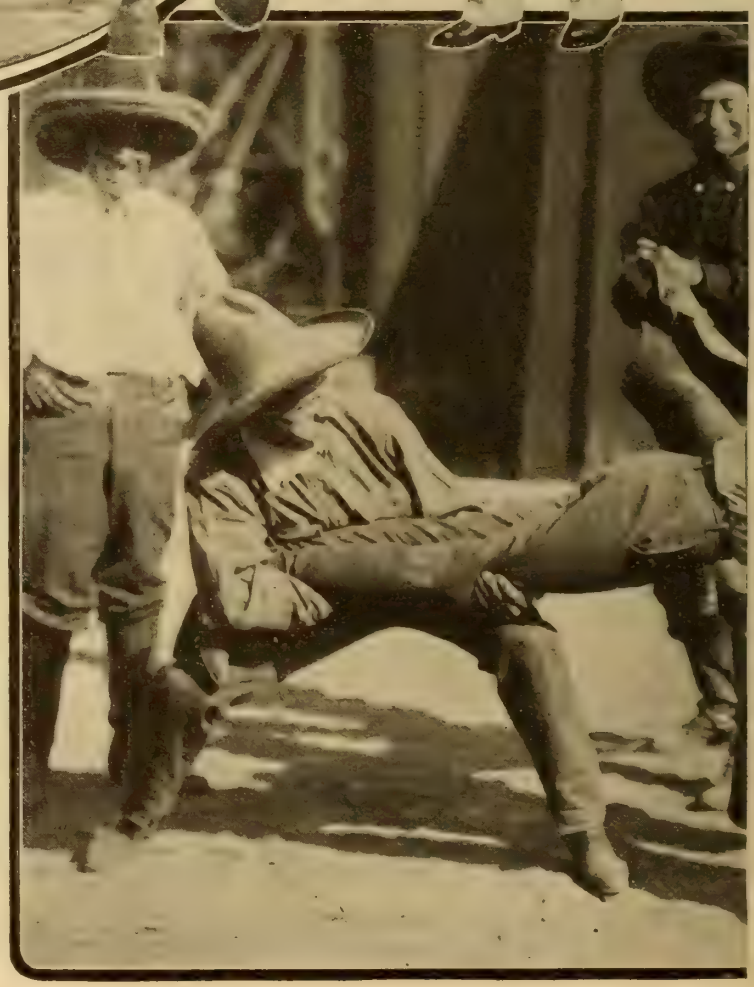
Mary's Brother—*Jack*

Gradually, he has overcome that handicap and is now a star "On His Own"—

By Kenneth McGaffey

THE next worst thing to being the husband of a celebrity is being a celeb's brother. It really is a terrible situation and an awful handicap. Everywhere you go people say: "Oh, yes, you are so and so's husband, or so and so's brother." You scamper around in a glare of reflected glory that dims any illumination you try to pull yourself. If you do happen to stage any pyrotechnics the celeb. gets all the credit for it anyway. It is a sort of "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. There is no chance of getting away from it unless you burn the buildings, jump the reservation and go on the warpath by yourself.

That's just what Mary's brother, Jack, is doing. He is out now pillaging the valley, firing happy homes, adding fresh scalps to his belt every few minutes and the old settlers have hid out in the cornfield awaiting the arrival of the soldiers to chase the renegade back where he belongs.



Being three years younger than his famous sister and having to submit to being patronized made his ointment look like a sheet of cafeteria fly paper. When he went out he was picked on as Mary's brother and when he came home Mary bossed him around and told him what was good for him in maternal fashion that was most exasperating. Then there was his next older sister, Lottie. After Mary would finish telling him to stop scuffling his feet and to fix his tie Lottie would put in her oar and suggest a little soap and water on the hands or some other trivial item.

Of course the sisters could only pull this on Jack when Mother was not around. When Mrs. Charlotte Pickford came into the scene the "when a feller needs a friend" stuff was all off. No one dared pick on Jack then. Just how Mrs. Pickford keeps her family of talented and petted children in their domestic place is worthy of the consideration of the Hague Peace Tribunal if they are not all in the trenches.

There is Mary, the world's most popular screen idol; Lottie, a most popular screen star and at present the possessor of the only baby in the family, and Jack, who is on the dramatic warpath and refuses to be spoken of as Mary's brother.

And all under the same roof. Blue notes are liable to jar the musical ear of any household and flattery and fame are bound to creep under the epidermis of the most



Two views of Jack being initiated into the inner circles of cowboy life.



His most recent portrait.

callous, but the thatch is still intact on the Pickford domicile and press agent's adjectives seem frail and anæmic when you get one of the illustrious trio off in a corner and started telling how grand the other two are. To hear Mary tell it Jack is the white hope of the Pickford clan, and as for Lottie's baby—well, Mrs. Pickford strolls about in her calm, quiet way, takes complete charge of everything without the slightest argument and is always consulted by all on the most trivial matters. They are all her children. And in spite of the fame they have won the head of the house is still in its proper place.

You see Mary had the jump on Jack when it came to stage experience. She had reached the venerable age of six and had been a footlight favorite for two years before Jack, at the age of three, even saw a stage. Jack made his theatrical debut as one of the children in a play called "The Little Red School House." Mary was

in it too and when Mrs. Pickford was not around had to see that Jack's baby footsteps did not lead him into strange places; that he did not pull the theatre cat's tail during sob scenes and that he didn't drip taffy candy when it came his time to step before the footlights.

When Jack was about eight years old Mary had her feet firmly on the ladder to success and still having to watch over Jack began, according to that individual "to get a lot of new ideas."

"Mother, we should send Jack to school," Mary would say. "Jack should have some music lessons," or "Don't you think dancing lessons would be nice for Jack?" Jack didn't have a chance but was packed off to St. Francis Xavier College to get a lot of information out of books.

Jack held on pretty good—wasn't threatened with expulsion more than once a week—until he was thirteen. By this time Mary was acting for some new fangled thing they called moving pictures for the Biograph Company, so Jack went over and declared himself in. When he wasn't working he was home studying under the supervision of a tutor except the days he was scheduled for a music lesson. Those days Jack vanished into thin air and did not appear until the music teacher had given up in despair and departed.

When Mary went with the Famous Players Jack sauntered after and in addition to playing one lead opposite Marguerite Clark in Wildflower played small parts.

Everywhere that Jack went he got this "Mary's brother" stuff until finally he held an executive session with himself and said: "Here I am, free, white and eighteen" and all I have to show for myself is the fact that I am Mary Pickford's brother—that's some distinction, but I think I need a little reputation on my own hook." Right then the war dance started, and trouble began to brew about the reservation. Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, had always been an adopted father of the family so Jack called upon him and demanded a chance to get a name for himself. Mr. Zukor with his unerring insight and admiring the vigorous young man who stood before him demanding "a place in the sun" gave him a chance and Jack's name first appeared in electric lights in "Seventeen" the Booth Tarkington story. Jack made good in this and then in "Great Expectations." Louise Huff was his co-star in both of these and then the Famous Players people let Jack star alone in "The Dummy" and suddenly awoke to the fact that young Jack was making good on his own and the reference to him as "Mary's brother" began to disappear.



Lionel Barrymore and sister, Ethel, studying a scenario at the Metro Studios where the celebrated star is being directed by her celebrated brother.

Alice *for* Short

Miss Joyce talks of things in general and in particular of her tiny daughter, Alice.

By
Frederick James Smith



Alice Joyce and her baby daughter, Alice Joyce Moore.

"WHAT do you think of the screen as a career for a girl?" I asked in an inspired moment. Inspirations like this come rarely on a hot summer day, even if you are close to the sea with a pretty girl sitting before you in a charming little bathing suit.

Alice Joyce laughed and kicked one sunburned foot skyward.

I repeated my question impressively.

But Miss Joyce merely giggled, seized the aforementioned foot and placed one sandy toe gracefully in her mouth.

What? . . .

Of course, this was Alice Joyce Moore, Jr., aged twenty months. I say this to allay the anxiety of apprehensive movie fans.

Alice Joyce Moore, Sr., has some interesting thoughts on the subject of work for women in general—and Alice, Jr., in particular.

"I could never be dependent," said Alice, Senior. "Never—I believe every woman should have some work in life. I feel that I must earn my pocket money. I could never see a gown in a Fifth Avenue shop window and then hurry home to ask the lord of the manor for the wherewithal to buy it.

"No, indeed, I must earn my own money. I want Alice to be self-supporting, too."

"Are you planning a screen career for her?" I asked.

"I don't think she will be a picture actress," replied Miss Joyce. "The stars say other things are in store for her. But, if she does decide to follow me, I shall help her in every way. The screen and the stage offer no more dangers to a young woman than any other business. It all depends upon the girl herself.

"But I do not want her to be a stage child. I shudder every time we use a typical theatrical kiddie in a photoplay. They're wise beyond their years, precocious, old in everything but age. Poor children, they lose out on their share of childhood. Instead of living in the kiddie's world of dreams and make-believe, they're dragged from studio to studio by thoughtless, money seeking mothers."

I reminded Miss Joyce of her remark anent the stars' prophecy for Alice, Jr.

"They say that she will be a great musician," explained the star quite seriously. "Probably a violinist. I hope so, for I dearly love music. Besides, it is a profession away from all commercialism."

Miss Joyce believes that one's name has a vital part in bringing about success or failure. It all depends upon the sound vibrations, or something like that, said the star, who further remarked that, in order to get Alice's vibrations just right, a middle name had been omitted. She's just plain Alice.

Mamma Alice Joyce is an interesting student of the motion picture. "I'm not a great actress," she says frankly. "I realize all that. I'm at my best in simple, direct roles—roles that avoid over-emotionalism. I believe that's the serious fault of screen acting. Either one overacts or under-acts, according to the director's or one's own lack of discrimination—or both."

Miss Joyce glanced at herself in her little vanity case mirror—and smiled. "I'm distinctly not a tailor made girl, neither am I a clinging vine," she said. "I've never been able to understand just why I seem always to be cast for the leader of a band of crooks, counterfeiters, moonshiners or occasionally detectives. Take my part of Mary Turner in 'Within the Law,' for instance. I am not a leader. I can readily assimilate the ideas and suggestions of others, but I couldn't march ahead.

"I want little Alice to understand her limitations if she becomes an actress. Perhaps she will have all the things I lack."

Little Alice didn't seem exactly worried about the future at that moment. She was doing a doubtful Charlie Chaplin walk across the bathing beach.

"What type of role do I like?" continued Mama Joyce, adjusting her parasol at just the right angle to permit observation of Baby Alice. "Not a sex analysis. I detest that. Not a colorless ingenue. I can't do that silly sort of thing. I like a part that provides some depth or shading of character. I'm woman enough to like a role with an opportunity to dress. I guess most of all that I like photoplays with distinct atmosphere."

Miss Joyce says she detests the conventional screen star. "They simply play themselves—with now and then a moment of over-acting, called the 'big scene.' Perhaps that's why I love Mae Marsh. She lives a part."

Miss Joyce has all the beauty that brought her from art model to movie star with the Kalem company back in the screen's palmy days. Her personality is yielding and gentle. You would half expect her to be an old-fashioned girl.

But she isn't. No Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire is Miss Joyce. She is frank in analyzing herself. There is no make-believe about her. "I like the open country pretty



A recent portrait of Alice Joyce by Campbell Studio



Miss Joyce has mastered the difficult art of make-up. Here she is seen in her dressing room adding the final touches to her toilet.

well," she explained. "But not deeply. I like to take a walk in the woods sometimes. But not alone. I'm not fond of solitude. I love to go about in the evenings. The theater, the cabaret, the midnight city life quite appeal to me. Not every night, of course, because one couldn't do it and keep up with the strenuous studio life.

"Only a little while back I lapsed into the habit of remaining at home each night. The studio days seemed so hard. I let things slip. And I became morose. I wept if any one as much as looked at me. So I decided that I wasn't built for solitude."

All of which may surprise the Joyce fans who have worshipped her as a simple country lassie since she used to play mountaineer girls opposite Carlyle Blackwell in the old Kalem days.

The Joyce career has more of a touch of romance than is usual even in the movie world of romance. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City in the late '80s, her father, John Joyce, being a smelter worker. The young woman received her education in a convent at Annandale, Md., and, when financial conditions at home became pressing, she came to New York to earn her living. Miss Joyce's first position was that of a telephone operator in the Gramercy exchange. Her unusual type of beauty began to attract attention and she came to pose for artists. It was but a step from art model to the picture studio. Back in those days the director demanded daring as well as prettiness. Alice Joyce passed the test—and the days of struggle as a 'phone girl became memories.

I attempted to shake hands with Alice, Jr., at parting. But the future violin virtuoso wept—loud and lustily.

Perhaps she had the right idea about interviewers.

She kicked the sand. "Wow-ow!" she shrieked, with the accent on the first syllable.

I intend to ask her later just what she meant by that remark.

Five Years *Ago This* Month



Elbert Hubbard contemptuously dubbed them "movies." The word "photoplay" was used so seldom that the opinion was current among those in the know that it wouldn't last long.

Broncho Billy Anderson's name was a household word. Out in Niles, California, he was turning out "westerns," at the rate of one per fortnight, which earned for him the title of "the world's most popular picture star."

Congress first took notice of the moving picture business. The copyright law was amended so that it became illegal to make adaptations from popular novels for the screen without first securing the author's permission.

Jack Kerrigan and his company of cowboys rode up the main street of Santa Barbara and inaugurated America's studio in that town. That was at the time when Jack sent a box of candy along with every letter he wrote to his matinee-girl retainers.

Little Mildred Harris was attending school at a convent in Santa Monica and acting in Bison films after school hours.

Prize fighting pictures became a thing of the past in the United States when the House passed the Senate bill prohibiting the transportation of such films between the different states and territories and from foreign countries.

Then, Mr. Thanhouser invented the "split" reel. He found that the film of "Miss Robinson Crusoe," when trimmed off, only lasted for a reel and a half, so it was necessary, in order to give the exhibitors their money's worth, to add another five hundred feet of "animal stuff" from the New York Zoological Park, and so achieve the customary two reels.

Helen Gardner was claiming the distinction of being the first vampire, while Louise Glaum was playing ingenues in a stock company in Chicago.

"The Coming of Columbus" with three hundred people in the cast, among whom were Marshall Stedman (Myrtle's husband) as the king, Kathlyn Williams as the queen and Charles Clary as the Genoese navigator, was not a commercial success. It was three reels long, and two reels for a nickel was the rule. So what could an exhibitor do with three reels?

A saloonkeeper of Chicago observed a falling off in his trade. A few doors from his saloon he found the youth who had patronized his place, with hats off, enjoying a picture show. Then one started on the other side of his saloon. This was too much. He sold out, went into the moving picture business and made more money, with a clearer conscience, than in his former business.

John Bunny returned from fourteen weeks spent in England filming "Pickwick" and other distinctively English subjects.

The "movies" first broke into society. This was accomplished when the Selig Company produced a "stupendous thousand-foot feature" (they measured them with a foot rule in those days) called "The Polo Substitute." Hobart Bosworth played the lead, but three titled Englishmen, in Pasadena at the time for the international polo matches, condescended to appear as "extras." It was doubtless this fact which induced the manager of the "richest suburb's" fashionable hostelry, the Hotel Maryland, to offer Director Colin Campbell the use of his premises and servants for some of the scenes, and to entertain the entire company at luncheon afterward.

They were letting Marshall Neilan play second leads then, and regarding him as "a young man of promising ability."

It was first suggested that the filmatis personae, or cast of characters, be placed before the public in conjunction with the film itself. The producers were beginning to think that people might like to know who the players were.

Wilfred Lucas, Fred Mace, Mack Sennett, Charles Mailes, Dell Henderson, Eddie Dillon, Blanche Sweet, Clara McDowell, Dot Bernard, Mabel Normand (known as "the diving girl"), Mary Pickford and Kate Tanquary were on Biograph's payroll in Los Angeles, but their salaries didn't cut so many figures then.

Three hundred dollars was the average cost of production per reel, all salaries included. The possible exception to this was in the case of Sarah Bernhardt, the first important stage star to turn to the screen, and who received the princely sum of three hundred dollars all by herself from a Parisian film company.

The first under-water pictures were taken, in Scotland, by Dr. Francis Ward, who used a concrete tank fitted with a window, behind which his camera was focused on the otters and water birds he was experimenting upon.

The press agent had not yet come into being, as far as pictures were concerned. It was generally maintained that the film business was not a show business, but an industry, and, as such, required no press agenting. Shortly after this, however, Charles Clary rescued two members of his company from a burning building; Anna Nilsson was operated upon for appendicitis; William Duncan, doing prison stuff at the Colorado State Penitentiary, was mistaken for an escaping convict by the guard and shot at; Ruth Stonehouse, Helen Dunbar, Francis Bushman, Bryant Washburn and the rest of their company were marooned on Devil's Island, in Wisconsin, in a terrific storm; and Evebelle Prout narrowly escaped drowning.

Who's Married *to* Who

THE make-believe romances of the screen made in the glorious California sunshine or in the Cooper-Hewitt glare of the eastern studios are not the only ones in which photoplayers take part. Very often they have honest-to-goodness love affairs and each month we record a few film notables who have been victimized by Dan Cupid. Moreover these matches prove beyond a doubt that women do not always marry for a meal ticket, and men for apple pies like mother used to make.



Copyright, Photo by Hartsook

Above—The ever-youthful Fannie Ward and her husband Jack Dean at breakfast in their beautiful California bungalow. They recently severed connections with the Lasky Studio.



Right — Charlotte Burton taking charge of William Russell's cashbox. They have played opposite in scores of picture romances. Miss Burton is a bride of a few months. Their home nestles high in the Santa Barbara hills







Helen Holmes "Queen of the Rails" and J. P. McGowan, her actor-director husband, have no peers in railroad drama



Above—Mabel Taliaferro, Metro star, and her husband Thomas J. Carrigan. They first met when he played "Prince Charming" to her "Cinderella" in the Selig presentation of the fairy story

Ruth Ann Baldwin, Universal director, and her husband Leo Pierson, who has acted in many pictures under her direction, thus reversing the usual order of things—in pictures





Photo by White



Underwood & Underwood Photo

Stars *of the* Screen *and* Their Stars *in the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Mary Pickford, Born April 8th.

WE do not wonder why she is called "The World's Sweetheart." She has Venus, which provides beauty and grace; Mercury, fertile mind; Sun, power over all, and Jupiter, justice and honor, all in her ascendant.

There are so many good things to say about her nativity that if the Editor would allow me the whole of his magazine, I would be unable to tell the half.

First, she was born with the power to sway the whole world, as Aries was intercepted in the First with Mars, Lord thereof, ruling the other eight planets.

She was born fortunate financially, but the best of all, is her great love for her mother and religion. When Venus rises with the ascendant, as it does in her chart, it gives an inclination for music, singing, dancing and the theatre. There are some players who show only one indication of dramatic ability, viz. Venus and Mars in aspect, but "little Mary" has eight.

To go into Theosophy, I would say this is her eighth reincarnation as an actress.

She has excellent business ability and should follow her own intuitions in this respect.

If everybody were as pure minded as she, there would be no sin in this world.

Nativity of William Farnum, Born July 4th.

AT this gentleman's birth, July 4, midnight, the Sun was in the cardinal sign Cancer, with the artistic sign Taurus on the Eastern horizon. Taurus is the day house of Venus, which is found in the sign Cancer in conjunction with Mars, lord of the Seventh.

The Seventh house is said to rule the marriage partner, and those with whom we do business; therefore, I would say this gentleman would live happy in married life and could go into partnership with any one and do well.

Jupiter, as the Great Jehova, the God of the Hebrews, is located in the Seventh, which rules also the public in general, and Jupiter being there is the reason that Mr. Farnum is loved so well.

Of course we find the indications of the good actor, viz. Mars and Venus in aspect, and there are two other indications that help wonderfully in this direction. First, Uranus in the Fifth house, the house of theatres, in good aspect to three planets: Mercury, the mental planet; the Moon, that rules the female portion of the world, and Venus, Lady of the ascendant, which represents himself; second, Neptune, the God of the Briney Deep, and the God of Inspiration and Intuition, rising with the ascending degree.

Mr. William Farnum has the power from Neptune to judge correctly between truth and error.



"But wait and see the sunrise," he said. "Why should you not? Your husband is in the desert."

Barbary Sheep

"Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst,
And thou and I far in the Desert Land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand.'

By Franklin Stevens

THE woman stared out over the desert, with eyes widened in wonder at this first view of a spectacle of which she had dreamed so long. The night's mystery subtly deepened that inherent in the vast and desolate expanse. Over all, the moonlight cast its glamour, and the glamour of moon and sand and sky touched the heart of the woman to a new rapture.

"It is my home. It is calling to me always."

The words, spoken in perfect French, came from the man at the woman's side.

Katherine, Lady Wyverne, started at the sound of the voice. For the moment she had forgotten this Arab, an officer of Spahis, though he was indeed the cause of her being here on the edge of the desert alone at night, while Sir Claude, her husband, lay fast asleep in his hotel bedroom at El Kantara. She winced a little as she thought of Crumpet, who would never suspect that she, too, was not safely asleep in the chamber adjoining his, who could never believe that, instead, she was out alone on the desert's edge with a man whom she had never seen until within the hour, to whom she had never been introduced—and that man one of an alien race, a Nomad, a Bedouin of the Sahara!

But, even as she winced at thought of her husband, Lady Wyverne, flushed in feminine appreciation of her escort, who stood straight and still by her side. She stole a glance at his face clearly lighted by the moon rays, and again she wondered at the beauty of it. After all, she must have no regrets. For this companion gave a final, vital touch to the great adventure of her visions.

"Everything is out there," Benchaalal, the officer of Spahis, said softly. His right hand swept out in a broad gesture, and the woman noted with admiration the graceful contour of it, with the fingers as slender and tapering as

her own. "Out there," the musical voice went on, "is death, and life, and the mystery that lies beyond both—and love."

The last word, so softly spoken, was like a caress. The listener thrilled under it. She felt herself strangely swayed beneath the spell laid upon her by the night and the desert and the man. She could not understand what the desert might mean for her, yet she felt its lure in every fibre of her being—a lure sensuous, luxurious, compelling. Yet, she sensed, too, something morbid and sinister in the thralldom, and she strove against it feebly.

"I must go back to the hotel," she faltered.

"Ah, not yet, surely!" Benchaalal protested. He spoke deferentially, but there was a note of authority in his tones. He laid the fingers of one hand lightly on Lady Wyverne's arm. In any other place and time the audacity would have been repulsed. Now, she endured the contact without resentment, even with a guilty pleasure in the magnetism that flowed through her. She was aware that the man exercised over her an influence almost hypnotic. She hardly struggled against it. It were better to yield. This man was a symbol of the desert for which she had longed, of which she had dreamed dreams so beautiful. Besides, she felt that she could no longer resist, that the desert she had come to seek had taken her for its own.

"Look!" Benchaalal exclaimed, more loudly than he had spoken hitherto. He pointed a little to the right. Katherine followed the direction of his gesture, then shrank back in sudden fear.

A tall figure hardly a hundred yards away was swirling and leaping within the billowing draperies of its burnouse. It was an old man, for Lady Wyverne could see the silver sheen of the beard beneath the moon. He was dancing in an ecstasy of movement, but whether that ectasy was of love or hate none could tell. Yet that it savored hate and no softer emotion was proven in the next instant, for the dancing figure now screeched curses in a falsetto voice strained with agony. The English woman, who knew no Arabic, had no need to ask for translation. Every inflection carried to the ear a curse.

"What—who is it?" she questioned fearfully.

"That's the old Marabout. He's mad."

"But why—what caused his madness?"

Benchaalal told her the story. His fingers, slender as her own, still rested on her arm. He told the story quietly, yet with an intensity that thrilled the woman who listened. Already, she had seen the strength of his hands that night. Yet, she never guessed the truth while he told the story with his fingers lying so softly on her arm. She had seen the man at his table in the dining-room of the hotel, within the hour, as he sat cracking the walnut shells so easily between those same fingers.

"The old man had a daughter, by a wife who died in giving her birth. On her he lavished all his love. He gave her a diamond necklace, which she wore always. Then, once, he left her alone in the house. He came back to find her dead. The diamonds had been torn from her neck. The marks of fingers showed plainly on her throat."

As the Bedouin spoke, Lady Wyverne felt a slight tensing of the fingers of his left hand. She took no thought of it; only waited for the continuation of the story.

"She was found strangled, and the diamond necklace gone. . . . Since then her father is hunting always for the murderer. He is out there calling down curses on the assassin."

Lady Wyverne, looking out at the fantastic figure on the desert, failed to see the cynical smile on the face of the man who had told the story of hatred and revenge.

"I must go back to the hotel," she said presently.

Benchaalal made no further objection. He gave her his hand, and helped her to descend over the rough pathway.

"But the husband goes to shoot again tomorrow," he said significantly.

And Lady Wyverne answered, "Yes."

* * * * *

IT was hours before Lady Wyverne could sleep that night. The origin of the night's adventure had been of the simplest. In her wakeful musing she saw herself in the formal garden at home in England, walking with Captain Allyne, whose listless air belied his high reputation in the Service.

They passed before the old sun-dial brought from the East centuries ago by an ancestor of Sir Claude's.

"The inscription around the dial is in Arabic," Kitty said. "Can you read it, Captain?"

The officer adjusted his monocle, and stared languidly. "Some Mussulman stuff—names of the five daily prayers—Moghrob, and all that."

"What is 'Moghrob?'"

"The hour of sunset," the captain explained. "The last prayer of the Moslem day, when the Muezzins call from the minarets, and the whole bally horde of Arabs grovel in the dust. Rather gets one, you know, to hear those calls from the mosques as one rides in from the desert."

So simple had been the cause of the adventure. Somehow, the captain's closing words inspired her with strange, wistful dreaming of the desert she had never seen. A longing for it grew in her, a longing for it and for all the colorful life that lay about it. She was bored at home. Sir Claude was the best of husbands, and he adored her. He had only one other passion, what she called his love for killing things. But he was wholly prosaic, no figure of romance. There was no excitement in Lady Wyverne's life, and just now she craved excitement. So she seized eagerly on this new idea. She would go to the desert, would seek to penetrate to the heart of its mystery.

"Let's go to Algiers," she said to her husband that same night. Then she added artfully: "Captain Allyne said that there is plenty of good shooting in the country round about."

Sir Claude's consent was easily won. They duly reached Algiers. After a few days they went on to El Kantara, the gateway to the desert.

Here Sir Claude secured the services of a guide, Achmed, who claimed to know everything concerning the haunts and habits of Barbary sheep and gazelle.

"We're to start at three o'clock in the morning after sheep," the husband said as he sat with his wife at dinner.

"Then I sha'n't see you off," Kitty declared with a smile.

She spoke absently, for she was absorbed in contemplation of a man seated facing her at a table not far away. He was unmistakably an Arab, and the burnouse of spotless white which he wore set off the dark beauty of his face. He raised his eyes suddenly and caught and held her glance through a long moment. There was nothing insolent in his gaze, but his expression told the woman plainly his admiration for her loveliness. It seemed to her that this man personified something of the desert's mystery and charm.

Sir Claude noticed the direction of his wife's eyes, and in his turn stared at the Arab. But there was no admiration in his look; only a vague resentment, an instinctive

Barbary Sheep

Narrated by permission, from the photoplay version of Robert Hichens' novel of the same name, produced by Artcraft with the following cast:

Katherine, Lady Wyverne..Elsie Ferguson
Benchaalal .....Pedro de Cordoba
Sir Claude Wyverne.....Lumsden Hare
Achmed .....Macy Harlem
The Mad Marabout.....Alex Shannon
Innkeeper .....Maude Ford

uneasiness, which he could by no means define.

"Bally lot, those Arabs," he growled.

The waiter came up to the table and spoke softly.

"That is Benchaalal, officer of Spahis. He is a very famous man. So brave! So strong! See—he cracks the walnuts just with his fingers.

Sir Claude only grunted disapprovingly. But Kitty watched with a certain fascination as those fingers, tapering and slender as her own, crushed the walnut shells one by one.

"If I'm to go after Barbary sheep at three o'clock, I'd better get to bed early," Sir Claude said as he made an end of eating.

"I'll stay up, and see the moon rise from the balcony," Kitty answered. As she spoke, her look went again toward the white-draped form of the Arab. Once again his glance and hers met and lingered for a little. Then she rose and walked from the dining-room, followed by her husband. As they passed through the doorway, there came the sharp crackle of a breaking walnut shell. Sir Claude turned at the sound, and regarded the Arab with increased resentment.

"Bally lot!" he repeated to himself.

* * * * *

WHEN, she had said goodnight to her husband Lady Wyverne went out on the balcony to which the window of her room opened. She saw the glory of the moonrise, and her imagination teemed with visions, some weird, some exquisite, all thrilling. Then, at last, she glanced down into the court, and saw standing there below the balcony the officer of Spahis. As he raised his eyes toward her, Benchaalal began to sing. The voice was restrained, but musical, and the French version of his desert song came clearly to the ears of the listening woman.



He lifted the necklace carelessly into full view before he restored it to his bosom.

"Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst,
And thou and I far in the Desert land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand."

As he ceased singing, Benchaalal smiled frankly, appealingly. Kitty moved from her accustomed reserve by the novelty of this serenade, let her lips curve in a tremulous response. The encouragement sufficed the Bedouin. He spoke eagerly.

"Has Madame seen the desert under the moon?"

Then, as Kitty shook her head in reply, he continued:

"There is nothing to fear—and it is so beautiful! It is only five minutes walk to the gorge that opens on the Sahara. Five minutes—and Madame can be under the stars of the desert."

Kitty made no answer. Conventional training bade her refuse, but a reckless impulse urged her to consent.

"Monsieur is asleep," Benchaalal suggested insinuatingly, when she made no reply.

Kitty rose and went back into her bedroom. She passed into her husband's room, and found him sleeping heavily. She returned to her own chamber, and mechanically picked up a cloak. With it on her arm, she passed down the stairs and out into the court. She went almost like one in a trance. It was as if some force outside herself drew her on irresistibly. Was it the sorcery of the desert that compelled her, or another sorcery, that of the man clad in the flowing white who awaited her to lead her out into the unknown?

"Monsieur will not go with us?" Benchaalal asked.

And Kitty replied in his own words of a few minutes ago:

"Monsieur is asleep."

Then she added hastily:

"But I shall not go, either."

"Then why did you bring your cloak?" Benchaalal demanded, and the mockery in his voice was offset by

the tenderness of his smile. He took the wrap from her, and placed it over her shoulders. She submitted meekly. For the time being, her will was supine. When the cloak had been adjusted, Benchaalal walked forward, and Kitty walked beside him.

It was thus that Katherine, Lady Wyverne had come to the desert at night with the stranger of an alien race.

* * * * *

THE day following his visit to the desert with Lady Wyverne, Benchaalal did two things. One was foolish; the other was evil. The foolish thing was done while he sat drinking coffee in the bazaar. Believing himself unobserved, he took from his bosom a small necklace of diamonds. He held it in the hollow of his palm, and gazed in rapture on the shimmering beauty of it.

He did not see the mad Marabout approach, did not guess that the old man's roving eyes caught the prismatic gleaming of the stones. The Marabout moved noiselessly until he stood just behind Benchaalal. He bent over until he could see the necklace plainly—could see and recognize it. At the sight, the sunken eyes blazed, the talon-like fingers opened and clutched convulsively as if to rend and destroy.

Then, abruptly, the observer controlled himself. He seated himself quietly alongside Benchaalal. The officer of Spahis, absorbed in the gems, gave no heed to the intrusion. He lifted the necklace carelessly into full view before he restored it to his bosom. . . . And thereafter, wherever Benchaalal went, the gaunt bowed figure of the mad Marabout went also, skulking with seeming aimlessness. And always the sunken eyes kept watch on the officer of Spahis, and in them flamed the fire of hate and vengeance.

The evil thing done by Benchaalal was this:

When, late in the afternoon, Sir Claude and his guide returned to El Kantara, the Bedouin accosted Achmed, and drew him aside.

"You go again with the English Lord tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," the young man replied.

"You will keep him away tomorrow night," Benchaalal commanded.

Achmed would have protested, but the officer interrupted him with an imperious gesture.

"You will do as I say," he commanded. "If not, worse will befall you."

He produced a note for twenty francs, which he thrust into the guide's hand.

"Take this, and remember—the English Lord must not return home tomorrow night. Promise him gazelle far away. You understand?"

Achmed held Benchaalal in high reverence—in higher fear.

"Yes," he said simply.

At this same hour, Sir Claude, gun under arm, greeted his wife joyously.

"Bully sport—these Barbary sheep!" he exclaimed. "Off again in the morning."

Kitty smiled at him affectionately, as she answered.

"How you do love to kill things!"

So it happened that again that night, while the husband slept, the wife on the balcony heard the song, and yielded to its lure, and followed the singer:

"Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst,
And thou and I far in the Desert land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand."

So, also, it came about that next day while Sir Claude contentedly stalked the Barbary sheep, Achmed artfully talked of the gazelle far away. Moreover, the guide led his patron a long distance into the mountains, and then finally made his proposal that they should remain in a neighboring village during the night. Thus they would be able next day to find the gazelle. A messenger could be sent to Madame. There was an excellent inn in the village.

Sir Claude fell an easy victim. Early in the evening he strode into the village inn. While he waited for supper he chatted with his landlady, a vivacious Frenchwoman, the widow of a non-commissioned officer in the foreign legion.

"I suppose you've grown accustomed to these beggars—Arabs, you know, Bedouins, and all that lot," Sir Claude remarked.

The Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders, and spread



Early in the evening he strode into the village inn. While he waited for supper he chatted with his landlady, a vivacious French woman.

her hands, palms downward, in a gesture of disgust.

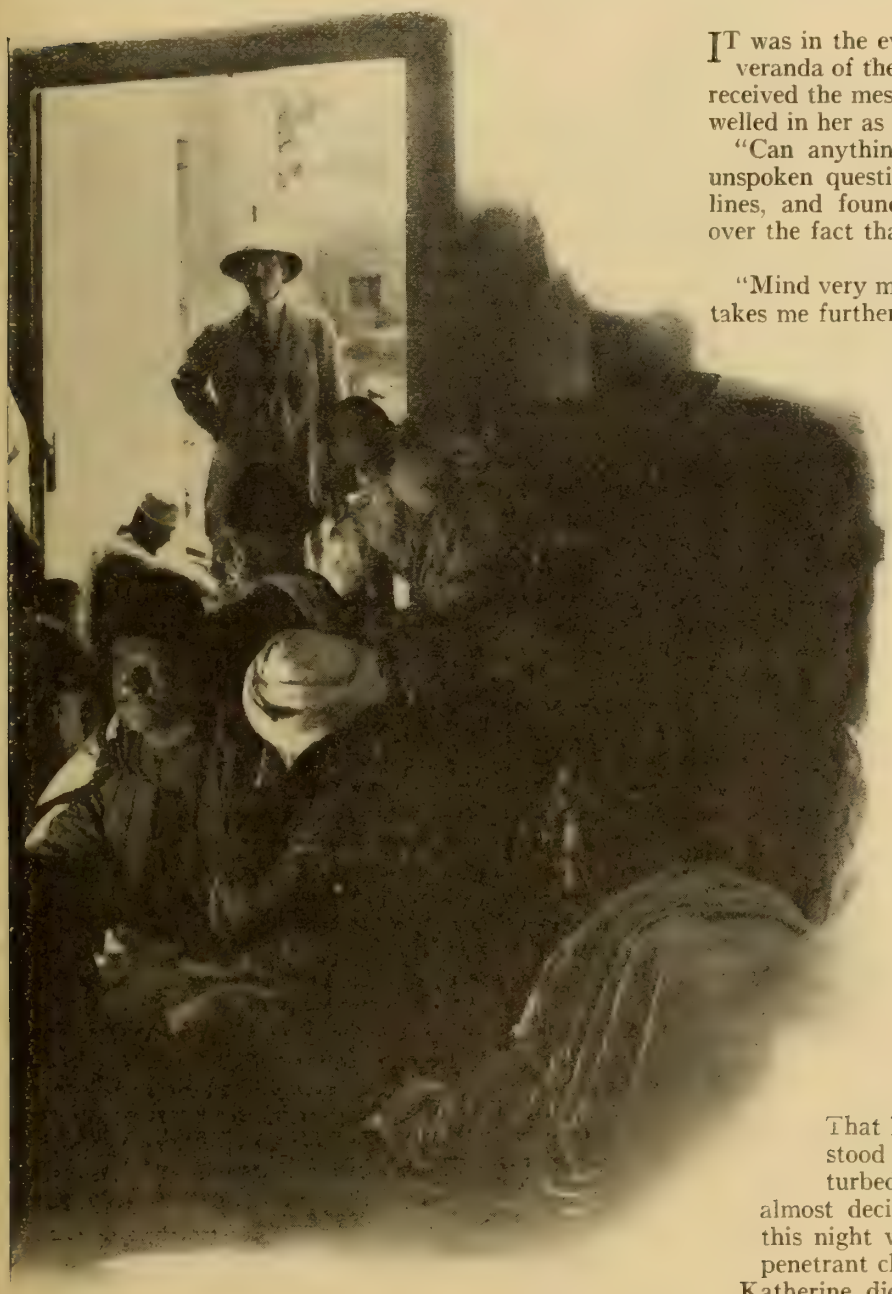
"Accustomed—yes! But that's not to say that I like them. They're a lying, treacherous race. And there's no conscience in them. They're all alike, except that some are worse than others."

"Yes?" Sir Claude said vaguely. He was not in the least interested. But, at the widow's next words, he became suddenly alert.

"Now, there's Benchaalal. That man's a devil. I'll admit he's handsome enough to turn any woman's head. And, too, he's the sort that women will follow like a dog, without knowing why—or caring."

The name recalled to the Englishman the Arab sitting in the dining-room of the hotel at El Kantara, whose slender fingers had so easily broken the walnut shells, at whom Kitty had looked with such interest, at whom he had looked with such instinctive dislike and distrust.

"That Benchaalal is a wicked man," the Frenchwoman went on. There was a venomous note in her voice. "He is vile. Why, do you know, Monsieur, he has bragged to



me over his conquests with the French ladies, wives of his commanding officers. Bragged—and laughed. He boasts that any woman will come at his call."

Sir Claude wasted no more time in desultory conversation. He went out of the inn, and summoned Achmed, who was busy caring for the mules.

"We'll go back to El Kantara," he ordered brusquely.

The guide regarded his patron with dismay. He had thoughts of the terrible Benchaalal and of the punishment that would be inflicted on himself.

"But it is impossible, Effendi," he faltered.

"We'll go tonight," Sir Claude repeated grimly.

Then his smoldering suspicion burst into flame.

"I'll give you a hundred francs," he declared, with wrath in his voice. "Did Benchaalal pay you more?" He pulled out his note-case, and tossed a bank-bill toward the young man. Achmed cowered before the anger and scorn that blazed in his patron's eyes. Secretly, too, he was shrinking at thought of the punishment that would await him should he fail in the duty commanded by the officer of Spahis. But his eyes shone with avarice as he picked up the note.

"Make ready at once," Sir Claude commanded.

"Yes, Effendi," Achmed answered.

* * * * *

IT was in the evening, while Katherine was sitting on the veranda of the hotel with Benchaalal beside her, that she received the message from her husband. A sudden anxiety welled in her as she took the note.

"Can anything have happened to Crumpet?" was her unspoken question. Then she read the roughly scrawled lines, and found herself surprised by the relief she felt over the fact that her momentary worry was unfounded.

"Mind very much if I don't come back tonight? Achmed takes me further tomorrow for gazelle—back then without fail, and ready to move on anywhere you wish. Love.

Crumpet."

Benchaalal guessed that Achmed had been a faithful servant. But there was no hint of superior knowledge in his manner as he addressed Lady Wyverne. On the contrary, his tone was most deferential and solicitous.

"There is no bad news, I hope."

Katherine answered a little disdainfully.

"Oh, no! Only, the sport is so good that Sir Claude will remain away the night."

"Ah, then we shall go to the desert again." Benchaalal's voice vibrated with a significance that the woman could not misunderstand. She made no answer; she gave no rebuke. She seemed to accept the situation without hesitancy, without remonstrance.

So, once again, that night, Lady Wyverne stood in her bedroom, and listened. With all her force she strove not to listen. Somehow, that note from Sir Claude had touched her, had stirred her to a new realization of her love for him. That love was an essential fact. She had understood it, because of the sick thrill that so disturbed her before she opened the note. She almost decided that she would not go to the desert this night with the man of the beautiful face, of the penetrant charm, of the alien race.

Katherine did not go out on the balcony. She stood within the room, still undecided. The lure of the desert—the lure of the man who symbolized the desert—called her. Yet her thoughts ran toward that other man, her

husband. She remembered that thrill of fear lest something evil had befallen him.

When the song sounded, she stood in doubt. She went to the shuttered window, whirled away from it in sudden distaste. With her hand against the casing, she listened, despite her will, but with face averted.

Those same words came softly in the musical voice, insistent.

"Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst,
And thou and I far in the Desert land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand."

Then, again, she yielded to the spell laid upon her by those vague dreams that had come to her before the sun-dial in the garden at home — those dreams emphasized by this man in the costume of flowing white.

In her room, Katherine listened intently. It seemed to her that here was a moment of crisis. She felt that she should dress for a supreme part. She went to her jewel case, and took from it the historic diamond necklace of the Wyvernes. She clasped the band about her neck. For a moment she stood before the mirror, herself wondering at the glorious play of color.

Then she went down the stairs to walk with Benchaalal to the edge of the desert in her husband's absence.

Yet she failed to see that there were twin passions in the man's eyes as he looked on her—desire of her in her beauty, desire of the splendid jewels that lay radiant on her bosom.



Sir Claude, gun under arm, greeted his wife joyously.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Benchaalal spoke in answer to Katherine's declaration that she must go back to the hotel.

"But wait, and see the sunrise," he said. "Why should you not? Your husband is in the mountains."

As always, he spoke respectfully, and as always she obeyed him, and waited.

It was just before dawn that Sir Claude came with the mules and Achmed. The Englishman saw only the slender figure of the Arab, standing there at the rocky mouth of the pass. For, as they came, Achmed was whistling merrily. Benchaalal heard the melody, and spoke hurriedly.

"Your husband is coming—quick!"

With a gesture he indicated that she should crouch in the shadow of the rock behind them. He swept his burnouse forward to cover the huddled form of the woman.

While she knelt there thus concealed, her husband drew near and passed. He gave a word of greeting to the Bedouin, who returned it nonchalantly.

"Did he see me?" Lady Wyverne questioned as she stood up again. There was terror in her voice.

"I think not," Benchaalal replied. "But I cannot tell. Bathe your eyes there in the stream before you go back."

"Yes."

Lady Wyverne climbed down to the brook and bathed her eyes carefully while the Bedouin stood beside her.

"If only he doesn't look into my room!" Lady Wyverne moaned. Of a sudden she felt that the one thing worth while in the world was her husband's respect. He must not know this, her so dreadful folly.

"If only he doesn't look into my room!" She repeated the words again and again as she stumbled back through the street of El Kantara, clinging to Benchaalal's arm. So Katherine, Lady Wyverne, came back to the hotel, and made her way to her room. She listened at her husband's door. She heard nothing, but prayed that he might be asleep, that he had not looked into her room, where the unused bed lay as a mute witness against her. She crept between the sheets, hoping that he could not know, that he could not guess. But it was long before she fell into an unhappy, a guilty sleep.

As a matter of fact, Sir Claude, as he stared at the Bedouin in the pass, had felt a hideous suspicion along with his invincible repugnance of the man. In spite of this, he had gone on. But, when he reached the hotel, he had looked into his wife's room—had seen the unused bed.

* * * * *

KATHERINE, Lady Wyverne, found herself at a loss next day. Her husband, as it seemed to her, was unsuspicious, yet he was somehow curiously remote, aloof, as she had never known him hitherto.

But in the afternoon he came to her, and there was a smile on his face as he spoke, though the smile was a wry one.

"I'm going tonight with Achmed," he said. There was a hint of grimness in his tones, but the smile remained on his lips.

"I'm hoping to get some better game tonight." He kissed her gently, and went out.

Yet, that night, Katherine, Lady Wyverne, yielded once again to the wizardry of the desert, of the man that summed its spell. She fought against a subtle impelling force, but she fought in vain.

Again, she stood in her room, waiting and listening.

A certain voluptuous desire in her at this appeal of the desert and of the man who symbolized that desert, caused her to go to her jewel case. She took again the diamond necklace which had been her husband's bridal gift. She clasped it about her neck, then waited for a moment, listening. The words of the song came to her:

"Oh that my blood were water, thou athirst,
And thou and I far in the Desert land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand."

Once again, she descended to the court. Once again,

(*Continued on page 134*)



Miss Weber directing a scene for "Idle Wives" in front of a Hollywood, Calif., picture theatre. At the left of the camera Ben Wilson is talking to Neva Gerber.

On *the* Lot *with* Lois Weber

By Elizabeth Peltret

Photographs by Stagg

LOIS WEBER, director, author, musician and anaesthetist to a suffering world.

This does not mean that Lois Weber, having moved into her own new studio, intends to put the world to sleep—not by any means.

The world, according to this greatest of all woman directors, is like a man with a jumping toothache. What a man with a jumping toothache wants more than anything else is to forget his tooth.

"That," said Miss Weber, "is just the way with the world."

Consequently, she does not intend to produce any more propaganda pictures. She used to be strong for them. Remember "Hypocrites," "Where Are My Children?" "Idle Wives" or "Even As You and I."

This statement will not seem in the least surprising to anyone who has visited the new studio.

Studios, like crowds, cities, ships or individuals, are almost sure to have distinct characters of their own. One studio in Los Angeles has a smug, self-satisfied air, extremely disagreeable to the visitor. There is another that welcomes one with a sort of joyous comradeliness, before anyone in it has spoken a word. A third reminds the caller of nothing so much as an ant hill.

But all of them have at least one thing in common; they look "Oh, so sudden!" that is, all but this new studio of the Lois Weber Production Company.

This has the courtly dignity that belongs to the "old school" but is forever young. Its broad grounds, with rose bushes and shade trees, the swing in the back yard, the wide, hospitable doors, and the long, handsomely furnished reception room are all reminiscent of some Southern manor house. Miss Weber calls it "My 'Old Homestead.'"

Standing under a canvas covering, on an outdoor stage, with the thermometer at least ten degrees higher than Los Angeles' loyal sons would admit, Lois Weber directed the making of her latest picture and, between scenes, talked about the world, the toothache, and moving pictures.

At this moment there were several things wrong with the set. She had ordered depressing wall paper and the result was not convincing. While it was being changed the conversation naturally turned on psychology.

"Psychology has been of help to me in my work," she said, "but the thing which has helped me the most has been an intangible something that I cannot define. I can only explain it by saying that I often know when there is something wrong with a set without knowing what the trouble is. There are times when everything has to be moved over and over before it looks satisfactory. A layman might think that any pair of old curtains would have a bedraggled appearance but we tried two dozen pairs before we got the ones we wanted for this scene.

"It is the same with the pictures I am going to produce," she went on, "I judge the public a good deal by my own feelings. For instance; there is no one I like to read so well as Epictetus. And yet, when I am tired or worried, which is the time I need Epictetus, I go home and read a Nick Carter detective story.

"So it is when a man has a jumping toothache. If he goes to the theatre and sees something bright, 'frothy' and entertaining he is likely to forget all about his pain. But if the play is a heavy one, requiring concentration and thought, he finds it impossible to keep his attention off his tooth. The war is the world's jumping toothache and I want to help the world forget about it for awhile."

Lois Weber believes that the world moves in cycles and that individuals, as well as periods, return again and again.

"I believe that when, in this life, a child shows some extraordinary aptitude it is because the child remembers something learned before. That must have been the case with my music. I believe that I just took up a broken thread and followed it to the end."

In answer to a question, Miss Weber told how her career on the concert stage came to an abrupt and curious end when she was only seventeen years old.

"I was touring the South as a pianist under the direction of Valentine Apt" she said, "and a large crowd greeted me in a music-loving town. The size of the audience made me very nervous and anxious to do my best.

"Just as I started to play a black key came off in my hand. I kept forgetting that the key was not there, and reaching for it. The incident broke my nerve. I could not finish and I never appeared on the concert stage again. It is my belief that when that key came off in my hand, a certain phase of my development came to an end."

At this point, Phillips Smalley came up and suggested a change in the 'script he held in his hand.

"You're right," said his wife.

"Say, as usual," ordered Mr. Smalley.

"I won't," she answered with customary wifely obedience, and added in the manner of a side-show lecturer:

"Here you see the only theatrical couple in captivity married thirteen years and still in love with each other."

Then harking back to the interview:

"If you must describe me I'll tell you the best description of myself I ever heard. My sister has been introduced as 'Lois Weber's sister' until it almost drives her to drink. In recent response to a man who made this bad matter worse by remarking, 'You certainly have an extraordinary sister,' she said, 'Yes, but you don't know the most extraordinary thing about my sister.' "



There are times when everything has to be changed over and over before Miss Weber is satisfied.



At work on a script in her study. She writes nearly all her own scenarios.

" 'What is that?' he asked.

" 'The most extraordinary thing about my sister is that she is so ordinary,' was her answer."

What Lois Weber's sister—(with apologies to sister)—should have said was that the most extraordinary thing about Miss Weber is that she *seems* so ordinary. She has the tactful simplicity that is inseparable from the great director, the director who achieves big things.

Another Movie Miracle

"CAN the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin?" The answer was always in the negative until just recently.

Howard Small, the Ethiopian in question, is as black as a New York Journal headline. He is nine years old, and he takes an important part in "House of Cards," an Art Drama release.

Howard, being young and unused to the ways of the world, is unfamiliar with the mechanics of the motion picture. He had been brought up to believe that the blackness of his skin was permanent, and in his more pessimistic moments it was a source of great sorrow to him.

Last week some scenes from "House of Cards" were run off in the studio projection room. Howard was present. He sat quite still through most of the picture, until suddenly a scene was flashed in which he himself appeared.

He stood up with popping eyes. His hands gripped the sides of his chair. A long low gasp escaped from his throat. Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow.

Then came a shriek which caused everyone in the room to jump to his feet in alarm.

"I'se white! I'se white! I ain't no cullahed boy no longer! De machine done made me all white!"

Sure enough, in the picture Howard appeared white as the screen itself. The spectators stared for a moment, then burst into laughter. Howard had not noticed that everyone else in the scene appeared black.

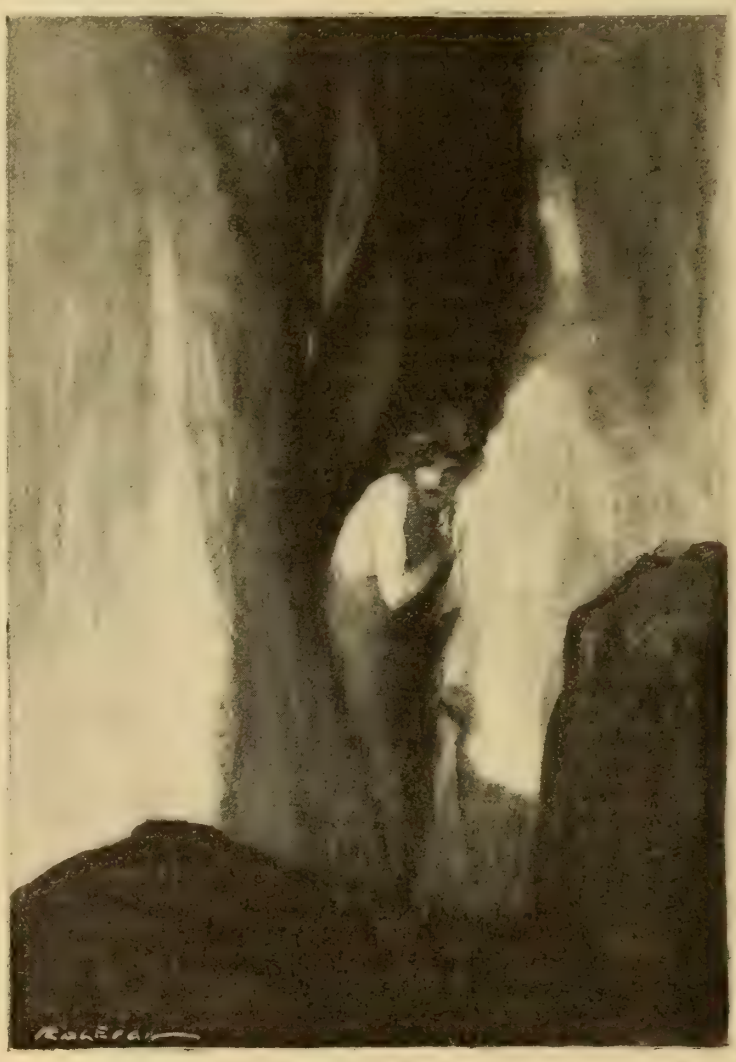
It was cruel to tell him that the scene was shown in the negative, and that in the negative, color values are reversed. When he was finally convinced he burst into tears.

Only for an instant did perfect happiness come into his little soul, and then it disappeared as quickly as it came.

Preceding Chapters *of* Pearls *of* Desire

WHILE Jack Kavanaugh, gentleman adventurer, confirmed misogynist and recognized overlord of certain enchanted islands in the South Pacific, was occupying himself with a pearl concession on Kailu, and altogether regarding life in much the same fashion as Adam must have done before Eve took his education in hand, society back in the States seemed stifling and unreal. And then one day Captain Billy Connor's *Favorite* dropped anchor in the lagoon and discharged three passengers—a Massachusetts bishop, his widowed sister, fascinating Alice Stormsby; and their pretty niece, Enid Weare, the product of generations of strait-laced old New England culture.

After a few days, the bishop surprised Kavanaugh with a request that he and the two women be allowed to accompany their host on his expedition down to Trocadero Island to look over a new pearl concession—and Kavanaugh, mindful of warm glances from Mrs. Stormsby's eyes and of Enid's nymph-like charm, gave permission. So the expedition set out in his schooner *Circe*. Accustomed as he was to the free and easy life of the Pacific, it was rather vexing to Kavanaugh to be continually on his guard for fear of offending the silly sensibility of a prudish schoolgirl, who flew into a sudden anger if the spill of the mainsail or any wanton eddy raised the hem of her skirt to reveal an inch or two of ankle, and he often felt like boxing Enid's small, pink ears.



Twenty-five miles from Trocadero, a howling South Sea squall drove the *Circe* on a reef. All hands turned to load the boats with supplies and set out for Trocadero, where they arrived safely. Here was a desert island, here was the primitive, and here two men and two women must live until the boat crew, which had been dispatched for help, could return with another vessel.

In the midst of this predicament, a horde of native pirates raided the island one morning before dawn, making away with every piece of moveable property save the silk pajamas and "nighties" in which the victims happened to be garbed. Alice Stormsby accepted this delicate situation sensibly, but Enid hysterically shut herself up in the bungalow. When her frightened relatives declined to interfere, Jack Kavanaugh went in to reason with her. No profaned modesty was now evident in Enid. She was in a white rage which took no heed of anything save the shame of his presence there, and she whipped suddenly around and gripped a stool by one leg. A struggle ensued. Dicky, the diminutive bantam cock, championed Enid and planted his wicked spurs in Kavanaugh's eyes and the girl wrenched herself free and fled down the beach. Though scarcely able to see for the blood and pain in his eyes, Jack flung himself after her into the deep, green, shark-infested water and somehow managed to bring her ashore.

When he recovered consciousness, Enid was leaning over him. She had shed all her scruples and seemed utterly indifferent to the scantiness of her attire, even after the removal of the salt-water compresses which had been put over Kavanaugh's eyes. The women and the bishop collected dried seaweed for beds and made tunics from the plumage of the wild fowl of the island. The castaways became accustomed to primitive conditions and felt the rush of clean, strong blood in their veins.

Weeks passed and then—a sail on the horizon! Propinquity had done its work and, prompted by a feeling of regret that their cameraderie was so soon to be a thing of the past, Kavanaugh asked Alice to become his wife. She demurred, for purely mercenary reasons, as she quite frankly admitted, but assented to a provisional engagement depending upon the success of his pearling activities.

It was Channing Drake, a sort of modern Gil Blas, with a dash of Don Juan thrown in for good measure, and reputed to be the very worst blackguard in the whole Pacific, who, in order to curry favor with the authorities who were watching his actions, had come to the rescue with his buccaneer crew.

When Jack hauled in the fishnet, preparatory to leaving the island, several big oysters were found caught in its meshes. And then, as he and Alice were examining the exquisite black jewel which one of the bivalves disclosed, Drake came upon them and learned the secret of the newly-discovered pearl fisheries. Kavanaugh had no gear with which to dive for the oysters; Drake had, and insolently insisted upon a half interest in the concession. Although Kavanaugh's papers had been stolen, he decided to stay on alone and protect his legal rights. In case Drake, after taking the others back to Kailu, should return before the necessary reinforcements could be sent to him, Jack figured that, from the shelter of the cave in which the few remaining stores and weapons had been kept, he could effectively hold up any operations which the fellow might attempt on the pearling grounds below.

Against this decision, the bishop and Alice protested feebly; and Enid remarked cuttingly that, since her aunt was Jack's fiancee, however provisionally, it was her duty to remain behind with him while he made his stake. Enid's high-handed manner offended Mrs. Stormsby and a lively quarrel ensued. To relieve the somewhat embarrassing situation, Kavanaugh suggested to Alice a stroll down the beach and the two started off in the witchery of the tropic twilight.

Drake's coming meant a stepping stone from the island to the outer world. Pondering upon this fact, Alice said, at length: "This has been a charming idyll, my dear, but, after all, one can scarcely be sure of oneself under such extraordinary conditions as we have been through. Perhaps it would be better should we not consider ourselves bound by any pledge?" Probably Enid's hot remarks had shown him Alice in a new light. At any rate, the man now saw her as a conventional and rather selfish woman who was not even a good sport—who wanted to gamble, but with no personal risk—and so it was with a curious sense of relief that he acquiesced in her desire to be released.

When the erstwhile lovers reached the bungalow, they found the bishop alone and in low spirits. It appeared that Drake had called, made slurring remarks about Jack's stubbornness and been subjected to a scathing rebuke therefor by Miss Enid, who, when her uncle had expostulated against her rudeness, had flung off down the beach in a huff, and had not yet returned. This was really serious. They searched for her and found her feathered tunic and sandals lying in the sand—and Kavanaugh saw that the flat sheen of the surface of the water was undulated by the furrow of the great, sinister body of a shark moving beneath.

Alice and the bishop, griefstricken and remorseful, were hurried away from the scene and aboard Drake's ship.

Alone on the white, glistening beach, Jack suddenly realized the crushing immensity of the solitude about him. Enid had been right; he was going mad . . . he seemed to see a moving figure shimmering in the moonlight and he recognized it as the wraith of the drowned, devoured girl. A clear, quavering voice called out: "Jack. . . . I'm real. . . real!" And then the moon began to rock and sway, and he slipped gently into oblivion.



Pearls *of* Desire

By Henry C. Rowland

A Twentieth Century Romance of the South Seas—the Most Remarkable Story of the Year

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

We roamed over that island precisely as though it had been the private preserve of a game and fish camp of which we were the guests.

CHAPTER XII

BEING marooned upon a desert island has at least this much to be said in its favor; one is not worried by the exigencies of the outer world. It makes no difference to you except in a purely abstract way whether the rest of the planet which you happen to infest be at peace or war, whether the stock or other markets are up or down, whether business is dead or merely shamming. You are not bothered by your landlord, the ox, ass, man servant, maid servant or wife of your neighbor, nor anything that is his.

And yet such a life has its anxieties and responsibilities, especially when led in common with a person or persons for whom it is necessary to provide. Cave men were undoubtedly faced with many of the problems which society is required to wrestle with today. There has always been at certain periods the increased cost of living and the necessity to scratch wider and deeper in order to subsist, decently or otherwise. To the troglodyte the loss of the port or starboard quarter of frozen auroch meat filched by a great cave bear or saber toothed tiger was a domestic tragedy of the same magnitude as the loot of his invested capital by the capitalist of today. Pessimists are inclined to throw up their hands and exclaim: "I am

sure I don't know what the world is coming to!" As a matter of fact the world is not coming there at all. It has always been there, and always will be until the High Gods get tired of their joke and decide to suppress it.

This question of bodily provender now became to me a very important one. After a certain duration of time the digestive organs grow about as much attracted to the idea of handling anything in tins as the manager of a general store might be at a suggestion to invest heavily in hoop-skirts and pantalettes. For all of his robust appetite the mere sight of a can opener had been enough to give the bishop hiccups, and he had always shown himself Catholic enough in his tastes. Being a provident person, though Irish, and a planter into the bargain with a natural desire to see things grow, especially potatoes and tomatoes, I had cleared a bit of ground and tended my little garden, more for fun than because there seemed any real necessity for taking so much trouble. The plants were doing splendidly as the soil like that of all volcanic formations was rich in nitrates and there was abundant water. It was also protected from the late sun by the shadow of the mole and I did not think that it would be long before we might hope to have some small tubers to mix with our soup and offset the danger of scurvy. Our ordinary diet was principally fish and sea-birds' eggs, and the latter, even the much vaunted and expensive plovers' eggs soon become distasteful to the point of repugnance.

We had also got tired of the lake fish and seldom went after them, preferring the variety taken in our net. The blacks had looted our poultry, Dicky alone who could fly like a pheasant and had not been too proud to do so, having escaped. Dicky was afraid of blacks, possibly because my barnyard executioner was a Malanesian boy. We still had, however, an abundance of rice and that was our staple. Enid thinned down under this régime though not to any great extent and on the whole becomingly for she was a well rounded girl, but it seemed to me that I actually gained in weight.

We had made ourselves some proper clothes from Drake's flannels and calico. Enid's usual costume was a simple sailor blouse with a short skirt while mine was merely the ordinary jacky's working suit; jumper and breeches, the legs of the latter usually rolled up over my calves. There was sufficient material to supply us also pajamas and bathing suits which latter we wore when hauling our net as it was necessary to wade out often chest deep in order to clear it from the occasional clumps of lava-coral on the bottom.

Many writers of fiction have taken as their theme a situation such as ours; a man and a woman shipwrecked on a desert island, and have worked out the tale according to the promptings of their imaginations, the *clou* on which the story hangs being naturally the development of the social relations between the pair. I have heard such positions discussed, the usual finding of which was that two persons of opposite sex and normal instincts would sooner or later inevitably mate. I have even heard it argued by people of good moral principle that this would be sure to occur after a certain lapse of time even though one or both of the castaways happened to be already married. The theory is apparently based on the assumption that with so close a propinquity within such narrow confines and the advanced degree of physical and mental intimacy which must perforce obtain all previous conventions would be annulled; all ethical ideas disregarded.

I do not think that this is true. Such a thesis presupposes that our primitive instincts are stronger than a spiritual controlling agency; that animal impulse is more potent than its restraining mentality. One might as well argue that if the food supply became exhausted the stronger of the pair would slay and devour the weaker. Of course in the case of individuals of coarse moral fiber and low in the scale of evolution almost anything might happen, but I can see no more reason why a man and a woman should not preserve their ethics and ideas upon a desert island and in close companionship without degradation to their established principles than I can see any reason why the cashier of a bank who might happen to be in vital need of money but is yet an honest man could not be counted upon to be faithful to his trust. It seems to me that personal honor, conscience, the sense of right and wrong, call it whatever you like, is not a quality to be affected by local conditions.

Of course one may protest that love is different, that passion knows no law especially when strong and mutual. One might claim similar dispensations for intense hunger, greed, fear, rage, the instinct of self-preservation. I cannot see it in this way. It seems to me that a man who would abuse one trust would abuse any other if the impulse was sufficiently strong. I do not profess to be a saint, whether of the Anthony or the Christopher species and I have done plenty of violent and lawless things in my time but while on Trocadero with Enid in my care I would have protected her from myself precisely as I would have done from herself, or from Drake.

It was not many days before I knew myself to be as profoundly in love with her as I think it possible for a man to be with a woman and I think that this very fact made it easier, if anything. I doubt if I could have exercised the same vigilant self-restraint with Alice, whom I did not love at all. This may sound like a refutation of the above statement that a man who will abuse one sacred trust will abuse another. But the case was not the same. Enid was the trusting depositor, whereas Alice was the person who chooses to speculate on a margin.

Whatever the philosophy of the business the result was that we continued to lead our lives on Trocadero just as we had done before the departure of Alice Stormsby and the bishop. The only difference was that whereas formerly Alice had always been my companion in various excursions, now Enid was. We roamed over that island precisely as though it had been the private preserve of a game and fish camp of which we were the guests. The slight detail of our being the only persons upon it made not the slightest difference in our behavior nor ideas. On returning to the bungalow to eat and sleep there might just as well have been a genial host and hostess waiting to welcome us. Our conversations chiefly concerned the details of our daily existence though we often discussed topics more remote and were often sympathetically silent. Enid never talked a great deal and I have always preferred to read or write or think but while we would often pass considerable periods without speaking these silences were not tiresome. We never mentioned personalities at all nor did a single word of love ever pass between us during that epoch.

As the time approached when we might expect the return of Drake we moved our residence to the cavern in the face of the cliff. On Enid's account I had abandoned all idea of trying to prevent Drake's operations by force of arms, but I preferred that he should not know that she was alive and on the island. Enid was delighted with our new abode.

"It would be perfect if only it had an elevator," she panted as she climbed over the ledge and entered the place. "It is so nice to have running water and a few spare rooms and the view is superb. The stairs are a bit steep but it's worth the climb if only for the light and air. Besides there's no danger of the roof leaking nor fire nor cyclones and the rent is very reasonable." She looked thoughtfully down at the lagoon. "That is where the pearls are, just below. Do you think that Drake will really dare to help himself against your orders? It would be downright robbery."

"That is Drake's professional calling," I answered. "To begin with he would refuse to recognize any claim of mine and if I brought suit afterwards what could I hope to recover? He would deny that he had found any pearls."

"Then what was the use of your staying here?" Enid asked.

"Because I had certain plans for the protection of my property which are no longer feasible," said I. "Do you see those two rifles and that shotgun and that ammunition chest? And do you see this pool of spring water and these stores which we jackassed up here with so much toil in case of attack by more natives? Now observe how prettily the pearling ground is spread out under these cliffs. I could hit a duck swimming around there three times out of five. Observe also these nice fissures to fire through and think how difficult it would be for anybody down below to pot the watchman up here and how very risky it would be to try to take this fort by storm. It is a miniature Gibraltar."

"Then why is it no longer feasible to hold it and protect your pearls?" Enid asked.

"Because I have a greater and far more precious responsibility, which is yourself," I answered. "What if I did try to stand off these blooming pirates and one of them was to make a fluke and get me? What would then happen to that charming débutante, Miss Enid Weare supposedly sacrificed to the gluttonous appetite of Sir John Shark? Let me tell you, my dear, you would make no more of a mouthful for Drake than you are supposed to have done for that shark."

The blood surged up into Enid's boyish face and she looked at me with her grey eyes narrowed and that peculiar, steely look in them which I had previously observed and wondered at. It was a peculiar expression; less angry than coldly contemplative and utterly ruthless, and went oddly with the face of a Narcissus and the body of an Artemis. It was not precisely a cruel look but coldly and consistently merciless; such an expression as one might expect to see in the eyes of a field officer when trying by drum-head court-martial a batch of prisoners for rapine and about to pass the sentence of death.

"He would never dare," said she.

"Yes he would," I contradicted. "For one thing I am the only person who knows that you are still alive. Drake would appreciate that fact immediately and act upon it. The man is actually a coward but he is also a drunkard, and a drunken coward is the most dangerous beast to be found."

She looked at me skeptically and her full and slightly everted upper lip pushed out a little with a grimace of disbelief.

"You are trying to frighten me, Jack," said she. "Such things don't happen these days. Kidnapping girls, I mean."

"Drake cold sober wouldn't dare kidnap a blind Chinese brat," I answered, "but Drake about half drunk, which is his normal state though few realize it, would kidnap the Governor's daughter, and she riding with her pa. I've heard it said that his customary daily ration of spirits is about half a gallon, but he doesn't show it except in the effect it has upon his brain. I've never seen him flushed or stagger but I could always tell when he was carrying alcohol in bulk from the restlessness of his eyes. They flitter, like the eyes of a monkey instead of getting fixed and glazed like the eyes of most men who have been drinking hard, ..." and I continued on this not very interesting theme of Drake while stowing our effects in the various nooks and crannies and shelves of the cave. Enid in the meanwhile sat on the ledge, which was now in shadow, and cooled off. She sat with one plump bare leg bent under her and the other dangling over the brink and she looked in her full sailor blouse with its elbow sleeves quite luscious enough to tempt a far less hardened blackguard than Drake. But as I was continuing to descant on the misdeeds of this ravisher Enid turned suddenly to me what I might call her "forensic face;" the face of the tribunal. Her father had been a celebrated jurist and so had his and perhaps Enid may have inherited certain judicial qualities. I learned afterwards that her maternal grandfather had been known throughout his region of Virginia as "the hangin' jedge." No doubt the civil population of those days profited by the free use of hemp. I have often thought that there is undue economy shown in the employment of it today.

But that forensic face of Enid's gave me pause, as I had remarked it previously and come to learn that it preceded some sort of action; just as the still, even sheen on the face of the sea precedes a squall which might pull out one of your sound teeth while leaving your whiskers intact. I had started to scale some fish while meandering along about the badness of Drake and was getting on nicely with my job and its attendant discourse when Enid interrupted in her short, concise voice: "He mustn't be let."

"What?" I asked, for the oracular decision had no reference whatever to what I had been discussing at the moment, which was that the crystalline lens of a fish's eye was perfectly round, whereas that of animals whose vision was adapted to the refraction of air was flattened. I was mentioning the fact that if a native pearl diver were supplied with spectacles adapted to the refraction of the water he could tell much better what he was about, when Enid gave her judicial finding that "he must not be let." She repeated it.

"Why not?" I asked. "Is there any law against putting spectacles on a pearl diver?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "But there is a law against letting a thief come into your place and plunder your pearls while you sit in a hole in the rock with three guns at your elbow and watch him do it."

"You might as well detach your bright young mind from that problem," I answered, "because my own is quite made up. I have decided. Curiosity is said to have once been fatal to a cat but indecision has caused the destruction of armies."

"So has indigestion," said Enid, and kicked off a piece of stone for the fun of seeing it roll down the face of the cliff.

"Well, we manage to digest pretty well, don't we?" I asked. "What are you driving at, anyhow?"

"You," she answered.

"Oh, are you?" I asked. "At what particular section of my anatomy?"

"The most intelligent part," she answered, promptly. "He mustn't be let come in here and gobble the best of our pearls, must he, Jack?"

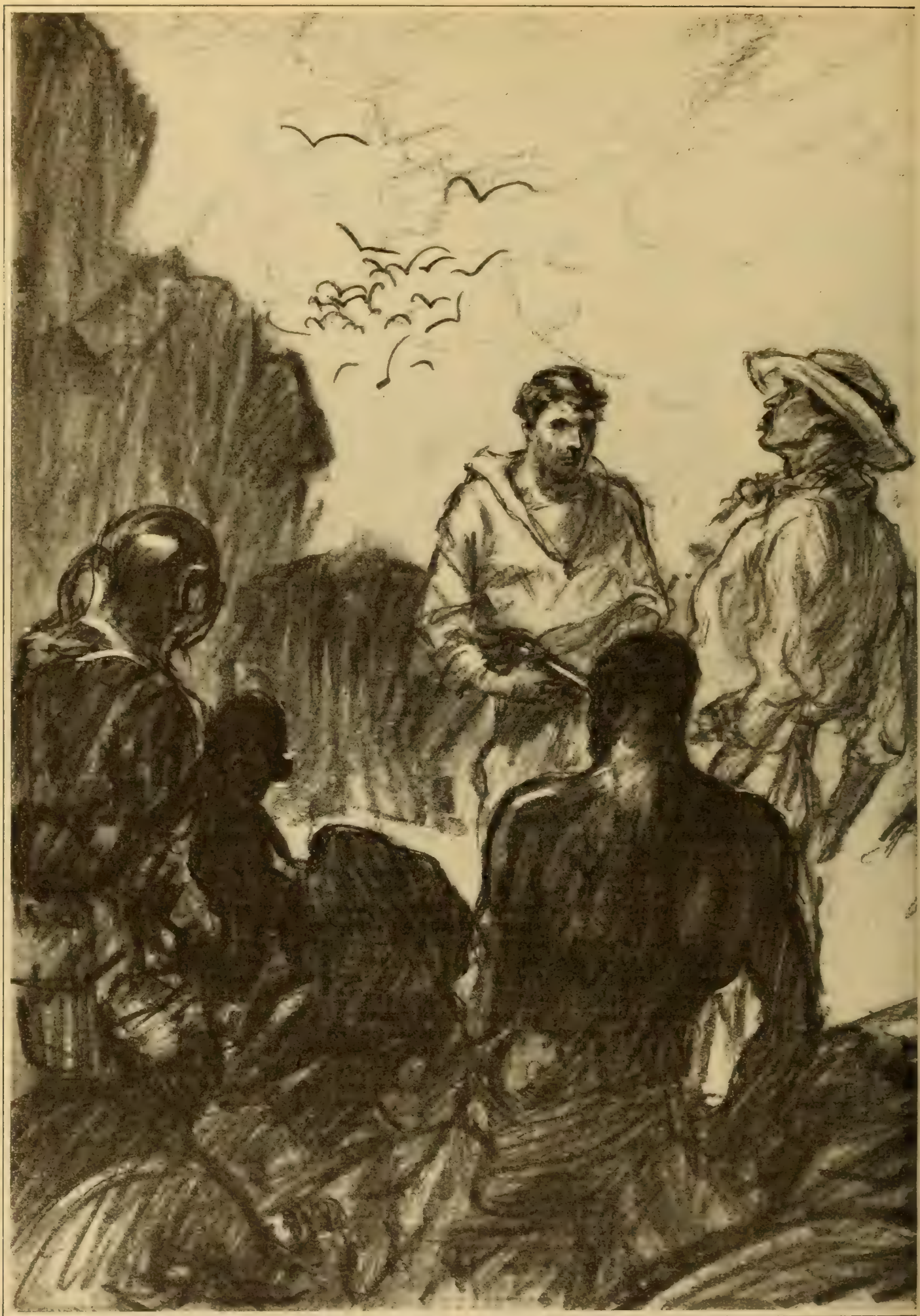
"He certainly wouldn't have been let do it except for you, my little girl," I answered.

She did not make any reply to this but went over and began to examine the guns. Presently she asked me how long it was apt to be after Drake's arrival before my own people got there.

"A fortnight at the earliest," I answered. "The Madcap is a big, fast schooner and my little tubs could not sail one foot to her three. Besides, the season is breaking up and we can look for gales. The Madcap could slam right through weather which would make the others heave to. Another thing, Harris will have to make a detour by Viti Levu to get some diving gear as those black scoundrels made off with ours and we have no other. If Drake cracks right on back here from Kialu he ought to have an easy fortnight's leeway and in a fortnight working two sets of gear and a full gang of native divers, which he is almost sure to pick up some place he could strip this little patch of bottom clean."

"And you would sit here and let him do it?" Enid asked. "With two of us it ought to he easy enough to keep them off because we couldn't be taken by surprise."

I merely remarked that it was not worth while discussing as my mind was quite made up and I did not propose to stand a siege of perhaps three weeks with her on my hands.



"And here was I with the drop on him, for I had raised my gun muzzle in line with



his belt, and none of his outfit armed, not one, that could have done him any good."

I must say it did make me rather sick to see how practicable the plan was and to have to abandon it in this way. No divers were going to be made to work with a good shot sniping at them from a hole in a cliff within easy range. There was also the chance that the siege might last longer than I had counted, as Drake might not have gone to Kialu at all but taken his passengers directly to Samoa or Fiji. In that case our relief was bound to be considerably postponed and while in the cave we would be confined to our straight stores, which were not plentiful.

Rather to my surprise Enid made no more protest at my abandoning the idea of defense. Our weeks of close companionship had shown me that she was not only absolutely fearless but was distinctly pugnacious. I did not think that she would hesitate a second at taking a pot shot slap at Drake if I were to have permitted it. She had taken an instinct-loathing for the man and appeared to consider him more in the light of a brute beast than a human; the gorilla which he rather suggested, or a troll or something.

So we sat down to wait for whatever might happen as comfortably as possible and were not kept very long in suspense. One morning as we were making our usual breakfast of fish and rice, up over the distant horizon pushed a white column which looked more a lighthouse than a vessel as the schooner was standing in close hauled on a light breeze.

"He ought to make the lagoon by midday," I observed. "I suppose that he will start right in."

"You are still determined to make no protest?" Enid asked, almost indifferently.

"Oh, I shall make a verbal protest, of course, but what's the good in that? Even if I had my papers I don't believe it would make any difference."

"Then I am to understand that my staying here instead of being a help to you is more apt to cost you an enormous fortune," said she.

"So it looks," I answered, "but what of it? You probably saved me from going off my chump that first night or perhaps later. If only my crowd would come along and catch him in here! But there's not much chance of that. He'll keep his eyes rinsed and slip away to sea at the first sight of a sail. There never was any real fight in Drake."

"That makes your decision all the more foolish," she answered, beginning to wash up and put away our meager mess gear.

I did not tell her what was in my mind, which was merely to try to make the best possible terms with Drake, in the hope that he might prefer a smaller share and everything shipshape and proper to the risk of trouble later. Since unable to fight for my rights it seemed more sensible to offer to divide. But I rather doubted he would now listen, feeling that he had the cards all in his own hands.

So we watched the Madcap glide slowly in, Enid keeping well back from the mouth of the cave as I did not wish her to be seen. She seemed destined to be an important witness of Drake's piracy and he would realize it and for all I could tell make some effort for her suppression. I thought him quite capable of trying to murder us both if he felt such a measure advisable.

As the Madcap entered the lagoon we saw that her decks were swarming with blacks; a score of them at least.

"Native divers," I said to Enid. "The brute means to work them with the armored men and make hay while the sun shines. Look at the big animal there at the wheel. I could almost pick him off from here."

"Wait until he gets to work and then maybe you won't be able to stand the temptation," she answered, hopefully.

"No fear," I growled. "I wouldn't risk your little finger for all the pearls in the Pacific."

"Why?" she asked.

"Never mind," I answered. "You will know when the time comes."

She gave me a curious little smile. I could never tell what was passing in her mind. Facial expression reveals this to some extent in most people but Enid's features instead of revealing her thought disguised it. Different traits had also a habit of contradicting each other, as at this moment when her lips were smiling and her eyes as hard as jade. They narrowed as she stared down at the Madcap and she said, almost listlessly: "It seems a pity that my shooting lessons should go to waste." For having decided that we had no use for our ammunition I had yielded to her request to let her try a few shots, just to pass the time. Though never having handled a gun before she quickly got the knack of the business and with a dead rest in a fissure made good practice. But once having learned the trick she seemed to tire of the sport, saying that the detonations gave her a headache and the kick made her shoulder sore.

I remarked rather absently that everybody ought to know how to shoot, especially those having a taste for adventure. Then, as there came the splash of the Madcap's anchor and the rattle of her chain cable I decided that I might as well go down and interview Drake. Purely as a defensive measure and because I thought it would do no harm to let him see that I was not weaponless I took the shotgun. I did not believe he would try any tricks in the face of a crowd of witnesses, but all the same there was no use running any risk. Enid watched my preparations in utter unconcern. Only as I started to clamber down she said: "Keep out on the beach where I can see you, Jack, ... and don't turn your back on Drake."

"No fear," I answered. "I won't be gone long. Drake will laugh at my protest and tell me I was a fool not to accept his offer to go shares. But I want to get the news of the others and learn how Alice recovered from the shock of your loss, you little beast."

"If Alice had done her part it never would have happened," said Enid, calmly. She had never expressed the slightest sympathy for her aunt, though she had admitted that she was sorry for the bishop. But that regret did not appear to have cut very deep. It had always struck me as odd, because I could feel that there was affection lacking in her. The explanation was no doubt singleness of idea and ruthlessness in carrying this out.

So I slid over the ledge and clambered down and as I struck the beach two large whaleboats put off from the Madcap and headed in for the bight. Both were crammed with jabbering native divers and as they drew near I saw that Drake was in the first, which contained the diving gear and some of his regular bandits who had discarded their pinafore rig and looked the proper pirates which they were. As the boat grounded I walked down to meet it.

"Hello, Kavanaugh," said Drake, stepping out and I noticed that he wore a heavy revolver on his hip. "Well, here we are again."

"Been expecting you," I answered. "How did you leave our guests?"

"Not too badly. They'd managed to pull themselves together a bit. After all, there was no help for it and nobody to blame unless it was yourself for not having made them promise not to bathe at night. Here's a letter for you."

"Thanks," I said, glancing at the writing which was in a woman's hand. "Did you tell them that you were coming back here?"

"Quite so. I said that I thought your tale of having a concession was all a bluff and that as keen a business man as you wasn't buying concessions until he had done a bit of prospecting. I told her than in my belief you came here to prospect with the idea of buying the concession in the case of your finding it worth while. That is precisely what I do believe. . . . ." He turned to give some orders to several of the hands who were starting to rig a spare sail as an awning under which to open shell, I supposed.



"After all, she was only a girl and she wanted just now to be petted and comforted and consoled."

"That won't wash, Drake," I said. "Harris has seen the papers."

"Well," said Drake, "I haven't seen Harris and I haven't seen the papers, so I propose to do a little prospecting on my own."

"Where was Harris?" I asked.

"At your upper plantation. I didn't wait for him to come back." He grinned.

Here was a blow. But a worse was still to follow, for Drake said in a casual voice:

"I wouldn't count too much on any immediate help from Kialu if I were you, Kavanagh. The ketch was up in the ways getting patched along her garboard strake and Harris had sent the yawls off down the beach somewhere to fetch a cargo of hemp. He couldn't get your crowd here for at least another month."

"Perhaps not in our own boats," I answered, "but Captain Billy Connors or old Müller or some other chap is apt to call there any time and in that case Harris will charter the schooner and fill her up with the fighting men of Kialu and give you a run for your pearls, my boy. But what's more likely is that a patrol boat may drop in here and catch you with the goods, and you know what that means."

He shrugged his big shoulders. "Müller was at Kialu three weeks ago," said he, "and Connors expects you to carry your own stuff, now, in your new boat, so the chances of his looking in are about one in a thousand. As for the patrol boat, since they've leased you the concession as you say, why the devil should they take the risk and bother of poking in? There's nothing here."

"All the same," I said, "if you try to poach my pearls you are going to get in a lot of trouble over it, and sooner rather than later. You think you've got me where you want me, but you haven't by a long sight. I'm willing to admit, though, that you may be able to cost me a lot before I can get you jacked up, so I'm willing to make a concession. Now which would you rather have; all the pearls and shell you can manage to hog before you are stopped, and a lot of trouble, or draw up a contract with me for half shares?"

"No," he answered, "I won't. I wouldn't draw up a contract giving you one per cent. You had your chance and if you were such an obstinate ass that you refused it, that's your look-out. . . . ." He turned his head and bawled at his mate who was superintending the operations of the native divers to shift a little farther out. The blacks were plugging ears and noses with the wax compound and seemed waiting only for the order to start in. The white crew of the other boat had set up their pumps and were being buckled into their armor.

CHAPTER XIII

One can faintly imagine my feelings as I stood there and watched these preparations. First I had taken a chance and paid my hard-earned money for the concession, then lost my schooner in getting to the island, then suffered a shock far worse than that of shipwreck and the subsequent plundering of all my goods to say nothing of the treatment of my guests, then the loss of time from my affairs and the ghastly few hours which I had passed at the time of Enid's disappearance, ... all of this only to have my worst enemy, the man I most loathed and despised calmly despoil me of the treasure which should have gone to compensate for this succession of ordeals.

Now, as I looked at Drake and all of this swept through my mind I knew suddenly the emotions of a potential murderer. If it had not been for Enid up there in the cave I really believe that I might have poured a load of buckshot into him point blank, then disposed of the three men engaged on rigging the awning (the only others ashore) and retreated to my stronghold. The mere suggestion of the thought must have made me tighten my grip instinctively on the shotgun and no doubt flamed in my face while Drake's animal intuition warned him of the passions projected at him. I would never have given the hulking brute the credit for such swiftness of thought or action for scarcely had the murderous impulse swept through me than he had spun about in his tracks, his revolver out and up and ready to cut down upon me. Of course, if I had really meant to kill him he would never have got his hand to his hip, and perhaps he realized this for he stood absolutely still, glaring at me with bulging eyes and distented nostrils.

For a moment we stood so, staring at each other. My shotgun was under my arm, muzzle forward but depressed. If I had budged Drake would have fired into me, and if Drake had budged I would have emptied the load of buckshot into him. The chances are that each would have killed the other, as we were less than five paces apart, and we both knew this and stood fast. Then Drake broke the tension, and his heavy voice shook a little as he spoke.

"By God, are you mad, Kavanagh? You might get me but you know jolly well wht would happen, afterwards."

"I know what would happen to some of the rest of you," I answered. "This gun is a repeater and none of your gang is armed." I swung away the muzzle. "But put up your gun, Drake. If I'd meant to kill you I'd have managed it all right. Your guilty conscience nearly did for you that time."

The sweat broke out on him. Then he slipped his revolver back into the holster.

"Don't be an ass," he growled. "You know what these black boys are, to say nothing of my lads. You might collect two or three but the rest of the gang would ask nothing better than to knock off for a day and organize a man hunt with a corroboree at the end of it."

"Don't be too sure," I answered. "They might not find it so easy. However, I have no intention of killing . . . . just yet. Get on with your work, if you like. I'm curious to see what the result is going to be."

The native divers were ready and at Drake's hoarse "turn to the divers, Bill," a curt order was given and they took the water. And then, as the ripples were widening a thing occurred which must have seemed supernatural to Drake, though I doubt if for the second he was any more surprised than was I.

From the face of the cliff which loomed behind and above us and on which long, serried shadows were just beginning to fall came a double report, the two shots being so close together as to be almost simultaneous and the noise of them amplified by the concave formation of the rock. The bullets hummed over our heads and zipped into the water close to the boat in which were the air-pumps.

Drake spun around and stared up at the cliff with his mouth open, then gave a gulp and looked at me. He made no attempt to reach for his revolver, which was a lucky thing for him, though I felt no desire to shoot him. I had the inclination to laugh, not only at his face, which suggested that of a startled monkey but at the way that Enid had outwitted me and forced my hand. No doubt she had planned this *coup de theatre* from the moment that I had told her that her remaining on Trocadero had ruined my chances of protecting the pearling grounds. We were in for it, now. This was our declaration of war and accompanied by active hostilities.

Drake, of course could not fathom it at all. Where or how I had got reinforcements, two riflemen at least, he could not imagine. The main thing was that here they were, potting at his crew from a hole in the cliffs which he could not even see. And here was I with the drop on him, for I had raised my gun muzzle in line with his belt, and none of his outfit armed, not that that could have done him any good.

(*Continued on page 124*)



Why-Do-*They*-Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Fudge

WHERE can I get hold of Gladys Hulette's recipe for fudge? All that she did, in "The Candy Girl," was to take the stuff off the coal stove, pour it into the pans, put the sticky kettle right back on the stove and mark the fudge into nice, symmetrical squares. It certainly looked easy. Goodness knows that, even after I cool my fudge and beat it and everything, it has to be served on crackers sometimes.

HELEN ROSS, Davenport, Iowa.

Quite A Few Of Us Will Probably Be Doing the Same Thing

CRANE WILBUR, as an American soldier in "The Painted Lie," commits a rank breach of military etiquette by raising his hat to the heroine instead of saluting.

E. T. EVANS, Vancouver, B. C.

The Sweet Girl Graduate

I CAN stand quite a lot; I'm not unreasonable. So I won't say a word about the fact that every scene of "As Man Made Her" in which Edward Langford and Thomas Mills appeared was timed to happen after six, because they did look well in their dinner coats, but those campus scenes—well, they got a rise out of me, I'll admit. Gail Kane, mind you, attends a college for women—not a "fem. sem.," but a regular school—and the subtitle informs you that it's commencement day. Then you see the students gamboling on the green like a bunch of kindergartners, not doing folk dances (as sometimes happens during commencement week, althought not on *the* day) but playing drop-the-handkerchief, or pussy-wants-a-corner, I couldn't tell which.

RICHARD PRESCOTT, New Orleans, La.

Court Etiquette

I MUST protest against the repeated mistakes in photoplays dealing with royalty or the nobility. In a World play of Russian life called "The Crucial Test," in which Kitty Gordon and Niles Welch played the leading roles, a princess writes a dinner invitation and signs her title. Evidently the fact that princesses have ladies-in-waiting to attend to their correspondence is not known at this studio, or that, in case the audience were so stupid as to misunderstand a personal note from the princess, a "third person" invitation was the solution of the difficulty.

Vitagraph also was guilty of several inaccuracies in a play in which Lillian Walker took the part of a waitress, and which was called "Sally-in-a-Hurry." With a brother whose name is Lord Richard X——, the hero is only a plain mister. This is unusual, but it's the last straw when the hero, in bidding Lady Clara Y—— goodbye, addresses her as Lady Y——. The person responsible for this break undoubtedly felt that "Lady Clara" was a trifle too familiar.

M. G. G., Ottawa, Ont.

"The Jaguar's Claws"

ZOUNDS! Whoever heerd tell of an oil station "somewhere in Mexico" without any means of communication other than the "wild ride" that poor Tom Forman took to the border? Or was the plot laid yars and yars ago? If so, why the fashionable this-years' belted model on handsome Tom Moore? But, anyway, Sessue, you are as good a villain as you are a lover.

G. C. L., Butte, Mont.

Maybe He Had Tonsilitis

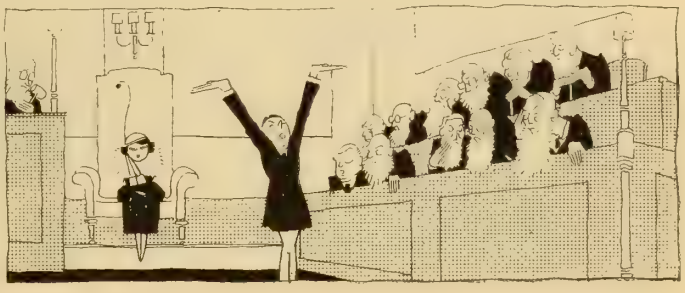
I LEARN quite a lot at the movies. Just recently, in Vitagraph-y, I assimilated the idea of swallowing, or, rather, swallowed the idea of assimilating, liquidless drink. Viz: Nannette, pouring the whiskey for one of the men in the cabin, hurriedly lifting the flask over the cup, put therein a good-sized teaspoonful, and evacuated. The gentleman, raising the cup to his lips, extracted therefrom one, two, three, four . . . seven elephantine gul-l-l-ups.

G. G. S., Gainesville, N. Y.

Page Mr. Darwin

IN "The Island of Desire," the hero sights an island (in the South Seas) at least fifteen miles away, and, upon looking at it through a pocket spy-glass, observes a couple of monkeys bang-up against his face. Maybe the glass *was* a pocket-edition of the one at Lowell Observatory—but monkeys in the South Seas!

ALBERT DEANE, Sydney, Australia.



Real and Reel Jurymen

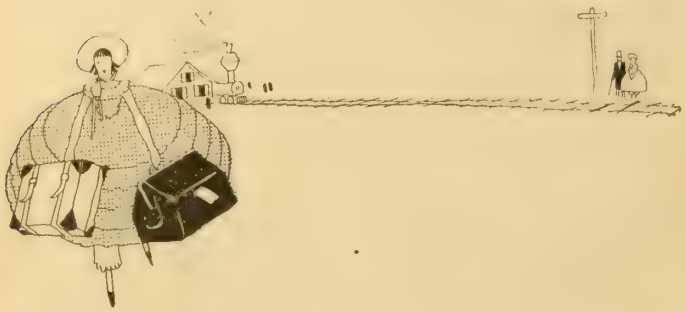
"When he is forsaken,
Broken and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?"

THE answer is easy. Get a position as a moving picture juryman. Senility seems to be the only requirement for acceptance, as most motion picture directors seem to lose sight of the psychology which prompts attorneys in real life to prefer middle-aged or even young men for such duty. Many a splendid reel is marred by a weak court room scene. A real jury is supposed to be composed of positive characters—men who will neither be swayed by prejudice or sympathy. Yet the average moving picture jury is composed of old men sentimentalists, judging from their actions on the screen.

When a witness offers what is supposed to be damaging testimony to the defendant's case, the aged jury lean forward in their seats, strain their eyes, and, looking knowingly, converse animatedly with one another. We then find ourselves crying on one side of our face out of sympathy for the prisoner, and laughing on the other side of our visage at the antics of the jury. We laugh because we recall that a real jury recognizes their place for talking is in the jury room, after all the evidence has been presented and are, therefore, dignified and uncommunicative while in the box.

If some one were to say: "Why don't you suggest that it is by cleverly written 'leaders' rather than by methodizing in the facial expressions or actions of the jurymen that the dramatic is achieved in court room scenes," we'd have to exclaim with Goldberg, "We never thought of that!"

C. F. X. Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.



When Carpet Bags Were So Stylish, Too

MAJORIE WILSON was all fixed up in crinoline, poke bonnet and shawl in "Wolf Lowry," but she carried her personal belongings around in two very modern-looking suitcases.

George Carter, Salina, Kans.

Something Wrong With the Studio Wardrobe

"WRATH," of the "Seven Deadly Sins," was the object of *my* wrath yesterday. The early scenes take place sixteen years ago. The Russian girl appears with her hair over her ears and wears a gown with transparent sleeves. Memory tells me that that wasn't the style in 1901. And then, Mr. Warner, though the son of a Grand Duke, was so fond of the suit he was married in that he wore it a year later on his trip to New York to trace his wife and child. Flora C. Allyn, Mystic, Conn.

Store Teeth

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE is certainly some lightning change artist! In "Rough House," he comes in contact with the mop and with much ado ejects his beautiful ivories onto the floor. By just passing back into the kitchen, he regains his pearly incisors and throughout the entire farce displays them to enhance every smile.

A Queer Tinotype

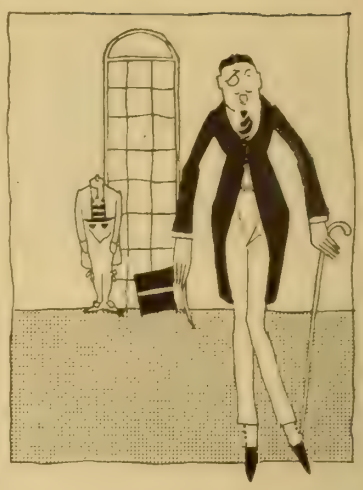
I WONDER if the type machine at the Lasky studio doesn't contain any quotation marks. One would judge not, on seeing the title quotations of "Her Strange Marriage," starring Fanny Ward. Not a single mark and every title a quotation.

No, Sewing On Baby Clothes Is Customary

IN film plays, approaching motherhood is invariably indicated by the showing of a lace bonnet, crocheted jacket or booties. Now, by way of a change, couldn't the victim (they usually are victims) grab a nearby perambulator, or shake a rattle, or something? It would be a relief.

L. C. Heineman, Buffalo, N. Y.

But Some of 'Em Aren't Sane



I'M sure that no sane author would ever have acted as did the one portrayed in "At First Sight." Why, that man was fairly dying to read his latest novel to anyone and everyone. Also, he insisted upon announcing to almost everybody that he "did not know what to do with the heroine; she was almost married to the wrong man," and generously asking for advice.

Why do young men always part their hair in the middle and literally plaster it down on both sides when they wish to create an impression of foppishness? I am sure that no self-respecting fellow, even if his "most deadly sin was an occasional cigarette," would ever have dared face this critical world with his hair in the condition of Robert Walker's in "Lady Barnacle."

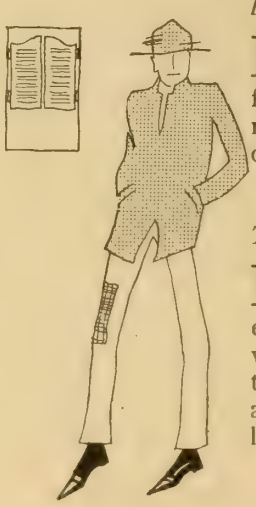
In "The Little Boy Scout," featuring Ann Pennington, the heroine, having reached the U. S. soldiers on the border, is endeavoring to escape to her aunt in Lowell, Massachusetts. Having no traveling clothes, one of the privates is sent off, unaccompanied by the young lady, to a little border town to "get the little girl something to wear." Moreover, he must do this while the tyrannical guardian of the girl is dashing back across into Mexico to secure proofs of his right to act in that capacity. Here is a soldier, alone in a frontier town, with about fifteen minutes in which to act. And yet, in the next scene, we see Ann togged out in perfectly-fitting clothes which look suspiciously like Fifth Avenue.

Iris Woodman, Brookline, Mass.

A Difference of Opinion

I, FOR ONE, disagree with the writer of "Southern Stuff." Everyone knows that the differences in pronunciation and enunciation in the North and South are marked. More than once, I have heard this peculiarly soft speech in the South and turned about expecting to see a negro, when the speaker was really a distinguished-looking plantation owner. So why shouldn't Dorothy Gish and Elmer Clifton, in "The Little Schoolma'am," speak with rolled r's and Southern twist of tongue?

Marianne S. Watkins, Toledo, Ohio.



Patent Leathers

IN one scene of "The Silent Master," Robert Warwick staggers forth in old, worn clothes, but with a new pair of shoes whose brilliancy quite dazzles the spectator.

Walter E. Esser.

The Yellow Peril

I HAVE often wondered why producers think the public is interested in seeing a Jap desecrate a white woman. This occurs in pictures so often here lately. Japanese actors in pictures relating to Japanese life are perfectly all right.

Mrs. A. S. Hughes,
San Francisco, Cal.



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EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Marc MacDermott: Movie '49er

"Poor Marc," the highbrow actor said, as he ate his baked beans cold. "The movies! Bah! Our friend is nuts, he has sold his art for gold."

By James S. Frederick

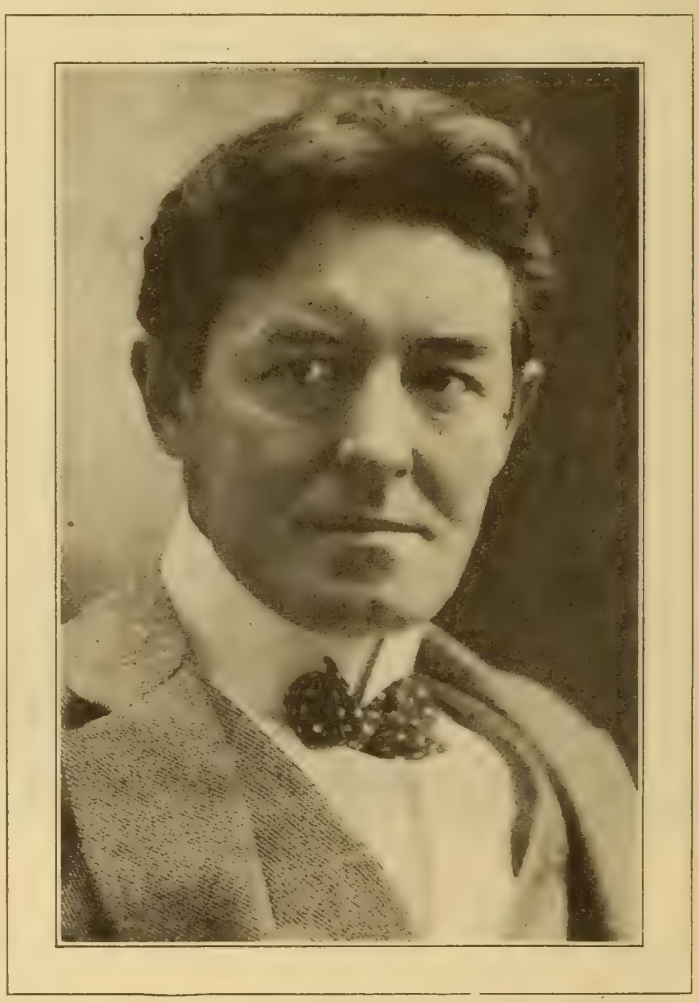
MARC MAC DERMOTT would be a logical member of the Old Timers' Club—if he wasn't so youthful. For Marc entered the movie game back in the old days when each week disclosed something new to the screen pioneers. "A whole century of discovery and progress has been crammed into my nine years in the pictures," says Mac Dermott. "The photoplay has zipped along like a comet."

Mac Dermott had been on the stage for a number of years before he decided to take the desperate step. Friends sighed and shook their heads. "Poor Mac," they said, "after playing with Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Pat Campbell and all the rest!"

"I really wasn't taking a chance," admits Mac Dermott. "Of course, over in this country, folks did look down on the movie player then. They frankly sneered at the film. But I had been on the other side — in France — where the best players were even then playing before the motion picture camera for the Pathe and other organizations. I knew that the same thing must come about in America and I cast my lot accordingly. So you see I really wasn't taking a chance at all."

Mac Dermott has a glorious brogue. "No, indeed, I wasn't born in Ireland," he said in response to an inquiry. "My birthplace was Australia, although my parents were Irish through and through.

"I went on the stage in Australia. For seven years I was in the company of George Rignold, an idol of his day famed for his playing of Henry V. Oddly, one of the directors now with me at Vitagraph, Paul Scott, was a member of the same company. I played for three years with Mrs. Pat Campbell in London, the British provinces and the United States. I was a member of the companies of Dennis O'Sullivan and Marie Dainton and I came over to America again to play with Richard Mansfield. I was in stock for several seasons, too."



MacDermott deserted Richard Mansfield and Mrs. Pat Campbell for the shadowy pastels.

Mr. Mac Dermott entered pictures with the old Edison company, and there achieved his early popularity. "When I first went with Edison," he says, "I was leading man for Mabel Trunnelle.

"Our company numbered Charles Ogle, the late William West and Charles Seay (now directing Bobbie Connolly for Vitagraph but then an actor) while Ashley Miller directed.

"Mary Fuller hadn't then attained her popularity. She was still with Vitagraph. Oscar Apfel was a director. Charles Brabin was another early Edison director. Viola Dana came to Edison later. Her husband and present director, John Collins, was then in the office clerical force. He was afterwards made assistant of production, then head of the production department and finally a director. Bannister Merwin was writing many stories for Edison at that time and stood at the forefront of his field. Merwin is now with a motion picture organization in South Africa.

"Edison made quite a name for itself by sending a company twice to England. My wife, Miriam Nesbitt, and I were members of both companies. Miller directed the first expedition and Brabin the second. It was during the second trip that we made a number of the 'What Happened to Mary' series. We had an exceedingly rough voyage back and it was necessary to stage some of the deck scenes with a rolling sea that would almost capsize the camera. Mary Fuller was frightfully seasick. I'll always remember how she would lean against the deck rail until the heartless Brabin would cry, 'Camera!' for the start of a scene.

"In those old days the field of production was largely in the hands of the so-called 'trust'—the combination of licensed companies. I used to marvel at their sincerity of production, since the organization held the whole industry in the palm of its hand."

Mr. Mac Dermott makes some interesting comparisons between the photoplay of today and yesterday. "I do not think the present day stories equal those of the old days. A single reeler then had real punch and force. It had condensed strength. There was no padding, no injection of unessentials to make a story run five reels. And yet I recall how we used to say, after finishing a one reel play, 'If we could only have five hundred more feet.'

"The old days are pleasant memories. They were strenuous—harder than our work today. Our experiences were often amusing. I remember when J. Searle Dawley, now a Famous Players director, was producing 'The Battle of Trafalgar.' At that time we used to pick up drivers, cartmen, anyone as an extra. That was before the studios



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were besieged by throngs of would-be players. A large set had been built in the studio showing the deck of Nelson's flagship, the Victory. The deck was crowded with supers.

"Dawley had been imploring the extras to register animation and finally, after several rehearsals, ordered the scene taken. A few days later the scene was shown in the studio dark room. Then, for the first time, Dawley was horrified to see an anxious super, standing on the quarterdeck, pick up a papier-mache anchor supposed to weigh something like a ton. With one hand the zealous extra hurled it over the side. There was nothing to do but retake the whole scene. But the anxious extra wasn't in the retake.

"Nowadays the mere appearance of a movie company attracts a crowd of interested admirers. Years ago it was different. I recall when an Edison company, in which my wife and I played the leads, was at Alexandra Bay. We were doing an Indian picture and we were both in redskin garb. It had been a hard, trying day and we were pretty well exhausted when our launch reached the hotel dock. As we climbed up the rickety ladder, we came face to face with two surprised tourists. One of them started at the appearance of our war bonnets. 'What's that?' he demanded of his companion.

" 'Oh,' responded the other in a bored tone, 'just picture people.'

"The other eyed us curiously. 'Anything to keep out of work, I suppose,' he remarked."

When the Edison company waned, Mac Dermott still retained his hold upon popular favor. Subsequently he joined the Greater Vitagraph. He has been prominent with the big "V" for some time. Recent vehicles were "Whom the Gods Destroy," "Babette" and "The Sixteenth Wife," besides "Mary Jane's Pa," in which he had the Henry Dixey role.

Mr. Mac Dermott's wife, Miss Nesbitt, has retired from the screen, by the way. "It is a permanent retirement," says Mac Dermott. "Acting for the movies is hard work—a man's job. Few women can stand it. Me? I'll keep on as long as the public endures me."



Marc Mac Dermott has played everything from a "cop" to a king.



The "still" shown above is from one of Mac Dermott's most successful pictures "The Price of Fame," in which he played a dual role

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Hints to Photoplay Writers

Knowledge of Camera Essential to Successful Photoplay Writing. Advice on Current Markets for Scenarios

By Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke



TO be a really successful writer of photoplays one should have a good working knowledge of a camera; not necessarily a moving picture camera, but of a camera of some sort, no matter how small and inexpensive.

Without such knowledge the writing of photoplays is purely guesswork. We are writing for the camera and must therefore thoroughly know its scope and its limitations. Otherwise a writer is only an amateur in this particular line of business. What would you think of a professional carpenter without a thorough knowledge of the use of his tools? Not much.

In the art of photoplay writing you must either class yourself as a professional or amateur.

A professional is one who perfects himself thoroughly in a line of business, and demands good pay for his work and his knowledge, and usually gets it. An amateur is one who merely dabbles in any particular line of endeavor and is never taken very seriously, and finds it difficult to make a decent living from it. This is only just and fair, as I am sure all will admit. All, that is, except those who are posing as professional scenario writers without having a technical knowledge of one of the main tools of the craft:—namely, the camera. However, their days are numbered. Scenario writing has developed into one of the acknowledged professions and the incompetents are being rapidly weeded out.



The day has passed when a staff-writer can merely outline the synopsis of a photoplay and follow that up by drooling it along into an ordinary continuity of logical, commonplace scenes, interjected with numerous subtitles, without due attention being paid to whether the scenes outlined can be obtained by the camera or not.

The efforts of such an incompetent only cause trouble and annoyance to a director and cameraman, and the labor entailed in rewriting such a photoplay only retards a director's work and causes loss of time in a production, and that means a big loss of money to the producing company.

The producing firms have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars through the employment of semi-incompetent staff-writers. They have discovered this, at last, and now they are looking for experts. Well, as I said, it is impossible to be an expert scenario writer unless you have a thorough knowledge of the scope and limitations of the camera.

When you consider that every time the camera is moved constitutes a separate scene, you will get some idea of what I mean.

Now, a free-lance writer can, with the aid of an ordinary pocket camera, outline a short scenario into logical continuity, using only exterior scenes, and with the assistance of several acquaintances, employing them to pose as the actors, take photographs of each scene that will go to make up the photoplay, and in this way see the actual result on a series of films. The experiment will prove entertaining and will teach a writer more of the limitations of the camera than any other means I know of.

Then, if a writer is in the position to afford it, there are several inexpensive moving picture cameras now on the market, which have a projection machine attachment, the whole costing under $200, which are in every way practical for the filming and the projection of moving pictures. I am sure the editor of PHOTOPLAY would be glad to give you specific information about these cameras.

By the aid of one of these machines a writer can easily film a short reel story himself; develop the film, and then project the picture in his own home or in any local picture theatre. To a writer who can afford this luxury it will prove a most wonderful assistance in developing himself as an expert scenario writer, besides acquiring a knowledge of the camera that could not be obtained nearly so well in any other way, and also a knowledge of directing pictures. It would also prove an endless source of amusement to himself and his friends.

In fact, I think that everyone engaged in the practical end of the moving picture industry should have a thorough working knowledge of the moving picture camera. Directors most certainly should have; although many of those who have been directing pictures for some years have not taken the trouble to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the most important tool of their adopted trade, and rely on the cameraman to guide and advise them in their work. That is one of the main reasons we see so many worthless pictures on the screen. A first class surgeon in a hospital would not dream of directing a critical operation unless he was thoroughly conversant with the instruments employed; he would not have the nerve; but we are sorry to say that nerve is not lacking with some so-called directors of the moving pictures!

Some of the most prominent railroad presidents in the country have made themselves familiar with every phase of railroading and most of them are capable of running an engine themselves; yet I will venture to wager that not five per cent of the financial magnates in the moving picture industry know anything about the camera.

The general public will hardly believe that the majority

(Continued on page 118)

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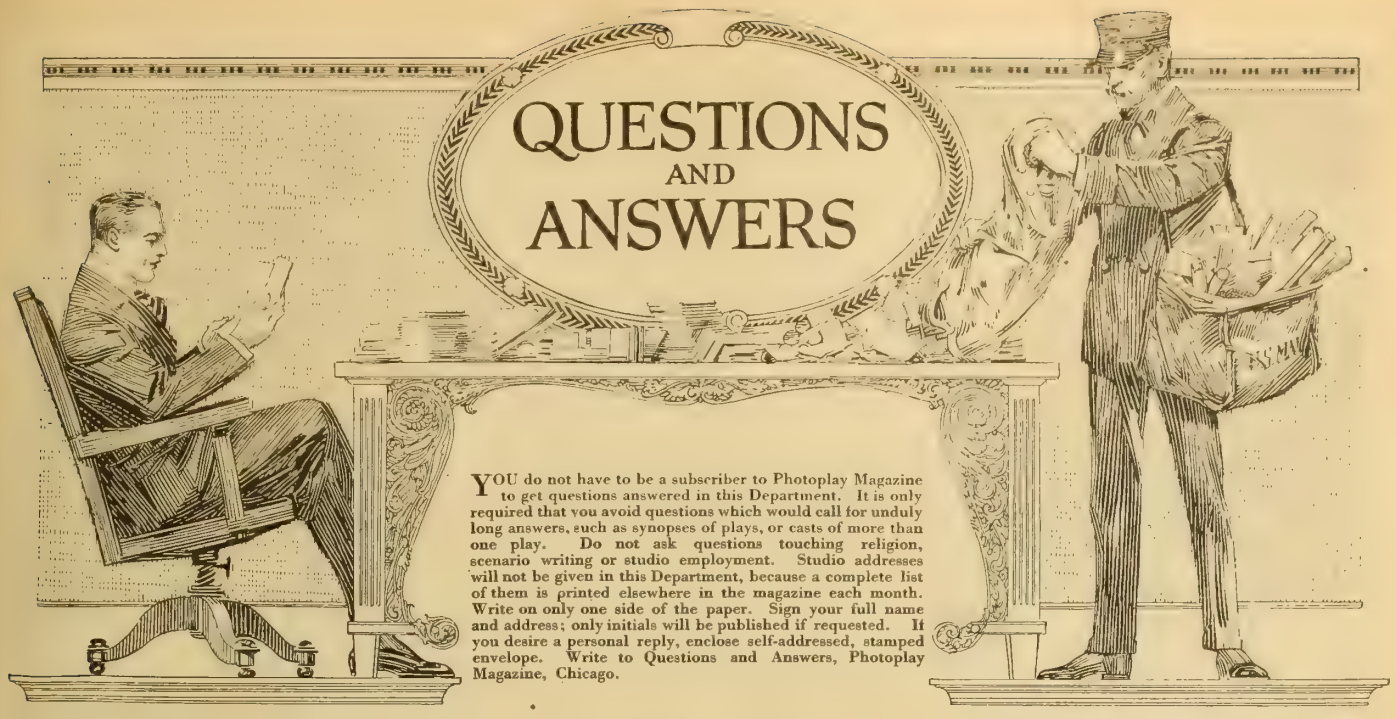
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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

C. P., FRANKLIN, TENN.—You are right; were it not for the interest which the screen patrons take in the players, there wouldn't be much to the film industry, so you are entitled to get all the information you can about them. Nazimova played "War Brides." Herschel Mayall was the king in "Civilization." Jack Sherrill is 20; Wallie Reid 26. Norman Talmadge is with Selznick, New York. No, you're wrong this time; we never guess at anything. If there's anything wrong here, it's because the people who should have done so, have misled us.

ANNE, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Earle Foxe and Harold Lockwood were born in 1887, Charley Ray in 1891, Henry Walthall in 1878. George Walsh is married to Seena Owen. Those you mention answer letters but we have no way of knowing whether they employ secretaries or pound out the letters themselves. It would hardly become us to say which we thought the best looking off the stage. Besides it might make all of 'em sore.

L., DAYTON, OHIO.—Welcome to our fireside. To our distorted mind, half the fun in going to the movies is in listening to the comments of our neighbors.

EILEEN, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard appeared in "Lucille Love," "Peg of the Ring," "The Purple Mask" serials and many other pictures. Florence LaBadie was born in 1894. Lewis J. Cody played opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Mating."

G. A., OAKLAND, CAL.—Glad to get the information you sent us. Was quite a surprise. A divorce suit instituted by James Young against Clara Kimball Young is pending in Los Angeles, but it has not come to trial as yet.

MASTER JOSEPH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Sorry, Joie, but we aren't buying any poems right now, though we realize, as you state, we may be flirting with disaster in turning you down. However, just to show how much we like you we'll print the sample you sent. We always try to give as much pleasure as possible to our readers. Here goes:

Oh, sirs, will ye lisson to me?
I am doing what is right.
You'll be good, I'll do what I should,
And write poems for the people's delight.

EMILY, CHICAGO.—Write Theda Bara, care Fox Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. Think you'll like her in "Cleopatra" which probably will not be released until some time during the winter. From what we have seen and heard of the costuming, it will be a *bare* of a picture. Right you are, girlie; fifteen per regularly lamming the ole typewriter beats three pesos a day, some days, bucking the extra list in the film studios. Nothing like the experience, though, was there?

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

JUST ME, IDAHO SPRINGS, COLO.—So you think Warren Kerrigan would have been a better converter than Billy Sunday had his parents put him in the ministry? Well, perhaps. We have no record of that Fox play. Hope that your ambition will be gratified. Kerrigan is included in the "Stars of the Photoplay" book.

M. M., BOISE, IDAHO.—"Freckles" was filmed in Hollywood and vicinity. No Chinaman is given in the cast of "The Disciple."

C. H. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Chester Barnett played opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Law of Compensation." He has appeared very infrequently since "Trilby" when he played opposite Clara Kimball Young. Your letter was very deeply appreciated and we would be very glad to hear from you again.

CATHERINE, TRENTON, N. J.—Pauline Frederick is a native of Boston and in her early thirties. She had a very successful stage career, having appeared in many Broadway successes, the last of which was "Innocent." She was married once to Frank Andrews, an architect, but was divorced. She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Hope this will prove satisfactory.

E. R. & S., PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.—We never had any idea that we inspired timidity on the part of our readers. Always want 'em to be nice and friendly, just as though we owed 'em money and they were afraid they wouldn't get it. Henry Walthall was born in Alabama. Carlyle Blackwell is with World. Permits are required to visit most of the studios. So you think that Bill Hart is "an actor and not a clothing ad?" Well; that's quite a tribute.

D. H., SEATTLE, WASH.—Suppose you didn't miss the picture of Mary Pickford in the Art Section in August. Afraid you will have to write to Paramount for pictures from old photoplays of Miss Clark and Miss Pickford.

V. C., DETROIT, MICH.—Ruth Roland is married. Mrs. Lionel Kent is her legal name and hubby is an automobile man. Douglas Fairbanks' real name is ditto. Mary Pickford has no children. Watch your local papers and you can learn if Clara Kimball Young ever goes to Detroit. Same applies to other stars. No, we never get tired of answering questions—ho, hum. There are three Pickford children and five Moores.

LOIS, TORONTO, CANADA.—Tom Moore was the doctor in "The Primrose Ring" with Mae Murray. Harold Lockwood's address is 1329 Gordon Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

NORMA, MENOMINEE, MICH.—We didn't forward your letter to a movie company because you are much too young and haven't gone far enough in school. You should at least have a high school education before you make a start starward.

C. S., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Brenton Marchville played the *Prince* with Susan Grandaise in "A Naked Soul." It was made in France. The owners of the eyes and lips were announced in the August number.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BROWNIE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Oh, fickle Brownie! A new idol every week! Yes, we're strong for Uncle Sam, too. Just think what he's doing for the young men of the country. Thousands of them who never hoped to get a trip abroad will be sent at his expense to various parts of Europe. Yes, we like baseball, too. It takes you out in the air. Your request for something about Harry Carey has been shot over to the boss editor. Where did you ever get the idea that we were sometimes gruff? Why, the very idea!

READER, PARSONS, KAN.—How does it come that Francis Bushman is chewing gum during the operation scene in "The Great Secret?" The only explanation we can think of is that he must have put some in his mouth prior to the taking of the scene. Mahlon Hamilton played opposite Petrova in "The Black Butterfly." The principal roles in "Patria" were enacted by Mrs. Castle, Milton Sills, Dorothy Green and Warner Oland.

LIZZIE B., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Lenore Ulrich's name is the same as her stage name and she was on the legitimate stage before entering screenland. Address her care Morosco, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

H. H. TAMPA, FLA.—Marjorie Daw played the part of *Joan's* sister in the early part of "Joan the Woman." Your Dexter request has been attended to.

BETTY, PHILADELPHIA.—We have no record of Jeanette Hackett. Turr'bly sorry. Antonio Moreno is not married. Write him care of Pathe for a picture.

HELENA, NEW YORK CITY.—Forest Stanley is married. He is now on the stage, playing in "The Bird of Paradise."

J. N., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—What do you mean, no pictures of Mary Pickford. There were at least three of that young lady in the August issue. Write Mrs. Castle, care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

DOROTHY, EMPORIA, KAN.—Irving seems to have made quite a hit with you. Mr. Cummings and Miss Sinclair were married last May. His favorite pastimes are motoring and writing letters to his admirers so you will be safe in writing him.

ALICE, BRONX, NEW YORK.—Arline Pretty has gray eyes and brown hair and her favorite pastime is buying new clothes. Arline, Earle Williams, Bessie Love and Shirley Mason are all enjoying unwedded bliss. Mr. Williams was born in 1880. Dorothy Dalton was the wife of Lew Cody, now playing opposite Gail Kane for Mutual.

R. D., SAVANNAH, GA.—There are no large film companies engaged in manufacturing photoplays in Georgia. Jacksonville, Fla., is the nearest cinema center.

JUANITA ADMIRER, WINNIPEG, CANADA.—We have every reason to believe that Tom Chatterton and Juanita Hansen will never marry each other. Miss Hansen is now with Horsley and Thomas Chatterton will soon be seen in "Whither Thou Goest."

E. M. N., PITTSBURG, PA.—The Gish sisters are "Somewhere in France" and cannot be reached by letter without considerable difficulty so you'd better wait until they come back home.

H. H. FAVORITE, PASADENA, CAL.—Write Helen Holmes at 4560 Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles. There is no book containing "The Lass of the Lumberlands."

DOLLY, JAMAICA, L. I.—Douglas Fairbanks will send you a photograph if you write him care of Artcraft, Corner Vine and Selma, Hollywood, Cal. Ralph Kellard is no longer with Pathe. Herbert Heyes is with Fox.

MARJORIE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Pauline Fredericks is in New York most of the time and she'll be glad to hear from you if you write her care Famous Players. Her birthday date is August 12.

L. C. W., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Don't you think your severe criticism of the bathing girls in the July number would have carried more weight if you had signed your name to the communication? And we'll bet you ain't no man neither.

M., STEWARTVILLE, MINN.—By actual count there were 59 questions in your two letters, most of which are answered elsewhere in this issue. The others are unanswerable. Write again and tell us what you really want to know most.

DANA, NORFOLK, VA.—Really, you are quite embarrassing. Have you no regard for masculine modesty? Don't understand your reference to sarcasm as we never indulge in anything like that. Charles Ray is in a current stage of matrimony. There aren't more divorces among movie people than other folk. You just hear more about 'em, that's all. Strange that no Norfolk theater is showing Paramount pictures. Talk to your favorite movie manager; that is, the manager of your favorite theater.

FAN, LAGRANGE, GA.—Milton Sills played opposite Clara Kimball Young in "The Deep Purple." William Shay opposite Annette Kellermann in "Daughter of the Gods." It was about nine reels long.

ALICE D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Tom Moore is with the Constance Talmadge Company at present. Was born in 1886 and his wife is Alice Joyce. Lottie Pickford is with Lasky.

B. W., DENVER, COLO.—What do you mean "darling answer man" and don't we "adore Jack Pickford?" Jack is a very clever young actor and ought to be a great help to his family in time but—just noticed your postscript confession of 13 years, so it's all right. We never allow anyone older than that to "darling" us. Write Jack at Morosco Photoplay Co., Los Angeles, Cal., and he'll send you a picture.

MISS BOTHER, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Margery Daw will next appear on the screen with Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." She is with Lasky and her right name is Margery House. Her brother, Chandler House, is also a film player. Madge Evans is eight. You certainly are lucky to get so much attention from Miss Minter.

MARG. TYLER, TEX.—The word "we" is used by us in the editorial sense, just as we use "us" as a singular pronoun. Only two classes of people have the right to this privilege, editors and kings, and soon it will be only the former. Dark red hair photographs a soft black and the lighter shades of red photograph the varying shades of brown. Pearl White's hair is a light auburn, therefore appears light on the screen. Louise Lovely's husband's name is Welch but not Niles. Creighton Hale was the *Prince* in "Snow White." Bryant Washburn is 28 and happily wed. Crane Wilbur is in Los Angeles with Horsley. Why clubs are named for movie stars is one of life's little mysteries we haven't attempted to solve.

Continued on page 120



"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a job ahead of *you* that some man is going to be picked for. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

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Hair Color Restorer

PLEASES DAINTY WOMEN

It is not a crude dye, greasy and repulsive, but a clean, colorless liquid that dainty women like to use.

Acts like magic on those first gray streaks. Restores the original color in from 4 to 8 days no matter how gray the hair.



Applied by combing through the hair, which it leaves soft and fluffy. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, waving and dressing. To prove this we offer a Trial Bottle FREE.

Send for free trial bottle with special comb and test it on a lock of hair. Say in your letter whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, enclose a lock.

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are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet,

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 32 Aurora, Ill.





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Plays and Players

(*Continued from page 53*)

bride" from Universal City. Betty Shade was the first.

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON, one of the organizers of the Vitagraph Company of America has joined Adolph Zukor's Paramount organization. Mr. Blackton still holds his stock in the Vitagraph Company but it is understood he will sell out completely. The new series to be produced by Commodore Blackton will be known as the J. Stuart Blackton Series of Photoplays. Four of these will be made the first year, each to be equal in scope to "The Battle Cry of Peace."

THE decision of Universal to discontinue the making of pictures of less than five reels' length completes the final standardization of the photoplay. Of course the decision does not affect comedies or serial episodes but the old two and three reel thrillers are now a thing of the past.

ANNA LUTHER, the golden blonde heroine of many film escapades, is back at the make-up box after a long absence from the mercury lights. She will be seen next in the role opposite Charley Ray in his initial Ince-Paramount production.

SEENA OWEN and Miriam Cooper, wives respectively of George and Raoul Walsh, Fox star and director respectively, have retired, temporarily at least, from camera activities. Miss Owen had been filmed in numerous scenes of a photoplay in which she was playing opposite her husband for the first time when illness caused her to quit and her place was taken by Enid Markey.



Little Bobby Connelly, Vitagraph's juvenile star, fell from the running board of an automobile and broke his right arm. This did not cause even temporary let-up in his work for his director immediately wrote a scenario in which the broken arm figures prominently and work is going on as usual.

NAZIMOVA, the original war bride, dramatically speaking, has been signed to appear in Metro Pictures. She will be directed by Maxwell Karger in a series of multiple reel productions.

FRANK E. WOODS, whose first experience with the motion picture industry was as the conductor of The Spectator column in The New York Dramatic Mirror, and who later was closely associated with D. W. Griffith in all his big productions, has been engaged by the Famous Players Lasky-Corporation. He will act as general manager of productions under Director General Cecil De Mille. Mr. Woods is the author of the original scenario of "The Birth of a Nation" and had much to do with the last production of Griffith, the magnificent and spectacular "Intolerance." At the Lasky Studio he will handle much of the work which formerly fell to Cecil De Mille who has been overtaxed with production duties.

JUANITA HANSEN has quit Keystoning and is lending her blondeness as a contrast to the darker pulchritude of Crane Wilbur. It is understood that Wilbur will soon make a new alliance—no, not matrimonial, business—as his contract with David Horsley has recently expired.

CLEO MADISON has been dallying with her old love, the so-called legitimate stage, after a half dozen years or more, in the movies. Miss Madison has been filling an engagement in a San Francisco stock theater.

EUGENE O'BRIEN took the first train back to New York after the completion of Mary Pickford's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Not that he had any objections to Hollywood, but he said he was so terribly tired of sleeping, don't you know.

PEGGY CUSTER, one of the pretty young things of Universal City, staged an honest-to-goodness wedding in July when she slipped away to San Diego with Cameraman Jack McKenzie.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, vaudeville and screen star, celebrated her fourth accident several weeks ago—a sprained ankle. During the filming of "The Twisted Thread" the Balboa serial which is providing her celluloid debut, Miss Clifford has broken a wrist, an arm and several ribs. Yet she insists that vaudeville is more exciting than the sun stage.

MILDRED HARRIS, who will be remembered by the pioneer movie fans as the Domino kiddie is now a full fledged star. She appeared in the first production made by Lois Weber in her new studio and at its completion was signed up for a year as a Weber star. Miss Harris, after her kid days at Inceville, was elevated to ingenuehood by D. W. Griffith and was featured in Fine Arts photoplays for a time.

KEYSTONE comedies are now being made without the assistance of Mack Sennett, father of that brand of film recreation. The name having passed to Triangle, that concern is engaged in turning out the product at the former Fine

Look to Nela Park for Better Lighting

New uses for light have been made possible by the NATIONAL MAZDA lamp. It has greatly multiplied the amount of light produced from a given amount of current. The steady illumination at high intensities and low cost has brought about, among other things, the flood-lighting of buildings as shown below.

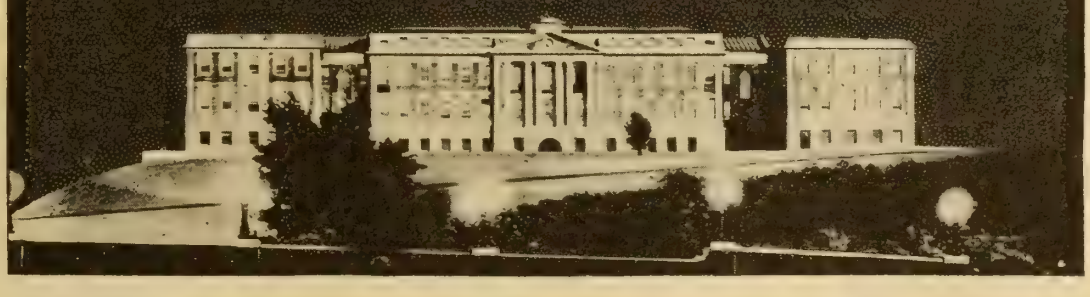
Flood-lighting, protective lighting, flag lighting; street car, locomotive and sign lighting are but a few examples of better results being secured with NATIONAL MAZDA lamps than were possible with the older illuminants.

Now watch for better pictures in the movie theatres. The light that throws the picture on the screen represents a more difficult illuminating problem than the others, but it is not beyond the powers of the incandescent lamp which has solved so many other difficulties.

For data on any kind of lighting connected with the motion picture house write Nela Specialties Division, National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 134 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

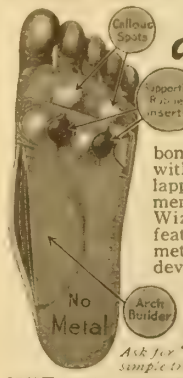
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THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT





Misplaced bones cause most foot troubles. Fallen arches cause pain in feet, legs, thighs, and back. Lowered bones pressing on the sole cause callouses. Misaligned bones cause run-over heels. The Wizard Adjustable



Callous Remover
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give instant relief by supporting misplaced bones in normal position, with soft inserts in overlapping pockets. Any adjustment needed easily made. Wizards are soft, flexible, featherlight and feel fine. No metal—no breaking in. Each device made separate or combined for cases with more than one trouble. For sale by shoe dealers. If not by yours, write us.

Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot." A simple treatise on Foot Disorders. Free.

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A generous Sample of AZUREA *Perfume, Face Powder and Sachet Powder will be sent upon receipt of 10c.*

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Arts studio while Sennett retains the old Keystone studio for the manufacture of Sennett-Paramount comedies.

GRACE CUNARD is again a worker in the Universal vineyard, so to speak. She went back to the old homestead several weeks ago but it is not likely that she will be seen opposite Francis Ford in the immediate future. Ford is now engaged solely in directorial work.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' "Wild and Woolly" was such a tremendous success that he is again doing a western comedy after a stuntless one. This one is being directed by Joseph Henaberry, assisted by Millard Webb, under the supervision of John Emerson. The story of course, by Anita Loos. Before starting the picture, the dynamic "Doug" made a quick trip to Cheyenne to attend the Frontier Day celebration.

THE Wandering Jew and The Man Without a Country have been succeeded by The Girl Without a Home.

Mabel.

Mabel Normand.

Ever since March, 1916, the Keystone queen's mysterious affiliations have been a conversational buzz wherever picture talk is going.

Likewise her merrily invisible "Mickey," as nice a tradition as the Brownies, upon which a phalanx of directors, several armies of cast, several miles of continuity, several warehouses of scenery, several tons of props, several leagues of film and several libraries of publicity have been expended with nothing (as yet) forthcoming.

PAT O'MALLEY, who became famous with the Edison Company is with Selig. He will appear with Lew Fields in a drama entitled "The Barker." O'Malley, like his noted namesake of fiction, Charlie O'Malley of the Dragoons, is a great rider, and does some remarkable bareback riding in the new picture.

WELL, who do you think they have snared into pictures? No, not Hindenberg; Texas Guinan, who has led the Winter Garden Company in some of its greatest triumphs. H. O. Davis, big boss of the Triangle Company saw great possibilities in the transfer of her wonderful vivacity to the screen, and lured her out to Culver City. She has only one complaint to make about California. It has none of those delightful old-fashioned barouches that wander leisurely up and down Fifth Avenue of an evening. Miss Guinan christened them "wooleys" and the name has stuck.

DOROTHY DALTON is now a Paramount star. Thomas Ince has officially announced that Miss Dalton's name has been added to those of Charles Ray and Enid Bennett as Ince stars to appear exclusively in the future in Paramount pictures. There will be eight Dorothy Dalton pictures a year.

ARNOLD DALY is making his return to the screen in an adaptation of Edward Hale's "A Man Without a Country" made by the Frohman Amusement Corporation. Anthony P. Kelly made the film version and John W. Noble handled the direction. The battle scenes were staged in Long Island, New Jersey, and off Cape Cod.

CHARLES BRABIN, lately a Vitagraph director, has joined the Metro forces to direct the Bushman-Bayne combination. Before becoming a Metroite, Brabin directed Peggy Hyland's first independent release, "Persuasive Peggy."

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG'S first independent production is to be "The Marionettes." The filming was done at the Thanhouser New Rochelle, N. Y., studios, Emil Chautard directing.

A Protest Against a Needless Horror of War

By J. P. McEvoy

THEY want to send our movie stars against the German crowd,
I don't believe such cruelty in war should be allowed,
A dark and diabolic mind conceived this ghoulish part—
Imagine putting Hindenburg against our William Hart!

What chance, I ask, would Hindy have, the poor benighted Hun?
Why, Hart could roll a cigarette while beating in his bun,
And poor old Crown Prince Freddy, with Bill Farnum in the fight!
He'd be some Crown Prince Freddy, then, for Bill would crown him right.

Alas for Kaiser William! Alas, for poor old he,
With Douglas Fairbanks at the front and leaping o'er the lea,
He'd reap a retribution for his kultur and his sins,
For Doug' would shine his august eyes and kick his royal shins.

I ask you please to paint the scene upon your matter gray,
The wild, horrenduous battle scene with Chaplin in the fray,
With Charlie and his facial fringe of Lilliputian size
Bombarding sad-eyed German troops with gooey custard pies!

So do not send our movie stars against the Teuton horde,
Such grim, barbaric cruelty would merit no reward.
In measures so malign as this we should not have a part—
Let's fight with murderous gas and shell—but let us have a heart!



NELL CRAIG
in "The Trufflers"
Essanay Photoplay



Read What She Says About *Ingram's Milkweed Cream*

The letter on the right is the sincere acknowledgment of a famous photoplay beauty to the efficacy of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. There can be no question regarding the perfection of Miss Craig's complexion. Daily proof of it is given on the moving picture screen—photographic proof that shows no favors.

Why spend time in applying merely cleansing or softening creams when in the same time you can apply Milkweed Cream and give your complexion all its additional benefits. Ingram's Milkweed Cream is not a cold cream. It has positive curative and corrective properties. It remedies roughness, redness and sunburn. It prevents tan. It eradicates pimples and other blemishes. It is the skin-health cream. There is no substitute.

It has been made and sold all over the world for a generation. We have thousands of letters, from women, like Miss Craig's. They endorse all we say of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I thought it might interest you to know that your preparations are not new to me. When I first came here, the water affected my complexion badly. A friend suggested "Ingram's Milkweed Cream." It worked wonders, and I frankly tell you that I would not be without it.

During that space of time I have tried one or two others that only served to make me realize the quality of "Ingram's." Your cream is without equal. I mean this sincerely and ask you to accept my thanks for making it for us.

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Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that ***it stays on.*** Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

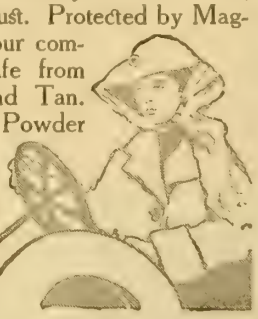
"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Dark, Light, and Medium — 50c.

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Send us 6c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. (57)

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The attractiveness of Venus is in that form divine—a perfect bust and figure—which has become famous throughout the ages. These glories of sex are natural to all women who can, if they wish, possess them to an astonishing degree.

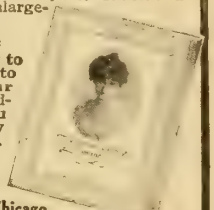
I have just written a book which tells how women may satisfy their natural desires and secure the beauty of bust development. The book is sent free because it also tells about the

Kathryn Murray Method of Form Development

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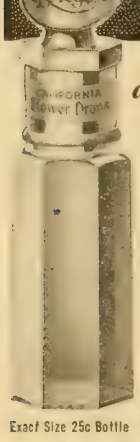
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The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. The most exquisite perfume ever produced. Send only 20c for regular 25c trial bottle.

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Carden Queen and Mon Amour are the latest odors. Send for a bottle of each. **Special:** Send $1.00 Souvenir Box, 5 odors, 25c Bottles.

Hints to Photoplay Writers

(Continued from page 108)

of the prominent men in this stupendous industry are utterly ignorant of the machine that is the main factor in the business, yet it is an actual fact. Have they ever realized that if the cameramen banded together and called a "strike," the business would come to a standstill? Yet, that might happen, and then, where would they be? That is one reason I urge that all directors and scenario writers should learn how to operate the camera.

Directing a film production is by no means the same thing as directing a stage production, and a director of the former should essay to know more than the mere art of instructing famous stage stars how to act. He should have a perfect knowledge of the moving picture camera, and should also be able to cut and assemble the film.

Some of our best directors have perfected themselves in every detail of the business, as they should, and they are reaping the reward of their knowledge, and it is safe to venture that many will shortly find themselves in the discard if they do not hasten to make themselves thoroughly familiar with everything pertaining to a profession that is rapidly evolving from slipshod incompetency to thorough efficiency.

I have seen directors, with no knowledge whatever of photography or of the camera and its limitations, who would brook no interference nor take any advice from their cameramen, insisting on filming scenes in impossible light and at abortive angles, entailing the retaking of scenes that should never have been attempted, thereby causing an enormous waste of film, the cost of which, needless to say, did not come from their own pockets.

I guarantee that millions of feet of film are wasted monthly in the studios throughout the country that could easily be saved if directors had a knowledge of the camera, or allowed themselves to be guided by the cameramen who know their business.

To quote one case in point. I was present all through one five-reel production which was directed by a man of colossal nerve. This director had secured his position through being the bosom friend of the general manager of the company. He knew nothing of stage craft; had never been behind the footlights in his life; had never read a play or a photoplay scenario, and had never even seen a moving picture camera until the day he started to direct the production.

Well, he made no hesitation about directing a famous stage star how to act, and the two cameramen at his command had to shoot every scene as he told them; although they frequently protested against faulty light and impossible angles; and in the filming of the production over 25,000 feet of film were burned up. By the time the production was completed all concerned were so disgusted that an appeal was made to the general manager to have the director ousted. This he refused to do. The financial backers withdrew their support; the actors and others levied attachments on the production and on the studio plant, and the picture has never been released to this day. It is fortunate for the famous star that it has not been released, although the production cost over $40,000.

Now, the day for that sort of thing is past, or, at least, is rapidly passing, and I think I am safe in saying that directors from now on will be required to show that they have a perfect knowledge of the camera before they will be entrusted with the producing of pictures by any reliable firm. A good knowledge of the camera will also be required of the staff writers, so it will be well for those who hope to make themselves worth while to make a close study of the camera as soon as possible.

Several of the foremost companies are giving their staff writers every opportunity to learn the inner workings of the studio and the working of the camera at first hand.

The David Horsley Studios in Los Angeles are always on the lookout for five reel baby stories suitable for Little Mary Osborne; but they must be real baby stories and full of little human touches; such as have made "Little Mary" the popular child actress she is. Mary McLaren is also, now, under the David Horsley banner, and this famous 18 year old star is always anxious to find stories as good as "Shoes," in which it will be remembered she first captured the film world by storm. So, free-lance writers have a good possible market there.

Col. Jasper E. Brady is now Manager of the manuscript department at Universal City and announces that the needs of that well known organization are "universal." He is anxious to secure, at all times, one, three and five-reel dramas; one-reel comedies; two, three and five-reel "animal pictures," and five-reel comedy dramas. Also five-reel dramas to feature little Zoe Rae, the Universal child actress. The Universal Company is making a stand for "chemically pure" pictures and will not consider any story that is in the least way suggestive. The Universal is really a good market at present, and the best I know of for free-lance writers.

There is no use in submitting comedies to Charlie Chaplin, as he declares he is preparing to do his bit against the submarines. He is filling up on "War Food." He says that everything he eats goes "Right to the Front"! So, he has no time to spare in reading scripts.

Stories dealing with war are not in demand anywhere just now. There is too much trouble and gloom recorded daily through the press, so the more cheery and optimistic you can make your photoplays these days, the better chance they will have of a ready market.

American stories, dealing with everyday domestic life, are what the exhibitors want, and they control the film market, as they deal directly with the public. If writers would allow themselves to be advised, to a certain extent, by the proprietors of picture theatres in their towns they would do well, because the producing companies are catering to them and try to make productions to meet their needs. I know several free-lance writers who consistently do this and have found it very helpful.

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Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 112*)

PICKFORD FAN, LAGRANGE, GA.—The Artcraft production of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," with Mary Pickford cast as Rebecca, has been completed.

JOHN D., NEW YORK CITY.—George Walsh was born in your own little village in 1892. Cast for Reliance's "The Headliner": *Gabriel,* George Walsh; *Beatrice,* Irene Hunt; *Her Father,* Tate DuCrow; *His Father,* Philip Gastrok.

HELEN, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Theda Bara is in Los Angeles now but only for two pictures at the Fox studio.

BILLY, COLUMBUS, O.—That surely was mean of Mister Kerrigan to go and quit Universal just when you had finished composing your song about him. As you suggest, the most fitting punishment would be to send him a copy of it. Ad 'ress Bill Hart, in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal. He has no secretary.

PICKFORD, MAE, SNYDER, TEX.—Say, old timer, don't stamps cost anything in Texas? Montagu Love was *Robert* in "Bought and Paid For." Mr. Shumway is still an actor. You oughta be strong for Bessie Love, as she is a native Tejana.

DAWN, ROCK VALLEY, IA.—Henry King was bo'n in ole V'ginny and has been with the Balboa company about two years. Hope that you discover him to be your long lost millionaire uncle.

MARY, BALTIMORE, MD.—"The Light of Western Stars," somewhat modified or altered, has been released under the title of "The Heart of Texas Ryan." George Kuwa was the same who played with Hayakawa in "The Typhoon."

G. H., CHEYENNE, WYO.—There are hundreds of persons in the movies whose names are unknown to us and it is probable that your friend is among them. If he is among the well known players, perhaps he has changed his name, as we have no record of any Whiteley Johnston.

M. F., PLAINVIEW, TEX.—Here's a few of the addresses you want: Edwin Carewe, Metro; Denton Vane, Vitagraph; Colin Chase, Morosco; Elmer Clifton, Universal City; Eddie Lyons, Universal; Russell Bassett, Selznick; Edwin Stanley, Thanhouser; Marion Swayne, Pathe; Ethel Clayton, World; Carlyle Blackwell, ditto; Margery Daw, Lasky; Emmy Whelen, Metro.

ELEANOR, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Lucky girl, to live in the same town in which that adorable J. Warren Kerrigan was born! Why is it that some people have all the luck in the world? Mary Miles Minter doesn't "pretend she's fourteen." She admits that she was 15 on her last birthday. And Marguerite Clark is 30. You should be more charitable toward your own sex. "The Rise of Susan" was Miss Young's last with World.

FRANK, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Terribly sorry but we have all the art stuff available that we can possibly crowd into the magazine. Can't find any record of "Sons of Satan." Perhaps it's a German production. Think Miss Clark will send you a photograph properly endorsed, without any remuneration. No, your letter is not the longest we have ever received, not by about 23 pages. The "Seven Sisters" were Marguerite Clark, Madge Evans, Dorothea Camden, Lola Barclay, Jean Stewart, I. Feder and G. Fursman. Conway Tearle was the chief male in it.

E. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Robert Warwick has his own company now and may be reached care of Selznick. He is married.

KID, HASTINGS, NEW ZEALAND.—Glad to hear that so many of our favorites are also yours. How could an actress born in 1895 be only 18? Simplest thing in the world. She just doesn't have any more birthdays after the eighteenth. So "The Broken Coin" is setting 'em mad? Well, it was a long time getting there.

LOUISE, MISSOURI VALLEY, IA.—Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard will send their photographs and will probably also answer your letters.

INQUISITIVE, MINNEAPOLIS.—"The Haunted Pajamas" is Harold Lockwood's latest. Carmel Myers plays opposite him. We have told the editor about your William Courtleigh, Jr. desire. We sincerely hope that some time in the future thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY will pester us to death for information about you. Nothing could be fairer than that.

R., LOGGIEVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK.—Better write to Miss Mitchell yourself. A letter addressed to her in our care will be forwarded.

GLADYS, PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.—Harrison Ford is in his late twenties. Robert Warwick, Doris Kenyon, Johnny Hines and Jean Adair comprised the cast of "A Girl's Folly."

C. R., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—"The Unwelcome Mother" was filmed in the East. The cast: *Elinor,* Valkyrien; *Mason,* Walter Law; *George Hudson,* John Webb Dillon; *Ann,* Violet de Biccari; *Richard Russell,* Warren Cook; *Old Peter,* Tom Burrough; *children,* Jane and Katherine Lee.

DOROTHY, ST. JAMES, MINN.—Edwin August has been turning his talents into directorial channels of late. Don't think he has appeared in a film play for more than a year. He's married and gets his mail at the Screen Club, New York City.

PEGGY, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Tina Marshall and Tully Marshall are not related. "Patria" has fifteen episodes. Yes, Marie Walcamp is the girl you mean. Gee, but Mt. Vernon must be quite a place if such celebrities as House Peters and Ann Murdock and Ethelmary Oakland have lived there.

VERONICA, NEW YORK CITY.—Herbert Prior was the doctor in "Poor Little Rich Girl."

T. B., NORFOLK, VA.—Address Bessie Barriscale, care Paralta, Los Angeles.

RUTH, SHREVEPORT, LA.—Here's the cast for "The Birth of a Nation": *Col. Ben Cameron,* H. B. Walthall; *Margaret Cameron,* Miriam Cooper; *Flora Cameron,* Mae Marsh; *Mrs. Cameron,* Josephine Crowell; *Dr. Cameron,* Spottiswoode Aiken; *Wade Cameron,* George Beranger; *Duke Cameron,* John French; *Mammy,* Jennie Lee; *Hon. Austin Stoneman,* Ralph Lewis; *Elsie Stoneman,* Lillian Gish; *Phil Stoneman,* Elmer Clifton; *Tod Stoneman,* Robert Harron; *Jeff,* Wallace Reid; *Lydia Brown,* Mary Alden; *Silas Lynch,* George Seigmann; *Gus,* Walter Long; *Abraham Lincoln,* Joseph Henabery; *John Wilkes Booth,* Raoul Walsh; *General Grant,* Donald Crisp; *General Lee,* Howard Gaye.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

OSWALD, ATLANTA, GA.—Earle Williams is 37, an inch less than six feet, weighs 176 pounds; blue eyes. We lack the other information you desire, except the name of the "finest star" in the movies. His, or her, name is legion. As to the "strongest player" you will have to be more specific.

M. B., PONTAIC, MICH.—William Farnum is about 41, married and answers letters. Write him, care Fox, Fort Lee.

M. G., GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Neither "Neptune's Daughter," nor "A Daughter of the Gods" was published in story form, if that's what you mean.

GERTRUDE, NEW ORLEANS.—Irving Cummings is married. His wife is Ruth Sinclair. Theda Bara is about five and a half feet tall and weighs about 125. June Caprice is a blonde. Louise Glaum was born on September 10, somewhere in the last century and is the wife of Harry Edwards. "The Birth of a Nation" was filmed in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

L. H., HARTFORD, CONN.—Tom Forman played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Ragamuffin," Thomas Meighan in "The Secret Sin," and "The Sowers." Elliott Dexter's first Paramount picture was "The Morals of Marcus." Rita Jolivet played with House Peters in "The Unafraid."

F. S., NANPA, IDAHO.—Betty Nansen is still in Denmark, so we have no way of telling whether or not she will return to the screen. Miss Nichols is not a Virginian. Sorry to disappoint you. Your praise is appreciated.

M. M., ROYAL OAK, MICH.—We have no record of Hy Russell, even though he has quit Michigan for the Windy City.

ROSE, NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, we can tell by the handwriting whether the writer would be successful in the movies. Your penmanship is good but lacks certain irregularities that are a requisite to film success. Sorry. Mary Fuller is not related to the Moore Brothers.

AGNES, FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Margaret Loomis was the girl opposite Hayakawa in "The Bottle Imp." She is not Hawaiian, but a native of Los Angeles, where her father is a prominent hotel owner. She was a pupil of Ruth St. Denis. Why don't Tom Forman send you his picture? Goshswiggled if we know. He was born in Mitchell County, Texas.

D. C., RICHMOND, VA.—What does the "S." stand for in William S. Hart's name? Nothing. It's silent as in onion. Write him in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal.

RUTH, PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—Edna Purviance was the heroine of "The Fireman." Warren Cook and Kathryn Brown-Decker were the *count* and *countess* in "The Pride of the Clan." We can assure you with every degree of authenticity that Miss Clarke is not in "her upper forties." Dorothy Kelly was Edna May's sister in "Salvation Joan."

M. B., ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.—Wallace Reid is honest and truly the sure enough husband of Dorothy Davenport. The affirmative side wins.

J. D., GREENSBORO, S. C.—Don't know of any motion picture in Cincinnati although we know that industrial pictures are made in that city.



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Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

MARION, TRENTON, N. J.—We share your opinion but we're scared to come out and say so openly. Life is too sweet to jeopardize it by getting into a controversy with a pair of vampires. Did the June number satisfy your craving for Frederick pictures?

A. M., CENTRALIA, PA.—So you have had an ambition to shine on the silversheet ever since you came to "the age of reasoning?" Well—we won't say what we started to; ambition to better one's condition is always praiseworthy, but we have enough to do keeping the folks in touch with screenland, without operating an employment bureau.

NELLIE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen," with Mary Pickford. Richard Barthlemess won Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." You're entirely welcome.

R. W., YORKTOWN, TEXAS.—Most of the pictures of the bathing girls were taken on the banks of the Pacific Ocean, a well known body of water near Los Angeles, California. You'll see 'em along the coastline but be sure to bring along your amber glasses.

LITTLE MISS FIXIT, BOSTON.—Yours received and enclosure carefully considered. Notwithstanding which we again asseverate that if Mr. Hart has three children, they are keeping the news from him. Don't know Richard Turner.

ETHEL, TORONTO, CANADA.—Perhaps it's because you are both natives of Toronto that people think you look like Mary Pickford Overjoyed that you like PHOTOPLAY so much. Maybe we'll run some more double pictures before long.

SNEEZER, DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Judging from the manner in which your questions are constructed we deduce that you have been reading over some answers in this magazine and now want to know if they are correct. Yes, they are; as nearly correct as we can make them. We had a story about Paul Willis in the August number.

C. J., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Jean Dumar was the jockey's sister in "The Whip." We have no record of the plays in which Hazel Belford has appeared. Charlotte Greenwood played in "Jane," done by Morosco.

K. J., ATLANTIC BEACH, FLA.—We do not make a practice of providing photographs of the players. Write to Miss Pickford at Hollywood, Cal., and she will send you a photograph. All it will cost you is a stamp.

E. H., DALTON, GA.—Yes, Wallie Reid has children—that is, he has one. It's a boy and was born June 18; name, William Wallace Reid, Jr. Why vacation in Dalton?

PEGGY 14, PHILADELPHIA.—That was rather absurd gossip you were told. Your friend was spoofing you as we say in dear old London (Ont.) Robert Warwick is married. His wife's maiden name was Josephine Whittell. Thanks for your criticism of the magazine. The editors always want to know what the readers think of it and welcome intelligent criticisms. Write Blanche Sweet at Lasky's, Mollie King at Pathe and Grace Darmond, Technicolor, Jacksonville, Fla. Here's the cast for Vitagraph's "Sally-in-a-Hurry": *Sally*, Lillian Walker; *Walter*, Don Cameron; *Bill*, Thomas Mills; *Peter*, William Shea; *Aunt Mary*, Mrs. West; *Clara*, Eulalie Jensen.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

PICKFORD ADMIRER, GRAND FORKS, B. C.—If people like you would write direct to the film producers and take them to task for those "horrid pictures," we'd get some cheerful results. However, the trend is the other way now and the "horrid" ones are going out of fashion. Glad you like "Pearls of Desire;" quite some little yarn. Marshall Neilan is Miss Pickford's director.

VIRGINIA, SALT LAKE CITY.—Ben Wilson, Neva Gerber and Francis McDonald may be reached by mail at Universal City, Cal.

J. G., MINNEAPOLIS.—Alice Joyce has one child, a daughter. We didn't have the good fortune to see "The Deemster."

LAURA, CINCINNATI.—Marshall Neilan will probably send you a picture of himself. Write him at Lasky's. May Allison and Harold Lockwood have parted company.

GORDON, DULUTH, MINN.—Why not write to Bill Hart and tell him yourself?

FATTY, GRIFFIN, GA.—*Wells* in "The Law of Compensation" is Edmund Stanley. Milton Sills is now with World. Bessie Barriscale's new address is Paralta Film Corp., 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Elmer Cilfton is a director at Universal City. Seena Owen is playing for Fox with her husband, George Walsh, at Mr. Fox's Hollywood film factory. Constance Talmadge with Selznick pictures. Arline Pretty is no longer with Artcraft. She's with Pathe.

BEATRIX, NEW YORK CITY.—Glad you finally made up your mind to write. Virginia Pearson's right name is Mrs. Sheldon Lewis. June Caprice's right name is Betty Lawson and she was born in Boston, Nov. 19, 1899. Edward Coxen is a married man. Harry Hilliard played with Miss Caprice in "Little Miss Happiness." He is no longer with Fox. We have never heard that Theda Bara's name is Swartz.

C. S., BRONX, N. Y.—Experienced writers stand a better chance of disposing of scenarios than amateurs. They should be typewritten. It is impossible to advise you about the various agencies for the disposal of scripts.

GRACE, GERMANTOWN, PA.—William Farnum is married, 41 years old and resides at Sag Harbor, L. I., when not in California. Better get that heart back.

B. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, Wallie is to be seen with Geraldine in her newest photoplay. He'll wear a wig, and armor and everything. He most certainly is the most darlingest gink we know. Margery Wilson is still with Triangle.

CARMEN, HAVANA, CUBA.—Your descriptions sound well. Try sending your photographs to some of the studios if you can't make a trip to the States. Marie Prevost is not French and Annette Kellermann is a *reel* Venus, if that's what you mean.

K. R., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—You are right. Our "customers," so to say, pick their own names. Theda Bara doesn't lisp. Yes, all actresses hate to have their pictures in magazines and interviews and such things, just like little boys hate to go to circuses and eat peanuts and play ball and things. You're quite an artist. Keep it up.

RALPH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Charley Chaplin has blue eyes. We cannot promise to print anything sight unseen.

SLATS, BROCKWAYVILLE, PA.—We missed "The Red Circle" through some prank of fate so cannot tell you how they made it appear on Ruth's hand. Fannie Ward's official age is 43. Helen Holmes, 24. Herbert Rawlinson may be reached by mail at Universal City, Cal. He is married. Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel.

B. M. L., DETROIT, MICH.—*Ivy Martin* in "The Crab" was portrayed by Thelma Salter and she is eight years old. The Fairbanks twins are not Doug's daughters. So far as we know they aren't even cousins of Doug. Jewel Carmen is 20. We believe that it is a stage name.

PEGGY, CHANUTE, KAN.—Mary Miles Minter, to the best of our knowledge and belief, was fifteen years old on April 1 last. She is probably the youngest featured star except for the screen children such as Baby Marie Osborne and the Lee kiddies who are now designated as stars.

DOROTHY, PORT CLINTON, O.—Dorothy Dalton uses her maiden name. She is a native of Chicago, 23 years old, has gray eyes and her latest photoplay is "The Flame of the Yukon." She has been in the movies since 1914.

HELENA, STEUBENVILLE, O.—At the present writing there is no crying need, so to say, for girls who can shed real tears at a moment's notice. The price of glycerine is still within reach of the movie producers.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS.—Bryant Washburn has a young son. Have no record of any big stars other than Miss Bayne who claim Minneapolis as their home town. She is about 23. Delighted to hear from you again but fear we cannot advise you about that place in the sun. Sorry.

O. H., CHICAGO.—You have all the attributes that go to make a successful movie star: educated in public schools, love outdoor sports, favorite color green, twenty years old some time ago, born in Cincinnati, drive a Ford; hair wavy, sometimes. However, you have a sense of humor that may spoil your entire career as a movie star. You'll have to get rid of that first.

P. D., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.—Here is "The Valentine Girl" cast: *Marian Morgan,* Marguerite Clark; *John Morgan,* Frank Losee; *Robert Wentworth,* Richard Barthelmess; *Lucille Haines,* Katherine Adams; *Mrs. Haines,* Maggie Holloway Fisher; *Joe Winder,* Adolph Menjou; *Mme. Blache,* Edith Campbell Walker.

W. H., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Mollie King is the girl in "The Double Cross" if that's what you mean and the leads in "The Crimson Stain Mystery" was played by Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin.

ANTOINETTE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"Handsome" Eugene O'Brien may be reached care of Lasky and Enid Bennett gets her mail in care of the Ince Company, corner Pico and Georgia, Los Angeles. Thanks for your kind words.

ENGLISH GIRL, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—"The Scarlet Pimpernel" was filmed by the Fox company. Arthur Ashley is a native of New York and has been with Vitagraph, Thanhouser, World and other companies. He played in "The Juggernaut," "Tangled Fates," "Sealed Lips," "The Bondage of Fear," and other well known photoplays.

(Continued on page 127)

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE CO., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*); 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT CO., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

KALEM CO., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM CO., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address): Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*); 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION CO., Times Bldg., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (*) (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C. (*) (s).

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (*) (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coyetsville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WARWICK, ROBERT, FILM CORP., 807 E. 175th St., N. Y. C.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

YOUNG, CLARA K., FILM CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

Pearls of Desire

(Continued from Page 100)

"Well," I asked, tauntingly, "what do you think of it, now?"

He gulped once or twice but did not answer. I jerked my head toward the cliffs.

"I've got a nice little toy Gibraltar up there, all provisioned and with running water, as you can see from the wet stained rocks, and impossible to reach without swarming straight up the side. If you feel any doubts about the gunnery practice I'll raise my hand and somebody will get bored. It might even be yourself." I threw the shotgun to my shoulder quickly and covered his chest. He gulped again and his hands went up automatically. "Turn your back," I ordered, sharply. He revolved like a dummy on a pivot when I stepped forward and with the muzzle against his spine relieved him of his weapon, then drew back a few paces. "All right," I said, "rest."

These swift maneuvers had naturally been observed by the others and all operations had come to an immediate halt. Drake himself seemed scarcely able to speak, whether from fright or anger or surprise or the combination of all three. There appeared to be, however, no great necessity for his saying anything, so I summoned up the situation myself.

"You are checkmated, you thieving swine," I told him. "If it were necessary I could stand you off here for a month. But it won't be necessary as I've got a bunch due to get here and raise the siege most any day. If you try to send down a diver I'll drill him from the cave up yonder, and if you think you can get the lot of us up there, why just try it and see what happens. There isn't one blessed thing that you can do except to get aboard your boat and clear out. I'll let you off this time, and you must see from that that I don't feel there's anything to fear from you, but the next time I get as good a chance at you I swear to rid these waters of a mighty dirty blackguard. Now go . . . . march . . . . vamoose, and take your gang of galley rats and cockroaches along with you."

Drake stood for a moment licking his lips with a dry tongue and his mottled face working. I jerked my head toward the Madcap.

"Go on," I said. "There's nothing more to be said. Clear out before I change my mind and dump this charge of lead into your rotten carcass. . . . ."

A few moments later the two boats with their crews were pulling off for the schooner.

The Madcap was lying close in to the beach and Drake got aboard her before I was able to scramble back up to the cave. I had counted on this and was therefore not surprised to hear the distant crack of a rifle and the spat of a bullet against the cliff. But the range must have been about 600 yards and the target poor as the rocks were in shadow and of the greyish tint of my clothes, so that there was nothing to be alarmed about. In fact, I did not hurry for the last twenty or thirty feet, preferring to take a chance with Drake rather than that of missing a foothold in the rotten, crumbly lava-coral formation. He fired half a dozen times before I reached the entrance but never once struck within a yard of me. Almost there I called up to Enid to keep well under cover, which order was treated with her usual obedience for I saw her peeping down at me over the ledge when I was within about ten feet of it.

"Get inside," I panted. "Don't let him see who you are."

"They can't see through my hat," she retorted.

"Well, they can shoot through it," I grunted, and a moment later was sprawling inside breathless and rather barked about my bare knees and elbows. Enid, calm and unruffled, sat in her usual position on one hip and surveyed me thoughtfully. But it seemed to me that there was a warmer light than usual in her grey eyes.

"Well," I observed, "you have gone and done it, haven't you?"

She lifted her plump shoulders and drew down her mouth a little at the corners.

"I tried to," she answered. "Since you wouldn't do it for yourself I had to do it for you."

"I suppose that you had it all planned from the start," I said.

"Of course. If you hadn't been such a silly old thing you'd have guessed as much when I got you to teach me how to shoot."

"The point is admitted," said I. "Did you shoot to kill?"

She shook her head. "No, but I would have done so if they hadn't stopped. I saw that you were quite able to take care of yourself. I was aiming at Drake when he drew his pistol and would have fired if you had had sense enough not to put yourself directly between."

"I don't believe it," I declared, which was not entirely true. It was beginning to dawn upon me that there were latent possibilities which nobody would ever guess in this demure and pretty girl with her boy's face and quiet speech. If she had been of the lean, muscular athletic northern type or even the voluptuous, luxurious but passionate southern one it would not have been so hard to believe in her capacities for drastic and radical action. But here she was, the most finished specimen of a higher, not to say effete, civilization, trained to the abhorrence of any sort of violence, quiet and subdued of manner, simple and direct as an honest schoolboy and with her extreme femininity softly indicated in the exquisite contours of her body. But I had already learned that these graces did not detract any from her strong and resilient strength.

"You may believe it if I get another chance," she observed.

"That is possible," I admitted. "It is also highly probable that you will get another chance. Drake will hardly quit without a try for us. If it weren't for the necessity of saving our ammunition I would warm him up out there a little now. On the whole, though it is better to wait until he actually attacks us or tries to put his divers to work. How

did you manage those two shots so close together? Lash the two rifles?"

She nodded. "I shot at the boat with one," said she, "and took a chance on where the other bullet went. If anybody had got hit, so much the worse for them. The effect might have even been better for us. But I wanted them to think there were two more of us at least up here. Did he tell you any news of Alice and Uncle Geoffry?"

"Here is a letter he was kind enough to bring me," I answered. "Suppose I read it aloud." I ripped open the envelope and read as follows, Enid looking over my shoulder:

"Dearest Jack," it read, "at last this terrible voyage is over, terrible because of our grief at poor, darling Enid's fate. Otherwise we have been comfortable and Captain Drake has proved a most kind and sympathetic host.

"We have done wrong to let you remain upon the island, especially as your presence there can prove of no avail. Captain Drake has frankly admitted that he intends to return at once to 'prospect,' as he says, though we can guess what that means. He declines to accept your claim to having a concession and says that you may bring suit later if you wish. As Mr. Harris is absent and Drake will not await his return there seems nothing much to do about it.

"As the case stands Drake appears to hold all the cards, especially as one of your boats is hauled up for repairs and the others gone to fetch a cargo and not expected to return for a fortnight. At the best they are small and slow, from all accounts, and Charley Dollar tells me that you have no more diving gear. He appears to think that Drake will have cleaned up the bed by the time they are able to get to your support. So I am afraid my dear that your prospects for the pearls are not of the brightest. Drake has promised me, however, to offer you no violence and says that under the circumstances he is willing to offer you a half share to be made over to you on proof that you hold the concession, but he doubts that you will accept the proposal. I should most strongly advise your doing so, Jack. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Then followed a page or two of what struck me as rather vapid expressions of gratitude to me for my care of them and my hospitality and all such truck including the opinion that I could not have been so very lonely on Trocadero after all with the constant flow of heartfelt sympathy with which I had been sprayed, rather as though I were a fireman astride the flaming gable of a house with the fire hose turned on me. The letter wound up by saying that Charley Dollar had told her they expected McGiffins' Dolores to call in about a month, when they would ask for a passage to the next steamer port. And at the very end she said: "As things stand between us I scarcely know what to do about that magnificent pearl you gave me, Jack. If it was an engagement present, I suppose I ought not accept it, as we are not actually engaged. When so able please let me know what you wish me to do about it. . . . ." And then many expressions of an affectionate if not a loving character and her signature, "Alice Stormsby."



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There was also an enclosure from the bishop; a few brief, kindly words expressing sympathy and gratitude and affection with some pious wishes for my future success. A good old soul, the bishop.

"There," I said to Enid when I had finished reading. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No," she answered, "but I'm ashamed of Alice. Fancy her asking you to tell her what to do with that lovely pearl. She knew you would say to keep it. Since you are no longer engaged why doesn't she leave it with Mr. Harris?"

"Never mind," I answered. "Let her keep the old black musket ball. There will be plenty for my bride, although I don't think that she is the sort whose happiness depends on pearls."

"For once I agree with you," she answered, softly.

"Thank you,"I said. "Have you any idea who that lady is destined to be?"

"Of course I have. Her name is Enid Weare."

"You are right," I admitted. "Knowing this lovely lady as you must, do you think she would be offended if her prospective husband were to explain a few of his sentiments concerning her. It was of course agreed that he was not to make love to her until their escape from a predicament which entailed great intimacy, considerable privation and now as it appears, a certain amount of danger. But all the same, don't you think that he might express his appreciation of some of her qualities while yet not breaking his promise?"

"I am afraid not," she answered, gravely. "You see, Miss Enid Weare is underneath her calm exterior a young lady of some intensity of temperament and any words of appreciation from a man whom she has deliberately chosen for her mate and has come to regard as almost actually her husband might possibly result in behavior on her part and his which both would consider to be unworthy of them. Under the circumstances, I think that it would be preferable to expend any great desire for expression by taking a shot at Drake."

I stared at her for a moment in amazement. Here surely was the steadiest and straightest and sanest talk that ever flowed from a pair of impassioned lips. I looked at her with wonder; examined her from the top of her golden head to the tip of the pink toes peeping from the well-worn sandals feeling that I was trying to determine the character of some rare and beautiful object which no science had ever classified. And reaching her eyes I let my own rest on them with adoration and they met the gaze with the cool, steady light which might come from those of an angel in the stained glass window of a church. Yet, it seemed to me that in their depths twin candles burned.

"You are right," I answered, gravely. "You are always right. Sometimes I think that you are rather more than human; a visiting goddess with a contempt for most of us mortals but condescending to lavish an Olympic passion upon one of them. . . ." I searched her face which seemed all at once to have dropped its boyish mask and wore a strained look, dark beneath the eyes, pale of cheek with red lips thrust slightly outward and drooping like those of a child about to cry. The delicate nostrils dilated almost imperceptibly with each deeply indrawn breath.

It was evident that a tremendous emotional struggle was going on within her; a fire within reach of explosives in the hold of a vessel and the hatches tightly battened down. There had been the tension of her dealing with Drake; the letters just read, the danger which threatened and our prospect of imprisonment there in the cave. After all, she was only a girl and she wanted just now to be loved and petted and comforted and consoled. But that clear reason and singleness of purpose held her in its iron grip. She had chosen her mate, God bless her, but she had determined not to take him as such until it could be done as befitted her rank and caste.

As I realized all of this an infinite tenderness swept over me. I stooped down, raised the hem of her flannel skirt and brushed it with my lips. "Miss Enid Weare is right," I said, "and she need have no fear but that her wishes shall be respected."

(To Be Continued)

Winners of the August Puzzle Contest

FIRST PRIZE $10.00
Mr. Frank C. Washechek, Milwaukee, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE.....$5.00
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Miss Frances Benson, Dayton, Ohio.
Mrs. Gladys J. Carr, Auburn, N. Y.
Miss Dorothy Brunner, Circleville, Ohio.
Mr. Harold C. Vail, East Marion, L. I., New York.
Mrs. Ralph Ruble, Des Moines, Iowa.
Mr. Lee Sterrett, New York City, N. Y.
Mr. Bert E. Betts, Lakeland, Fla.
Mrs. Ida Sondheim, San Francisco, Calif.
Miss Dorothy Ethel Seaman, Houston, Texas.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE AUGUST PUZZLE CONTEST

1. *Geraldine Farrar*
2. *Theodore Roberts*
3. *Nance O'Neill*
4. *Lou Tellegen*
5. *Viola Dana*
6. *House Peters*
7. *Stuart Holmes*
8. *Irene Hunt*
9. *Sarah Bernhardt*
10. *Wallace Reid*

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 123*)

A. H., BERKELEY, CAL.—It is impossible to tell you what types of plays are popular with the various companies. Most of the companies would have a hard time answering that question themselves. Harold Lockwood is with Yorke-Metro, 1329 Gordon, Los Angeles. It is wise when submitting a scenario to suggest the name of the player it seems to fit.

GEO. R., HAMILTON, MD.—We have no record of Bessie Glantz. Write Theda Bara, care William Fox Film Corp., Los Angeles, Cal.

D. FARNUM ADMIRER, NEW YORK CITY.—Dustin Farnum and Miss Kingston have just concluded their last photoplay under their Fox contract. It is "The Spy," a modern patriotic play. Franklyn Farnum is not related to Dustin. He is a native of Boston, 34 years old, an inch under six feet and is not married. Some of his photoplays are: "Love Never Dies," "The Stranger from Somewhere," "The Devil's Pay Day," "The Man Who Took a Chance." He gets his mail at Universal City, Cal.

THELMA, MT. VERNON, N. Y.—Accept our most humble apologies for misconstruing your previous letter. Mr. Walthall has been traveling a bit which is possibly the reason he has not replied to your letter. When we see him next we'll ask him, as a personal favor, to drop you a line.

H. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—We regret extremely to inform you that Mr. Francis X. Bushman is married and has five children. Beverly Bayne is 23 years old; Neal Burns, 26 and Paul Willis, 17.

DOT, GREENSBORO, GA.—Marguerite Clark's face appeared on the cover of PHOTOPLAY for March, 1916. She was 30 years old on Washington's Birthday.

E. F., PITTSBURG, PA.—We're still in the dark about that Seventh Deadly Sin, but it's a pipe that it isn't "Love."

KANGAROO KLUB, KOKOMO, IND.—The mother of the Talmadge sisters played with Constance in "The Girl of the Timberclaims." A. D. Sears has been playing with Selig. Write Blanche Sweet, care of Lasky.

E. C. KANSAS.—Gypsy Abbott was not given in the cast of "The Matrimonial Martyr." Many thanks for the information contained in your letter. It's always a pleasure to get letters from persons who remember what they've heard or read. And you've sure got some memory.

W. W., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Paul Willis hails from Chicago but went to California while young. He is still with Metro Madame Petrova left Metro for Lasky and after two pictures for the latter had a disagreement which resulted in a separation. Her husband is a Dr. Stewart of Indianapolis.

E. M. B., DAWSON, PA.—"Peg of the Ring" was filmed in and about Universal City, Cal. Fanny Ward has a husband, viz.: Jack Dean, whom you have seen playing with her. She is no longer a Laskyite.

L. A. C., WORCESTER, MASS.—We share your admiration for Mr. Holding. Here is his career briefly: Born at Black Heath, Kent, England; educated at Rugby; stage career of twelve years; six feet tall; weight, 172 pounds; dark hair; blue eyes; address, 223 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 128*)



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

WHITE ADMIRER, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Your favorites will soon appear in the art section. Yes, there is a Mrs. Creighton Hale. Thanks for the information.

K. M. W., DECATUR, ILL.—No, it wasn't a mistake, as it is quite a few weeks since Fanny Ward was 24. Caryle Blackwell and Tom Forman are married but divorces are pending.

HAROLD, LEXINGTON, KY.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., and entered pictures about three years ago. His home is in Los Angeles.

G. W., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—DeWolf Hopper is no longer engaged in screen work. He is 59 years old. Henry Walthall was born March 16, 1878. Robert McKim was born in 1887 and his wife is Dorcas Mathews, also of Triangle. Chaplin is now making pictures for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, a co-operative marketing concern. Always glad to hear from you.

MAC, HAMILTON, CANADA.—You omitted two Fairbanks Triangle pictures. They are "Flirting with Fate," and "The Habit of Happiness." Mr. Griffith did not direct any of the Fairbanks films personally. Bessie Barriscale played "The Rose of the Rancho" for Lasky. Charles Ray is 26.

ALICE M., EL PASO, TEX.—Send to Mary Pickford, care Lasky Co., Hollywood, Cal., and she will send you a photograph without any cost to you.

R. D., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Elmer Clifton is 25, stands five feet ten inches and weighs 150; eyes grey-brown (whatever that means) and has brown hair. He was born in Toronto, Canada, and is now a director with Universal. Robert Harron who has been in Europe with Griffith is a native of New York City, 23 years old; brown hair and eyes and has never been on the speaking stage.

ROBERT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The last time we saw Marguerite Clark she neglected to inform us if she "had any intentions of matrimony." You might get something authentic if you write her direct, but don't say we told you to.

CLUTCHING HAND, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Quite some clutcher, old top. Arthur Albertson was *Bruce* in "The Argyle Case." That's quite an idea of yours, to have a few pages of photographs of PHOTOPLAY readers each month. But who'll pick 'em out?

ETHEL, NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.—Harry Morey and Dorothy Kelly are married to non-professionals. Here's the "Little Pal" cast: *Little Pal,* Mary Pickford; *Sid Gerue,* Russel Bassett; *John Grandon,* George Anderson; *Pillbox Andy,* William Lloyd; *Black Brand,* Joseph Manning; *Frances Grandon,* Constance Johnson; *Little Pal's Servant,* Bert Hadley. Ethel Clayton has played in the following: "The Great Divide," "The House Cat," "Broken Chains," "The Madness of Helen," "The Web of Desire," "The Hidden Scar" and other photoplays.

ANXIOUS 17, RICHARDSON, N. D.—Cleo Madison has forsaken the screen for the stage, temporarily at least. She has been filling an engagement in stock at San Francisco. Her husband is an auto salesman. Mae Marsh wasn't hurt when she jumped off that rock in "The Birth of a Nation" because she didn't jump.

(Continued on page 133)

In the Scenario Editor's Mail

How a scenario crazed nation is trying to get its ideas celluloided.

By Helen Starr

"I AM writing this scenario to show how kind a woman is."

That was the alibi given in the author's letter. Surely a worthy reason for spilling ink on paper, and quite as good an excuse for shooting new scenarios into the mail as many other people offer.

Every large moving picture company receives an average of one hundred scenarios each day. Certain plots come in regularly each morning. The readers can always count on twenty-five dream plots. Those are the stories wherein the hero gets so thick in the meshes of adventure that no writer on earth could get him out. The author solves the riddle by having him wake up and discover it was all a dream. So simple you say! Then there is the hit-on-the-head and loss of memory stunt as a starter for a story. The hero may be felled by a mountain boulder, a rolling pin or ordinary plaster—anything to produce the state of coma which makes him tumble into trouble. Near the close, perhaps more ceiling falls and revives his memory or else the Eve of the author's conception finds her poor misguided hero and delicately hurls a garden of Eden apple toward his weak brain in order to bring him back to himself—and herself.

In another set of plots the young hero—a self made man—agitates against the rich mill owner. He loves his rival's daughter and after securely copping her heart stirs up all sorts of messy laborer's strikes in father's mill. Of course young hero is full of noble purpose and wouldn't take a high salary and stop agitating for anything. Then there is the plot of the poor country girl seduced by the wicked and never too busy theatrical manager, the hidden will, discovered at the end of a story to reward a ragged heroine, the locket or split coin which unites brother and sister after "yars and yars" and the check forging plot. Of course, old subjects handled in a new way are salable—Galsworthy, the playwright, conceived a new way of forging a check in his play "Justice" and that was one of the greatest play successes of the past New York season.

One scenario enveloped in a yellow folder began thus: "One beautiful sunny morning Ethel was strolling along the narrow path that led to the slums. Many rude men had gathered together to see her coming because they knew she was the daughter of a millionaire. As Ethel passed the saloon the men sneered at her and grabbed her by the arm ruffly, etc."

Another scenario, from the back of its pages, looked like a pianola record. The strange typewriter that was used to bring the story from mind to matter had all its "O's" punched through the paper. If played, the "O's" would surely have brought out a snake dance, for the story concerned a villain who was snoring in a hammock until a gliding reptile wrapped himself about the hammock and squeezed the breath from the villain's body.

Another author begins to relate a story concerning a brother and sister. Later, he forgets his characters to the extent of happily marrying them in the end.

A Spanish girl translates a copyrighted story and submits it to us. One of the lines reads, "The couple arrived with their thoughts."

Another writes of a seasick hero and explains that the blood is flowing the wrong way to his heart so he is placed in the center of the ship and the vessel is run slow until both his blood and the ship change their course. (One can imagine a "close up" of the hero's face when saved from his fate). Later, the same hero is shipwrecked on a desert island—also a Princess. Rainy and dry seasons follow one another in their usual tedious succession, the audience presumably being interested in weathervanes and the two actors, for no discernible story intervenes to improve this prospective film.

A vampire story runs "All the allurements of her husband's fake friend could not tempt her to fall in the trap of his setting to get her in his arms again."

Another begins, "San Francisco was in the THROWS of early spring. . . . etc."

A plot of tragic mien concerns a girl who receives the present of a dress from a man whom she has recently met. When the package is delivered to her house, her parents go to the attic and shoot themselves.

A lady says that her heroine "inherited the hot, wild blood of her father."

Another says her heroine gave "berth to a baby." That was indeed kind of our heroine and it is hoped that the purser had other staterooms on the boat.

"Here is my first scenario," writes a schoolgirl imparting information which is self evident. Her story concerns a country girl on her way to the city but in some mysterious manner she gets into the jungle woods where lions threaten her. Thrills aplenty.

The plot of "Within the Law" arrives daily in all disguises—noiseless revolver, stool pigeons, *Inspector Burke* and all. Sometimes *Richard Gilder, Jr.* and *Sr.*, are confused and both made to suffer awful penalties, but the unmistakable framework of the story is there, so hard it is for the amateur to get a way from the dramatist's manner of building his plot. "Peg o' My Heart," masked to be sure, is a frequent visitor in the daily mail as well as "The Great Divide" and other well known stage successes.

Sometimes a good synopsis and working continuity of a play like "Romeo and Juliet" or a book like "Vanity Fair," will be submitted, but the author has wasted his time for these standard uncopyrighted works are free for the use of any film

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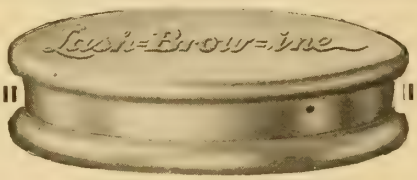
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company and when a lavish production of an old work of this sort is contemplated, it is always the custom to have the script prepared by the studio staff. Writing scenarios from any published book, play or poem is a mistake for there are complicated copyrighted matters which must be settled and these are better handled by editors within the company than writers without.

All the letters which come in a scenario editor's mail are not of humorous nature. Sometimes a tragic story of hunger and want slips into the few lines which go with a scenario. There is bound to be an ache in the editor's heart if he is forced to return the story.

"Gone, But Not Forgotten," is the title of a story in the "lost file" of a large film company. Very apropos, for in this instance the author forgot to write his name and address on the script so that it could be returned to him.

Some authors play stamp tricks on the editor. Unfortunately these tricks usually react on the author himself. One of these stamp tricks is to enclose a note with the scenario explaining that sufficient postage for the return of the manuscript will be mailed the editor the following day. The author believes the editor may accept the note in good faith, then forget about it and put company postage on the return envelope. Another never sends enough stamps for return postage. In this case, the company puts one stamp on the envelope and sends it back—the postman collects the rest from the author. But, if the author sends his manuscript with insufficient postage in the first place, and Mr. Postman tries to collect from the editor, the latter refuses to accept it, and the story is returned unopened to the author.

What a lot of scolding letters the poor editor receives because some scripts come back showing evidences of never having been opened or read at all! And because the author was penurious with his stamps in the first place he has to put a new set on the envelope before it can travel back again. To promptly return manuscripts to the author who may have a dozen forwarding addresses, to file and keep "losts" lacking names or addresses until they are sent for, to register and guard every manuscript while it is in the company's hands and to prevent the office boy from swiping loose stamps and pennies for "returns" is no small task.

And yet, with all this, the film companies are very patient with the efforts of the multitudes for scenario department readers wade through this material daily to find ideas worthy of purchase.

The correspondence schools of photoplay writing have stirred up a lot of mischief by making the entire public believe that scenario writing was easy. Real screen stories with novel plots, events which happen in logical sequence and good complications are rare. These plots require careful thought and development and cannot be dashed off in an afternoon like a letter to a friend. If the amateur before sending out his story would ask himself if his drama is spineless and if his story is traveling anywhere in particular—also a few other very searching and personal questions regarding the value of his idea, he could improve on his story before sending it out and save the com-

pany's reader time, even though it deprived the reader of a half hour's amusement.

The continued popularity of any pretty moving picture star and the test of a director's worth as a producer depends almost entirely on the supply of good stories—the clay with which they work. There is not only a rivalry between the different companies to obtain the best stories, but among the directors and stars themselves in each picture plant. Go into the scenario department of any large picture company late in the afternoon after the sun has gone down and the day's screen work is over, and you will see one director after another come in to ask if any exceptionally good new stories have been sent in. They continually look ahead to the next production hoping it will surpass their last.

The paramount amateur question which the professional scenario writer is asked to answer is, "Where do you get your ideas?"

Irvin Cobb says that when he sees this query forming on the lips of an aspirant to literary fame, he says, "From newspapers, from talking with my best friends—and, in a dire emergency, out of my head!"

One of the walls in the office of the scenario department of the American Company at Santa Barbara, Cal., is covered with extracts from odd attempts at scenario writing and with letters from authors.

One scenario starts: "Here is my POTENTIAL synopsis.

Another letter from an author reads: "Here is my second attempt at scenario writing. I suppose you thought that your refusal of my first would discourage me but it didn't at all."

The editor often has to meet with such stubborn determination on the part of the would be literati.

One story runs:

"The Clavering mansion was situated among the cool hills of Virginia. The home was filled with many antiques. In the library sat the three Clavering sisters—Margaret, Ethel and Jane."

A letter from another author contains this vital information:

"My story will be written out fully, sealed with sealing wax in an envelope and placed in another envelope which will be marked to you special delivery and registered if you will promise to accept it and produce it. The price is $10,000."

Another letter with a manuscript says:

"I wrote you a letter some time ago and have received no answer so I have sent you one of my plays wishing you would be interested in it. I have made a vow to myself that the first company who buys from me six plays I will send *free* a keystone and a scenario for colored pictures."

Surely a generous author!

An author who writes from a small town in Nevada says in his letter of explanation that the marriage of the hero takes place in the Goleta Baptist Church. He says "Look at the church anyway for it will make it a little clearer."

He further advises "Use the S. O. Transfer and warehouse near the S. P. tracks and also the building on the next corner for scenes. The place the cops



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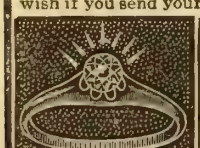


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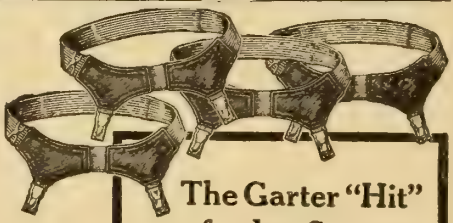
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try to stop Bill is on the edge of the city limits on Hollister Avenue."

Another scenario reads:

"The Poor Little Milk maid has two cows—the only means of supplying her and her aged mother with their daily bread."

Then there's the one with this sentence:

"A million Little aunt like coupies (evidently Kewpies) are swarming in his head instead of a brain."

An amateur author writes:

"All alone in the world and broken hearted she tries to commit death on herself."

One modest scenarioist says in his letter:

"I enclose a scenario. I dont say for sure it is one but I think it is one. If it is one I will receive an answer to this and then I will write them night and day for my head is full of them."

Another letter runs:

"I have a photoplay written for your firms first chance to put on screen before the public eyys. The contents of my pla are as follows: A happy home of childhood, a jealous Suitor Fathers business and his great love of wealth through jealous suitor and temps to break home. Court without Justic. Son as a peacmaker. the old mill our last Hope. Gods own judge son saves the old Home and luxries of the loved home. sons love shall it be a selfish love are shall it be to save the old folks. The sons marriag to a poor girl the unknown gide success and happyness replace of old lose of the Mill.

"This play is at your first choice hoping to receive your offer at very earlyist date."

Another writes:

"My typewriter has moved away but anyone can read my photoplay. The scenes are laid in Atlanta, Ga., New York and Jamestown, N. Y. If you cantshow it please send it back. I wil make one up better but with less trouble. I could not shake the idea at the bottom of this."

One good business woman writes:

"You can have this play for $1.50. I would not let it go but it has no subtitle so I hope you will buy it."

Here's another:

"Next appears Jane Adams' photograph. A very sweet sympathetic expression with a heavy mass of black curling hair. It is fastened on the back of her head."

A letter runs:

"I can write all kinds of plays. I am the best thinking writer in the world. I do not copy from moving picture shows. I think everything from my head and can furnish one every day."

Then we have this beginning of a scenario:

"The POOr By. (boy)

"Do not use auto in this picture—this cupple do not live high make the strawberry field its natural color two reels only each number a different picture—etc."

An author writes:

"I am selling 'Thorns and Roses' at cut rates as I want to dispose of it as soon as possible so as to start in and finish other pretty stories and plays which I have at my fingers tips.

"I am a member of the Daughters of the Republic in Texas—Alamo Mission Chapter—mention this so you know I am all right."

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 128*)

DOT, HOLYOKE, MASS.—We certainly will accept your invitation if we ever get to Holyoke. Thanks *so* much. Like you, we sincerely hope they won't take the good movie actors to war. Many of them are worth more to their country where they are than they could possibly be in the trenches. Ethel Clayton is 26 years old. Tom Forman is a soldier now. Harold Lockwood has no regularly constituted leading lady at the present time. Alma Reuben was the Spanish beauty in "The Americano." Wallace Reid is not related to Florence Reed. Wallie was the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation." You're a very sensible girl not to want to be an actress.

SCHOOL GIRLS, BOVILL, IDAHO.—As nearly as we can define it, a vampire in the screen sense, is a human bird of prey of feminine gender. The name came into general use in film circles with the production of Fox's adaptation of the Hilliard play based on the Kipling poem, "A Fool There Was," with Theda Bara doing the vamping. Harold Lockwood has been married. May Allison not. Baby Marie Osborne is not related to Henry King.

J. W., QUINCY, ILL.—Rockcliffe Fellowes was the man in "The Web of Desire" and Herbert Heyes in "Under Two Flags." House Peters is a sort of brunette but not decidedly so. So you thought J. Warren Kerrigan used too much makeup when he visited your city? Well, maybe it was due to his desire to give the people plenty for their money.

REID FAN, BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Some of Henry Walthall's recent photoplays are "The Truant Soul," "Little Shoes" and "Burning the Candle." So you have never liked Dick Travers since you saw him with a moustache. Can't see that we blame you any. You'll see Wallie with one soon.

G. E. M., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Why is it that you Australians are such wonderful letter writers? We sure love to get them. True Boardman is his real name and if he is married he hasn't advertised it. Write Billy Burke, care Artcraft, New York. And do write again.

MARIE K., YONKERS, N. Y.—By the time this is printed D. W. Griffith may have returned from France, in which event a letter addressed him, care Artcraft, New York City, will reach him. More than ambition and willingness are required. You must have photographic qualities which cannot be acquired.

H. T. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We quite agree with your comparative criticism of the players but for obvious reasons we cannot go into details. Yes, Wallie *is* learning to act, but why put him away in costume plays? It is becoming general practice to have letter inserts written by the person who is supposed to write it, in the photoplay. Please write again.

L. N., BUTTE, MONT.—Crane Wilbur played opposite Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."

A. T., DENVER, COLO.—Hobart Henley's last production was "Parentage." He is a native of Louisville, Ky., where he was born in 1887. He had a long career in stock in Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo, and has been a film player for four years. Address him care Universal Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

(*Continued on page 137*)



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Miller-Hoefer Co. 907 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Barbary Sheep

(*Continued from Page 88*)

she walked by his side. Once again, they came to the mouth of the gorge.

As they stood together there, looking out over the splendid expanse of the desert, the officer of Spahis spoke sneeringly:

"And to think that the Englishman prefers Barbary sheep!"

His eyes caught the gleam from the diamond necklace about her neck.

"He prefers the Barbary sheep. In the name of Allah, let him have them. But let the Bedouin have—" He halted for a moment, then added, with a tremor of passion in his voice: "But let the Arab, in the name of Allah—have the desire of his life."

Suddenly the woman realized the passion of the man, and revolted against it. Her feminine decency was affrighted. She saw the flame in the man's eyes and shrank before it.

She could not know that the avarice in the Bedouin's eyes was only half for her beauty—the other half for the jewels that circled her throat.

"Can you look at me, and not understand?" Benchaalal asked. His voice was hoarse with desire. "I only began to live since your beauty burned my heart like the searing blast of the Sirocco."

His arms enwrapped the woman. His breath was hot on her face. "You're like the sun shining upon the great prayer after the feast of Ramadan. You are like a diamond—one of the diamonds you wear."

Kitty, Lady Wyverne, felt a loathing for this man who had summed to her the mystery and the glamour of the desert. She recoiled from him in abhorrence.

As she retreated before his outstretched arms, he clutched, in a frantic passion of desire, at the gems, caught them in his hand, wrested them from her neck with a force that left a red weal on the tender flesh.

At this physical contact, Katherine, Lady Wyverne, shuddered and drew away in abject terror. The little voice left to her by the horror of the situation rose in a wavering shriek.

"Crumpet!"

And then again:

"Crumpet!"

UP among the rocks that bordered the pass, a tall figure had a rifle trained on the two who stood so plainly revealed under the moonlight in the pass. The barrel of the rifle swung a little from the man to the woman, as if the holder were in doubt as to where his vengeance should begin. His eyes followed the barrel, sighted the two figures standing there together. Then he saw the woman fight against the man. A new spirit entered him then. He realized that the wife he loved was still his. He aimed his rifle very carefully to kill the man who had thus enticed her.

He would have pulled the trigger, but there was no time—the Marabout came leaping like a cat. And, like a cat, he pounced all fours on the back of Benchaalal. A long knife in his right hand rose and fell. The officer of Spahis swayed for a moment, then sank to the ground and, lay motionless, while the mad man capered about him, howling praises to Allah.

Sir Claude came running. Katherine fell on his breast.

"Thank God," she said, "you are here!"

Mollie of Manhattan

(*Continued from Page 19*)

ties. To keep a home intact means fighting for it. I know lots of husbands—and I guess you do, too—who would be perfect if they would exercise a little patience with their wives, and I know lots of wives who could keep their little ships of happiness off the rocks if they would only remember that their husbands are working hard for them, and are to be humored and treated with consideration.

"Marriage is give and take, and I shall never marry until I am sure that the man who becomes my husband is willing to keep things balancing in our house and humor me when I'm bad just as I'll humor him when he's cross and tired.

"Professionally, the dreadful thing about marriage is separation. That's what the picture business is wonderful for: it gives the actor and actress a home, and their children can really grow up with them."

Just which of her nineteen hundred admirers on the active list will be permitted to "keep things balancing" I'm sure I don't know. Mollie admitted—as several of them called her to the telephone during my visit—that she didn't either. Maybe it won't be any of them.

This little queen of a King made her first stage appearance when eight months old, so you see her troupeing is sort of inbred. After appearing in several Broadway shows she and her sister Nellie toured the Orpheum Circuit, and came back to the Wintergarden's "Passing Show of 1913," in which Mollie was really a wonderful Peg, in the burlesque "Peg o' My Heart." Her first stage part of consequence was as the child with Maxine Elliott, in "Her Own Way." She was then seven years old, and scored a hit both in New York and London. As a child actress she also played in "The Royal Family," and "The Little Princess," and with Denman Thompson in his well-remembered "Joshua Whitcomb."

School made a great interlude here, and upon emerging from Wadleigh High she became understudy to Elizabeth Brice, then playing "The Winsome Widow." After leaving the Wintergarden part just named Mollie King was a leading support of Sam Bernard in "The Belle of Bond Street."

Her motion picture work has been with World and Pathe, in the past year and a half.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from Page 61)

Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Cleo Madison and Dorothy Davenport have been less conspicuous than formerly.

Of the thriving Metro aggregation Viola Dana, consistent and persistent, has done the best work of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew have supplied an almost flawless line of domestic comedies, and of the character-makers, Lionel Barrymore is probably first.

Ethel Barrymore's majestic art still defies reduction to a gelatine medium; on the stage swift, vital, tense and vibrant with reserve power, Miss Barrymore is cumbersome, slow, heavy rather than impressive on the screen.

Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne made a really artistic Romeo and Juliet, and have enjoyed what we might describe as a pernicious serial activity of late.

Outside of Chaplin, William Russell is Mutual's best player of promise. He has shown conclusively that in such pieces as "The Frame-Up" he possesses the appeal of pleasant youthful force to a degree unequalled by any man on the screen except Douglas Fairbanks.

The little Minter is still a queen-ingenue, a favorite from one side of the world to the other, and, probably, improving slightly in her acting ability.

And of other individuals there is much to say if we had the space to say it. We might comment on Bryant Washburn's resultful comic activities in the Skinner series; or upon the gradual disappearance of such players as Henry Walthall and Florence LaBadie, who seem to be sinking out of sight for lack of material. Or we might observe Balboa's interesting young serial women, Jackie Saunders and Ruth Roland.

There is Dustin Farnum, also less conspicuous than a year ago; and Roscoe Arbuckle, working hard making laughless comedies.

George Beban trudges along in his narrow, Latin trench—he's a good actor; who'll pull him out of the hole with a first class photoplay?

What of Edward Earle, and Holbrook Blinn, fine actors both, and rarely, if ever, seen?

Florence Reed, rather swamped by her awful part in "The Eternal Sin," came back strongly in "Today," and waits other suitable roles.

Nance O'Neill, relinquishing the stellar bee, has been playing excellently with her husband, Alfred Hickman. Her work in "Hedda Gabler" was especially fine.

Kathlyn Williams has been more than holding her own; Myrtle Stedman has not. Neither has House Peters.

Thomas Meighan has had a continuous line of wretched parts; a good actor, this is his misfortune.

Lenore Ulrich, like Mabel Normand, has been neglecting her photoplay possibilities. Just as Helen Eddy has been improving hers.

So it goes, and so has gone the year. Neither a catalogue nor a list of reference; merely some recollections.



PEARLS OF DESIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

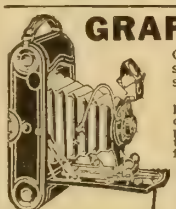
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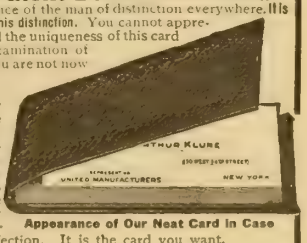
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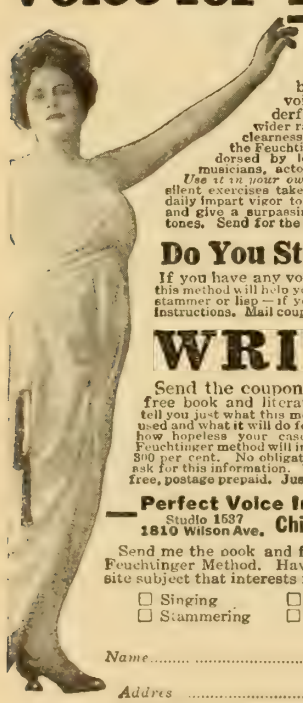
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Destiny or Ambition?

(*Continued from Page 56*)

are conspicuous in the eyes of the picture public, as for instance the Empire All Star Corporation, organized to put out Charles Frohman plays in motion pictures; the Lone Star Corporation, to which Mr. Freuler assigned his celebrated $670,000 contract for a year of the services of Charles Spencer Chaplin, a comedian of some note; The Frank Powell Producing Corporation which put out the Mutual's Marjorie Rambeau and Nance O'Neil pictures; and many others. Then there is the States Securities Corporation, unknown to film patrons but significant in the scope of its financial operations.

Aside from the Charles Chaplin deal one of Mr. Freuler's most spectacular organizations was the North American Film Corporation which set a world's record in length of production by making "The Diamond from the Sky," a serial of sixty-eight reels. "The Diamond" ran so long that some of the exhibitors who started showing it at their theaters raised families and Van Dyke whiskers before it got off their screens.

Mr. Freuler is the head, soul and body of so many corporations that a flock of clerks and secretaries is always following him around looking for him to light somewhere a few minutes, long enough to pass a few resolutions and approve dividends.

While Mr. Freuler is essentially a film executive he is sometimes spoken of as one of the leading railroad men in America for the reason that his gross annual mileage of travel nearly equals the length of uncut negative on a Chaplin comedy. Doing business on a train is his particular favorite dish.

"The telephone calls don't interrupt me so often on the Century," he explains. Which is probably one of the reasons why he spends so much time going to New York so that he can come back from New York, and why he goes home to Milwaukee from Chicago every night so he can come back from Milwaukee to Chicago every morning.

Incidentally Mr. Freuler is a prominent patriot in these days of militant Americanism, being a member of various patriotic organizations and chairman of the committee of the motion picture industry cooperating with the United States Navy.

The reader might get the impression that Mr. Freuler does nothing but work—and that would not be altogether inaccurate. By way of pastime he keeps a fleet of motor cars and holds memberships in about a dozen clubs scattered from Los Angeles to New York, including the Union League of Chicago and the Blue Mound Country Club of Milwaukee.

Porter Emerson Browne's little girl came home from Sunday school one morning and said to her mother:

"Mamma, in Sunday school to-day they asked all the children whom they wanted to be like."

"And whom did you tell them you wanted to be like?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"I told 'em the Lord—but I meant Mary Pickford."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 133*)

JILL, POTTSVILLE, PA.—Your story interests us strangely. Can it be possible that you—but no, it could not be, as the description is all wrong, yet it seems—Ernesto Pagani was the lead in "Cabiria." "Brilliant and beautiful" Dorothy Green is now with Pathe. You're kinda confused on "The Flirt." Marie Walcamp played the title role, Juan de La Cruz was the heavy and Antrim Short was the boy. He is still alive. The boy who played with H. B. Warner in "The Raiders" was George Elwell, who died last summer. *Do* write again.

R., HUTCHINSON, KAN.—We have no record of a Miss Francis Roberts. Write to Essanay in Chicago if she has played with that company.

N. B., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—L. C. Shumway is the same Shumway who was once with Lubin. Write him at Universal City, Cal. He is 33, a native of Salt Lake City, Utah, 6 feet tall, weighs 180 and is married.

F. D. SAN JOSE, CAL.—Charles Clary is not married. Jack Sherrill is, or was. The latter may be classed as "a new actor" as he is only 20 years old.

G. A., ABILENE, TEX.—Glen White was the *gypsy* and Herbert Heyes was *Captain Phoebus* with Theda Bara in "The Darling of Paris." Clara Kimball Young's last release was "The Easiest Way." Yes, James Young has sued her for divorce in Los Angeles. Warren Kerrigan is with Paralta, Los Angeles.

B. H., DOUGLAS, ARIZ.—Edith Storey signed a contract with Metro in July. Leah Baird is not engaged at the present moment of time as Philo Gubb used to say. She was born in Chicago in 1887 and her married name is Beck. S. Rankin Drew is the name of the first man with a moustache you ever liked. Florence Turner is not playing now.

SUN-LOVER, KITTANNING, PA.—"A Daughter of the Gods" was filmed in Jamaica. Sidney Smith was the Spanish lover in "The N'er-Do-Well," Wheeler Oakman had the name part and it was Norma Nichols, not Lois Wilson who played *Chiquita*.

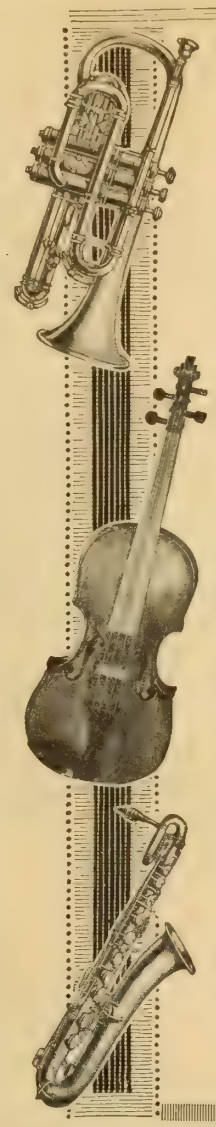
O. O., ST. PAUL, MINN.—"The Fatal Ring" is the name of the serial in which Earle Foxe is supporting Pearl White. Earle may reply to your letter if he isn't too busy.

GRANNY, CLARENDON, TEX.—Edna Mayo is not married. She was born on March 27 and is five feet, four inches upward. She's a blonde and the size of her shoe is maintained as a deep secret.

CEEBEE, GAINESVILLE, TEX.—So far as we know Universal is the only company in the market for photoplays under five reels in length. They accept synopses. Pearl White is with Pathe at Jersey City, N. J.

B. R. S., ASBURY PARK, N. J.—We are informed that George Walsh's hair, like Topsy, just grew, and that he doesn't use any hair tonic. Write him care William Fox, Hollywood, Cal., for a photograph.

LONESOME, GREENFIELD, N. H.—Sorry to have made you wait so long for an "answer," but this has been a year of great endeavor in letter writing. No, we never get out of patience with the writers, except those who read an answer and then write us to ascertain if it is true.



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PHOTOPLAY

November
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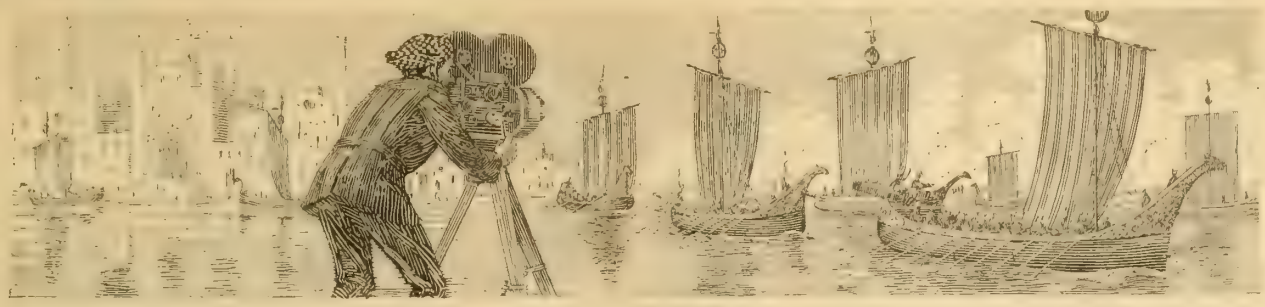


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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XII No. 6

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Next Month

A Great Scenario Department

PHOTOPLAY will announce, in the December issue, a series of articles on the making of scenarios, by the two greatest experts in the world. Like previous scenario departments conducted by this magazine, it will be of practical value to anyone who is trying to "break into the game." But this series will go farther than that. It will not merely deal with the writing of stories and scenarios, but will show the relative functions of the author and the director, and the importance of cooperation between the two. Thus it will be of value, not alone to the amateur, but to experienced writers and producers.

The Screen's Brilliant Enigma

Few people, who have watched the career of Olga Petrova, do not believe that she is one of the most highly gifted women, mentally, in the film world. Few, likewise, believe that she has ever given expression to her greatest talent, on the screen. Randolph Bartlett will analyze this brilliant enigma, and give an intimate view of Petrova, the woman, and her articles of cinema faith.

Here's Fiction for You

You are now well acquainted with "Temperamental Tim," Edward S. O'Reilly's hero, and you will be glad to know that he will be with us for quite a while. "Hydrant-Headed Reform" is the alluring title of his next adventure. Frederic Arnold Kummer will maintain the pace he has set for himself in this number, with another story of moving picture life, "The Test." Fiction made from scenarios has been quite a problem with us of late. We have hit upon a new idea for the telling of these tales, and believe you will like it.

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When an Empire Crumbled

The second installment of The Fall of the Romanoffs is even more fascinating than the first. In the present issue you will learn how an ignorant scoundrel rose to supreme power in Russia, bending the Czar to his will. The remainder of the story depicts the corruption at court, the orgies, and the intrigue, which finally destroyed the Romanoff dynasty. This is not fiction—it is history.

A Big, Two-Sided Man

Not long ago a man with a brilliant business brain entered the film world. He proved that not merely could he reduce the tremendous waste of money in productions, but that he had a keen vision in the creative department of the photodrama as well. Alfred A. Cohn will tell you what manner of man he is —H. O. Davis, the new guiding genius of Triangle.

A Little Girl and a Littler One

Violet Mersereau, petite and vivacious, is one of the many reminders that the moving picture is a babe in arms. For Violet is an old-timer, as stars go these days, and she is only eighteen. A breezy interview with her is ready for your delectation. Little Mary MacAllister, as dainty a maiden as ever won your heart, has been interviewed too, and tells a few little factlets about her little self.

Not Forgetting

Of course the regular members of the family will be present, just a little more entertaining than ever. Old Doc Cheerful Fairbanks, the Dubb Family, the Horoscopes, one of Delight Evans' almost-poems, and so on, and so on, will be with you.

The Boy and the Circus

Not many years ago, the one big event of summer in the life of every healthy boy was the arrival of the circus, not only on account of the show, but because he was allowed to carry water for the elephants. The moving picture has rubbed a great deal of tinsel off the circus, and provided newer and better entertainment. Has it provided a substitute for the joy of watering the pachyderms? We have accumulated photographic proof that it has, and will show it to you next month.

Besides Which

"Great!" a certain picture producer wrote us, upon seeing last month's PHOTOPLAY in the new size. "I have previously instructed my publicity department to put you at the top of the list for the very best photographs they could get. Now I have authorized them to devote a lot of time to gathering exclusive pictures for you, because there is no other magazine being printed today in which the layouts are so artistic."



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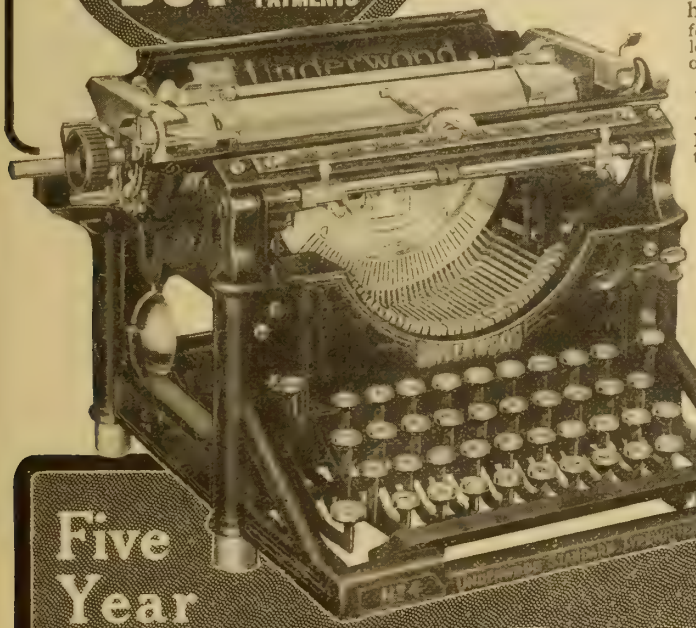
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Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

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If your trouble is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly — always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.

Is your skin "pimply," blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water finishing



Blackheads come from improper cleansing. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble.

with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

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You can get all the famous Woodbury treatments, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4c we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 511 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks' use.



THE name of Mary Fuller has been connected with moving pictures since the old Biograph days, and she was the star of the first multiple reels productions made by Edison. Then she joined Universal. Mary hasn't been entertaining the lens much lately, but she's coming back soon, she says.



EVERY few months some theatrical manager comes along and holds up a nice pleasant-faced contract in front of Mabel Taliaferro, but she won't leave the pictures. She began her stage career at two and a half years, and carved a great name for herself in the annals of the theatre.



STRANGE as it may seem Virginia Pearson was once a demure assistant librarian in Louisville, Ky., and not so many years ago. The footlights lured her away from her index files, and soon the camera stole her from the stage. Since that event she has been true to the creeping pastels.

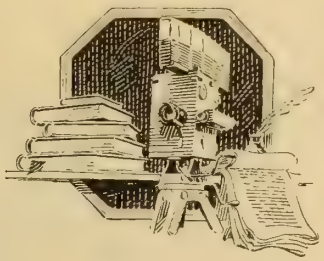


SWEDEN gave Anna Nilsson to motion pictures. She was a much sought after artists' model when she attracted the attention of the Kalem Company. When asked about their favorite pastime most actresses profess a fondness for "all outdoor sports." Miss Nilsson admits she's a bookworm.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XII NOVEMBER, 1917 NO. 6



The Supremacy of Silence

SILENCE, the mighty monarch, is enthroned in the Courts of Speech. The drama counted its subjects by the thousands; the picture numbers its vassals by the millions.

Jealously, King Speech watched the rise of the new ruler, called him charlatan, upstart, pretender. He saw his own armies waver in their loyalty and thundered denunciations against the new Prince and all who followed him. He saw his own trusted courtiers and advisers, one by one, join his rival, and shrieked that they were destroying themselves.

Undismayed by attacks, unwavering in the face of cruel injustice, conscious of his own strength and his high destiny, Prince Silence went on his way. Self-glorification was the least of his aims. He was working for his people, for he loved them and they were learning to love and trust him. Never was ruler less despotic, more democratic than he. Into lives that had known little of light or joy he brought floods of sunshine and happiness.

Less perilous to the rising Prince were the enemies from without than those from within. No charlatan himself, soon many arose within his councils. These he left to their own devices, knowing full well that only truth and right can survive in the great world battle. Calm and serene he went on his way, daily gaining in wisdom and strength.

At length the haughty despot, King Speech, was forced to recognize his master, and King Silence was crowned in his place.

Yet the new monarch did not become arrogant and autocratic in his hour of triumph. Gratefully he acknowledged his debt to his predecessor, nor sought to banish him utterly. Rather he set aside a certain principality, and here the former ruler is free to work out his own destiny.

But in the Courts of Joy, Silence is King.



Bill Farnum is no kid glove farmer. Back of his house, he may be found any day while off duty, hoeing and weeding.

"DEAR Will Farnum," said a letter to the star from Ireland a short time ago, "I just saw 'The Spoilers.' You're the greatest actor in the world. After seeing that fight, I know you're an Irishman."

This note from the green isle across the Atlantic caught something of the world's primal love of a good fighter. That, at basis, is the secret of Farnum's screen popularity. He personifies vigor rampant. He is Brute Force Gone to College.

Indeed, Farnum's mail for weeks contained pleading letters from a prize fight manager who longed to direct the star in the ring. "It all goes to show what impressions are created by one's roles," says Farnum.

Now there is a curious thing about fighting folk—about all strong men, in fact. This is that when they are not fighting or working, they are almost invariably discovered in the simplest and gentlest of occupations and diversions. Some day I shall write a fascinating book on the private habits of warriors and pugilists. Meanwhile, to the case in point. Fighting Bill Farnum, in hours of ease, is a gentleman farmer. And not too much the gentleman to be a real, practical farmer, either.

The Crimson Corpuscle *of the* Celluloid

Sh-h-h—keep it dark—Bill Farnum, the fightin'est guy on the screen, once stooped to Shakespearean roles

By John Ten Eyck

At his country home, North Haven, Sag Harbor, many acres are under cultivation, carefully planted and looked after by its owner. The place is situated about four miles from Sag Harbor proper, on the shores of an arm of Shelter Island Bay. The Farnum lands roll back from the water's edge, with the beautiful residence, the artistically arranged out-buildings, and Mrs. Farnum's beautiful flower gardens in the foreground. The potato fields and the truck garden are in close proximity to the house, with the exception of a newly plowed field, farther away, which Mr. Farnum has planted with potato seedling.

As the visitor rolls into the Farnum grounds from the main traveled highway to the Shelter Island ferry and Greenport the eye is greeted with a pretty vista of flowers and shrubbery, while in the distance the house and water beyond form the prettiest picture imaginable. Shade trees line the roadway, leading to the porch, and around the front of the house, where the prospect opens to the waters of the bay.

Immediately in the rear of the house—the front when coming from the village—are Mr. Farnum's smaller vegetable gardens, where he may be found when not engaged in a picture, in hoeing or weeding. At home Mr. Farnum leads an ideal farmer's life. He dons a working man's regalia, helps with the chores, spends an hour or two in the garden, confers with his superintendent, and generally takes an active interest in everything that is being done. He watches with interest the growth of the little pigs, notes with jealous eye the progress of his onion bed, the lettuce or the asparagus. But the chief interest at present on the Farnum farm is the stretch of plowed land, along the shore of Sag Harbor Bay, which is planted only with potatoes. This plot is the particular "bit" Mr. Farnum is doing with the other "potato patriots" of Long Island.

At "the end of a perfect day" Mr. Farnum dons the negligee costume of a gentleman farmer and enjoys his recreation hours, with book and pipe, on the porch of his lovely home. He may gaze off over the



Just ask Jim, the Sag Harbor messenger "boy," who is the greatest actor in the world. He'll tell you pretty durn quick.



It's much easier to eat an oyster than it is to open one. Bill can do both with amazing alacrity.

waters of the bay to the distant hills of Montauk on the east, or to the north, where his boat tugs at its moorings, and beyond where the government experiments with its newly made torpedoes.

It was not in this idyllic spot, however, that we discussed the career of the fighting farmer. Our interview actually took place in a little French cobble stone street. Quaint houses, studded with tiny balconies, fronted the road; across the way was a stone church; close by a fountain played. And up and down passed a ceaseless flow of peasants. It wasn't really France, of course, but Grantwood, N. J. William Farnum was doing Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." He sat in tattered trousers and blouse, a heavy—and real—stubble of whiskers on his face, and a gnarled club in one hand.



Bill pays his respects to two of his most ardent rooters

This forbidding figure was once a chubby baby. William Farnum was born in Boston, his brother, Dustin, being a little more than eighteen months old at the momentous occasion.

"We came to the stage naturally and legitimately," says Farnum. "My father and mother were both connected with the theater. Father managed Robert Downing for years, while my mother, known professionally as Adele La Gros, was quite well known as an actress. I've Irish and French blood, a baffling combination, isn't it?"

But "baffling" is hardly the word. Considering the events of the last few years, "battling" would be better. No wonder Bill is a fighter, with such ancestry.

"I don't believe it has ever been related before but my stage debut was made at the age of

five at Bucksport, Maine," said the star reminiscently. "I did a cornet solo for the folks in our home town.

"Our real debut came when I was thirteen and 'Dus' was fifteen. We appeared briefly with Thomas E. Shea, who toured then and still tours in repertoire. We presented a song and dance specialty between the acts. A year later, I left home, determined upon a stage career. Dustin, although older, did not start until a little later. For five years I played in the classic drama. Believe me, the young actors of today sadly need this sort of training. Playing in a classic toga, one had to acquire repose. We had no pockets in which to thrust our hands, no cuffs to adjust, no handkerchief to toy with. We had to learn repose. Usually it was pounded into us. The older players wouldn't tolerate much from the cub of the troupe. For three years I was with Robert Downing and two with Edwin Ferry, then a widely popular touring star.

"Ferry played all the classic tragedies, from Shakespeare to 'Damon and Pythias' and 'Virginius.' My first big advancement came with Ferry when I was sixteen. We were playing an Ohio town and the house was sold out. We sadly needed the money, too. But one of the principal players was suddenly taken ill and the manager was in a quandary. I volunteered to fill the vacancy, although the role was one of the principal ones in 'Damon and Pythias.' I got through the part safely and continued in the missing actor's roles for a week. I was pretty disconsolate when he returned, you can imagine. Then a curious thing occurred. That very night our leading man disappeared and again I volunteered. So I went on as Marc Antony and kept on for the next few days as Pythias, Iago and through the list.

"In those days a young actor was supposed to memorize every role. So being ambitious, I had studied the complete text of each play. Naturally, it was comparatively easy for me to jump into new roles. Besides I had all the confidence of sixteen. I wish, indeed, that I had that confidence now. I was just as big physically at sixteen as I am now. That, of course, helped a lot.

"After my week in the leading man's role, Ferry came to me. 'Well, Willie,' he said, 'I guess you'll be the leading man for the rest of the season.' I was—and I've been a leading man ever since.

"After my five years in the classics," continued Farnum, "I joined the Lothrop stock company in Boston. There I had my first taste of the modern drama. My first role was the lead in 'The Streets of New York.' I remember how I came striding onto the stage at rehearsal. You could see the classic toga all over me.

"The stage director looked at me amazed. 'What's the idea of that walk?' he demanded. Then he showed me how to walk in modern drama, an alert and chipper sort of stride. I was terribly cut up but I saw that here was really an entirely new school of acting. And I started out to master it.

"After the Lothrop stock I played with Margaret Mather. There my ability to handle a foil came in good stead. I played Tibalt in 'Romeo and Juliet' and won, if I do say it, a good many notices purely through fencing skill. Mother and father had known the value of the various player's essentials—and swordplay was one of them. Indeed, my grandfather had been an instructor of fencing in Civil War days. At one time, when I was thirteen or fourteen, I had half contemplated becoming an instructor myself.



He's a devil in his own home town, is Bill; the champion horseshoe pitcher of the village.

"The rest of my stage career is pretty familiar. I was leading man for Olga Nethersole in 'Carmen,' playing Don Jose. I was with the Frohmans three years. I appeared for five years as 'Ben Hur,' two years in 'The Prince of India' and two in 'The Littlest Rebel.' Then came my screen debut in 'The Spoilers.'"

Mr. Farnum has definite thoughts on the screen. "I firmly believe that spectacle is coming to be relegated to the background. The sweeping scenes showing multitudes and warfare, are frequently necessary but they must be subordinated to the big thought of the photoplay. That is, the spectator must have an intimate personal feeling for one or two, perhaps three or four, characters. The big scenes must be flashes, while the story is kept close to the audience. In life, you know, we're not interested in the sweep of things. Take the world war, for instance. We are not concerned so much with the thousands of miles of trenches, as we are with what happens to Brother John or Neighbor Jones' son on one tiny fraction of that battlefield.

"I can see the time coming when the workings of a human soul will be flashed across the screen. We have moments of it now. The great drawback of the industry has been the steady effort to turn out drama by the yard. It can't be done. I am glad to see open productions coming and the weekly programs disappearing. When a producer turns out one or two photoplays regularly each week, the result can only mean one thing: a lot of inferior screen plays are going to be made in order to keep up the pace.

"The lack of voice and audience is a serious drawback which I can never dismiss. Applause draws the best out of a player. In screen work you lack all that. I find that music helps. Indeed, I believe I started the use of music during the making of a photoplay.

"The photoplay is advancing more and more in its ability to put a thought over. Today a scene conveys its thought without subtitle or explanation. That will steadily grow. Certain captions will always be necessary. For instance, it was vital in 'The Tale of Two Cities' that we give Sydney Carton's last speech.

"The director must always remember his audience. The spectator out front is as much a part of the picture as the actor. The director must be able to send a thought straight from the player's mind to that of the spectator. I consider myself lucky in having Frank Lloyd as a director. He is one of the coming really great men of the industry. Lloyd has youth, enthusiasm, concentration and mentality, backed up by several years' experience as an actor on the stage. He is going a long, long way."

We had returned by automobile from Grantwood to the William Fox Fort Lee studios. Farnum sat before his dressing table, ran his hands through his curly black hair and studied his stubble-covered face in the mirror.

"I have been twenty-eight years an actor, and I'm forty-one now," he said thoughtfully, and with a tinge of surprise in his voice. "Great Scott, do you know I'm what you would call an old timer? It seems impossible, for I'm really a boy at heart."

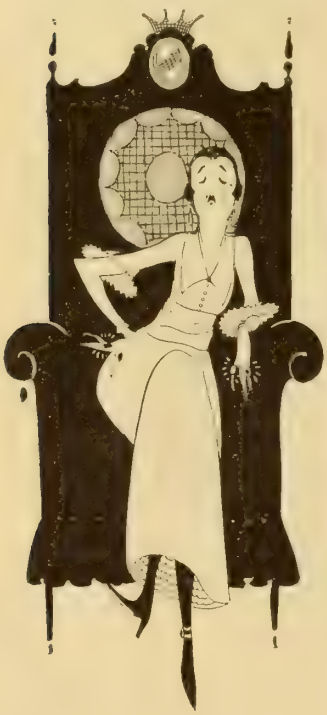


The High-Browed Heroine

By Delight Evans

HERE we have
The High-Browed Heroines.
Well, well—what of them?

They are Vague.
They never know
What will Happen Next.
Their Eye-Brows are Elevated
In a position of Perpetual Surprise.
Nothing Human
Ever Escapes them.
They Pose
Stiffly, in a high-backed chair,



Ringed Hand on hip,
All Signs Pointing
Heaven-ward.
And they Employ—oh Joy!—
That Princess-Effect.
They are Among
The Great Sinned-Against.
They have Always,
In some Remote Existence,
Done Something—
Not Much, you understand,
But Something.
They are Wide-Eyed.
They have Suffered.
Life
Holds Absolutely Nothing More
For them.
They Love
To Dab at their Eyes
With bits of lace.
They Heave
Beautifully.
Always
They are Simply Soaked in Sorrow—
Somebody Told them
They have Souls.
They Raise themselves Haughtily
To their Full Height,
As if they were not Tall Enough
As it Is.
They panthea
Allovertheplace.
Their Lives are Dark—Dark.
They Stage
Little Divertissements
On a chaise-longue,
Featuring A Finger to be Kissed
And A Why-am-I-here Expression.
They Love
At arms-length;
They Lack only
A Hair-Ribbon, and "Elsie Dinsmore."
Usually
They are
Battle-cruiser weight,
And Going Strong.
They Flop to the Floor,
Then Raise themselves
Shudderingly, on one Elbow,
And Gaze Painfully at the Adjacent Scenery,
And Pass their Hands
Over their Brows.
They Simply Have to do It.
They are
Flat Tires,
A la Femme.

Here we have
The High-Browed Heroines.
Well, *Well!*



Anyhow, They Got a Good Sleep!

Two cowboys who worked as extras in a picture being filmed at one of the large studios at Fort Lee, across the river from New York, were becoming rapidly exhausted through lack of sleep. They roomed together in a large front room with an eastern exposure, but sleep was rendered well nigh impossible by a large electric street light just ouside their window. Then when morning came and the light went out the sun came pouring into the room. They were due at the studio every morning at 8:30.

One night they were desperate and one of the pair hit upon a big idea. They hadn't slept for two nights, and were dead tired. They bought a can of black paint and daubed it all over the windows, closed them tight, and turned in for a sleep. For the first time in weeks the light wasn't shining in their eyes and they sank into a sound slumber, that could have been heard a block away.

When they awoke the clock pointed to 8 o'clock. They climbed into their clothes and made the studio at 9 o'clock. They were greeted by the director with a barrage of profanity and abuse.

"Aw, say, boss, what's the row?" pleaded one of the cowboys. "We've never been late in six months, and we're only half an hour late today."

"Half an hour—half an hour," exclaimed the director, tearing his hair. "Where were you yesterday and the day before?"



She Discovered Columbus

And having made the discovery, Louise Huff started out to make Columbus famous

By Kenneth McGaffey



GOOD old Mr. Encyclopedia Britannica announces to the eager world that Columbus is a city and the county-seat of Muscogee county, Georgia, U. S. A., and that it is on the east bank and at the head of navigation of the Chattahoockee river.

The same old E. B. gives us the startling information that the city has a public library.

The E. B. is a great publication with a lot of interesting information, and some not so interesting, but right here we show it up.

It tells for nearly a half a column that Columbus, Georgia, has a public library, valuable water supply, cotton compresses, iron works, flour and wool mills, and that on the 16th of April, 1865, it was captured by the Union forces under General James Harrison Wilson and a number of Confederates were taken prisoners.

That kind of dope is all right for those that like it, but the Encyclopedia Britannica makes the most startling

error of its career by overlooking the fact that Columbus, Georgia, has its main excuse for being, and its chief bid to fame, in being the birthplace of Louise Huff.

What care movie fans about the water supply and the cotton compresses? If the E. B. were the snappy little publication it is supposed to be, it would carry a picture of Louise Huff in its columns, a close-up of the house in which she was born, and perhaps throw in a few little incidentals and observations showing this Famous Players-Lasky star at the age of five, paddling in the well known Georgia mud in front of the said birthplace, or playing in amateur theatricals in the barn at the rear of the now famous Huff mansion.

However, Fate decided that Louise was not to spend all her young life as the radiant beauty of Columbus. She stayed there just long enough to acquire a most charming southern drawl, and then hiked to New York City, accompanied by her mother and sister.



No, Louise and Jack are not longing for Broadway. It's just a "still" of them from "The Varmint."



At the right, Louise Huff in "Jack and Jill."

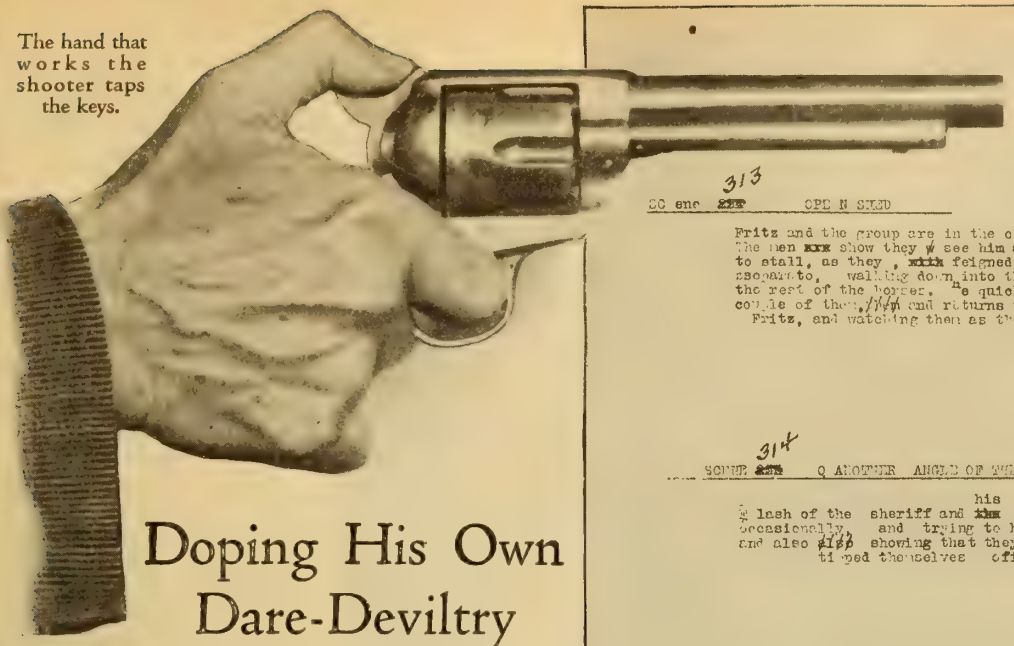
Having acquired quite a little dramatic training in amateur theatricals in the county-seat of Muscogee county, Louise decided to go on the stage, and with the confidence of youth and Georgia, presented herself at the offices of Klaw and Erlanger, the biggest theatrical managers in New York City. The revival of "Ben Hur" was being made, and Louise, when she expressed herself in her southern drawl, was promptly engaged and given a part in this production, and someone has facetiously remarked that she put the "Hur" in "Ben Hur." Anyway, she was with it all season, and scored a big success, being engaged for the next year. When she came back at the end of the season, a faint flicker of the celluloid caught the Huff eye, and she departed from the gay white way to appear in pictures for Lubin, leaving the spoken drama speechless, so to speak. She was not kept long in the background and it was not many moons before a close-up attracted the attention of a company who was just starting on a southern story, and Miss Huff came to New York. Here, the Famous Players-Lasky Company, always looking for clever young ingenues, spied Columbus' fairest flower and thrust a contract into her hand. She played "Great Expectations," "Seventeen" and several other productions, but the cold northern blasts of New York began to chill her warm southern blood, and Miss Huff and her co-star, Jack Pickford, were transferred to the western studio.

After doing a picture with House Peters at the Morosco studio, she and Jack appeared together in "Freckles" at the Lasky studio. Since that time the two youngsters have been sent back and forth; one production they will do at the Lasky studio; and then they will be sent over to the Morosco, and then back to the Lasky. Among their more recent productions are "What Money Can't Buy," "The Varmint" and they have just completed a clever little story called "Jack and Jill."

Although she has a dressing room at each studio, Miss Huff has one permanent home which is presided over by her mother—a cute little bungalow stuck in the side of a hill in Hollywood. The star's old colored mammy who has been with them since she left Columbus, presides over the kitchen and is known as the "fried chicken director-general of Hollywood."

Miss Huff and Jack Pickford are doing another picture, because the public has expressed a great fondness for these two clever youngsters and they are liable to be seen together for some time to come.

The hand that works the shooter taps the keys.



313

SC ene [illegible] OPD N SHED

Fritz and the group are in the close foreground,. The men show they see him approaching, and begin to stall, as they , with feigned carelessness, begin to separate, walking down into the background toward the rest of the horses. He quickly returns the nods of a couple of them, and returns their nods, standing by Fritz, and watching them as they leave.

314

SCENE [illegible] Q ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE SHED

See me on this
W. S. H.

his
Flash of the sheriff and men glancing back occasionally, and trying to hide their real feelings- and also showing that they half suspect they have tipped themselves off to him.

315

S CENE [illegible] CLOSE UPTON WITH FRITZ

He is standing , with one hand on the pony's neck looking off the scene,,and in spite of the direct danger he is in, he is enjoying the situation./ Suddenly howeverBetty flashes into his mind and his expression changes in a flash to one of blank dismay.

316

SCENE [illegible] CLOSE UP ON BETTY..SPACE BEFORE GRANDSTAND

Just a flash of her but a very sweet picture, to establish absolutely what he is thinking of.

Doping His Own Dare-Deviltry

Were you to listen outside Bill Hart's dressing room these days, you would hear a click, click, click; then a long and painful pause—followed by some more clicks and a few choice Nevada cuss words.

Bill is trying to convey his thoughts to an eager public through the medium of a typewriter. Somehow, Bill can't quite get the hang of the thing, and the finger that is so quick on the trigger is strangely stiff on the keyboard. As yet, Bill is a one-fingered artist.

As a typist, Bill makes a corking fine cowpuncher.

The Fall

By Jerome Shorey



To the audience chamber of the Winter Palace came the Czar and Czarina, and patiently awaited the arrival of the erstwhile drunken driver of sleds.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, Czar of all the Russias, absolute monarch of the largest territory ever governed by one man, sat in the library of the barbarically beautiful Winter Palace, and sighed. He was, in this year of grace 1901 still in full and unquestioned power, not yet even a dummy duma to ask awkward and impertinent questions. Yet the fates were unkind—no man so unfortunate as Nicholas Romanoff. For of what use was all this power if the Czarina would insist upon giving birth to mere daughters. The arrival of another was announced just that morning, and for hours the Czar, before whom millions trembled, had sat there, biting his fingers and drumming nervously on the table.

He felt curiously alone and helpless. The latest of a long succession of "holy men" had died, and no successor had been found. It was a peculiar office, ostensibly religious in nature, but in practice anything but that. It combined the duties of private confessor and medicine man. Though head of the church, as of the state, Nicholas was more superstitious than the most ignorant of his mujiks. He knew he was weak, and knew therefore that any institution which submitted to his spiritual guidance, must be unsound. These things he did not admit even to himself, and yet he surely felt them, for constantly he turned, not to the bishops, but to obscure mystics, demanding guidance and prophecy.

So, his holy man being dead, it was necessary to find another. There were still strong men in Russia, even among the Grand Dukes, who could have been of the greatest value to Nicholas—who might, indeed, even yet have saved the rotting fabric of the dynasty. But it was not good common sense that Nicholas wanted, but some-

of the Romanoffs

An authentic account of the back-stairs history of Russia which led to the downfall of the Czar and the founding of the Russian Republic



They saw first, and never quite forgot, two great staring eyes, looking out beneath shaggy brows.

thing which could be construed as a message from another world. So he had made known his need of a holy man with the gift of prophecy, to his bishops, and now nibbled his nails waiting for word from them. At length Bishop Meliti was announced. It was indeed a message of hope that he brought.

Several years before, the good man told the Czar, he had been absent from home for several weeks. Returning by way of a certain village, he went to the home of one Rasputin, a sled driver, to engage him for the remainder of the journey.

"No sooner had I told him my name," Meliti continued, "than he was overcome with violent tremors. Then he gasped out that my wife and child were dead.* To this he added that I would become a monk, then a bishop. We hurried to my home. I found it full of mourning neighbors. His first prophecy was fulfilled. Now the other two have been fulfilled also. I was so impressed that I proclaimed him prophet then and there, and sought his blessing. I believe he has devoted himself to wandering about, preaching, and like many another prophet, rejected and scorned by his own people. Send for Rasputin, Your Majesty, for I believe he is in truth a holy man."

"There is an old saying," Nicholas mused, "that the Romanoff dynasty will be saved by a monk from the Siberian wilderness. Perhaps this is he. In any event, it is worth trying. Prince Felix shall go for him. What you have told me renews my confidence in my destiny."

What the simple Bishop did not know was that the drunkard Rasputin had heard of the death of Meliti's wife and child in a vodka shop, and as for the prediction of his advancement, what more natural? It was the way all bishops were made. Nor did Meliti know that previously Rasputin, so far from any claim to holiness, had been notoriously sacrilegious. He had even committed the unforgivable sin of tearing the sacred ikon from the wall of his home, and ignoring the terrified screams of his wife and children, had dashed it to the floor. Yet, strangely enough, liar and charlatan though he was, he went from Meliti's house that night a changed man, with a fixed belief in his own destiny. He could not guess what that destiny might be, but he returned to his home, bearing a big, roughly made cross, and informed his family that he was going out into the world to preach a new gospel. The villagers laughed, and flung stones when he insisted upon preaching, and his family thought him insane, so he disappeared into the wilderness and went from village to village, a strange, weird figure.

But no matter how holy his mission, Rasputin never permitted it to influence him in the face of necessity. If he could not get what he needed in any other way, he stole. Being in need of a horse collar when near his former home, he made his way into the shop of a harness dealer at night, and might have escaped but for an alarm raised by a child. He was caught, and next day paraded through the streets, the collar hung around his neck, a foolscap on his head, and the words "Thief" in big letters across his shirt. On his feet were huge boots, weighing forty pounds each, which he dragged wearily along while the crowd hooted and reviled him.

In all that throng he had but one friend. In the wilderness he had won the dog-like admiration of Anna, a gypsy girl, and through all his vicissitudes she had accompanied

*Priests in the Russian (or Greek) Catholic Church are not required to take the oath of celibacy.

him, never complaining, always his slave and votary. Beautiful, in her wild way, she struggled like a tigress with Rasputin's captors, until she was bruised and exhausted. Rasputin trudged on in silence, neither commending her nor telling her to desist her foolish efforts.

Then a cracking of whips and the shouting of Cossacks—the turning point in the life of Rasputin had arrived.

"Way for Prince Felix, messenger of the Czar," shouted the leader of the troop, and a royal equipage was driven into the midst of the now silent and wondering throng. Dully Rasputin looked at the Prince.

"Who can tell me where I may find Rasputin, the holy man?" Felix demanded.

The villagers shifted uneasily and the more timorous souls began to skip away to their homes. Knouts had been wielded for less—much less, than this, the punishment of a man wanted by the Czar for good or ill.

"Well, speak up," Felix called, impatiently.

Again silence.

Rasputin raised his head and shook his shoulders like a great bear, awakening from a long sleep.

"Speak dogs," he roared. "Is there no one with courage to tell the messenger of the Czar that *I* am Rasputin?"

"You!" Felix exclaimed.

"Yes, I. But do not punish these stupid people, Your Highness. They do not appreciate me."

"Then release him," Felix ordered. "He is summoned to court." There was nothing for it but to obey the mandate, even though the man was, apparently, a thief.

Another moment and Rasputin was seated beside the Prince, and looked down upon his former neighbors with scorn so intense that, in view of the sudden change in his fortunes, it was laughable. Only not to Anna. Through her bewilderment came the realization that she was losing the one thing in her life that she lived for. Flinging herself on her knees before the carriage she pleaded with Rasputin to take her with him.

"Who is she?" Felix asked. "Your wife?"

"I do not know the woman," Rasputin replied coldly. "She must be insane. Let us drive on."

* * *

To the audience chamber of the Winter Palace came Nicholas Romanoff, Czar of all the Russias, and his Czarina, and there surrounded by relatives and courtiers, patiently awaited the arrival of the erstwhile drunken driver of sleds. The nervous tension told on everyone. Who could say what this event might portend? Most of the court folk, less superstitious than the Czar, looked only for another charlatan. But would he be a powerful influence, or a man easily handled by the circle that really ruled Russia? That was the problem. The Czar himself, with all the simple, credulous faith of childhood, waited for this rascal as if he himself had been the rascal, and about to be visited by a Czar. Rasputin was announced, the door opened, and a strange apparition appeared on the threshold.

They saw first, and never quite forgot, two great staring eyes, looking out beneath shaggy brows. They saw a dirty face, crowned by a mat of knotted, greasy hair, with long, black beard, tangled and twisted. They saw a tall figure, clad in rags, but less conscious of those rags than the Czar of his uniform. They saw a rough cross, shaped of natural boughs from the forest, held aloft. This strange apparition advanced toward them with uneven steps. He reached the table beside which the Czar was seated, paused a moment, and then with all his strength brought his huge, hairy fist down upon the table with a crash. Several courtiers stepped forward, their hands upon their swords. The Czar leaned back in his chair, gasping.

"The shock, Your Majesty, where did you feel it—in your head or in your heart?" cried Rasputin.

"In my heart," the Czar barely whispered.

"Then, Your Majesty, rule Russia from your heart, and God will reward you in that you shall have a son."

Thus, at the first moment of his arrival at court, Rasputin disarmed suspicion and ingratiated himself with the Czar. The scheming bureaucrats saw nothing to fear in this wild-eyed fool who told the Czar to rule from his heart. The phrase became a jest in the secret councils. And His Majesty, naturally, was highly flattered by the suggestion that he really loved Russia, and had the interests of his people at heart. So Rasputin was tolerated by the ruling class, and left to strengthen his hold upon Nicholas without opposition. Had the bureaucrats guessed how absolute would become the rule of Rasputin over their royal master, he would have been disposed of before he had time to learn how to protect himself against his enemies. But Rasputin was too clever to let his cleverness become known too soon to them who might later have cause to fear him. So he took up his abode in a magnificent suite in the Winter Palace, and subtly, day by day, tightened his grip upon the weakling who pretended to rule Russia.

* * *

In a barren cell in a monastery, Iliodor, a young monk from Siberia, devoted his days and nights to penance and fasting. But night after night came the dream of a great pyramid of humanity, the peasants at the bottom supporting the landowners and manufacturers, these holding upon their shoulders the aristocracy, and the latter in turn sustaining the throne, while the oppressed masses below groaned unheeded. Ignorant of politics, the young monk thought his visions sent by the devil, and prayed incessantly to be purified so that he might no longer sin even in his unconscious moments by imagining such monstrous things of his Czar.

* * *

One day the Czar summoned Rasputin, and with all the glee of a child, imparted the information that his prophecy concerning a son was to be fulfilled. It never occurred to him that the child might be a girl. So completely, in small matters, had Rasputin, by studying his desires, won the confidence of Nicholas, that Rasputin could have made the most extravagant promises, and the Czar would have believed. So he had promised that there should be a son, and that settled the matter. If Rasputin himself had any doubts, he succeeded in concealing them. With everything at stake, never was gambler so cool as he. Should another daughter be born, Rasputin's very life would be endangered by the wrath that would result, and would demand a victim. But apparently Rasputin was as perfectly convinced as his master, and calmly awaited the day that would make him absolute in his control over Russia's monarch, or send him back to the wilderness, an outcast, perhaps a fugitive.

History records the facts. The gambler, charlatan, drunkard, libertine, liar, thief, and all-round scoundrel won. Some have been so shallow as to see in this perhaps some shadow of proof that Rasputin did possess occult

The Fall of the Romanoffs

NARRATED from the story told by Iliodor, himself, upon which is based the Herbert Brenon photodrama.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rasputin	Edward Connelly
Iliodor	Iliodor
Czar Nicholas II	Alfred Hickman
The Czarina	Nance O'Neil
Kaiser Wilhelm	George Dunueburg
Czaravitch (Age 3)	Lawrence Johnson
Czaravitch (Age 11)	Cyril Brenon
Anna	Galanta
Feofan	William E. Shay
Rasputin's Father	Ben Graham
His Mother	Virginia Ross
His Wife	Germaine Bourville
Meliti	J. R. Echazabal



Rasputin had been notoriously sacrilegious. He had even committed the unforgivable sin of tearing the sacred ikon from the wall of his home and dashing it on the floor.

powers. But he knew, when he was first brought to court, that he had been summoned because Nicholas was in the depths of despair over an addition to his extensive collection of daughters. He knew there was just one thing the Czar wanted to hear, and regardless of consequences he must be told that one thing—that he would have a son. Ignoring that step would be turning away from the opportunity. So Rasputin took the chance, and won. But not once again in all his career at the court of the Romanoffs did he attempt to prophesy unless the dice were loaded.

So this holy man considered the conditions at the Winter Palace, and concluded that now he was sufficiently safe so that he could indulge himself in dissipations and intrigue. Until now he had been extremely cautious, almost ascetic, in fact, in his conduct. But with power, such as never had been possessed by any man not born to the purple, his mind went back to Anna, the faithful, dog-like Anna. He recalled that she was a clever woman, in her way, and certainly her beauty would be of great value to him at court. He decided to go in person to his old home, and find her.

But if he expected that his high honors would win for him the cringing adulations of his former neighbors, he was mistaken. For while he was rising in the world, his family, which he had forsaken, was starving. His mother was dead, his father and his three young children gone—where, no one knew. His wife, still faithful to him, refused to go with them, but stayed on, confident that her husband would one day come for her. He came, but not for her. Anna still lingered in the village too, for the same reason. She was an outcast, but she did not care. She was used to hardships from childhood.

So Rasputin came in grandeur, riding in a sleigh from the royal stables, with an escort of Cossacks. Nor, from the glowering looks that he encountered, was this an unwise move, aside from the matter of display.

Very well, then, if there was no welcome for him, he would make his visit brief. Quickly he found where Anna lived, and soon she was beside him, wrapped in the heavy fur robes. Turn, driver—back to court. But not until a figure darted from one of the humblest of the huts in the village.

"My husband! You will not go without me!" she shrieked.

Rasputin's reply was a curse. The sleigh disappeared in a shower of snow from flying hoofs. The wife dropped in

the snow unconscious. A short time later she died—broken hearted—while Anna was installed in that home of all that was iniquitous, the Winter Palace, one of her gowns in itself costing enough to have supported a peasant family for a year.

The belief that Anna's cleverness would be useful in the intrigues of court, was soon justified. The gypsy girl quickly learned in what she was deficient, and adapted herself swiftly to conditions. Moreover, she became at once unscrupulous. With the revelation that Rasputin had not brought her to the Winter Palace merely because of affection, but to employ her as a tool, and with the opening up of the exciting life of the court, playing with huge stakes among men and women of vast influence, Anna lost something of her singleness of idea. Rasputin was still first, but the intense, overpowering, emotional appeal was tempered by the realization that it was one-sided. She was his ally, rather than his mistress.

Then came the revolution of 1905, and in the turmoil that swept Russia there were other things demanding the immediate attention of the court, than the petty backstairs diplomacy in which Rasputin was the ringleader. At first the Czar and his ministers believed that they could suppress the disturbances in the same manner in which the Romanoffs had ruled for generations—with gun, sword and knout. But this time it was no mere mob in the capital with which the soldiers had to cope. All Russia was aroused. The peasants had begun to catch the meaning of democracy, and were demanding a voice in the government.

So again the Czar turned to Rasputin for advice, and that scoundrel, now beginning at last to understand something of statecraft, told His Majesty that the only means by which the unrest could be quieted was by convincing the people that they were wrong. He urged the sending out of orators—spellbinders—who would work upon the patriotism of the masses.



In a barren cell in a monastery, Iliodor, a young monk, prayed to be purified so that he would not imagine monstrous things of his Czar.

Meanwhile, the young monk Iliodor had ceased dreaming, and had achieved a reputation in Feofan's Academy as the most brilliant orator of the day. To Feofan Rasputin went, and so met Iliodor. No greater contrast could be imagined than between these two men, who were destined to become the leaders of the two great factions in Russia—the one fighting to maintain the unholy despotism, the other, when finally enlightened, seeking as determinedly to destroy it. Rasputin was uncouth, illiterate, brutal, living from day to day in a world of despicable thoughts and more despicable actions. Iliodor was cultured, refined, gentle, a dreamer of the highest dreams. Rasputin immediately recognized in him a tool perfectly shaped for his purpose.

At first Iliodor, in sympathy with the people, was reluctant to undertake the mission that Rasputin proposed. His reluctance was the stronger because he was shocked by the ignorance of this vulgarian who spoke to him in the name of the Czar. But then his charitable nature asserted itself. After all, were not the twelve who followed the master, men of ignorance. Besides, Iliodor still had faith in the Czar. Living remote from court, he had no means of knowing the real character of the man who pretended to rule Russia and was willing to believe that the cause Rasputin urged upon him was a just one. So he accepted.

Soon afterward, Iliodor—popularly christened "The Mad Monk"—made his famous tour of the Russian cities, with a huge mechanical serpent, labeled "The Spirit of the Revolution." He told the throngs that once this serpent fastened its coils upon Russia, the people, no less than their rulers, would be destroyed. Then he would summon a giant, whom he called Truth, who set the serpent afire, whereupon, out of the gaping mouth, there rushed troupes of children garbed as imps. The simple allegory was effective as much on account of Iliodor's impassioned appeals, as because of its own effect upon the childlike imaginations of the populace. Iliodor became famous overnight, and after a pretense at reform, the Czar granting what was expected to become a representative parliament, the revolt subsided.

Iliodor now, through his association with the leading men of Russia, discovered the extent of Rasputin's influence over the Czar. And Rasputin was impressed with the fact that he needed just such ability as that of this young monk, to enable him to perfect his position. He was still the butt of the intellectuals, and he was too lazy to acquire the learning he needed to cope with them. So he decided to draw Iliodor to his cause as he had Anna. But he knew that here the task was more difficult. He could not openly tempt Iliodor with wealth or power. He knew the young monk was conscientious and sincere. So he made his appeal in the name of the good of the nation.

Iliodor came to the Winter Palace to see him, his faith already shaken. He was no longer the monastic innocent, but a man of experience, on his guard.

"I want you to join me, here at court, to be my right hand in everything," said Rasputin.

"But why?" Iliodor asked.

"You know I have no education. I need your help."

"Why do you need my help?"

"Because I rule Russia, and I want you to write speeches for me, and help me in all things where I need you," Rasputin blurted out.

"You rule Russia? I thought the Czar ruled Russia."

"I tell you *I rule Russia,*" Rasputin thundered, pounding the table.

"But how?"

"Come with me. I will show you how."

Rasputin seized Iliodor by the arm, and hurried to another part of the Winter Palace. It was a sort of throne



"Where did you feel the shock, Your Majesty, in your head or your heart?" . . . . "Then rule Russia from your heart and God will reward you in that you shall have a son."

room, and the strangest gathering was assembled that Iliodor had ever seen. Fortune tellers of all kinds, crystal gazers, fakirs, spiritualists, they huddled about in little groups, a throng of human harpies.

"What is this? What does it mean?" the bewildered monk demanded.

"Wait. Be silent. Listen. And watch," Rasputin replied.

In a moment the Czar entered, and with all the dignity he would have assumed at a gathering of princes, seated himself upon the throne. Rasputin stationed himself at his master's right hand. The Czar spoke a few words in a low tone to Rasputin, and that worthy addressed the crowd:

"His Majesty says that the Duma has become troublesome. It is making unreasonable demands. It is trying to rob His Majesty of his rights. Tell me, my friends, what shall we advise His Majesty to do?"

The charlatans busied themselves with their incantations, each in his own manner. There was a babel of noises, a writhing mass of contortions. Finally from a corner came a shrill voice in weird tones:

"I see the Duma dissolved. I see the rascals going to their homes. The Little Father calls for a new Duma."

"Ah, that is it, Your Majesty," said Rasputin. "Dissolve the Duma and summon a new one—and," he added in a lower tone, "see that the elections are conducted more carefully this time."

"Good!" Nicholas exclaimed. "Good." Then he whispered to his adviser again.

"My friends, the Jews are becoming troublesome again," Rasputin called. "What do the spirits tell us should be done with the Jews?"

Again the rabble performed its function, and again a voice called out:

"I see the Jews flying from before the Cossacks. The Cossacks shoot them down and hack off their heads. The ground is covered with the blood of the dogs."

And so another pogrom was ordered.

A certain regiment had mutinied against its officers, accusing them of various kinds of oppression. At the suggestion of the mob, the Czar ordered the soldiers all flogged.

Iliodor would wait to hear no more. Fortunately the session of this strangest tribunal the world has ever known, had ended, and the Little Father departed. The monk approached Rasputin, holy zeal blazing in his eyes.

"So this is how you rule Russia, you scoundrel," he

(Continued on page 110)

Impressions



OLIVE THOMAS
Dimples; a hundred and thirty pound box of chocolates; blue cornflowers in a white vase; boudoir furniture.



ALICE JOYCE
Mona Lisa, of Cleveland; the Madonna; Nora Helmer of St. Louis.



WILLIAM DESMOND
Cucumbers and Peonies; Shamrocks and Lilies; Verbenas in a whiskey glass; a clergyman at a prizefight, swearing enthusiastically.



ANTONIO MORENO
A gentleman in the train of Isabella; Marc Anthony, the boy; what a Hapsburg Monarch ought to look like.



GEORGE M. COHAN
Little Mr. U. S., the spirit that will wallop Germany; Broadway in pants; Chicago's motto.



IRENE CASTLE
Bad dreams of "Eat and grow thin;" a dervish from Dubuque; a suffragette of the dance; vaudeville.

By Julian Johnson



CONSTANCE TALMADGE
Mrs. Rinehart's Sub-Deb; a sheaf of golden rod; Webster's definition of "ingenue."



MARC MACDERMOTT
A Roman citizen, a figure from Thackeray; an artist who has had a successful business career against his will.



RAYMOND HATTON
Hamlet; Quasimodo; Rigoletto; Pagliaccio; the king who wished to save Joan and slew her.



MOLLIE KING
A breathing sapphire; a'titian girl, three centuries after; the laughter of the pretty baby at the next table.



CHARLES CLARY
A courtier of Louis XVI; the original aristocrat; Steveremonde the 1st; the spirit of Prussia.



ALMA RUEBEN
A Miniature upon ivory; deep red roses in an onyx vase; a tropic sunset; the Minnehaha of Longfellow's dream.

Frances Marion—
Soldieress of Fortune

She Reversed the Trail of Her Forefathers and Went Eastward to Fame and Fortune

By
Elizabeth Peltret



Photograph by Mishkin

THE incarnate spirit of San Francisco is Frances Marion, soldieress of fortune and writer extraordinary of see-able screen stories. Not the kind of free lance soldier that seeks relaxation in overturning a South American republic twice a month, but a sort of feminine Lochinvar who came out of the West to win a place for herself in the sun, just as her ancestors trekked over the plains or rounded the Horn in the late '40s to seek adventure and gold in a California that was little more than a myth to those on the other side of the continent.

Miss Marion has been successful, if a salary that approximates something like $30,000 a year is any criterion. She only has to write photoplays for Mary Pickford now but prior to her return in state to the land of her birth a few months ago, she had written for other famous stars, including Clara Kimball Young, Marguerite Clark, Billie Burke, William Farnum, Alice Brady, Robert Warwick, Marie Dressler and Kitty Gordon.

Frances Marion is the daughter of a long line of California pioneers who helped to build up the Golden State from its Argonaut days. And it was this same spirit that took her with her mother to Alaska in the days of the second gold rush, and following the same lure, farther into the Yaqui Indian country of Mexico than any white women had ever dared venture before.

But on a certain day in August of the current year this venturer into paths that few of her sex have dared explore, sat in an upstairs room that seemed composed chiefly of windows which commanded a vista of beautiful Hollywood. The room was tastefully furnished and the only indications of its business-like purpose were a typewriter and a swivel chair.

"I prefer working at home," began the heroine of this tale, "because the studio is such a bee-hive of activity. And how can they expect a poor scenario writer to plunge into deep and silent study when Rome is burning on the lot across the street; Julian Eltinge, outside your door, is discussing the latest New York fashions with Mary Pickford; and 'Doug' Fairbanks is shooting up a Mexican village not twenty feet from your window! While at home there is nothing to worry about but work—except seeing to the cook's comforts and keeping her in good humor!"

The latter, impresses Miss Marion, is the greatest responsibility of her life.

Frances Marion was born in San Francisco and educated at the public schools. Three years were spent at Hopkins Institute of Art preparing for a career as an artist. At the same time she was studying with some of the foremost English scholars, hoping to combine illustrating and short-story writing.

One day Jack London, an intimate friend of her family, said to her:

"If you expect to write stories pulsing with real life, or put upon canvas compositions that are divinely human—you must go forth and live! Luxuriating at home, learning, parrot-like from books—these are only the first stepping-stones, necessary but not inspirational."

"How shall I go about it?" she asked helplessly.

"Live the lives of the masses, study human nature by rubbing elbows with the people. Go out and work with them, eat with them—dream with them. That is what I have always done."

"I did," said Miss Marion, laughing. "I started out with dramatic seriousness—confident that some day I would become a great authority upon sociological problems. But, like Hashimura Togo, before I mastered the situations I was always fired for incompetency!

"There were three days spent in a telephone office, for instance. Always impatient with the 'Hullo Girls,' I needed but two hours to become a sympathetic admirer. My head throbbed, my ears and arms ached—and no one dreams of how many cross-patches with barbed-wire voices there are in a telephone operator's world. After my 'You are not suitable for the position'—I wrote an unpublished volume of 'life at the switch!'

"The next 'job' was in a cannery. It was peach season. Here I thought I would find much and varied color—and I did. Women of all stratas of life were working there—from all nations—and of all colors! To the swish of the peach and click of knife, they talked much—as women will—about themselves, their homes—and their neighbors! All went well, the volume on sociology grew fatter—until one day a peach slipped from my tired hands and 'Keystoned' the woman sitting next to me. She was of the Latin race, weighed three hundred pounds—and was temperamental! She said that I did it on purpose! Ten minutes later the foreman gave 'walking papers' to all that was left of me!

"As the weeks went by I accepted many positions of interest, and, though I did not plan for it at the time, these varied experiences have been worth their weight in gold to me—especially in the writing of scenarios. For there is no phase of life the screen does not touch upon."

After the great fire when San Francisco was chiefly occu-



Stagg Photo

In recounting her experiences as a member of San Francisco's art colony Miss Marion proves that the oft repeated story of the poor struggling artist isn't always a myth.

"I'll never forget the moment I first saw myself on the screen" said Miss Marion "I confided to myself right then that as an actress I was a very good cook."

pied in looking out for the necessities of life, she joined a colony of merry but moneyless artists and writers who lived in studios up on the top of Telegraph Hill. Keith, Cadenasso, Harrison Fisher, Will and Wallace Irwin and Jack London are only a few of the names that made history for San Francisco's art colonies.

"Art is a very cruel master," sighed Miss Marion reminiscing, "and there were many days The Colony was forced into a scanty diet of French bread and coffee. But we were happy—because it was Art, you see—and being artists, even if it were painful, we could not abandon our superior disregard for anything so unaesthetic as—food! Our 'bête noir' was our landlord! Three times a day the Unrelenting One would trudge up the Hill and drag us from our hiding places—under the sink! One day, when even my new excuses failed to work their charm, I decided upon the only alternative. I would sacrifice my art! Keeping it a dark secret from The Colony I accepted a position painting street car signs. While The Colony thought that I was satisfying my soul by sketching eucalyptus trees shadowed in fog, I was really at work painting vermilion tomato cans on lavender backgrounds, or expressing in brilliant hues the charms of the 'Fifty-seven Varieties.' And, as I was hungry, those impressions were a good deal more vivid than the more aesthetic impression I had of the wind swept hills of Marin County.



Photo by Stagg

Frances Marion's salary approaches the sum of $30,000 a year.

At the end of the week, with my enormous salary of fifteen dollars, I invited the whole Colony to dinner. I cooked it all myself and what a feast it was! We had big platters of ravioli and spaghetti — and we bought many long loaves of the French bread which can be found nowhere so good as in San Francisco. With it all we had some of San Francisco's 'red champagne'—the kind costing twenty-five cents a gallon!

"As the meal progressed tongues were loosened—and we all confessed! Starvation had driven us to the slaughter of Art. A painter of prominence was designing fashion plates; a celebrated authoress was writing 'sob' columns;

(*Continued on page 124*)



Obliging the photographer on the Moore-Pickford lawn at Hollywood.

Our Mary *and* Her Owen

Photographs posed especially for Photoplay



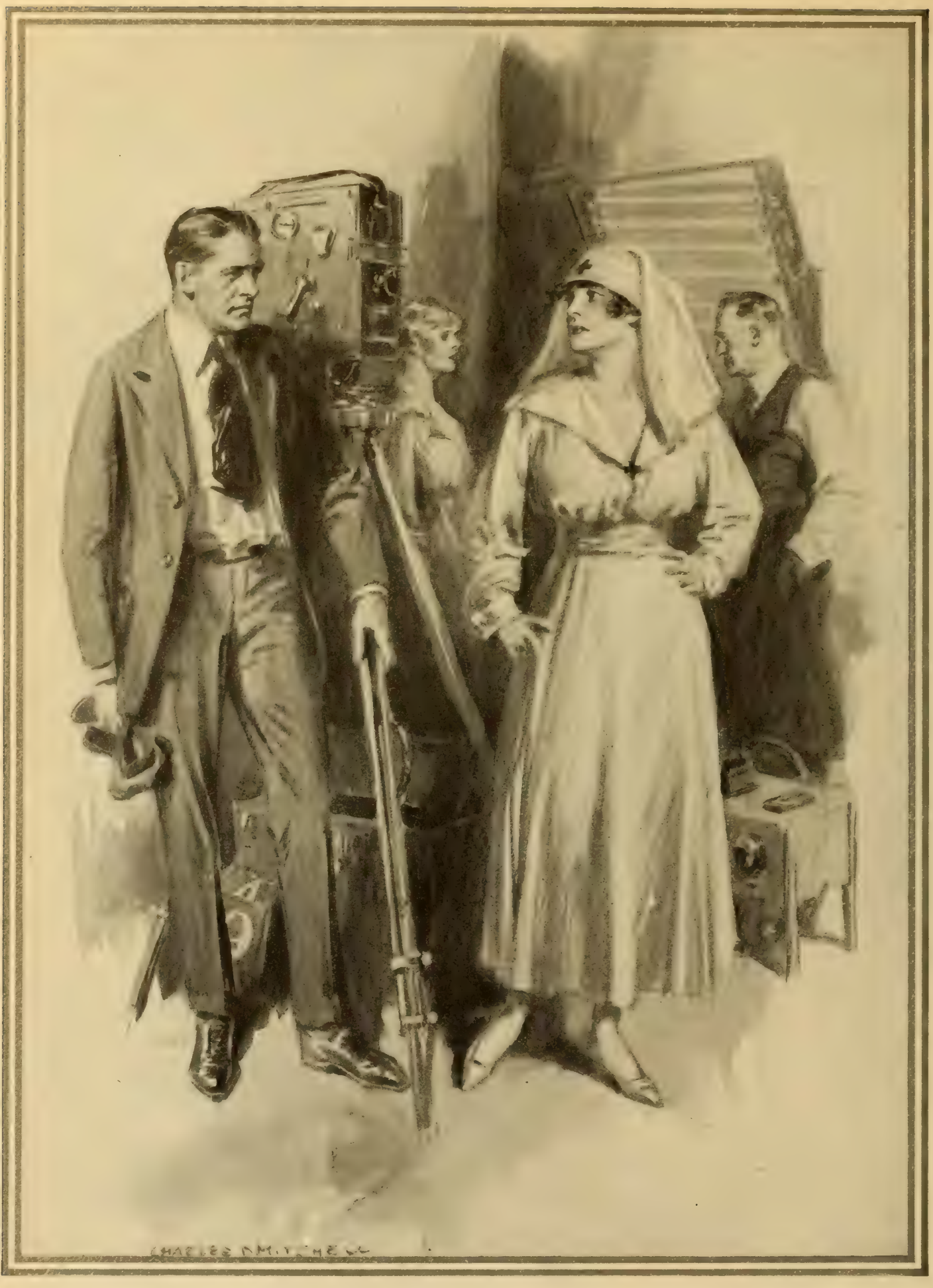
Is Mary giving her chauffeur the remainder of the day off? She is not. She is telling Friend Husband that he missed one bump on the way home, and he can't drive her any more.



Mary is so tender hearted, she just can't bear to see Owen hit the poor little inoffensive ball with that nasty big club. Who wouldn't be a golf ball, in such circumstances?



Mary and Owen are more like friends than married folks. Perhaps this is because Owen has learned the fine art of listening, a great accomplishment in a husband.



"Percival Malone, you're a coward!" exclaimed Constance Randall. We all thought, from the slight pause she made before the word "coward," that she was going to employ a qualifying adjective of a nature more positive than polite, but she didn't.

The "BIG SCENE"

This is the first of a series of great short stories with motion picture themes by the author of "The Painted Lady," "The Brute," "A Song of Sixpence," and other "best-sellers." Watch for his second story, "The Test" in the December issue.

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"PERCIVAL MALONE, you're a coward!" exclaimed Constance Randall, in her very best screen manner. Then she turned, with a look of unutterable scorn, and without once glancing back, walked out of the studio. It was a most effective exit.

We all thought, from the slight pause she made before the word "coward," that she was going to employ a qualifying adjective of a nature more positive than polite, but she didn't. As for myself, I instinctively stepped forward, as though to ask her to hold the pose. It was quite the best thing I had ever seen her do.

Everybody was watching her so interestedly, in her fetching Red Cross uniform, that they paid no attention to Percy. Everybody, that is, except our "heavy," Jerome Kerns. He said, afterward, that Percy actually wept. I thought it not at all unlikely.

Percy Malone was the best camera man the International possessed, which was saying a good deal. But once it was said, there seemed nothing more to add. He was one of those men who apparently feel that instead of belonging in the world, they have somehow intruded, and must therefore assume an attitude of constant apology. Good-natured, smiling, always ready to do anyone a favor, he still managed to convey the impression that he felt himself continually in the way. The world is apt to take such people at their own valuation, to assume that they are mere lay figures, incapable of appreciating the turbulent passions, the love, and hate, the jealousy and the revenge, that circulate about them. Of course we all knew that he absolutely worshipped Constance Randall, in a self-effacing sort of a way, but none of us took it seriously, being no doubt far too much occupied with our own affairs—of the heart, or otherwise.

None of us, that is, except Constance. She was a girl who took everything seriously, including her duty, as she conceived it, to her country. Hence it did not greatly surprise us, when she gave up her modest seventy-five a week and joined the Red Cross. Constance had been a trained nurse, before she went into pictures, and many of us at the studio thought she would have done better to have remained one.

She could do certain small things well enough—light, unimportant parts that nobody else wanted, but nature had not designed her to be a second Mary Pickford, and it was to her credit, I think, that she knew it. And yet, she was pretty—undeniably pretty; but it takes a lot more than that to make a screen star. Jerome Kerns, who boasted continually of his success with women, recognized her beauty before she had been with us a week, and attempted an affair with her, but Constance, with her usual seriousness, told him that she was not contemplating marriage at the moment. It jarred Jerome more than he was willing to admit, and accounted for his dislike for Percival Malone.

I was busy in the projection room all the afternoon, on the sub-titles of a picture I had just finished, and forgot all about Percy and his affairs until I was leaving the studio to drive up to town. It had begun to rain, a nasty drizzle, and just as I turned out of the gate I saw a dejected figure step aside to allow me to pass. It was Percy, making for the trolley. Something pathetic in the droop of his shoulders arrested my attention. I stopped.

"Get in," I called to him, "and I'll drive you up."

He hesitated for a moment, and I thought he was going to refuse. Then quite suddenly he climbed in beside me, murmuring apologies for giving me so much trouble. He was quite wet.

As I contemplated his slender figure, his almost delicate hands, I found myself wondering about his name. Not the first part of it—that seemed appropriate enough, but the Malone end. Shades of the fighting Irish! How had it happened?

"What was the trouble between you and Constance this morning?" I asked, conscious of a mild curiosity. "Why on earth did she call you a coward?"

He shrank back in his seat at the word, as though I had physically hurt him. Then he answered me, in his curious, jerky way.

"Because I am one. She's right. A damned coward. I wish to God I weren't, but I am."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "Why?"

"Don't you see? She's going over there as a nurse. Right behind the firing line, I guess. She wanted me to go, too, but I—I hadn't the nerve—hadn't the nerve."

"The nerve!" I roared. "You'd have had a blamed sight more, to have left the company in the lurch, when you know how short we are of good camera men!"

"No." He received my outburst quite placidly. "It wasn't that. I didn't think about the company. I'd have gone, quick enough, if I'd had the nerve. But I hadn't."

"What was the idea, anyway?" I asked. "Why should she have wanted you to go?"

"Don't you see?" His slender fingers were twisting and untwisting nervously. "I—we were engaged. Naturally, when she decided to go, she wanted me to go, too. As a stretcher bearer, or something of the sort. Carrying in the wounded, you know." He shuddered. "It's not that I'm afraid to die," he continued, with a sudden uplifting of the chin that I liked. "I guess I can face that, when the time comes, the same as anybody else. But it's suffering—standing pain—having your arm or your leg blown off—that sort of thing." He turned to me, his face twitching. "I don't know why it is, but I never could stand pain. I'm ashamed of it. Horribly ashamed of it. I wish I were like you, and Jerome Kerns, you fellows with lots of nerve and all that, but somehow, pain seems to get me. Even going to the dentist. Things like that. I couldn't have a tooth pulled without taking gas to save my life."

He gazed for a while in moody silence at the wet fields as they flashed by. "Of course, when I told Constance I'd decided not to go, she broke the engagement, and—well—you heard what she said this morning. They've sailed by now. She wouldn't even let me come down to the boat to see her off. Naturally I feel pretty badly." He tried to cover up his agitation by lighting a cigarette. "You see, I'm in love with Constance. Terribly in love. I wanted her to stay, and we'd get married, but she wouldn't do it. Said she'd never marry a coward. Well, I guess she's right. Only I can't help being the way I am. Not any more than I can help having black hair, I guess. People are just born the way they are, and that's all there is to it. So what's the use?" He relapsed into gloomy silence.

I drove along for a time, not knowing in the least what to say. I had never been bothered by what we call "nerves," and as for Jerome Kerns, he weighed two hundred, and was regarded as a scrapper of no mean order. He despised Percy for his timidity—we all realized that, since the day he presented him with a cheap wrist watch.

"Here, Percy," he had said, with a grin in Constance's direction. "Wear this on your lily white wrist."

The funny thing was that Percy didn't get angry, or anything like that, but took the matter quite seriously.

"Thanks, old man, I will," he said, buckling the watch on. "All the fellows in the trenches do." Which somehow spoiled the point of Kerns' joke.

Suddenly I realized that the man beside me was suffering horribly. And who wouldn't, when the woman he loved had just turned him down? I put my hand on his arm.

"Buck up, old man," I said. "We all have to go through these things, at one time or another. I don't think Constance has treated you quite fairly. Wasn't it General Sherman who said he was scared stiff every time he went into battle?"

"But he went," Percy remarked mournfully. "And I didn't."

We talked of other things after that, about a new picture we were to start in a few days, with some war scenes in it, and I think Percy forgot his troubles, for the moment, in his interest in the thing. His picture sense was extraordinary. It was a pleasure to direct, with him at the camera. I thanked heaven that Constance had departed alone.

A week later an astonishing thing happened. We were out on the lot, doing our best to get that big trench scene with something of the atmosphere of actual warfare in it, when the Chief, who had been looking us over earlier in the day, sent word that he wanted to see me in the office. I went, with an uncanny feeling that something was going to happen. It did.

"Sam," he said, in his explosive way, "I don't think much of those trench scenes you were shooting this morning. They're phony."

"Of course they're phony," I replied. "Why wouldn't they be, with a bunch of extras that don't know the difference between a bayonet and a balloon? What do you want me to do? Shoot up the works?"

He chewed his cigar for a moment, walking up and down in that nervous way of his. Presently he turned to me.

"We ought to give them the real thing," he remarked. "The success of the picture depends on it."

"Then we'd better start for the other side at once," I said. "The real thing isn't to be found over here."

"Just what I was thinking," he came back at me, without batting an eyelash. "I'm going to send you to France."

I came to a moment later.

"I'm game," I said, "if they'll let us."

"I think I can arrange it in Washington," he said. "Go on with your interiors. I'll let you know in a couple of days."

How he managed it, I don't know, but the upshot of the matter was that I was to take Stapleton, our lead, and Jerome Kerns, and Kathryn Howard, to the other side, just for the purpose of making a few hundred feet of film that could all be shot, leaving out rehearsals, in less than half an hour. Some expense, that, for just a few scenes, but the Chief is a big man, and does things in a big way.

"Besides the big scenes, you'll be able to pick up a lot of real stuff, troops, and artillery and all that. It will give the picture what it needs—reality. And think of the advertising value of the thing. 'These scenes made in actual trenches at the front.' You've got the chance of a lifetime. And you needn't be away over three weeks, if all goes well. Go to it. I'll make all the arrangements."

In the excitement of the thing I forgot all about Percy and his sorrows. I was reminded of them, when I told him what we were going to do.

"Get ready, my boy," I said, slapping him on the back. "We're going to France. Sail Saturday."

He turned suddenly, and I saw that his face had gone white.

"You—you mean to say we're going into the trenches?" he gasped.

"Not as bad as that," I replied, a bit annoyed by his sudden show of fear. "They wouldn't let us in the first line, even if we wanted to go, which I'm frank to confess I don't. But we'll be somewhere up near the front, depend on that, and maybe a shell or two will drop in the neighborhood, and give us a bit of local color."

Percy didn't take to the idea at all.

"I—I'd rather not, Mr. Burton, if you don't mind," he said. "Can't you get someone else?"

"Look here," I said sternly. "You're going over there and shoot that scene if I have to give you knockout drops and carry you on board on a stretcher. You know very well there isn't anyone else I'd let handle it. Don't be a quitter, my boy. After all, you'll not be taking any more chances than the rest of us. Forget that first name of yours, and remember the other one's Malone."

I think this last remark hit him worse than anything else. He swallowed hard for a moment, then turned away without a word. As he went, Kerns remarked to Stapleton with that sneering laugh of his:

"Oh, mama! Please don't let any horrid soldier man slap me on the wrist. I never could stand it, really."

Kerns began to pick on Percy the very day we started. I imagine he'd never forgiven him for winning out with Constance. He made fun of his seasickness, and smoked strong cigars under his nose. He explained in detail the chances against us from submarines. He pictured the horrors of the sinking of the Lusitania. He told about open boats under fire, about floating mines, raiders, German prison camps, airplane attacks. From morning to night he never let up, and I could see that the boy's nerves were being worn to a frazzle. So I went to him.

"Cut it out, Jerome," I said. "I want a camera man when we land, not a nervous wreck. Let the kid alone."

He promised to stop it, but I don't believe he did. Kerns was a natural born bully.

On our last night out, while taking a little constitutional on the upper deck, I came upon Percy, sitting huddled up in a deck chair. He had a life preserver about his waist, and another on his lap, and beside him was his satchel. He shrank from my glance.

"What's the matter, Percy?" I asked.

"Nothing. Just thought I'd sit up here for a while."

"Aren't you going to bed?"

"No, Mr. Burton, I don't think I will, if it's all the same to you."

I turned away in disgust. Percy and his fears were beginning to get on my nerves. I began to wonder whether I'd go to bed myself. Kerns, with all his bluster, spent the night in the smoking room. I know, for I was there with him.

The Chief must have been something of a diplomat, for our credentials passed us up to the front with scarcely any delay. Everything had been arranged through London, and we were most courteously received. We left Kathryn Howard at a receiving station, where she was to play the part of a nurse, when we brought the wounded hero in, and the rest of us motored up toward the firing line, in charge of an agreeable young lieutenant. We saw a lot of men, and ammunition trains and the like, but we did not waste any time on them, at the moment, for I was anxious to get through with that big scene.

We needed an actual trench for it, with real soldiers in it, machine guns, and the like, and of course it was supposed to be a first line trench, with the enemy only a short distance away. Stapleton, the hero, was to be lying, wounded and helpless, out in no-man's-land, and Kerns,



After all, it was not so very different from operating a camera. The motions were in many respects the same. With a glinting fire in his calm grey eyes he sent a steady gust of bullets down the slope, and into the faces of the approaching line of men.

the villain, instead of letting him die, was to crawl out under fire, at the last moment, and redeem himself by bringing him in.

After considerable grumbling on the part of the officer in charge of the particular trench section we selected, we arranged to pull off this little stunt early one morning; as soon as the light was right. We supplied the men in the section with unlimited cigarettes, and found them a splendid lot of fellows, from an Irish regiment, who did all in their power to help us, and seemed to regard the whole thing as a great joke. One of them in particular, the captain of a machine gun crew at the apex of the trench, took a great fancy to Percy, and I was not long in discovering why.

"Sure, and so your name's Malone, is it, me bhoy?" he grinned, extending a hairy paw. " 'Tis me own, as well, and none better. Niver a Malone but enjoyed the smell of powder better than annything else in the worrld, barrin' a nip of the crature. Come and take a look at me beauty over here." He led the way to his machine gun.

Kerns, who was standing nearby, started to laugh, but when Malone of the machine gun turned and looked at him, he swallowed it suddenly and very nearly choked. Percy, in a sort of trance, listened while his new-found friend explained the mysteries of the gun to him, and showed him how to operate it.

The bit of trench we were in ran up to a sharp angle, at the crest of a little rise, not over half a mile from the firing line, and of course might have been under actual shell fire at any time, but the front at this point had been quiet for many months, and we anticipated no danger. Still, on account of snipers, we kept pretty well under cover. The officer in charge of our party didn't seem to mind, however, and rather laughed at our precautions.

We got everything ready the night before. Stapleton and Kerns, in their uniforms borrowed for the occasion, were to spend the night in the trench, so as to get in the spirit of the thing, but Percy and I were to come out with the camera at dawn. I did not think it wise to take any chances with my operator, knowing his state of mind. Kerns had been giving him nasty little digs all the afternoon, and he was inclined to be jumpy. So I got him to bed in a wrecked farm-house about two miles in the rear, and bade him good night. He seemed a bit queer, when I left him, so, an hour later, observing the glimmer of a candle from his cubby-hole of a room, I went to the door, very softly, and looked in. Percy was kneeling beside his bunk, praying.

His face, in the candle-light, was drawn and pale. He reminded me of a picture I had once seen, of a young knight, praying in the chapel, the night before the battle. I didn't know whether to smile, or be angry with him for taking himself so seriously. In the end I did neither, but went away as silently as I had come.

The next morning, a little before dawn, we started out. The young officer who had been assigned to look after us thought it better for us to take the trip through the communication trench before it got light, as, for a part of the journey, it was under the enemy's observation. We plodded along through the mud, our elbows touching the moist earth walls, our way lit up by the flash of the electric torch carried by our guide. There was no suggestion of actual warfare about us, the night was quiet, except for a distant rumbling of guns, far off, and occasionally I could catch the gleam of a star bomb, over the bit of rise on which the trench we were making for was located. For any signs of actual fighting, we might as well have been back on the lot at home. And yet, in spite of that vague and oppressive silence, I sensed something of danger all about, something that made me feel creepy and cold, and then hot all over. I saw that Percy felt it, too, for his legs wobbled a good deal, and his face, in the grey light of the dawn, was greyer still.

"Let me take the camera, Percy," I said, in a whisper, and he did so at once, with a look of gratitude that spoke louder than any words. I began to wonder whether he would lose his nerve, at the critical moment, and make a mess of everything.

It was fairly light when we reached the trench, and we found Stapleton and Kerns having breakfast with the crew of the machine gun. They invited us to join them, and I was very glad of the opportunity, for I had breakfasted on some crackers and cheese, and the frying bacon smelt very good. Percy, however, declined, on the pretext that he wanted to set up his camera, and would eat later.

"Hurry up, Percy, old dear, and get her set before it grows light, or some Boche may drift over in an airship and drop a bomb down your neck," Kerns called after him.

Malone of the machine gun crew looked at him keenly.

"Faith, me lad," he remarked, " 'tis by no means impossible. There was wan flirtin' about yesterday mornin'. Like as not she was gettin' the range of us."

Kerns subsided, and I noticed that he seemed to lose interest in his breakfast, after that, and kept looking up at the sky whenever he thought no one was observing him.

For the next hour I rehearsed Stapleton and Kerns in their scene, and quite forgot any possible danger we might be in, in my interest in my work. The gun crew sat around and watched us, making sarcastic comments. But at last we got everything right, and were ready to go ahead. Our official guide, apparently bored by the proceedings, had wandered off down the communication trench, and we had things pretty much to ourselves.

I turned to Percy, who was standing like a statue behind his machine.

"Camera!" I shouted. "Come on, boys. Everything ready!" Then seeing that Stapleton and Kerns were in their places, I turned once more to the camera.

"Shoot!" I said. Percy began to turn the crank, cool as a veteran on parade.

The two men on the edge of the trench went through their scene. Percy, in spite of his wavering knees, worked with steady precision. The gun crew watched the affair with grim smiles, while the men in the trench went through the motions of firing their rifles, to keep up the illusion. I was just congratulating myself on having successfully pulled off the stunt, when there came a prodigious roar, as though all the devils in hell had begun to beat an anvil chorus with titanic hammers. And above the roar came a long, whining shriek, followed immediately by a second and a third. Our friends across the way had started a bombardment.

Things in that trench woke up with the suddenness of a lightning flash. The gun crew sprang to their posts. The men who had been doing the dumb show firing for us made for their bomb proofs. Orders flashed along the line. A tremendous explosion, not fifty yards from where I stood, shook the ground, and a section of the trench, a little further down the hillside, rose in the air, carrying with it earth, planks, fragments of men. Stapleton, in the act of being rescued, took matters into his own hands, rolled over into the trench and crawled into one of the shelters. Kerns, the valiant Kerns, who had laughed so blithely an hour before, ran screaming down the communication trench, collided terrifically with the young officer in charge of our party, who was hurrying back, and both of them disappeared in a sea of mud. In my own headlong dash for safety I paused just long enough to glance at Percy. To my amazement, he stood calmly at his camera, looking over across the machine gun emplacement toward the enemy's lines. What he saw there I did not know, for at that moment there came a crashing report, a mushroom-like cloud over the machine gun, and when it disappeared, the gun crew had disappeared with it. A fragment of the shrapnel case cut one of the legs of Percy's tripod, and his camera tumbled to the ground.

"Percy!" I screamed. "For God's sake get under cover!"

(Continued on page 112)



Is a Chaperon Always a 'Hen?

THE young man who is so ardently holding his own hands is William Parke, Jr. Why he should hold his own hands when there is at least one hand of Gladys Hulette not otherwise engaged calls for explanation. For though Miss Hulette's hand is not engaged, she herself is, and it is to young Mr. Parke that she gave her promise true. So the only possible reason why Mr. Parke holdeth not the hand of fair Gladys is that there is an old hen of a chaperone right on the job. The young folks met on the Thanhouser lot at New Rochelle, where Jr's Sr. was directing Miss Hulette, and that was more than a year ago, so you see they have been very deliberate about the affair.

OUR IRENE VILLAGE

By Randolph Bartlett

How a determined little girl from New Rochelle became a dictator of fashions in dress and dancing, and eventually a picture star.



Campbell Studios



IRENE FOOTE didn't *learn* to dance—she *danced*. From the time she began to walk her feet tingled whenever she heard music. Rhythm meant movement. Her father, Dr. Hubert Foote, of New Rochelle, believed in the principle that all girls and boys should be taught to earn their own living. So as time went on, and little Irene's feet insisted upon tingling and twinkling, Dr. Foote came to the conclusion that the best thing for her to do was go on the stage. Not in a resigned tone of voice like, "Well, I suppose there's nothing for Irene but to go on the stage," but in a matter of course manner of a sensible man seeing the right thing clearly.

And so Mrs. Vernon Castle became the most popular dancer of two continents, set the style in the art until she voluntarily abandoned it, is the most photographed woman in the world, created fashions that were the admiration and despair of millions of her sex, and finally adopted a moving picture career with equal success.

Just like that? Well hardly. Between Paragraph

was the QUEEN



Irene Castle didn't *learn* to dance, she *danced;* her feet tingled whenever she heard music. Before she was ten years old she was taking part in all sorts of entertainments.

One and Paragraph Two several years elapse—years of work, struggle, work, disappointment, work, poverty and still more and forever, WORK. She told the story of those years—told it for publication for the first time—one evening in her magnificent country home at Englewood, told it as simply as a child telling of some game, without affectation, with full appreciation of its humors no less than of its tragedies, told it so casually that the listener hardly realized that it was a record of achievement independent of influential aid, with few equals in the history of the stage and its allied arts.

Written, the story can never be so impressive without the memory of the picture of the slim bit of a woman who told it—more petite even than she appears on the stage and screen—slender, yet even in relaxation suggestive of tremendous vitality and strength. I shall try to repeat the story in her own words, though the swift flow of narrative outraced my best shorthand. And right here I must interpolate a personal tribute. Mrs. Vernon Castle is the only woman I ever interviewed who does not fly into confusion at sight of a pencil, and exclaim, "Oh, please don't put *that* in." She had decided to tell the story, went about it in the same businesslike manner that has been a great factor in her success, and knew when she had finished. Here it is:



When Mrs. Castle was in her 'teens it was decided that she should go on the stage. But "getting on" was not easily accomplished.

"When I was a child in New Rochelle, I used to play with boys most of the time. I cannot remember when I could not ride and swim. I learned to dive through boys throwing me into the water. I suppose that's where all the fear was knocked out of me. The only thing I am afraid of is fire.

"Dancing came to me just as naturally. Before I was ten years old I used to take part in all sorts of entertainments. Father believed in every boy and girl learning something so that they could support themselves, and as dancing was the only thing I cared for, it was decided, when I was only in my 'teens, that I should go on the stage. A distant cousin was in the Klaw & Erlanger of-

Photo Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood



Mrs. Castle is exceedingly fond of animals. At home she has two monkeys and twelve dogs; traveling she is sure to be accompanied by a dog or two and often one of the monkeys.

"Shortly after that we went to Paris. Vernon had a part in a Revue. It was one piece of bad luck after another. First of all, we did not know that the sale of tobacco is a national monopoly in France, and we took a lot of cigarettes with us. The customs authorities found them, and we were fined 600 francs as an introduction to Paris. Then, we had taken my favorite bulldog with us, and she developed some sort of eye disease, and almost went blind. There was a big doctor's bill for that. As the rehearsals were going on we had to borrow money from the management, and soon were away in the hole.

"Finally the Revue opened, and Vernon loathed it. He played a burlesque of Isadora Duncan's husband, with a long robe and a funny wig; he had some lines, and his French was a little shaky. At last he couldn't stand it any longer, and quit. We found ourselves stranded in Paris

A recent picture of Mr. and Mrs. Castle: Vernon is wearing the uniform of the British Royal Flying Corps. At present he is an instructor in an aviation camp in Canada.



fices, and he tried to get a position for me. I didn't care what it was—even the back row of a chorus—but everywhere it was the same—'What experience have you had?'—and that let me out. I wonder how managers think they can keep the profession alive, if nobody will give a beginner a chance. It takes a lot of determination to go on the stage.

"Well, I had the determination, but received no encouragement. Then I married Vernon. He was with Lew Fields then, in 'The Henpecks,' and they gave me a small bit. Still they wouldn't let me dance. I wanted to come on at the close of one of Vernon's numbers and dance with him for the finish, but Mr. Fields was afraid I would spoil Vernon's act. Mr. Fields could have signed Vernon and me for life at $100 a week then, but I guess he would have thought it a crazy idea.

with about ten francs—$2—and nothing in sight. We took a little apartment out on Montmartre and began looking for work. An old colored servant who had been in my family for ages was with us, and he did all the cooking, washed, mended and pressed our clothes, and somehow we managed to keep 'a front.' Sometimes he would come in with an orange he had pinched, to cheer us up. He was the best, cheerfullest old thing in the world, and when everything else failed he would teach us to play seven-up.

"Our sole recreation was window-shopping. We would make the rounds of the stores and the wonderful pastry shops, and pick out the things we would buy if we had the money. We kept up our spirits by sheer determination.

"Then, suddenly, our opportunity came. We were given an engagement by the Cafe de Paris. From the very first we made a hit. Paris was crazy about ragtime, and we worked out a Texas Tommy dance. Vernon would throw me around and down between his legs and Paris thought it was great. When they like you at the Cafe de Paris they throw gold coins and jewelry to you, and they did like us. Then we came back to America, and you know the rest. But before we came back we went around to those places where we had window-shopped, and bought the things we had wanted when we were broke."



Hill Photo

Mrs. Castle designs her own costumes with a full understanding of her own unique personality.

Mrs. Castle and her director at the Pathe studio.



Success is a rolling snowball, growing as it moves. All women will remember that one phase of Mrs. Castle's success was the originality of her clothes. The secret of that originality lies in the fact that she designs everything she wears. The Dutch Hat and the Castle Band are still fresh in the memory of thousands of women who wondered why they looked great on Mrs. Castle and awful on almost everyone else. The answer is that Mrs. Castle designed them for Mrs. Castle, with a full understanding of her own unique personality.

* * *

It is not generally known that a recent adventure of Mrs. Castle's almost deprived America of her presence "for the duration of the war." While Vernon was serving with the British Royal Flying Corps in France he was wounded, and went to England to recuperate. Mrs. Castle crossed the Atlantic to see him, and when he had recovered and was about to return to the front, she prepared to return to America.

"I discovered," she says, "that I was a British subject, because of my marriage to Vernon, and they were prohibiting all English people from leaving England. Even women were detained, as they might be needed for bus drivers, munition makers, and what not. They wouldn't even look at my passports. I told them I had property in America that needed attention, that I had contracts to fill, but they would not listen."

"How did you get back?"

"Well, finally the situation was explained by an influential friend to some influential friend of his and—well, influence is a great help in such cases."

Speaking of Vernon Castle recalls a remark of Will Rogers in one of his monologues at the Midnight Frolic. Vernon recently returned to America—he is now an instructor at an aviation camp in Canada—and was at the Frolic. Said Rogers: "We used to be worried about you, Vernon, out there at the front, but when we saw Irene in 'Patria' we decided she was in still greater danger. If she does another serial, she's got you beaten."

But Mrs. Castle never thinks of danger. She thinks only of what she is doing, when she is going through her perilous stunts for Pathe.

"I am not the least bit afraid so long as it all depends upon myself," she says.

"The only time I get nervous in the slightest, is when I have to depend upon someone else doing the right thing at the right moment. For instance, in a recent picture, I had to make a high dive off a bridge, across some rocks. If I didn't jump far enough I would probably dash my brains out on the rocks, and it was a long jump. I knew it was dangerous, but it all depended upon myself, and I had no hesitation. I must admit, though, that when they told me the film was faulty and I had to go back the next day and do it again, it gave me a little shiver."

"What is the most dangerous stunt you have done in pictures?"

"A fire scene on a ship," Mrs. Castle replied without a second's hesitation. "The flames were so close I *knew* I was burning. I beat Milton Sills up the rope ladder by a length and a half."

It would seem that the scenario department doesn't call it a day until some new hair-raising stunt has been invented for Mrs. Castle.

"So you really like your work in these adventurous pictures?" I asked as I reached for my hat.

At the risk of Mrs. Castle repudiating the interview, I insist upon her reply going on record (Pathe officials please shut their eyes):

"Like it? Why, if they wouldn't pay me for it, I'd do it for nothing."



Strawberry time at the Castle country place, and one of the twelve dogs.

The Fable of the Studio Villain

Once upon a time there was a movie actor who played all the villain parts. He was tall, had black hair, white teeth, and a mustache that looked like a pirate's. When there was an old gentleman to be strangled, a young girl to be shot, a hero to be double-crossed, or any kind of dirty work to be done, they called him in.

As a villain, he was a great hit on the screen. Women never wrote mash notes to him but whenever crooked work was mentioned they thought of him. And as a villain, he became famous.

One Saturday he drew his salary and started home. On the way he met a boyhood chum who invited him into a bar-room. Twenty minutes later he staggered out.

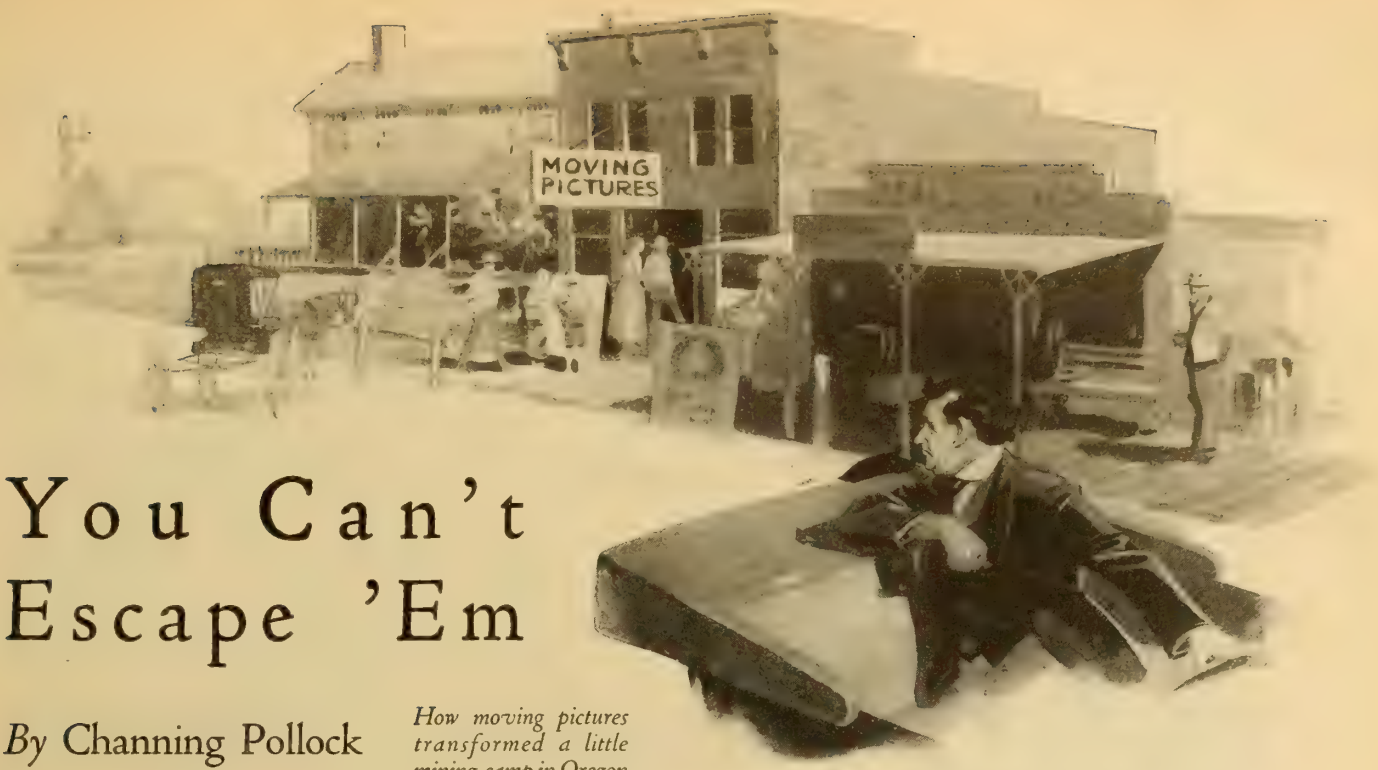
When he got home his wife met him at the door. She weighed 96 pounds and wore glasses, and she seized his pay envelope with practised hand.

"You are fifteen cents short!" she said judicially.

"Enough! My proud beauty," he cried, and with the fumes of the dark beer in his head thought he was in a 5-reeler and reached for her neck.

Before his fingers found it, she knocked him cold with a skillet.

Moral: You never can tell from where you sit.



You Can't Escape 'Em

By Channing Pollock

How moving pictures transformed a little mining camp in Oregon

EVERY mental manufacturer I know—every man whose business is conducted in the top story—has his own private danger signal.

Something recognizable by him, that clicks, or knocks, or flashes red by way of saying: "Bill, the dynamogenesis is burned out, the encephalon has quit revolving upon its cerebrospinal axis, and 'safety first' dictates shutting down the power plant."

One friend, an author of musical comedies, takes to the tall timbers when he finds himself rhyming the last word in any sentence addressed to him.

"Gosh," someone says, "how I hate the humidity!"

My friend replies promptly: "Destroys lucidity!"

At last, comes dread of getting into a chat about "oranges" or "Pittsburg," and the unfortunate librettist hies him to Nova Scotia, where conversation is conducted in words of one syllable.

My danger signal is mathematics. When I begin figuring that, if I live to be three score and ten, I shall have to shave twelve thousand times, and that, but for my dislike of barbers, the scraping would cost me three thousand dollars, my brain cells are closed for repairs, and I go fishing.

For two years I've been writing motion pictures—an experience recounted to you in "An Author in Blunderland"—and so, quite naturally, last Spring I found my multiplication tables set with celluloid. In that dreadful hour before dawn, I'd lie awake estimating how many murders it would take to run a film from New York to Zamboanga, and how long Cleopatra would have required to win Antony with kisses of the sort prescribed by the Pennsylvania Board of Censorship. "If I were you," said my doctor, "I'd trot off to some benighted community that never heard of the cinematograph."

"That," I replied, "is the only inexpensive advice that ever came out of the museum of ancient magazines you call your office. Seventy miles from town, I've a bungalow in a village populated by simple bankers and college professors whose first inclination, upon hearing of a "moving picture," is to conjecture the snap-shot of an eviction!"

I left at 4:32.

The family promised to follow as soon as it could accumulate a maid.

In the smoking compartment sat Professor Derwent Terwilliger, most of whose sixty-seven years have been devoted to discovering why the ant never lays less than six eggs. Last summer the learned man completed his tenth volume on this exciting topic, and I settled myself to sleep through a two-hours' dissertation upon the comparative niggardliness of the common or garden hen. As the doze developed, I caught an upward intonation, denoting inquiry, and the tail of a sentence ending with: "—true that she has ten thousand a week?"

"Eggs?"

"Dollars."

"The ant?"

"Whose aunt?"

"Let's begin all over again. Were you discussing the productiveness of the female Formicidae?"

"No," said the professor; "I was discussing the productiveness of Mary Pickford."

Then it came out—gobs of it—a monologue that reached right into the wilds of Long Island. The professor had shelved ants, and taken up motion pictures. How old was Mary Pickford? What was the history of Dustin Farnum? And didn't I think that long literary experience, covering the every-day life of the ant from the cradle to the grave, could be utilized in the preparation of scenarios for Theda Bara or Olga Petrova?

The station mistress, through whom we secured what was left of our trunks, observed: "I saw something of yours last night."

"Suit case?"

"Picture. Why didn't you—"

"You saw a picture of mine!"

"Yes. Marie Doro. Why didn't you let the girl—"

"Where?"

"Port Jefferson. Why didn't you let the girl marry the reporter?"

Saved! Port Jefferson is half as far away as Sheridan! But that night the family 'phoned to say no maid could be got to go into the country unless there was a picture-house within reach. "There is," I responded, triumphantly; "at Port Jefferson!"

Well, would I motor the menial over every Thursday?

Later on, "Larry" Giffen, a scenario broker, dropped in



General view of Mammoth Copper Mining Co. at Kennet, Calif.



In the day time Moving Picture Hall is used as a reading room.

to talk shop, and the next morning, at a cove down the beach where I used to go for quiet with pad and pencil, I found a hero in negligee shirt and knickerbockers thrusting his sword through a pasty-faced pirate, five of whose companions were endeavoring to give creditable impersonations of gentlemen whose mortal coils had been thoroughly shuffled off.

So I hopped into the car and started for Yaphank.

Yaphank—accent upon the first syllable—has a population of five hundred souls and five million mosquitoes. The mosquitoes are hungry, and a paternal government is preparing to send them sixty thousand soldiers. It would be soothing, I thought, to see this draft army trying to find a draft too strong for the insects, and learning the use of citronella in modern warfare. A native at a crossroads told me: "There ain't much to look at yet. That is—soldiers. But the Y. M. C. A.'s running a couple of picture shows, and, if you know anybody there, I guess you can get in."

I got out.

Out of Yaphank, out of Shoreham, off of Long Island!

Moluncus Lake is thirty miles from a railway station, where Maine wobbles about on the border of New Brunswick. Once upon a time, when I was younger and thought *pate de foie gras* had nothing on green venison, buried out of sight of the game wardens, I used to go there with a guide, named Luvie Swett, and as many Broadway Indians as could be lured away from the happy hunting grounds contiguous to Times Square.

(Twelve years ago we brought along a supply of beer, which, in deference to the state legislature's prejudice against anything stronger than sarsaparilla, had been made up to resemble a cask of kerosene. We drove that cask twenty miles, and canoed it ten, and smashed in the head at midnight, with our tongues hanging out, only to discover that what it contained *was* kerosene. En route, the keg had got mixed up with a shipment of the real article, and ever since, when the conversation lags, or I'm listening to Professor Terwilliger, I wander off to wondering whether the individual who got the changeling was as disappointed at not being able to burn our kerosene as we were at not being able to drink *his*.)

Anyway, I went to Moluncus.

The charitable farmer, at Kingman, who used to sell us ham and eggs at a dollar an egg, and throw in the ham, asked whether I'd come up on business.

"Business?" I inquired.

"Show business?" he replied. "I seem to remember you've got something to do with a theyater."

"True," said I; "but what would I do with a theyater at Moluncus? Theatrically speaking, Moluncus is the only spot in the universe that one wouldn't book in preference to Newark."

"Yeh," assented the rustic; "quite a show-town—Moluncus. Us fellows run up there twice a week now. A lumber company's cut the woods; they's a thousand men

at work; and movin' pictshers at both ends of the camp. Which do you like best, neighbor—Charlie Chaplin or 'Fatty' Arbuckle?"

"When I was a little boy, at my mother's knee," I answered, "she made me promise that I'd never laugh at either. What time does the next train leave for Boston?"

The next train left very shortly, but it was an accommodation—though hard to regard in that light—and I'd nothing to read. A forgotten periodical lay upon one of the seats. THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE!

Boston was hot that night; just the evening for a musical comedy. Half a block from the hotel stands a theatre noted for all-summer runs of girl-shows. I got tickets at the newsstand, had 'em put on my bill, and, the hour being late, hurried into the auditorium. The place was dark, and across the stage wended its way a procession headed by the Savior. A feature film of the life of Christ!

Oh, well—one could sleep! Back to the hotel; into pajamas and bed. An index-finger upon a button "doused the glim." But, from somewhere, light came into the room. From where? The street. A fire! How fortunate! Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he can't be interested in a first-class conflagration? I rose, and went to the window. From the roof of a building over the way hung a huge screen, and upon this appeared alternately motion pictures of marching troops, and battleships at sea, and advertisements of corsets and summer hotels up the coast. One of these summer hotels boasted: "Free cinema exhibitions every night."

The following morning I dug up my uncle. This relative represents all the learning that ever seeped into my family. He is a chemist, a mineralogist, a civil engineer, and vice-president and general manager of a big smelting, refining and mining company that maintains offices in Congress Street. Here, at least, was a man with a mind above motion pictures. And here, at last, I wasn't disappointed. "I've a new interest," observed my uncle. "Call it social welfare work—though it isn't. We're trying to make life better worth living for the people who help earn dividends. Monday I'm starting for one of our properties—the Mammoth Mine, at Kennet, California. Like to go?"

"Yes."

"Meanwhile, I've got to run over to Philadelphia. How about that?"

Again I answered in the affirmative. The trip would mean eight hours conversation about things of real importance—the social-democratic movement in Germany, the slow-but-sure reintergration of Mexico, the way to cook fish daubed with clay in a campfire. When the porter had hunted out the most inaccessible spots for our baggage, I asked: "You haven't found copper in Philadelphia?"

"No. I'm going over to see about some motion pictures."

Something "missed" in my brain—something that gave meaning to the nonsense Swinburne wrote to the effect that "the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous touch on the temples of terror."

"Motion pictures!" I aspirated. "Not *motion* pictures! For pity's sake, tell me you didn't say 'motion pictures'!"

"Ah," smiled my uncle; "but I did."

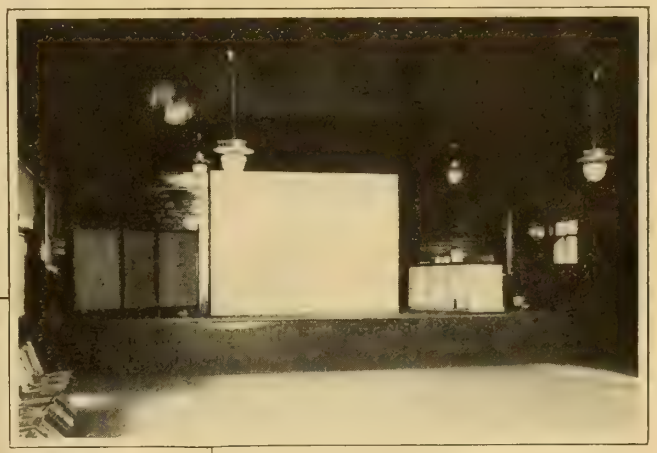
After all, he *was* my uncle, and my host, and it was "up to me" to talk on any topic he elected. I began mechanically. "Mary Pickford gets ten thousand a week. 'Intolerance' cost more than half a million. Charlie Chaplin's salary, in dollar bills, placed end to end—"

My uncle said: "You know W. L. George's book, 'Engines of Social Progress'? Well, that's what the cinema is—an engine of social progress."

(A strong man always decks his weaknesses with fragments of his strength. The poet in love with a chorus girl forever sees her as a poetess.)

"We had a mine, called the—Never mind! It wouldn't be fair—now—to tell you the name. But it was a particularly grim mine in a particularly desolate spot. Nothing to do, nothing to see, nowhere to go, and little to lure you back if you went. Naturally, the men, and their wives, took on the character of the place. Interest evaporated into the dry, hot air. The women became slatterns. The children were washed only for purposes of identification. The pretty cottages the company built fell into ruin—with discarded kitchen ware in the front yard, and nothing growing except in the paths. Around the settlement was a fringe of saloons, and the man who went to bed sober was thought to be eccentric.

"We did all we could to change conditions, but, somehow, our efforts seemed only to inspire resentment. One night, a year ago, when I was in the town, a wandering impresario bobbed up with a picture show. Everybody went, and this brief rousing from lethargy gave me an idea. I presented the camp with a screen and a projecting machine, suggesting the formation of a committee on



An interior view of Amusement Hall.

Below: Amusement Hall, maintained by the U. S. Smelting Co., at Bingham Canyon, Utah.



entertainment, and stipulating that the admission charged should not be more than ten cents. A week later, when I left, the tide had started to turn.

"It began with the committee. To be elected to that committee was an honor—the only opportunity for distinction that ever had presented itself at the mine. Men felt the need of being liked, of doing something different, such as wearing a collar in the evening, if they were to get into the public mind as possible candidates. Once the ambition was achieved, they had responsibilities. Meetings had to be held, and the welfare of the community discussed, and business transacted with the outer world. Three miners, become official, stopped lolling, and drinking, and conducted themselves as became men of affairs and leading citizens.

"The company gave credit for material—there's nothing the laboring man resents as he does charity—and, in its spare time, the village built a hall. When you're building a hall in your spare time, you can't devote that same time to absorbing alcohol. The saloon-keepers, one and all, declared against motion pictures as a menace to the morals of the community. In due course, came the gala first performance. Did the women dress for it? Well, you know women. The trouble about being all dressed up and having no place to go is that, if you've no place to go, you don't bother to dress up. The spirit of sartorial rivalry was awakened. Neat shirtwaists, and skirts, and more pretentious frocks, were dug out of trunks, and packing cases, where they had lain forgotten, and a society reporter would not have lacked inspiration for descriptive writing when the season opened in that camp on the edge of the world.

"Once the women had 'dolled up,' and found how good it felt, they stayed 'dolled.' And, as a clean shirtwaist wouldn't remain clean in a dirty house, the cottages began to show the influence of rake and hoe and scrubbing brush. You've only to begin that sort of thing, you know. A dead level may go on being a dead level, but, when you start up, each step leads to one a little higher. What was the use having a hall occupied only two nights a week? The men polished the floor, the women made a canvas covering to put over it on 'picture evenings,' and, between times, there was dancing.

"Dancing meant an orchestra. A big mucker knew how to play the violin. A car-boy once had been able to do wonderful things with a trap-drum.

"Within three months there was a band. Music? Music—and then some. The man who could make the most noise, made it, and the envious smaller fry waited for him to become exhausted, and then sailed in on their own account. 'Traumerei' and the Hungarian Rhapsodie were given in the same tone and tempo, and Emmet's 'Lullaby' would have awakened any infant not under an anesthetic.

"I don't know much about these things, but, if the loudest music written is 'forte,' this gang started at eighty-five and never dropped below seventy until the car-boy had beaten his drum into insensibility.

"However, in time, enthusiasm waned, and proficiency took its place. Ear-muffs ceased to be the appropriate decoration at a concert. The music got to be pretty good, and the dancing, and then came the need of refreshments. A soda and ice-cream department was established in the hall. Somebody thought it a pity that the place should be closed all day, and somebody else conceived the idea of a library. The pictures, you see, had worked up an interest in stories. Whenever there was a film adapted from one of the standard authors, that author jumped into instant popularity, and the camp grew to be strong for Charles Dickens and Victor Hugo. Moreover, a little conniving between the committee and the company brought in an occasional 'Safety First' picture, or 'The Importance of Sanitation,' and so reforms were suggested subtly that could not have been effected by any other kind of propaganda.

"If you'd known that camp a year ago, and stopped off there tonight, you'd think you'd slept past your station. There isn't a saloon in miles. They were starved out. If New York had half the civic pride you wouldn't be in danger of breaking a spring every time you drove down one of the principal thoroughfares. The committee, of course, has been responsible for some class feeling, but the chief result of that is a general effort to get into the 'upper ten'—or, rather, the upper three. Everybody dresses neatly, and what Mrs. Brown wore last night is as absorbing a topic in mining circles as in Fifth Avenue. If you ever write this story, and want a picture of the municipality, just rob one of the street cars and use a sketch of Spotless Town."

"And," said I, "you attribute all this to the 'movies'? Wouldn't any interest have done it? Drama?"

"How are you going to get drama into a forlorn corner of Oregon? And, if you did, the people wouldn't be participating in it. A library or an art gallery would have been too far above 'em. To uplift, get under!

"What happened in Oregon has happened everywhere else, only more so, because the 'engine of social progress' hadn't so far to travel. Kennet was always neat, and orderly, and self-respecting. We have a smelter there, and a mine, and there is an opera house that, like its prototype, serves also as dance hall, refreshment pavilion, and library. Adults are charged ten cents admission to the pictures, which are free to children, and the entertainment committee records a profit of about three dollars a night. When this profit aggregates thirty or forty dollars, a feature film is obtained, and there is a gala performance, given gratis, with dancing to follow. The women always looked well in Kennet, but mines are dirty places, and the men were inclined to be a bit slouchy. Now that they mingle with women not their own, in a public amusement resort, this

(Continued on page 124)

"Doug"

By Charles McMurdy.

ALL I hear at home is Douglas Fairbanks,
Every day at morning, noon and night!
Mother's always telling of his rare pranks,
Sister loves to see him in a fight.
Laura'd like to be the leading lady—
He's the talk at breakfast every morn.
Everybody's crazy over Fairbanks—
And I wish the fellow never had been born!

Never was a bird like Douglas Fairbanks!
Fights a dozen gunmen all at once—
Foils the villain's plot and wins the girl's thanks—
Does a thousand death-defying stunts!
Climbs right up the sides of lofty buildings—
If he ever slipped he'd be a wreck!
Nothing seems too difficult for Fairbanks;
Some day the fellow's going to break his neck!

Oh, I'd like to feel like Douglas Fairbanks,
Always full of ginger, punch and zip!
Always up and coming with some new pranks,
Living life at such an awful clip!
All the girls declare he's so magnetic,
Say he's put all others on the shelf.
Everybody's crazy over Fairbanks—
And I kinda like to see the cuss myself.



Why-Do-*They*-Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Mary's An Awfully Modest Girl

IN one scene of "The Long Trail," Mary Fuller and Lou Tellegen are caught in a snowstorm and he carries her, exhausted or unconscious, to his cabin. When he places her in a big chair, she stealthily adjusts her skirt to hide a small expanse of hosiery that happens to be exposed. Rather queer act for an unconscious person—what?

SLIM JIM, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Referred to Doc Watson

GEORGE FISHER certainly was up against it when, in "Periwinkle," his pajama-clad person was washed ashore on a coast where a life saving station was the most civilized thing in sight. But presently he produced a suitcase from the Lord knows where and we conclude that the natty flannels he wore were a fair sample of its contents. Still, we know that he hadn't communicated with New York, because it transpired later that everybody there thought he was dead.

JOHN SMITH, Tucson, Ariz.

Honored Editor:

CAN we, in a good natured way, rise up and take a little swipe at Bunk, that creature that seems often to over-feed itself in the young pastures of the photoplay? First swipe, herewith:

PIFFLE, PIFFLE, LITTLE STAR!

"I wash my hair six times a week!"
(We hear the dainty starlet speak.)
"And I always drive a rose-hued car."
—Piffle, piffle, little star.

"My poodle's name is Pinky Poo;
I think he's awfully sweet, don't you?
I clean his feet with honey tar."
—Piffle, piffle, little star.

"I have a mole upon my back;
My fav'rite fruit is crackerjack;
My fame is spreading wide and far!"
—Piffle, piffle, little star.

"A thousand letters every day
Is what I get, and they all say,
'What a gee-ne-yus you are!'"
—It's all piffle, little star!

E. J. S., Chicago.



Satan & Co.

I SAW "The Brand of Satan" last night. The name did the piece a great injustice. It should more properly have been called "The Brand of Satan and his Disciples, Nero, Michiavelli, Ivan the Terrible and a Few Others," for the play revelled in four or five murders, two or three instances of burglary and robbery, a few cases of rape, a dual personality which was enough to make Robert Louis turn in his grave, illegitimate children, a little bomb incident, a case of assault, with quite a liberal sprinkling of Apache dive scenes here and there, and ended by the hero's sending his father to death, via "Madame Guillotine." What a night it was! But it was tough on Montagu Love.

A. J. HERTZ, Bronx, N. Y.

"Coming Soon"

THE facade of my movie theatre makes me dizzy, plastered as it is with gaudy posters of Bill Hart holding the whole of Red Eye Gulch at bay and Earle Williams getting a genteel strangle hold on the ingenue, to say nothing of questions like "Should a Woman Tell?" and "What About Your Neighbor's Baby?"—not one of which gives me the slightest inkling of what's going on inside.



NATIVE SON,
St. Louis, Mo.

Probably a Victim of Insomnia

IN "The Wax Model," Thomas Holding comes home, after visiting Vivian Martin in her rooms, and sits in an armchair to ponder. This is at night. We then see happenings of the next day and come back to Thomas Holding still sitting in his chair, still thinking. Are we to believe that he has been sitting there all that time, in the same attitude?

RITA REILLY, Wayne, Pa.

Did She?

I DON'T mean to carp and criticize, but didn't I catch the glint of a wedding ring on Mary Pickford's finger in "The Little American?"

FLORENCE HARDING, Denver, Colo.

Perhaps That's What It Had Been The Day Before

IN "Bawbs o' Blue Ridge," Bessie Barriscale sat on the floor beside the kitchen stove, in the old log cabin. A close-up showed this floor to be as smooth as that of a ballroom.

V. M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

But Who Wouldn't Die for Wallie?

IN "The Squaw Man's Son," don't you think it was awfully nice of Dorothy Davenport, as Wallace Reid's wife in the picture, to die just in time for him to marry Anita King?

JOHN BULLINGTON, Dallas, Tex.

'Nother Sleight-of-Hand Artist

IN "The Auction of Virtue," we see Naomi Childers, as Phyllis, enter the modiste's establishment with the "borrowed" dress, which she held behind her—at least we were led to assume that the dress was in the package she was attempting to conceal—then when she brings the package around in front of her, not only has it increased considerably in size, but the paper is different: one a neatly wrapped package, the other a large, bulky one.

A. C. P., Kansas City, Mo.

Try This On Your Underwood

TELL me where I can get a typewriter, like they have in the movies, on which I won't have to use a shift key to make a capital letter. Actresses write whole pages without using the shift key once, and when flashed on the screen, most every other word is capitalized.

Glaring example: "The Golden Idiot."

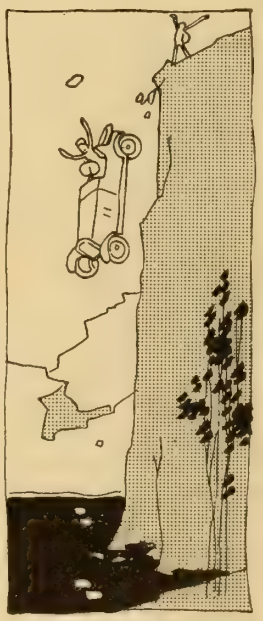
L. GATES, Chicago.

That Convenient Porch Roof

WHY, after a sheriff's posse or two and every available citizen in sight, to say nothing of women and children, have assisted in the capture of the Vicious Villain or the Hunted Hero (Hart, Fairbanks or Wallie), *why* does every man of them go away, leaving the captured one entirely alone in a bedroom opening on a porch roof, or tied to a tree with a large spike in it, against which he can saw his bonds? In rare cases where a guard is left, he either drinks himself to sleep in short order, or rolls over a cliff.

F. HYDE, Pottsville, Pa.

Some Car, All Right



I AM a pianist in our local theatre and have just finished playing for "The Race" (Victor Moore and Anita King). An "ocean to ocean" race takes place between these two players, during which Miss King's car is seen to leap over a bridge and is dashed to pieces below. The girl is found in the wreckage by Victor Moore and is assisted to a nearby farmhouse. Next morning, however, she is able to start off jauntily again in the wrecked car.

FLORENCE THOMSON,
Owen Sound, Ont.

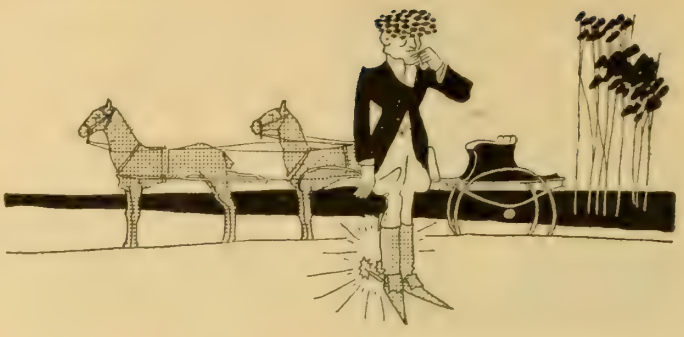
Why—

—does the hero or heroine or any other character sit down, and, with a few wavering dashes across the page, write a four-page letter?

—does the heroine, when registering grief or excitement, almost chew off her knuckles?

—is it that, in one scene, the heroine's hair is mussed and ratted, and, in the next, is freshly marcelled?

WINIFRED JONES, Glendale, Cal.



"The Great Secret"

FIRST CHAPTER

NOW, Francis X. B. is a beaut,
A fact we cannot dispute;
He's certainly a grand one
When driving a tandem;
But, why cavalry spurs on his boots?

LAST CHAPTER

"THE GREAT SECRET" was surely some tale,
Enough to make one turn pale.
As a bride, dear Beverly was shy;
But, Francis was certainly a guy
To strain his first kiss through a veil.

G. L. K., MALDEN, MASS.

The Overworked Rector

WHY, in almost every picture that calls for a marriage, is the officiating clergyman either a Catholic priest or an Episcopal rector? Do Methodists, Jews or Baptists never have romances? SPENCER K. BINYON, Chicago.

She Must Have Had a Little Fairy Somewhere

THE most atrocious of all the atrocities in "The Woman in White" was that robe which she wore for months out there in the woods without once getting it soiled or torn.

MARGARET ELLINGWOOD, Dixon, Ill.

Clothes and the Screen

IN plays where the action covers five years or more, why does the star wear the same cut and style of costume throughout? For instance, in "Gloria's Romance," Billie Burke was first shown as a schoolgirl, then as a woman five years later. In all scenes she wore 1917 costumes, although everybody knows that, in Taft's administration, flare skirts would have been laughed at. Alice Brady is guilty of the same careless error in "Frou-Frou." In fact, I have never yet seen a play in which this detail of correct costuming wasn't overlooked.

I also noted one flaw in the historical detail of "Intolerance." The French courtiers wore high-heeled shoes. Now, the high-heeled shoe was first adopted by Louis the Fourteenth, a short man who wished to appear tall. The shoes of Catherine de Medici's time were, I think, very broad at the toe, sometimes six inches across, and without a heel. This is noticeable in full-length portraits of Henry the Eighth.

PRISCILLA P. INGALLS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Showing Up Mr. Brady

IN "The Weakness of Man," starring Holbrook Blinn, the heroine, a supposed widow, is married at home, although everything points to her being a Roman Catholic, and she wears bridal white, including the veil. Surely Mr. Brady knows that this is not good form.

M. G. G., Ottawa, Ont.



The Girl *with the* Bee-Stung Lip

By Alfred A. Cohn

SOME poet, or press agent, dubbed Mae Murray "the girl with the bee-stung lip." People are likely to remember that after they have forgotten that this same Mae Murray was "the Original Brinkley Girl."

Miss Murray came to the silversheet from Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies, a form of entertainment to which New York and its environs has become permanently addicted. The Follies fulfills an important function in our national life in that it scours the world for youth and beauty—for the screen. At any rate, there are a number of instances on record of Follies discoveries having been won over to the camera stage, and once won over, the Follies no longer sees them in the footlights' glare.

Mae Murray enjoys the unique distinction of being the first Follies star to abandon that institution for the silent drama. But it was her film burlesque with Leon Errol in the 1915 Edition of the Follies that led to her capture by the screeners. She was an instantaneous success with Lasky, under whose auspices she "debutted" into the photo-drama, and since then—a little more than a year and a half ago—she has rapidly mounted toward the topmost rungs on the screen's ladder of personal popularity.

In real life Miss Murray is a Peter-Pannish sort of creature. Although it is possible to look upon her without the faintest possibility of incurring astigmatism or eye-strain of any sort, it is well nigh impossible to look upon her as a grown woman, even with the knowledge that she is no longer a child. She is the perfect ingenue, not only in type, but when either at work or play.



Photo by Apeda



At the left, Miss Mae Murray, and her director Robert Leonard.

Recently Miss Murray signed a two years' contract with the Lasky company, but some difference arose and she transferred her affiliation, her luggage and her bee-stung lip to Universal. She is now at Universal City, devoting her time and talents to the propagation of Bluebird photoplays under the direction of Robert Leonard, her camera mentor of Lasky days.

Millionaires Frolic *with* Movie Nymphs

Bar Harbor's Exclusive Summer Colony Mingles Democratically with Annette Kellermann's Mermaids and Mermen as they Film "Queen of the Seas" for William Fox.



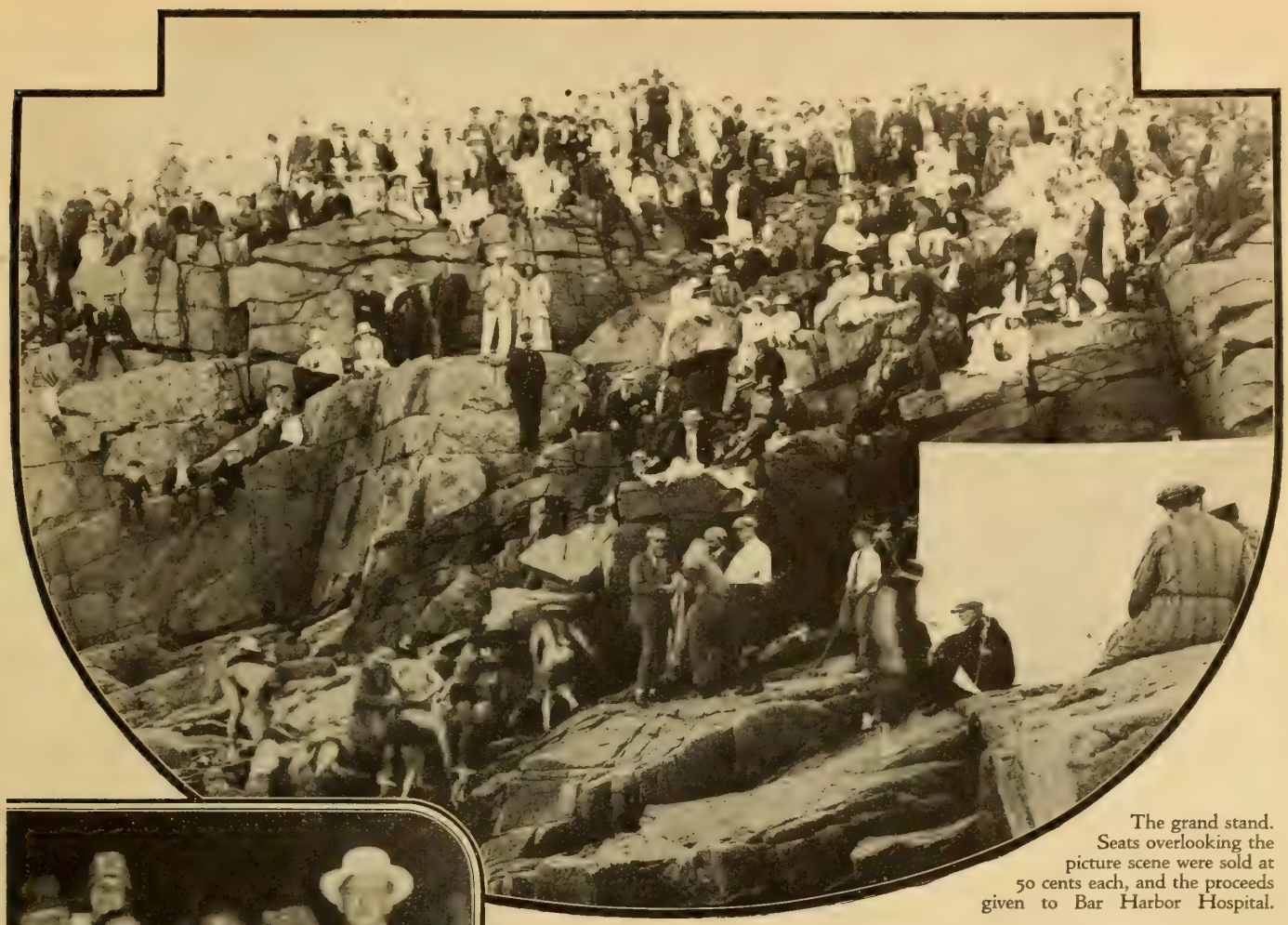
Grapes from a palatial hothouse, arrive just in time for Miss Kellermann's breakfast.



A billion-dollar clam-bake. The lady in the heavy coat near the middle of the picture is the guest of honor, Miss Kellermann. . The adjacent white hat and black moustache are attached to the person of Ernest Lorillard; Jimmy Sullivan, husband of Miss K., stands between Mr. Lorillard and his wife; George Whelan, president of the United Cigar Stores, nurses one ankle in the foreground; kneeling behind him, Director John G. Adolfi seems to be smiling because Mrs. George Dickson, at his left, is side-glancing the flashlight. The other side of Miss Kellermann is Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, sister of J. P. Morgan, and to her left Victor N. Cushman, Mr. Satterlee, Miss Mabel Satterlee. In front of Mrs. Satterlee is her younger daughter, Eleanor, while the gentleman seated beside her, grabbing his wrist, is George Dickson.



Misses Eleanor and Mabel Satterlee giving an imitation of two young women just mad about an actor, the actor being Hugh Thompson, leading fish of the Kellermann school.



The grand stand. Seats overlooking the picture scene were sold at 50 cents each, and the proceeds given to Bar Harbor Hospital.

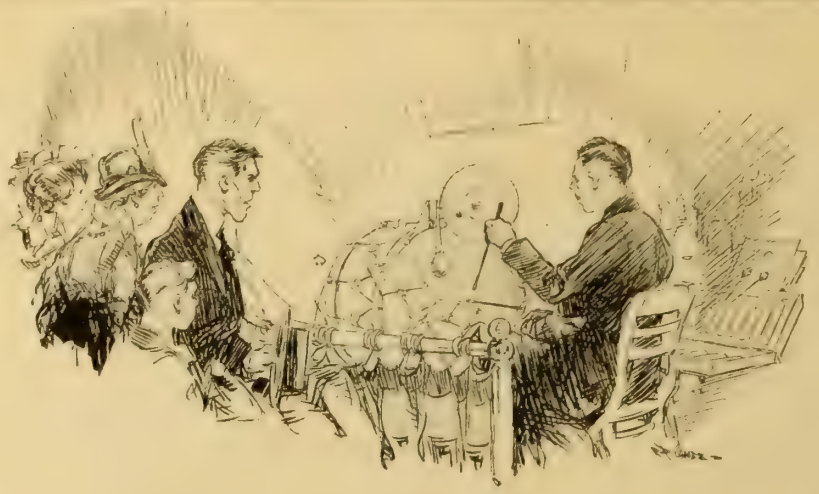




Above, a typical busy day. Director John G. Adolfi telling Miss Kellermann what a hard worker he is, while Friend Husband Sullivan sympathizes, and Assistant Director John Kellette registers approval.



A few million dollars' worth of audience. Skipping Director Adolfi on the left, they are George Whelan, of the United Cigar Stores, W. F. Meehan and J. G. Ogden, the latter two gentlemen being listed among Wall Street's favorite sons.



The Dubb Family Mingles *with* Class

By Hildegarde Rudin

Decorations by R. F. JAMES

MRS. DUBB finishes up the supper dishes and hangs up the wet dish towel.

Mr. Dubb lights his pipe, gets out his specs and reaches for the Gasfitters' Home Companion.

The Dubb kid prepares for a quiet sneak to join the gang.

Sweet-Sixteen Dubb picks an ancient grass-skirt tune on her $2.98 ukelele.

Mrs. Dubb suggests a trip to the De Lux Cinema Emporium.

Dubb tries to chloroform the idea by knocking the highbrow pictures.

Sweet-Sixteen says the family should mix with class at the quarter theatre to live up to the automobile.

Mrs. Dubb says she wants to sit in a good seat once —she's tired of the dime dens.

Dubb surrenders, the kid growls, and they start for the De Lux.

They park the muddy Henry between a Packard and a Pierce-Arrow.

The picture was a souperfeature, "Around the world before you start."

Dubb got in the box office line.

The family wandered around the lobby looking at the pictures.

Dubb finally reaches the window.

The ticket seller said something to her friend about a nut being in again.

She slips Dubb a bum quarter in the change.

Dub discovers it and goes back.

The girl points at the sign about no mistakes rectified after leaving the window.

Sweet-Sixteen whispers not to make a scene over a quarter, to show some class.

They are ushered into seats the bass drum is trying to occupy.

Sweet Sixteen says the seats are too close—she can't see a thing.

The picture begins to spill.

The Dubb kid says the drum hurts his ears.

Mrs. Dubb tells her shackle mate to change the seats.

He writhes his way out of the theatre.

The ticket seller asks her friend who left the door open.

Dubb gets seats in the cheap section and doesn't know the difference.

The family does a light brigade over the deadheads in the front row, and climbs into its new seats.

Some one says something about nobody being at home.

Dubb says the highbrow picture is rotten.

The man next to Dubb with the walrus droop moustache goes to sleep on Dubb's shoulder.

The Dubb kid wants to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Souse" across the street.

Mrs. Dubb says they will all stay if it kills them.

Dubb tells her a lot of her classy friends are leaving the show cold.

A bridge-club leader behind asks in a loud voice why such vulgar people are admitted.

Mrs. Dubb rises with dignity, hands out a 32-degree-above zero stare, and heads the tribe out.

They climb into the Henry while Dubb exercises his arm on the crank.

Mrs. Dubb inquires icily why they can't go anywhere without being disgraced by Dubb's actions.

They drive home in a dense fog of silence.



Mrs. Dubb wonders what chance children have with such a father.

Dubb goes out to forget his troubles.

Three hours elapse.

Dubb staggers into the house.

The Dubb kid hears an argument.

The end of a perfect evening.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By
Randolph Bartlett
and
Kitty Kelly

Florence Reed as Lily Morton is called to account for her finery in "Today."

By Mr. Bartlett

WAR pictures we have had with us since a few weeks after August 1, 1914. Until the summer which has just passed they were mostly of two sorts—propaganda for war and propaganda for peace. Being propaganda pictures they were inevitably for the most part of two grades as entertainment—bad and worse. With the entrance of America into the conflict the attitude of producers and public automatically changed overnight. Peace pictures were immediately placed under government ban; pro-war pictures became so much junk. It was no longer a question of picturing situations as between a neutral, though imperilled nation, and the combatants, but of stating in terms of the pantomimic drama the spirit of a nation which had finally worked out its alignment. No longer was it necessary to veil, thinly or otherwise, the identity of the opposing powers. "A ruthless monarch" was instantly the Kaiser, "a military nation" at once became Germany. The subterfuges of allegory were no longer necessary, and the scenario could frankly employ actual events as the background of the personal element in the story.

Thus, substituting basic truth for speculation and preachment, it is possible to create war pictures possessing national vitality. To a nation athrob with drums, to a people which daily sees its manhood marching away in khaki, to men and women among whom there are few who have not at least one relative or acquaintance soon to embark for "a French port," these war pictures are big with meaning. In that column of troops that moves steadily across the screen, *He* may be marching. Volunteer or conscript, he is answering the call. The war is a reality to the throng in the theater. See to it therefore, you producers, that your war pictures are based upon that reality, and not upon mere melodramatic vaporings. If you are mere charlatans, employing a tremendous fact as a cornerstone for an edifice of lath and stucco, the public will soon find you out. But if you tell the truth, so far as in you lies, you are performing a real service—creating real literature as surely as Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" are literature.



Eileen Percy, Fairbanks' leading woman in "Down to Earth," is a lovely pouter.

THE SLACKER—Metro

And so William Christy Cabanne's "The Slacker," is literature, and through it Metro wins the war medal. "The Little American" was more Pickford than patriotism, less pro-America than anti-Germany. "The



"Jack and the Beanstalk" is a prodigious piece of entertainment for children.



They shoot Dustin Farnum, hero of "The Spy," instead of the author.



The Norma Talmadge smile comes into its own in "The Moth."

Slacker" is a veritable work of genius in that it reaches heights of nationalism without once dragging in the enemy to stir the emotion of hatred in the hearts of the spectators. Its philosophy is based, not upon misdeeds of another nation but upon the awakening of our own people. To say that we can make war without hate is to say that we can drink whiskey without becoming intoxicated. But unless that hate is backed by sincerity and determination it is about as potent as a curse in the teeth of a tornado. Mr. Cabanne has constructed a story which deals with the building up of our own spirit, not with the tearing down of others.

In the story no character is all good or all bad—they are all just human. The slacker himself—you read the story in PHOTOPLAY last month—was no physical coward, nor did he lack the courage in the face of opposing waves, to declare that all this war talk bored him excessively. Likewise, the opposed character who promptly enlisted, was no "thin red hero," but, whether or not Mr. Cabanne so intended, something very like a moral snob. Thus the story is fundamentally sound. The types are true Americans—individual and erect even in their weaknesses. And when, to complete this excellence, Mr. Cabanne had the self-restraint to send the soldier boy off to war, and end the picture there, instead of inceing and blacktoning through a reel of smoke and horror to an amorous half-nelson, he achieved a triumph of reality. The story dwarfs the players.

THE SPY—Fox

Consider, on the other hand, the case of "The Spy," a Fox-Farnum film foisted upon a public that has learned to expect better things for the immaculate Dustin. Just as "The Slacker" studiously avoids scenes of horror and hatred, "The Spy" offers little else. Just as "The Slacker" is populated with human beings, "The Spy" contains only white angels and black devils. Here is a story in which we are expected to believe that a veteran general will spout to a whole roomful of men (albeit members of a patriotic organization) the news that he has FOUND JUST THE MAN TO GO TO BERLIN AND GET THE LIST OF GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA; that a servant in this patriot club, a spy, would be the only person in the room so deaf as not to hear what the man was going to Berlin for, but would hear that he *was* going on some secret mission; that the head of the German secret service would show a list of German spies in America to a man known to be on a mysterious mission for the American government, for the mere reason that he was trying to wean this young American over to the German cause; that an amateur burglar could walk unchallenged into the house of the Berlin secret service chief, crack a safe and his confederate escape with the papers. All it needed to make the chain consistent was that the Honorable Dustin Farnum should himself escape and marry the girl. But no! Here a new technique is introduced. Dustin is tortured gruesomely, until the audience is glutted with the horror of his agonized face, and upon still refusing to divulge the whereabouts of the papers, which, as a matter of fact, by this time he does not know, he is taken out and shot. A suggestion: Let this last scene be retaken and the author substituted for the star. The story is by George Bronson Howard, whom a New York magistrate recently sued successfully for libel. While the stupidity of the German secret service has become notorious, it still has good cause for action against Mr. Howard for the way he has maligned it in this drammer

WAR AND WOMAN—Thanhouser

"War and the Woman" is the Thanhouser-Pathe contribution to the current flickerature of the embattled world. Here again the spy theme, but without the ponderous

attempt to bolster up improbabilities by hitching a vanload of fiction to an ant of fact. In "War and the Woman" a man is discovered by his stepdaughter to be furnishing some unnamed foreign foe of America with valuable data. She runs away, becomes the wife of an army aviator, and then the country is invaded. The enemy gains important advantages, and the girl is made prisoner in her own home by officers of the typically brutal and amorous type originally invented, if memory serves correctly, by J. Stuart Blackton. These fellows are so busy lovemaking it is strange they win so many battles. But let that pass. The girl's husband gets a message to her that he will be at a certain spot with his aeroplane at a certain time. She manages to obtain a large quantity of explosive, and as she escapes sets off the powder so that the house blows up, destroying the leaders of the invading army, and presumably, leaving their forces helpless. Little pretense is made that this is based upon fact or probability. It is sheer fiction, and as such quite equal to half of the war yarns that are spun in the magazines. It is entitled to more than perfunctory notice, moreover, because Florence LaBadie, seldom favored with good scenarios, here has more than customary opportunity to display her beauty and her talent.

THE WARRIOR—Italian

Still observing the current war films, consider now an importation from Italy, "The Warrior." This latin cinema is constructed primarily for the exploitation of the unique physiology of one Battista Pagano, who is better known to fame as Maciste, the mobile statue in ebony from "Cabiria." Something more than a year ago there was divulged in New York a curious melodrama entitled "The Marvelous Maciste," devised for a similar purpose. But so ludicrous were the situations that the American public—or that small fraction of it which occasionally infests the Park Theater—refused to accept the thing as either good melodrama or good farce, and it passed beyond our ken. Now this Pagano, or Maciste, is so tremendously powerful of muscle, that his feats are always in danger of appearing ludicrous. So in "The Warrior," the alert Italian producers have taken advantage of the fact, and have constructed scenes which have a certain humorous trend. The principal incidents—the entire half dozen reels being episodical—are one in which Maciste goes on a single-handed raid of the Austrian lines in the snow-clad Alps, and comes back with a whole squad of prisoners, whom he has outwitted and outfought, and another in which he engages in a dougfairbanks with the Austrian defenders of a certain castle. There is just a shred of plot in this series of happenings, but the picture is one of the best entertainments of the year, since it is all orginal stuff, and well done.

THE CONQUEROR—Fox

But enough of war. Let us have peace. And it is almost a platitude, that the triumphs of peace are greater than those of war. For the sins committed in "The Spy," Fox is absolved, and given a front seat among the Sunday trail-hitters because he has given to the world "The Conqueror," and assigned the role of Sam Houston to William Farnum. So the Farnum family breaks even, the brothers starring in the worst and best of the month—or perhaps the year. In the background of American history are scores of picturesque, romantic, strong men, who make the bloodless heroes of scenarios written for no other reason than that when they sell, they bring in about $500 each, look like female impersonators. Nor is there any immorality in the fact that Henry Christeen Warnack, in devising the plot, calmly ignored such matters of record as that Houston's father died when he was thirteen, that Houston, so far from being illiterate until he reached manhood, taught school when he was sixteen, that Mrs. Houston left



In addition to comedy thrills, "The Warrior" offers war scenes.



Arthur Hoyt's study of inefficient "Mr. Opp" is unique and entertaining.



Natalia Lesienko, at the right, one of the voluptuous stars of the Russian Art Films.



The alert beauty of Dorothy Phillips is manifested in "The Rescue."



William Russell is pugilistically professional in "Pride and the Man."



Bessie Barriscale is a mischievous kitchen wench in "Borrowed Plumage."

her husband three months after their marriage, instead of Samuel quitting the roof-tree the night of the wedding.

That he did marry Eliza Allen, and that the years when he was becoming a power in Tennessee were the years possibly devoted to courtship, is sufficient. What is more to the point, is that this film is splendid entertainment, and no attempt is made to gloss over the weaknesses of the hero so that the flappers in the audience may regard him as an angel from heaven on a short vacation. There are, doubtless, states in which the censors will order deleted the scene in which Houston sells a skin to an innkeeper, gets his dog to steal it back, and so sells it over again, thus getting money to buy drinks for the town commissioners and persuade them to appoint him constable. Ah, brethren, this is sin heaped upon sin! And besides, the Chamber of Commerce of Houston, Texas, may be expected to rise in its might and denounce such calumny against its patron saint.

To William Farnum must go the customary bouquet that he earns in every picture of late, and to Director R. A. Walsh even greater honors. In fact, this is a director's opus. The players were merely instruments in the orchestra. "The Conqueror" is Walsh's symphony.

TODAY—Harry Rapf

"Today" has entered its third and final metamorphosis. Abraham Schomer's original Yiddish drama was a study of the Jewish home in conflict with demoralizing White Way influences. George Broadhurst transposed it into terms of the American family, losing most of the original meaning and retaining only the sensational story of a finery-loving wife selling herself for clothes. Harry Rapf has now utilized the fable for a photodrama, and, curiously enough, while he used the American name of Morton for the family, the elder characters were played by distinct Jewish types, thereby restoring something of the original flavor. Its chief value, however, in this latest transmigration, is that it provides Florence Reed with numerous good reasons for making one of her too infrequent appearances in the darkened theater. It leaves the impression of a series of pantomimic solos by this brilliant virtuoso. Her silent recitatives and arias in this opera of shadows cause one to speculate as to why some producer has not seen fit, after the manner of the times, to organize the Florence Reed Film Corporation for the more frequent exploitations of the Reed beauty and intelligence. There is no role too big for her, and no magnificence so splendid that she cannot dominate the scene—as witness the splendid Brenon mistake of last winter, "The Eternal Sin," almost redeemed by her valiant efforts. In "Today" her conception of the petted and petulant wife, the gay sinner, and the woman paying the tragic penalty, all are human and convincing. Too bad that the scenarioist—or producer—considered it necessary to pander to the sentimentalists by making the entire tale a dream. Too bad that the story was told badly and without imagination. Too bad that Frank Mills made the husband appear a chronic dyspeptic. To seek relief from such a man is almost a virtue. The wife should have sold the furniture and bought a ticket for Reno.

THE MOTH—Selznick

The radiant Norma Talmadge smile comes into its own in "The Moth." The former Selznick novelettes featuring this vivacious little brunette have been rather somber affairs—mostly quite satisfying, and among the most popular of the year's celluloids—but not permitting the petite Norma to smile as often as we, and probably she also, would desire. "The Moth" is no less serious as a story, but the tragedy works its sinuous way beneath a surface of gaiety that is frequently hilarious. Lucy Gilliam, married when only a child, a mother of two children while still a girl,

discovers that her husband is interested principally in her wealth. She finds relief in frivolity, leaving the children to the servants. Her frivols are innocent enough, though they disturb the peace of mind of her guardian, Ned Cunningham. Captain Auchester joins the fashionable circle, and makes love to Lucy. She repulses him, not without unmistakable signs of distress. Gilliam wants more money, threatens to bring down a scandal upon Lucy, naming Auchester. A woman intimate of Gilliam's commits suicide in his presence and he is suspected of murder. To save Lucy from disgrace Auchester tries to divert the suspicion to himself. The truth comes out. Prospective happiness looms ahead. Not an especially noble yarn, but it provides the best framework erected recently for the exploitation of fashionable life, dissipation and intrigue—and the Talmadge smile. To say nothing of the Talmadge gowns. Norma Talmadge is approaching her perihelion. She has still to find a great story.

THE MANXMAN—Imported

"The Manxman," a picturized translation of Hall Caine's novel, is an importation from Great Britain. This is one of the novels which made a reputation for the Manx author and permitted him to get away successfully with works in which the fire of genius did not burn so brightly. To place the story as originally conceived, upon the screen in these days of supersensitive guardians of public morals, is impossible. Hence George Loane Tucker is entitled to the highest praise for having deftly avoided the open statement without completely abandoning the spirit. The plot is too familiar to warrant an unsatisfactory synopsis here. It is not a fable for infants. Into the story Hall Caine poured all the vitality of his earlier years of creative virility. The picture is, perhaps, the best treatment possible in our age of superficial morality of the cinema.

DOWN TO EARTH—Artcraft

It is not difficult to discern the division of labor between the star, director and scenario writer in the latest Douglas Fairbanks creation, "Down to Earth." The credit line might read—"Action by Fairbanks, psychology by Anita Loos, drama by John Emerson." Where such another trinity of talent? The program informs us that it was Fairbanks' story, but no one now writing for the silversheet except the petite giantess Anita, could have made that story such a delicious satire upon the foibles of neurasthenics. Bill Gaynor, a wealthy young western rancher, loves Ethel (patronymic not stated) but she elects the dizzy fashionable life of Gotham as against matrimony. The speed wears her out, and she goes to a sanitarium, where Bill finds her among a lot of other people who are coddling their pet maladies. To save the girl he buys out the sanitarium, abducts the patients on his yacht, and maroons the entire party on what he pretends is an otherwise uninhabited island. There he compels his victims to work for their living, all except himself being helpless in the aboriginal conditions. A simple tale, yet quite sufficient to exploit the Fairbanks personality, the Loos knowledge of humanity, the Emerson punch and the Eileen Percy pout.

THE AMAZONS—Paramount

After sitting twice through "The Amazons," such esoteric mysteries as "The Letters of a Living Dead Man," and other supernatural phenomena of literature, are as transparent and limpid as the lemonade they serve at Sunday School picnics. When Pinero wrote "The Amazons," Marguerite Clark was six years old. Yet the Paramount picture proves positively that the play was written solely and exclusively to the purpose that it should

(Continued on page 127)



Marc MacDermott and Mildred Manning are purveyors of comedy in "Mary Jane's Pa."



The blind man makes Emily Stevens ashamed of her husband in "The Slacker."

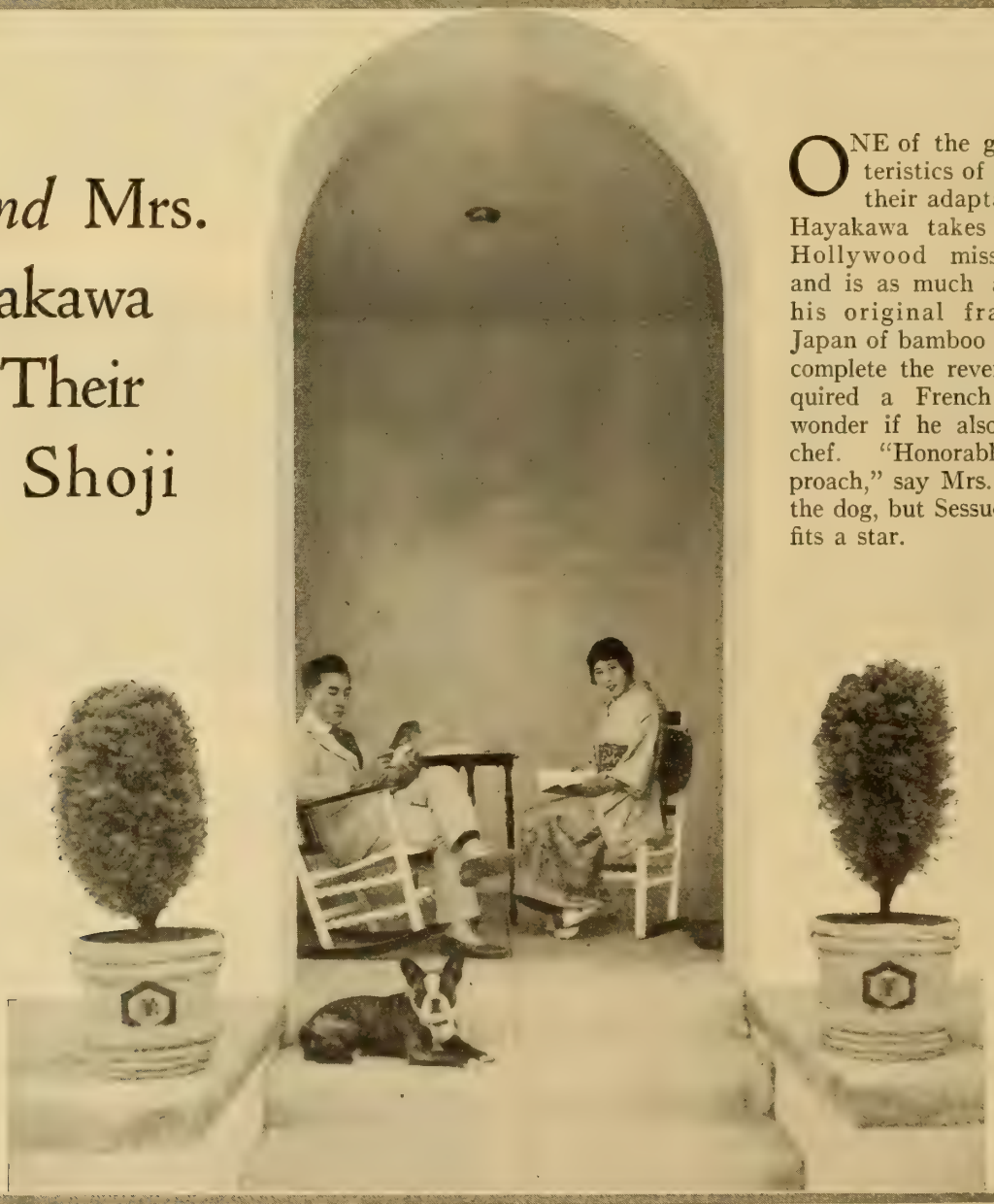


Beautiful Edna Goodrich is restored to filmland in "Reputation."



Mr. *and* Mrs. Hayakawa *and* Their New Shoji

ONE of the greatest characteristics of the Japanese is their adaptability. Sessue Hayakawa takes kindly to his Hollywood mission bungalow, and is as much at home as in his original fragile home in Japan of bamboo and paper. To complete the reversal, he has acquired a French bulldog. We wonder if he also has a French chef. "Honorable visitors approach," say Mrs. Hayakawa and the dog, but Sessue is calm, as befits a star.



Photos by Stagg



TOKIO? No, Hollywood, California. Yet you can almost detect the faint odor of cherry blossoms. It's Sessue Hayakawa (pronounced just as it is spelled) and his delightful little wife, Tsuru Aoki, enjoying afternoon tea in the charming Japanese garden in back of their new home.

Jerry *the* Land



MEANING quite naturally that Miss Geraldine Farrar has been participating in a photodrama of Mexican locale. But it was long before Villa's time. In her new production entitled "The Woman God Forgot" she plays the role of Tezca, daughter of Montezuma, Aztec ruler of old Mexico, who betrays her country for love of the young Spanish adventurer Alvarado, played by Wallace Reid. There are many thrilling battle scenes ending in the death of Montezuma, the defeat of the Aztec indians, and the capture of their temple and treasures by the Spanish invaders under Cortez.

Alvarado (Wallace Reid) bids Tezca farewell and prepares to rejoin Cortez.

Below—Tezca, alone in her garden, appeals to the Aztec gods.

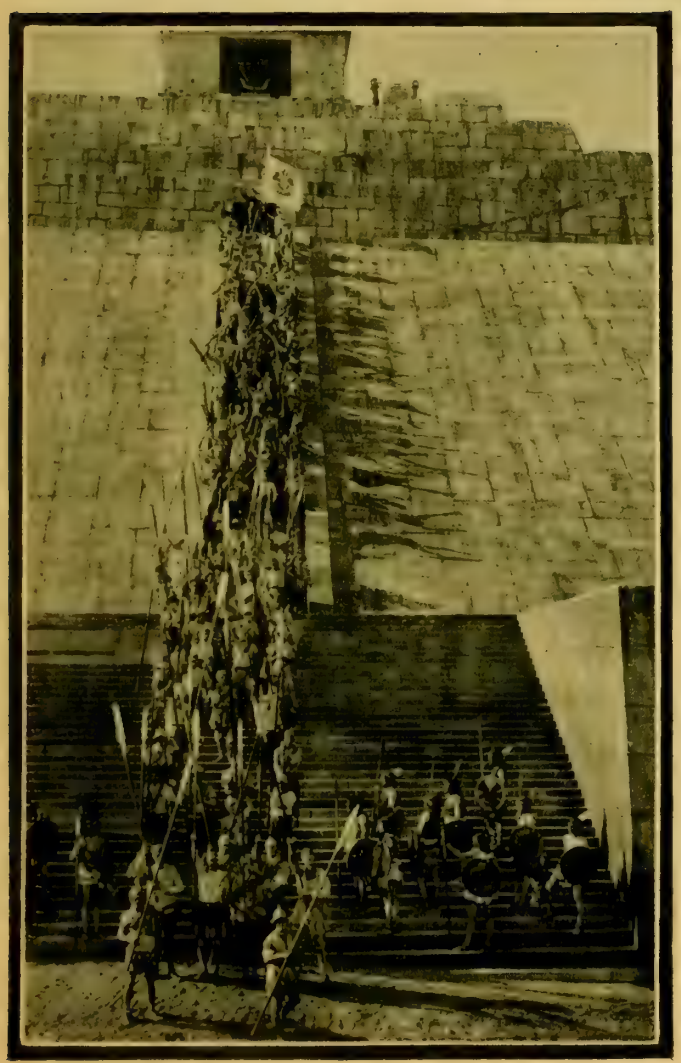


Invades *of* Villa

Prescott, Bancroft and other historians never mentioned a word in their books about the Aztec Indians using telephones. As a matter of fact Miss Farrar is telephoning her housekeeper that she has to work, and will be late for dinner.



The victorious Spanish invaders capture the Aztec Temple.





The gentleman in the galvanized Kuppenheimers is none other than Hobart Bosworth, who plays the role of Cortez.



THEY'RE waiting for a set to be completed at the Paralta studio, and Bessie Barriscale is trying to learn some sleight-of-hand tricks from David Hartford, who is unusually clever at that sort of thing. Robert T. Kane, president of the new Paralta Company, is an interested spectator.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Manners Ad Lib. A film producer-director in New York who has made a fair financial success with pieces of rather maudlin appeal recently undertook a more ambitious scenario: a manuscript calling for some episodes in what the hall-boy and ribbon-clerk are pleased to term "society."

Our friend—whose distant ancestors climbed the Mount of Olives, and whose nearer forebears inhabited Poland—progressed without punctures until the moment he launched the leading people into a drawing-room. They were real swell, and the room was real swell, and as there was no dramatic action at the moment they should, of course, supply atmosphere by doing something real swell. The only business indicated was a short telephone call.

"Tek down the 'phone," directed. "That's it—line's busy—sit down, lady, and—" he was stuck—"you know: monkey around for feefty feet!"

The Wallingfords of the Pictures. About the roughest promotion game in the world seems to be that of forming a local moving picture corporation. There seems to be no end of the variations rung upon this method of taking advantage of civic pride and ambition. Ignorance of the business leads otherwise level-headed men to fall for the oily talk and vast promises of incompetents with trails of failures in their shady pasts.

Nor would it be so bad if only the local capitalists were the victims. "Once a farmer, always a come-on," said an O. Henry character. Some one will get the easy money anyhow. But these "slickers" generally succeed in persuading some well-known player to lend a previously unblemished name as bait.

The local investor has about as much chance in this game as a yokel placing wagers on an electrically controlled roulette wheel. Photoplay's advice to the community seeking a place in the sun through the formation of a local moving picture corporation is — Stop, Look, Listen, investigate the promoter, and then write for advice to the Reno Chamber of Commerce.

Imitations and their Limitations. Annoying, even though inevitable, is the fact that no sooner does a player hit upon some clever trick of make-up or manner, than a host of imitators arise. This may be the sincerest form of flattery, but who wants to be complimented by a person so lacking in intelligence and originality? However, these imitators contribute to, rather than detract from the popularity of the originals, for their efforts are certain to be but wobbly approximations of the copperplate at the top of the page. One young woman is being "starred" for no apparent reason other than that she is able so to arrange her coiffure as to make her hair something like that of Mary Pickford; yet the public does not seem to be unduly excited over the fact. A young man has obtained for himself a pair of brogans, a bamboo stick, and a shred of moustache, and other of the obvious externals employed by Charles Chaplin in his antics; he has seemingly overlooked the fact that he has not the material for an imitation of what Charlie has inside his head.

Who Put the Con in Contract. Within the last few months there has been a veritable field meet among the picture players. Various notables have vied with each other in seeing which could most successfully hurdle their contract fences, to browse in greener pastures where the salary checks were more umbrageous and succulent. For varying reasons, Douglas Fairbanks, Clara Kimball Young, Mary MacLaren, and William S. Hart —to name the more noted entrants in this classic — have declined to carry out the contracts under which they were working. We would be the last to chide any person for selling his services in the best market. The deplorable thing about this widespread condition is that it gives color to a feeling entertained by certain observers of the photodrama—that it is an unstable, undependable industry, not conducted on the same solid business basis as, say the manufacture of automobiles. So far we have failed to discover a case in which the courts have called upon a player to carry out his contract. Is this because most picture contracts are inequitable, because producers do not keep faith, or because the courts decline to consider seriously so frivolous a matter as a deal in amusements? Where there is such an accumulation of similar instances, there must be some one general problem that demands solution. Until a moving picture contract is as dependable as a contract for the erection of a building, the business will remain very much of a gamble, and cannot reach its highest possibilities.

Here Is Real Patriotism—And in the Senate. One of the great American indoor sports is kicking our national legislators around, but every now and then there emanates from Washington a despatch which proves that there are, in the two Houses, men who have not forgotten the intimate, human side of life. Few more illuminatingly patriotic acts have been recorded than that performed by the Senate war tax committee when it recommended that moving picture theatres charging 25 cents admission and less

should be exempted from the special levy which is required to finance the war. We can add nothing to the paragraph of the committee's report dealing with this point. It reads:

"Your committee recommends that moving picture shows, the maximum charge for admission to which is 25 cents, be exempted from the admission charge proposed in section 700 of the House bill. The moving picture show has become a national institution. It possesses many valuable educational features. These pictures are exhibited not only in places of amusement, but they are used in schools and colleges for the purpose of illustration and education.

"In addition they are largely patronized, especially those of the kind proposed for exemption from this tax, by people of small means. These reasons as well as others that might be given justify the exemption from the admission taxes of this class of amusement."

No one can now say that the poor man has been forgotten in Washington.

❧

"Cherchez la Boche." Inexcusable French, of course, but the Boche's practice is also inexcusable.

United States government officials have just discovered that certain Scandinavian exchanges, notwithstanding petty quarrels with Sweden and Norway about shipping and embargoes and all that sort of thing, have found constantly increasing demands from their clientele for American films.

The devotion of the Swedes to anything and everything that came from America was almost touching.

Was the subject old? What matter! Were the prints cracked and wrecked as to sprocket holes? Well—they'd patch them up, somehow. Were the reels mere duplicates of those which had gone forward the month before? The interior villages simply couldn't get enough of these scenes of American life! Just send—anything, but send.

So the government, interested as always in our dear admirers, endeavored to hunt them up in order to be able to thank them in person for such tempestuously wholesale appreciation.

They traced the films to their destination.

And their destination was Germany, where the celluloid stock was being turned into high explosive.

Now the poor dear Swedes are not seeing so many American pictures.

❧

Too Far Behind To Catch Up. We believe this may be said of the general run of European films. America has passed the continent in practically all the photoplay points: direction, acting, story, location, interior equipment, photography.

Occasionally a rare film such as "The Warrior," the new war-comedy featuring Maciste, puts our continental skepticism to rout, but these exceptions are too isolated to figure in the ruling.

America will maintain her balance after the war. Once upon a time France unwound the comedies par-excellence, and, on successive photoplays—"Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria"—Italy led the world. But America has produced a comedian whose humble antics touch every man's humor, and in the products of Griffith, or Brenon, or Lloyd, or DeMille, she has established standards which may be attained but not maintained across the seas.

❧

Here's a Curious Decision. In compiling its Animated Weekly, the Universal, a few months ago, obtained a picture of Mrs. Grace Humiston, the woman lawyer who solved the Ruth Cruger murder mystery. Mrs. Humiston brought action in the courts against the Universal to prevent the company from exhibiting the film. The Universal's claim was that newspapers did not obtain the consent of persons either in public or even private life before printing their pictures, and that the weekly was simply another form of newspaper. The judge handed down the curious decision that the Animated Weekly was made and exhibited for money-making purposes, and therefore could not claim the newspaper precedent. The inference that newspapers are not run for profit is too ingenuous to call for comment. Perhaps the learned judge would suggest that the newspaper receives no direct return from printing a certain specific picture; neither does a bank receive money from its depositors in direct payment for marble pillars and mahogany furniture. These are business lures, not for sale in themselves, but of the utmost value in attracting customers. This issue is too important to be dropped at such a crucial stage, and the Universal will continue the fight until there is no court left to which it can make appeal.

❧

Pathe Stirs Immortals. Into the peaceful councils of the French Academy—the Immortals—Monsieur Pathe has hurled a bomb no less explosive than those which are causing disturbances elsewhere in France. Jules Claretie, director of the Theatre Francais, died recently, leaving a vacancy in the Academy's forty chairs. M. Pathe, a pioneer in the European cinema field, nominated himself as candidate for the empty chair. Mon Dieu! Qu'est que c'est cela? That a moving picture person should desire admission to our sacred institution! But if M. Pathe does not achieve his ambition he need not feel hurt. Among others similarly slighted in the past have been Moliere, Racine, Rousseau, Beaumarchais, Diderot, Stendahl, Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet and Guy de Maupassant. One would about as soon be listed with these as with the favored ones. So oblique is the perspective upon contemporary genius.

Norma Makes *the* Calendar Look Silly

Photos by Charlotte Fairchild

The coat worn by Miss Talmadge in the picture at the right is a charming combination of beaver and seal, and certainly looks capable of defeating the best efforts of Jack Frost.

Below: Norma's new ermine scarf. Her muff is the new "canteen" model and matches the scarf perfectly.





WITH the thermometer at a hundred and something in the shade and people dying by the hundreds from heat prostrations, the Norma Talmadge News Agency devastated the New York office of PHOTOPLAY with photographs of that charming lady in her new furs. Which explains why they arrived in time for the November number.

Miss Talmadge does not endorse the sentiments of screen stars who sigh for the simple life. She prefers regal furs and costly gowns to calico and homespun and she doesn't hesitate to say so. In fact the young star might be styled the "Empress Josephine of filmland" without exaggeration, so extravagant is her wardrobe. She has fur coats galore, and for each picture in which she appears she buys a complete set of frocks and wraps.

Of course Norma has resources other than her own weekly stipend. Mr. Schenck, her husband, is one of the wealthiest men in the picture business. Consequently Norma can well afford to indulge her expensive tastes and inclinations.

A Whack *at the* Muse

By Edward S. O'Reilly

The author of "Temperamental Tim" in the October number.

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

IF old Tim Todhunter don't break his neck or get fired I'm goin' to hunt another job. I'm crackin' under the strain.

You see when I first joined on with Skidmore here at Celestial City I was supposed to be corral boss, and have charge of the live stock we use in the western stuff. Also I was supposed to kind of look out for the extra cow punchers who need a fatherly hand now and then around pay days. But now the old man has ordered me to ride herd on this Todhunter hellion and it's more than any one man can do.

It makes me sad to think that Skidmore hires this uncurried old outlaw on my recommendation, because he's got the meanest face west of the Pecos. He's made a hit in these bad man parts too, and the old man wants to keep him, but I'm the one that's got to suffer. It's all on account of his dad blamed temperament.

Don't think that old Tim isn't a real bad man. Half the whites and all the Mexicans on the Rio Grande heaved a sigh of relief when he went into the movies. He is a post-graduate in the art of truculence. They used to say down



"Romeo outs with his sword and yells 'draw and defend thyself, thou varmint.'"



"Round and round they go whackin' at each other with them swords. First Romeo cuts off Joliet's ear and then Joliet cuts Romeo's throat."

at San Simon that he'd fight a rattlesnake and give it the first two bites.

At first the boys around the lot used to haze him but after several serious accidents had happened they made other plans. Now they amuse themselves in another way. The poor old bandit has begun to take himself serious, thinks he's a pre-ordained actor and all that, and he'll believe anything they tell him.

Especially he falls for the girls. You see he never had a white woman act friendly to him before. Down in the Big Bend he ain't popular with the ladies because he thinned out the husbands too much, but here in Celestial City they all flirt with him when they ain't got nothin' else to do. It's gone to his head and ruined a first-class cow hand.

For instance. The other day he came to me in the corral lookin' like he had somethin' on his mind. He wore that sneakin' horse thief look that he's always got when he's been thinkin'.

"Slim," says he, "I've got a whale of an idea and I need your help."

"Shoot," I groaned, sittin' down to listen.

"Well, you know I've been doin' right well at this actin' business," he proceeds. "Well, I've just come to the conclusion that I'm in the wrong end of the game. It's them writers what make the big money. Just look at Rex Beach, that Alaska poet, and Charlie Dickens, the fellow that wrote about 'The Tale of Two Cities.' I'm goin' to horn in on that author stunt."

"How in Sam Hill do I come in on that?" I asks him.

"Well, I never did have much schoolin' in the rudiments," he admits. "I'm just naturally bright. Now, I'll work up the stories and dictate them to you, and you do the manual labor of writin' them down. You can be my Nemesis and I'll pay you anything in reason."

"I've been the horse wrangler and general teetotum around this lot for three years but I never had no experience as a Nemesis," I complained, scentin' trouble. "However, I'll try anything once."

"I got a dandy plot," he confided with a ghastly smirk. "Now I don't want to take all the credit. The rough outlines of this plot was give to me by another person, but I've been fillin' it in and puttin' the originality to it."

"Who was this person?" I asked him.

"Why, I don't mind tellin' you," he goes on. "It was Miss Tessie Truelove, one of the squarest little senoritas that ever came off the range."

"Oh, that's it," I sneered cautiously. "And how about Mayebelle La Tour that you was tryin' to get your rope on last week."

"That deceiver," he snorts. "I've expelled her utterly from my thoughts. Never again can she kick up a qualm in my heart. Let her go ruminatin' around with that Smith husband of hers all she wants to. Now Tessie's different. She's a poor abused little thing what's been misunderstood. She told me so herself."

"But how about this plot that she and you plotted out together," I asked him, tryin' to get the worst of it over.

"Well, this is an entirely new, highly original story that's goin' to hit old man Skidmore right between the eyes," he admits. "It's the story of a feud between the Montagues and Capulets."

"That's a rotten idea. Them feud pictures is all old stuff," I said, intendin' to discourage him. But the man don't live that can discourage Tim Todhunter.

"The trouble with you, you haven't got the dramatic instinct," he said. He's picked up a lot of words like that since he's been on the lot. "This ain't no ordinary feud picture. It's antique. The mise-end-scene is laid way back in the medieval past before Columbus discovered Isabella.

"Now, just sit still and let me sketch the rough fundiments of the story. You see there's two gangs, the Montagues and Capulets, that lived way back in Italy, and they are always waylayin' each other. Don't you see the great openin' right there? It gives you the chance to illustrate the original Wop before he came to America.

"Well, these here Montagues and Capulets have terrorized two or three counties with their scrappin'. Each family is just naturally hell bent on exterminatin' the other one. If a Montague goes projectin' around after dark some Capulet will bust him over the bean with a machete. Then next day some Capulet will slide into the corner saloon for a drink and a Montague will sneak around and put sheep dip in his pousse cafe. There's another artistic touch. Pousse cafe is an antique drink that used to make these prehistoric Wops act that way.

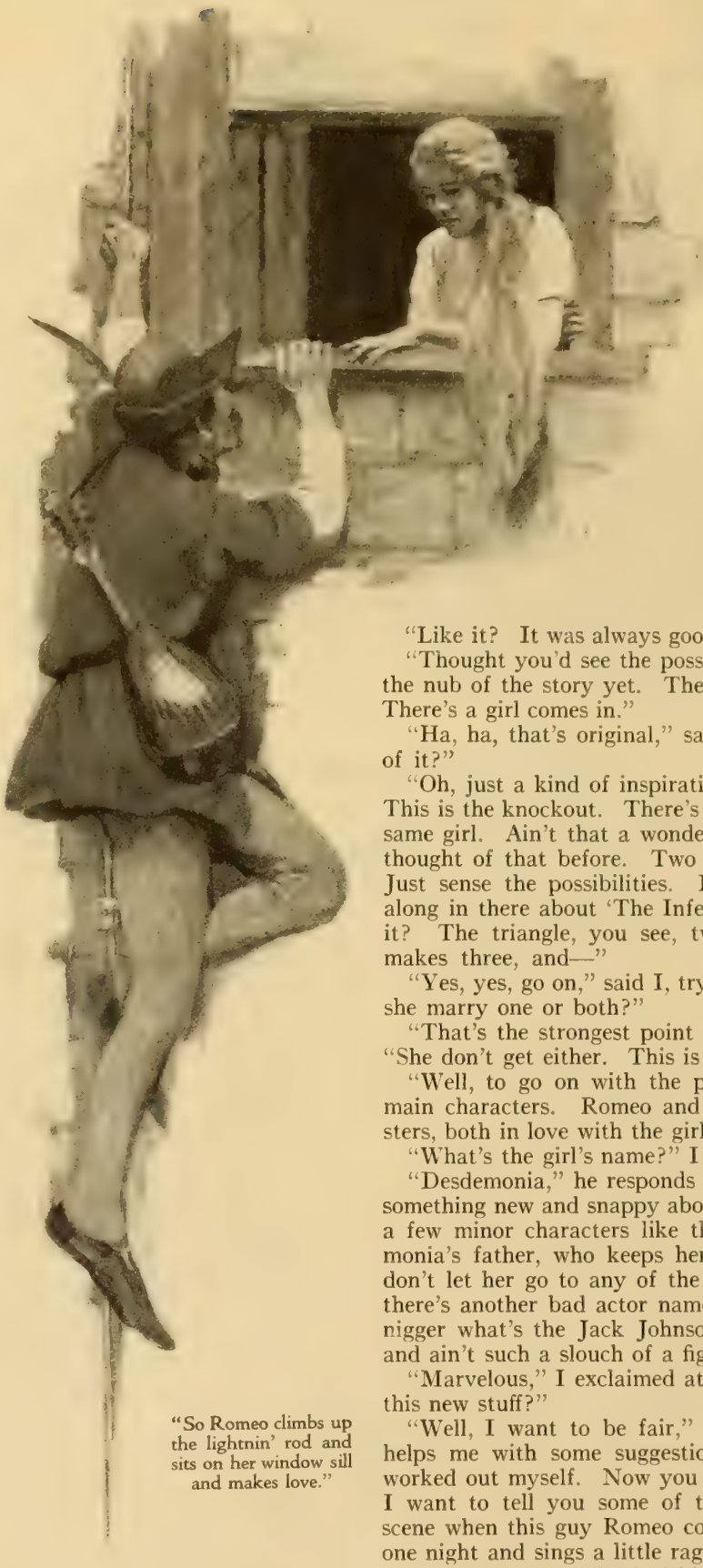
"I didn't tell you that this here story takes place in Venice, which is a Dago town near Constantinople. Just see the chance for local color in that. Venice was just clear full of local color. Here are these feudists chargin' around on gondolas slashin' away with their knives, all lit up in them funny clothes they used to wear."

"Wait a minute," I begged him. "What's the name of this here masterpiece."

"Romeo and Joliet," he says, without battin' an eye. "You see Romeo is the he wolf of the Montagues and Joliet is head feudist for the Capulets. I ain't just decided on that title either. I've got another one that's awful original, 'The Maiden's Revenge.'"

"What's that got to do with the story?" I asks.

"It ain't got nothin' to do with it," he says. "But you see it gives the woman interest, and you got to have a strong woman interest in a picture these days."



"So Romeo climbs up the lightnin' rod and sits on her window sill and makes love."

"Sounds reasonable," I admits, just to avoid argument. "But proceed."

"Well, I've been givin' an awful lot of thought on this," he goes on. "And what I'll need is atmosphere. Now to get atmosphere you've got to use a lot of that ancient language like the Wops talked in Venice. I've got a few lines that are great and besides they're all new. Here's a few of them, 'Gadzooks,' 'By my halidom,' 'Odds Fish,' 'Begone foul catiff or I'll swat thee on thy scurvy sconce.'

"Ain't them great lines? I don't know just how I'll work them in yet, but that'll come when I devote a little more thought to the subject. There's another swell line, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.' Romeo pulls that line when they shoot the gondola from under him and got him cornered in a back lot. Don't you like that line?

"Like it? It was always good," I remarked.

"Thought you'd see the possibilities. But I ain't got to the nub of the story yet. The ne plus ulterior as it were. There's a girl comes in."

"Ha, ha, that's original," says I. "How did you think of it?"

"Oh, just a kind of inspiration," says Tim. "But wait. This is the knockout. There's two fellows in love with the same girl. Ain't that a wonder? Funny somebody never thought of that before. Two fellows after the same girl. Just sense the possibilities. I'm thinkin' of usin' a line along in there about 'The Infernal Triangle.' Do you get it? The triangle, you see, two men and one girl, that makes three, and—"

"Yes, yes, go on," said I, tryin' to head him off. "Does she marry one or both?"

"That's the strongest point of this scenario," says Tim. "She don't get either. This is a tragedy."

"Well, to go on with the plot. There you've got the main characters. Romeo and Joliet, the two head gangsters, both in love with the girl."

"What's the girl's name?" I queries.

"Desdemonia," he responds right off the reel. "There's something new and snappy about that name. Then there's a few minor characters like the old count, that's Desdemonia's father, who keeps her shut up in his castle and don't let her go to any of the dances or anything. Then there's another bad actor named Othello. He's a kind of nigger what's the Jack Johnson of Venice in those days, and ain't such a slouch of a fighter himself."

"Marvelous," I exclaimed at him. "How do you get all this new stuff?"

"Well, I want to be fair," he says. "Tessie Truelove helps me with some suggestions, but the main theme I worked out myself. Now you know all about the fightin', I want to tell you some of the sentiment. There's one scene when this guy Romeo comes to Desdemonia's castle one night and sings a little ragtime on his lute."

"What's a lute?" I asked him, for this thing was comin' too fast for me to handle.

"A lute is a kind of cross between a banjo and a mouth organ," he informs me. "It was very popular with lovers in those days. Well, he lilts his lute under her window and she gives him the high sign. So Romeo climbs up the lightnin' rod and sits on her window sill and makes love.

"Ain't that a swell chance for sentiment? I'll work the moon into that scene. 'Swear by yonder moon that I'm the only girl you ever kissed,' Desdemonia tells Romeo and

he ups and swears. That sure is original, bringin' the moon into it that way. Then I'll have soft breezes blowin' and birds twitterin'. Oh, there'll be a hell of a lot of sentiment in that scene."

"But," I protested. "It ain't accordin' to Hoyle. Birds don't twitter at night."

"I'll have to explain for your poor benighted benefit," Tim says with disgust. "An author has a poetic license and has a right to say things like they ain't just because he thinks they ought to be that way."

"Let them twitter then, and see if I give a hoot," said I. "What happens to this galivantin' porch climber?"

"I haven't just got that worked out yet but the whole scene up there has got to be almighty tender," Tim goes on. "You see the motif of this scene is youthful love. It'll have them all cryin'. There are several classes of persons what like a husky love scene. There are young maids, old maids, bachelors and married folks.

"Now after wringin' the hearts of the audience for a while with this balcony stuff on the back porch I thought I'd end it with a little comedy touch to relieve the tension as it were. This is the way I planned it. He's kissed her seven or eight times and she gives him a lock of her hair. That's another original touch, that lock of hair. Well, anyway, her old nurse wakes up at the sound of them kisses and comes out and busts poor Romeo over the head with a broom handle.

"Romeo thinks he's bein' Capuleted and turns loose all holds and slides down to the ground."

"Where does the laugh come in?" I asked him.

"Why in comin' down he tears his pants on the lightnin' rod."

"Did Tessie give you that line?" says I.

"No, I claim the credit for that myself," replies Tim, throwin' out his chest.

"What happens to the lute?" I puts in.

"That's a good idea," shouts Tim, showin' some interest. "That'll work in fine. I'll have him sit on the lute and bust the strings. 'The Lost Chord.' That'll be the subtitle. I thought of that line before but didn't have no place to use it.

"But the wind-up. That's the scream. These Montagues and Capulets go on fightin' until they're pretty well killed off. Then Desdemonia, who's havin' a hard time decidin' whether she likes this Romeo or Joliet the best gets up a little scheme.

"One night she sent word to both of them to come to her boudoir. Each comes to the happy tryst thinkin' he's won the dame. She's taken some sleepin' powders that makes her look like she's dead. So when they come slippin' into the room there she is stretched out cold on her bier."

"What's a bier," I asks. You can get a lot of information and facts by askin' Tim these questions from time to time.

"Oh, a bier is the ancient name of a sanitary couch," he says. "Romeo and Joliet are sure non-plussed for a minute when they find Desdemonia dead, although she really ain't, you see. I just put that in to keep up the suspense. So Romeo outs with his sword and yells, 'Draw and defend thyself, thou varmint.' Ain't that a line?"

"How do you get them swell phrases?" says I to Tim.

"Oh, they just seem to kind of bubble out," he tells me. "Well, anyway, this is the star fight of the whole show. Round and round they go, whackin' at each other with them swords. First Romeo cuts off Joliet's ear and then Joliet cuts Romeo's throat and they keep it up until they're all cut to pieces. That'll go swell on the screen. Finally they both drop dead.

"Then this sleepin' powder gets over its effect, and Desdemonia comes to. She takes one look around the room, and finds herself completely out of lovers. She has a regular fit right there, pullin' her hair all over the place and alternately kissin' the cold brows of Romeo and Joliet. Then she throws herself on the bier and weeps, and weeps in the hysteria of a young girl gone completely wrong. Now isn't that some finish?"

"I'd never have thought it possible," I admits. "But there's one thing that puzzles me. What happens to this heavy weight Othello you mentioned?"

"Oh, yes," went on Tim. "I forgot about him. Why he slips in the room just then and smothers poor Desdemonia in a bolster. Then he commits suicide. I told you this story was a tragedy."

"Do you think the old man will put it on?" I asks him, not wantin' to shatter his dream.

"Of course he will," he asserts. "He'd never turn down a scenario like that. Slim, this is goin' to give me a chance to appear before the public in a serious role. It'll make me for life."

"So you're figurin' on playin' one of them parts yourself," I says. "Which are you goin' to be, Romeo or Joliet?"

"Well," says he with a sickly simper. "Seein' as this is the child of my own brain I thought maybe he'd let me double in both parts."

Now wouldn't that cock your pistol? That's why I say that either Tim's got to get a new friend or me a new job.

The Intoxication of Wealth

On Forty-eighth Street, New York, just off Times Square, there is a hotel which is liked by many theatrical folk because it is quiet, unpretentious, not too expensive and yet comfortable. Around the corner from this hotel is a dairy lunch, where you sit on stools at a long counter, and get good, wholesome food, at about one-tenth the prices charged by a nationally famous restaurant two doors away.

Edgar Lewis, director of "The Barrier," "The Thief," "The Bondsman," and other successes was living at this hotel while directing "The Bar Sinister." The picture completed, the world rights were sold almost immediately, the director receiving as his share a check for $110,000. The next morning he rose at the usual time, shaved himself, dressed, and then turned to Mrs. Lewis.

"Do you realize that we're rich?" he asked. "We have $110,000 in the bank, all our own, to do as we like with."

"Yes, Edgar," his wife replied. "It does seem good, and you deserve every cent of it. After all your hard work, it will seem good to see you able to enjoy life, and have anything you want."

"It surely is good," Edgar mused, and then—"Well, let's forget about it and go down to the dairy lunch and get some breakfast."

And with $110,000 in the bank they perched on stools, the happiest couple in New York that morning.





Emily Stevens (in white) is holding her hands, Director Cabanne is holding Miss Stevens' summer furs, and the bathless bathers are holding a council of war on what they think of it all.

Teas the

By Ethel Rosemon

ALL dressed up and no place to go is bad enough; all undressed, with the ocean present, and not allowed so much as to wet the tip of an eager toe is ten times worse.

So you can imagine how bad it was when twenty of the prettiest girls Director William Christy Cabanne could find in New York, found themselves in this predicament one of the hottest days of the summer at Long Beach (L. I., not Cal.).

The rosebud garden of gigglers was engaged for the purpose of making "The Slacker" look slicker. In the story, Emily Stevens is engaged to a comfort-loving young man who declines to get interested in the war. Just to show that this was not because he lacked physical courage, a scene was arranged where he rescues a drowning man—a perfect stranger too. Then, to doll up the scene, a score of damozels were mobilized, their sole requirement being the capacity for making bathing suits happy.

Until that day, the record from the station to the surf, changing clothes *en route,* was twelve minutes, three and two-thirds seconds. Twelve of Director Cabanne's girls made it in ten minutes flat, and the others said they would have beaten this if Pop, the wardrobe mistress, hadn't given them stockings that wrinkled in an important place, and had to be changed.





"Keep out of the water; don't muss those suits," the director ordered, and the girls had to decide which they most desired, $5 for the day's work, or a swim. Two took the swim.

ing Ocean

Director Cabanne takes twenty beauties to the beach, and then leaves the water flat

"Hurry," called the ringleader. "We'll have time for a dip before the camera is ready."

But Cabanne was waiting.

"Keep away from that ocean," he shouted through his megaphone. "Don't get those bathing suits mussy. You're here to be photographed, not to kellermann."

And there lay the ocean all day, moaning and coaxing and creeping up toward the damozels, trying to embrace them, and there was nothing doing. Director Cabanne brought down the finest array of teasers of the whole season, and then left the ocean flat.

Two of the girls went into executive session, and started down the beach. Cabanne called, but they could not hear. In a minute they were splashing in the rollers, deciding that they did not need the $5 badly enough to forego the swim.

Eighteen were sufficient for all practical purposes, and the camera began grinding. The sea-hungry girls were photographed on the veranda of a hotel, on the board walk, on the sands, everywhere but where they wanted to be.

"And they told us we were going to have such a fine day at the beach," one moaned.

"If this is your idea of a wonderful time, take me home, take me home, take me home," another caroled in minor key.

Trouble was, they thought they had been hired as players, when, as they were beginning to discover, it was all work and no play.

But finally the scenes were completed.

"Goodie, now for a swim," the chorus rang.

"Fifteen minutes to catch the train," called Pop, and a dismal troupe of damozels poutingly doffed their dry bathing suits.

"Oh well, never mind," said the one optimist in the party. "We are all sunburned, and nobody will know the difference."



Kathlyn's



Photo by Witzel

Pioneer Screen Heroine Tells of the Early Film Days and what she sees in the Future

By Frances Denton

KATHLYN WILLIAMS likes corn beef and cabbage, steak with fried onions, big round sausages flavored with garlic, Epictetus, (which she says, is a different kind of food altogether), two little puppies in a box in the best room upstairs (little pink and white things that didn't have their eyes open), leopards (with cages or without), Mark Twain, A Child's History of England, and writing scenarios for George Beban. She likes to go to the theatre and laughs in the right places and cries in the right places, too. She frequently forgets to criticize and seldom forgets to applaud. All of which goes to show that Kathlyn Williams is a regular highbrow, and the best fellow in the world to have "out front" and, incidentally, an actress, with the emphasis on the ACT—but nobody needs to be told that.

Kathlyn Williams and George Beban are two stars without a spark of jealousy between them. Miss Williams has just finished writing a scenario for George Beban whose talents she praises highly, and he has returned the compliment by writing a scenario for her.



Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in a scene from "The Ne'er Do Well."

(Romance hunters please note: George Beban has a perfectly good wife and Kathlyn Williams is married to Charlie Eyton, manager of the Morosco studio, and very happy, thank you.)

From the scenario she had just written, the conversation drifted to the moving picture of the future.

"I wonder," the famous Kathlyn said, thoughtfully, "if the pictures we are making will look as crude a few years from now as those made by the old Biograph Company look to us now?"

Kathlyn Williams joined that famous company just a little later than Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh. However, she considers herself very much of a pioneer having been the star of the first serial picture ever made. This was the famous Adventures of Kathlyn. The "Adventures" ran about fifteen months and many an audience sat with its collective muscles tensed and its collective mouth wide open, while an "episode" closed with the heroine standing on the end of a bluff and looking into the face of a yawning tiger.

"The worst nuisance of all in those days," Miss Williams reminiscing, "was the trade-mark. It had to appear in every scene. Remember how, during some particularly

Memory Box

pathetic parting, the circle with "AB" on it, was always the featured prop? I only appeared in three pictures with the Biograph and then I joined Selig. There you recall the brand was the 'diamond S.' Once, after the making of a scene in one of our worst thrillers, Mr. Bosworth and myself were both badly bruised up. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on having finished the thing, we discovered that the property man had forgotten to hang the trademark in a sufficiently conspicuous place and we had to do it all over again. Sometimes we would get miles out on location, discover that the trade-mark had been forgotten, and be unable to do a moment's work until someone went back and got it."

Miss Williams was so suspicious of everything connected with the pictures at the time she met D. W. Griffith, that she was surprised when he paid her for her work.

"I was playing in stock," she explained. "One week when I was not working, someone called me up from the Biograph studio and asked if I would work two days for them. I was dreadfully insulted at first, but I went out of curiosity expecting to be offered about fifty cents a day. Mr. Griffith met me and said that he would give me ten dollars a day for two days work. Frankly, I didn't believe him. Later, he told me that he had run out of checks and would pay me in full the next day. Naturally I thought it was all a bluff. The only reason I ever went back to the studio was to see how he would wiggle out of giving me the money. That night he gave me two crisp ten dollar bills and the shock nearly killed me."

Miss Williams' first picture with Selig was "Mazeppa," in one reel. It was very widely advertised and was considered the greatest moving picture ever made.

"Imagine a subject like that being put into one reel today," she said. "Why, almost any company would give nine hundred feet to the wild ride of Mazeppa alone. We had a real wild horse, too. A maverick fifteen years old that had never been touched by the hand of man. Some men dragged him down from the hills for the making of that picture."

"This sounds like a press-agent story," she added, looking at me with a deadly-serious expression in her blue eyes, "but it really isn't. Everyone has forgotten that picture long ago." I nodded, and she went on.

"The first three-reel picture was a great sensation. Nearly everyone in the business said that the public would never sit through so long a picture regardless of how good it was. In these days when many a story that could be told in one reel is put into five, it seems funny to recall those remarks about 'long' pictures. This picture was 'Ten Nights In a Bar Room' and, we thought, cost a fabulous sum. But the scenery was so flimsy that whenever a door was closed the whole set would shake. However, nobody noticed a little thing like that."

"Kathlyn" was born in Montana, a country of magnificent distances. The permanent effect her early surroundings must have



Miss Williams had the distinction of being the star in the first serial picture ever made, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."



Photo by Stagg

Miss Williams at home. Kathlyn's perilous adventures have thrilled us so many times that it is hard to associate her with anything as tame as needlework.



Kathlyn and "Jimmie" in the "Seven Suffering Sisters." Jimmie may be a nice quiet little lion but just the same we wouldn't point our finger at him while he was looking.

had on her character is shown in the design of her house, as well as in her every movement. The house is built on the side of a hill and has very large rooms, ceilings of extraordinary height, a wide veranda, and two wide driveways. Miss Williams' bedroom is as large as three ordinary rooms. Her occasional gestures are always upward and outward, never inward, toward herself. She talks in a quiet, straight-forward manner and looks directly at one from clear blue eyes set rather far apart.

"What did I want to be when I was a little girl?" she said, repeating my question. "Oh, that was funny! Nearly every girl has wanted to be a nun at one time and an actress at another, but I wanted to be both at the same time. It was a very real tragedy to me that I couldn't figure out some way in which the two could be reconciled.





Copyrighted Photo by Grenbeaux

When I grew to be a little older I realized that it would be absolutely necessary for me to choose between them. So, I decided to be an actress."

Kathlyn Williams believes that the costume picture will be the most popular picture of the future. This does not necessarily mean the big spectacle with an involved plot, elaborate processions, and innumerable characters. But rather the short, romantic stories that history and the Bible abound with and the beauty of which is almost invariably lost when changed from one period to another.

"Some day," she said, a little wistfully, "I may get a chance to try with all the best in me to 'put over' the 'tender grace of a day that is dead' so that people will feel the real romance and humor of it all as I do."



"How doth the little busy star improve each shining hour" And it would be hard to find a busier one than Kathlyn.



Stagg Photo

Married!

The hard-working laborer, Jack Pickford, about to leave for a day of toil at the Lasky Studio; his bride, Olive Thomas, apparently enjoying a day off, from her Triangle duties.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

WITH no beating of tom-toms or shouting from the housetops, Adolph Zukor, the organization genius of Paramount, has reached out that long arm of his and quietly encircled the lusty Selznick organization. This makes him now the controlling factor in Paramount, Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco, Artcraft, and Selznick. Likewise the Zukor reach was long enough to bring Clara Kimball Young back into the fold, though it is whispered that a clause was inserted into her contract with Mr. Zukor that he might have her pictures distributed by any person he chose, but Lewis J. Selznick's was not to appear in any way in connection with her productions. Perhaps this is the reason why the Select Pictures Corporation was formed to absorb the Selznick Enterprises. After all "Select" and "Selznick" have a certain similarity of flavor.

But while the statuesque Clara was being taken back, it is whispered in some places and loudly proclaimed in others, that Herbert Brenon quietly slipped out of the back door, and will have nothing to do with the new combination. Brenon has always stood guard jealously over his individuality, and it will be difficult to convince him that in the huge Zukor family he would not be neglected, or slighted for men who have been longer in the big concern. No official announcement is made as yet, by either side, on this point. Meanwhile, the fact that no public statement ever has been authorized of Mr. Zukor's control of either Artcraft or Selznick, indicates that every means will be taken to prevent the public and the exhibitors from regarding this combination as the beginnings of a trust.

There can no more be a picture trust, however, than a vegetable trust. The sole public interest in all these manipulations is this: Mr. Zukor in the past has given the world good pictures at reasonable prices; if his extensive control does not lower the quality or increase the price, the eyes that gaze upon the silversheet will not be turned upon him in anger.

AFTER all, they haven't taken many of our screen idols to the trenches to have their hair mussed up, or otherwise disturbed. Among those who found their names in the draft list, Wallace Reid and Charles Ray were exempted, Wallie's exemption being a temporary one, so that probably he will be called with the next army. Bryant Washburn also has a wife and young son but he was refused exemption. Ray is married. Tom Forman was one of the first to get into khaki as he enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps before the draft came. He was made



If you don't send your favorite star a quarter when you write for her photograph, gaze upon this — one day's shipment of pictures by Mary Miles Minter—and blush.



This is how the girls treated Taylor (Bunker Bean) Holmes on his first day at Essanay, filming "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship." Taylor is a little better acquainted with the studio beauties now.

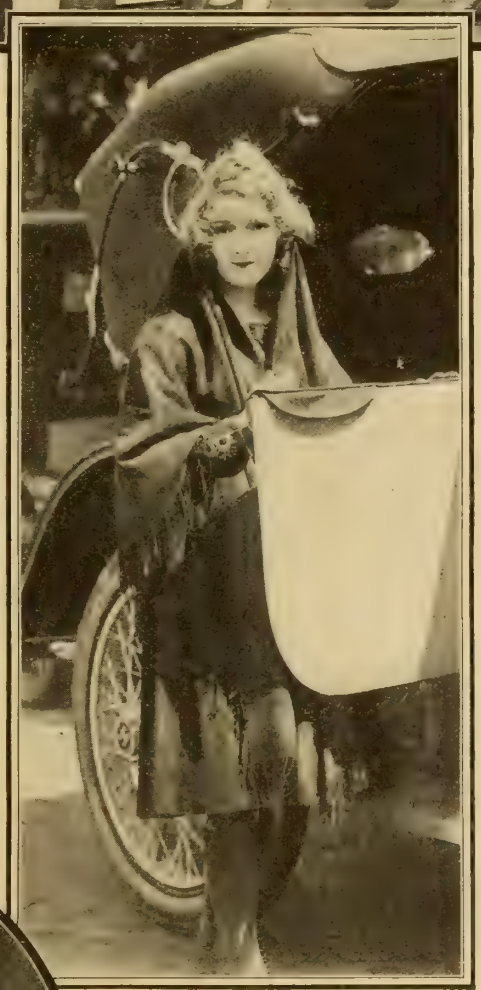
a corporal soon after and by this time ought to be a sergeant. James Harrison, former Fine Arts juvenile and later seen in Christie Comedies, also went into the Coast Artillery.

It was a source of much satisfaction last month when Charley Chaplin was given a clean bill of health by the British embassy in Washington. It was officially promulgated there that Charley was no slacker and that he was doing his duty in giving freely to the various war and relief funds, and in keeping the sad old world alaughing. In a recent interview Chaplin said that he was willing to go to the trenches when his country called. The Northcliffe papers in England have been leading the attacks on Chaplin, which have been confined almost wholly to British sources.



FAY TINCHER is back in the harness, or rather, the motley of the screen comedienne. After a vacation that would have financially embarrassed nearly any of the high-priced stars, Fay has organized a company to make her own comedies for Pathe distribution.

FEELING the call of the wild (bankroll), Bessie Love has jumped the Triangle reservation and, at this writing, is with Lasky. Bessie went to the Triangle studio when Fine Arts disintegrated, on a long time contract. Then Tom Ince staged the revolution which denuded Triangle of Bill Hart, Charley Ray, Dorothy Dalton and others who had helped to make Triangle famous.



A press agent's affidavit accompanying this picture says Bill Farnum had whiskers on both sides of his face, and half of them didn't photograph. He grew a full crop to play "Les Miserables."



At the top, what is called a "mess," but if Winifred Allen (Triangle) were the permanent waitress, many a lad we know would cease to be a slacker. Below, poor, starving little Vivian Martin hiding behind the door of several thousand dollars' worth of automobile. Too bad her initials on the door don't show.

Bessie was one of the few personages remaining, but desertion was in the air, and a row between the youthful star and the management resulted in Bessie jumping her contract. Ince also endeavored to persuade the Triangle scenarioists to treat their contracts like "scraps of paper," but H. O. Davis, the new manager of Triangle, held them to their agreements.

ANOTHER combatant in the Triangle-Ince war was Enid Bennett, the little Australian screen star, who went over with the rebels but later returned to Triangle when notice was served that the Davis organization would institute legal proceedings against her. Miss Bennett is now plaintiff in a suit against Ince and the New York Motion Picture Corporation, the Triangle subsidiary, to ascertain her legal status. All in all, it's a fine little bit of internecine warfare with both sides evincing a no-quarter spirit.

"THE play's the thing" is to be the new Triangle policy with the stars merely incidental. Among the former Triangle-ites who will be featured are Louise Glaum, William Desmond, Margery Wilson, Alma Rueben and Olive Thomas, and new Triangle names which are expected to appear in incandescents are Texas Guinan, former Winter Garden and vaudeville star. Ruth Stonehouse, once a stellar light of Essanay and Universal, Roy Stewart and Belle Bennett.

LULE WARRENTON, better known as "Mother" Warrenton, is back at Universal City, after trying independent producing. She directed several "kiddie" pictures during her absence.

PEGGY O'NEIL was coaxed back into pictures for two weeks to immortalize on the celluloid the role of Peggy in Clara E. Laughlin's story "The Penny Philanthropist," which is being made by the Wholesome Films Company, at the Rothacker Studios in Chicago. Miss O'Neil owes her start to moving pictures, having been a member of the first Lubin group of players.

JACK DEVEREAUX has gone and done it. The Triangle star is now a benedict. His bride is Louise Drew, the only daughter of John Drew.

CATHERINE CALVERT, widow of the late Paul Armstrong, has signed a contract with Art Dramas. She has made four productions with the Herbert Blaché company, "The House of Cards," "The Peddler," "Think It Over," and "Behind the Mask." Miss



If what Alice Lake is hiding is as attractive as what she is revealing, she should be a Universal favorite.

Corner of Waikiki Avenue and Market Street. From the nature of the necklaces it appears that Wallace MacDonald and Alice Joyce are strong for each other.



Calvert appeared in several of her husband's plays, "The Deep Purple," "A Romance of the Underworld," and "The Escape," but since his death has decided upon a picture career.

WILLIAM CHRISTY CABANNE has completed his sequel to "The Slacker," called "Draft No. 258," and therewith his contract with Metro expired. He has organized a company to produce independently — distributing affiliation not yet announced—and says that an immediate enterprise will be a continuation of the patriotic pictures, aimed to stimulate recruiting. He believes that through photodramas like "The Slacker," he can win 100,000 fighting men to Uncle Sam's cause, who might otherwise neglect or evade their duty. Mabel Taliaferro will have the leading role in "Draft No. 258," with practically the same supporting cast that was with Emily Stevens in "The Slacker."

EDITH STOREY has begun work with Metro. Her first picture will be made from a story, "The House in the Mist," a recent magazine novelette. Her leading man is Bradley Barker, her director, Tod Browning.

ALLEN EDWARDS, leading man for Violet Mersereau in "The Girl by the Roadside," drives a Packard, and came within a shoestring of driving it into a nice cool cell in a Jersey jail recently. The traffic wilhelm of a hamlet found him guilty of four simultaneous breaches of the law, having to do with speed, lights, muffler and something else Allen cannot recall. He was instructed to appear at the court two days later. The following day a man brought his daughter to the Coytesville studio, with a note from the Universal office, asking them to make a film test of the young lady, who wanted to get into pictures. Allen played a little scene with her, and as she left, her father said he was much obliged, and any time he could do anything for Allen he would be pleased. He thereupon slipped Edwards his card, which bore the information that he was district attorney of the county in which the actor was pinched. Allen unburdened his soul, and was given an immunity bath. This story smacks of graft, but anyone who knows the ways of the bucolic cops of Jersey will understand that any means used in thwarting them is justifiable.

ANNA CASE, prima donna soprano, star of the Metropolitan Opera, has followed in the footsteps of Geraldine Farrar and decided to dip into the movie waves, via the Julius Steger springboard. The aristocratic Metropolitan frowned upon the Farrar episode, and attempted to discipline the lady, but discovered that the public would not permit. The people who pay to hear the singing at $6 per pay, don't seem to care whether the singer has been doing silent dramas or not. So Miss Case has decided to take a chance too.

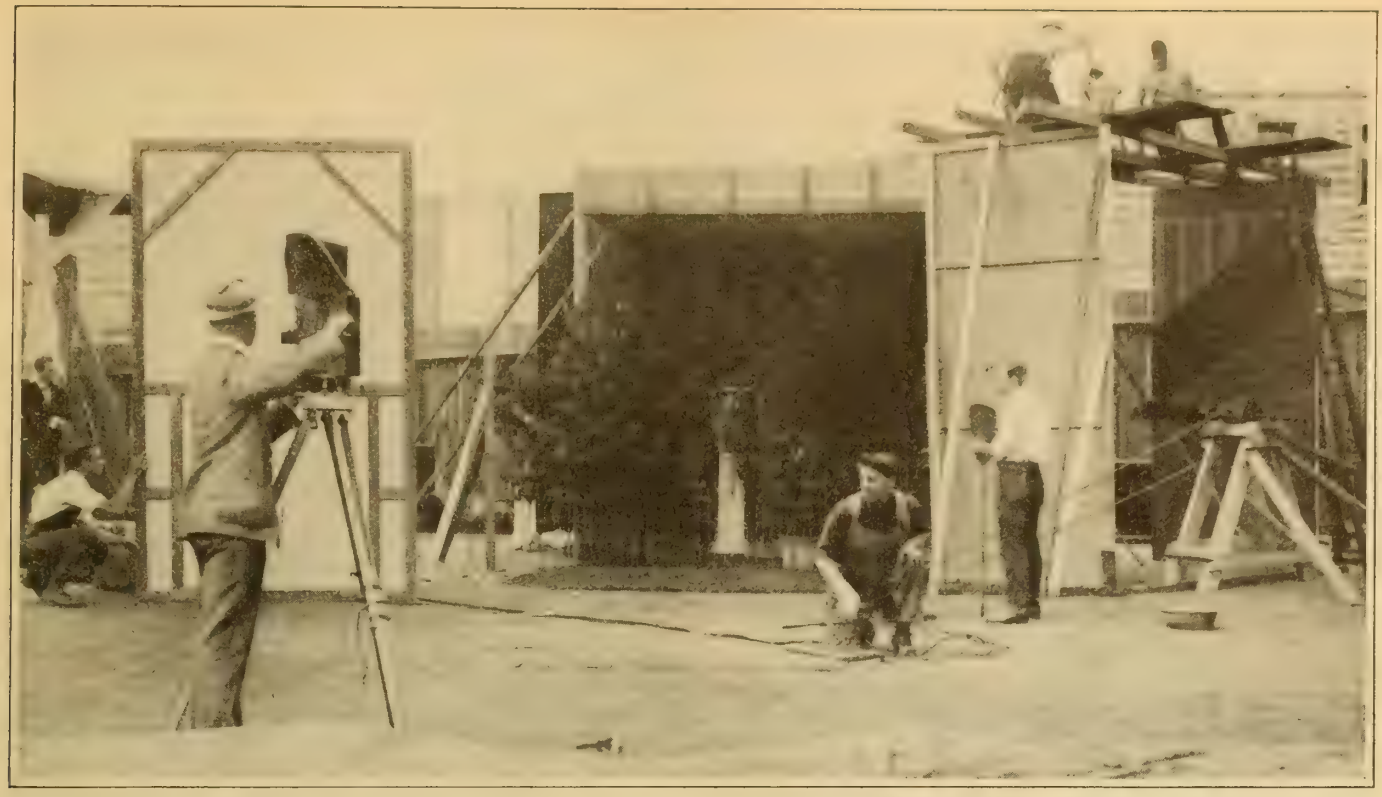
WILLIAM FARNUM'S desire for realism led a number of his friends to play a practical joke on him at the Lambs' Club recently. In the role of Jean Valjean, the hero of "Les Miserables," Farnum allowed his razor to rust in its case for three weeks. Learning of his intention to visit the Lambs' Club one evening his friends prepared a reception for him. As he was about to enter, he was seized by two policemen who threw him forcibly out the door into the gutter of 44th Street with advice to move on—that bums were not allowed to panhandle



"Keep it dark," says Director Henry Otto (right). "I'm not as black as I'm being painted," says Tyrone Power. The occasion — making "The Lorelei of the Sea."

in that institution. Nor would they let him explain. They kept pushing him down the street until he showed signs of fight. Then the cops decided that there was no money big enough to pay them to

(Continued on page 106)



A Storm in the Making

JUST at midnight a silent figure opened the door and stood with her hands clutched to her bosom. It was raining as only it can rain when a girl must go out into the midnight blackness. Drawing a deep breath she bravely faced the unknown. The wind was driving the rain against her in gales, dashing her hair over her eyes, blinding her path. Suddenly every tree and limb stood out with dazzling brilliance and the vase standing in her father's garden fell apart as the bolt of lightning crashed to the ground at her feet.

A scene like the above is thrilling indeed and every one in the audience admires the girl who braves the raging storm.

To step behind the curtains a moment:

One of the queer things about motion pictures is that the things that look dangerous never are and the ones that don't look so usually send half a dozen persons to the hospital.

Not so much to discredit the lassie as to arrive at scientific accuracy, it must be explained that our heroine was in about as much danger as if sitting in a drawing room playing an ukulele.

The picture above was made at noon on an open air stage, with the sun a pleasant spectator.



In the upper picture a negative is shown on which lightning is registered. (Below) filling an order for lightning; to be shipped to California.

To the left we have the camera man and beyond him a screen to reflect the light. In the middle, housed in by the roof, we have the rich man's garden with its trees and shrubs where our heroine made her plucky flight. Above may be seen two men. They are the rain dispensers. Their method of producing rain consists of pouring water into a tin box pierced with nail holes at appropriate distances, which form the falling water into the regulation sized drops. To the extreme right is the wind. Here a balmy summer breeze or a wintry blast, whichever the scene requires, is made to order by simply turning on the current. The girl comes out, the rain falls, the propellor blade blows it across her and the audience thrills and writes the plucky girl a letter.

The lightning? Oh, yes, the lightning.

Several days before a silent man in a raincoat might have been seen standing on the roof of a skyscraper with his camera pointed to an ominous cloud as the torrents fell about him. Suddenly the cloud was reft and there was a brilliant flash of lightning. The film, with the lightning's flash safely recorded on it, is taken to the company's morgue and filed away in a tin can under "L." When it comes time, in the joining room, to show the lightning striking the vase in the rich man's garden, the film is merely cut and the lightning inserted.

Looking at the picture you would swear that it was taken on John D. Rockefeller's estate and that the clap must have knocked sixteen servants out of bed. But not at all. It was taken on a motion picture stage, at ten minutes after noon and not a cloud in three hundred miles.

Many thousands of feet of film are made each year in Santa Barbara, California, and about once a week one of the stories calls for lightning. But there is no lightning in Santa Barbara, so they send to Chicago for it. Chicago has all the lightning that anybody could ask for and lots of times there is practically no market for it, so the company telegraphs to its Chicago office, "Send twenty feet of lightning," and the technical director looks under L, gets out the can and hands it to the expressman.



Witzel Photo



Sarony Photo

Stars *of the* Screen *and* Their Stars *in the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Miss Bessie Love, Born Sept. 10th.

AT the hour of her birth the Zodiacal sign scorpio was on the Eastern horizon, with Mars, Lord of Scorpio in the sign cancer, near the ninth house, the house of journeys, which all means that Miss Love will be before the public and will also do much traveling the most part of her life, and will take many sea voyages.

Miss Love was born very fortunate, in many ways. First, we find Venus the lady of pleasure and beauty, in the ascendant, which gives her those beautiful eyes and that charming smile.

Uranus is also in the ascendant which indicates intuitiveness and an intellect much above the average woman. Uranus is magnetic—when one sees Miss Love in a photoplay where she has to change expressions quickly, one will feel oneself getting into her part working as hard or suffering as much as she.

We find the Sun, the planet of honor and fame, with Mercury the mental planet in his own home in Virgo.

John Gadbury, a noted English Astrologer (1658), said: "Mercury in Virgo gives a good understanding, and the Native that so hath him, shall be of an admirable Judgment."

Miss Love was born to fame which will always be with her. We find the benign Jupiter in the eleventh house, which indicates that she will never want for a friend.

Her greatest triumph will come on her twenty-ninth birthday, and again eight months later which promises lasting success.

Nativity of Harold Lockwood, Born April 12th.

IN this nativity we find pure thoughts and veneration of women. Mr. Lockwood has large ideality, with fine artistic ability, and should, if ever taken up, make an artist or a good cartoonist. When he retires from photoplay drama he should choose something that could be carried on by writing or drawing only. He should never deal with the public where he comes in personal contact, and should never rely on the spoken drama, as Mercury, the ruler of the tongue, is located in Pisces in his detriment. Pisces is a watery sign, which is represented in the Zodiac by two fishes—well, we all know that the fishes do not talk for a living. Mercury being well aspected to Saturn, Venus and Neptune and located in the third house, indicates a steady, loving and artistic mind, sound judgment, that cannot be persuaded to do other than justice.

Mr. Lockwood will always have many friends, mostly among the clergy, lawyers, judges, and clothing merchants. I would advise Mr. Lockwood not to argue on religion, wife's relations, take sea voyages, or make aeroplane flights. The greatest happiness in man's life will come to Mr. Lockwood in 1921; the most honors will come to him in 1924, and the highest financial success will begin in the year 1919 and will last for the next fifteen years. The most unlucky days during any year for him to start any business deal are July 22 to 25, October 6, 7, 8, 15 and 22, December 21 to 23, and March 27, 28, 29.



Saturday afternoon "services" at Grace Methodist Church, New York City. The sermon was a moving picture, and not a preachy one either.

Making *the* Movie Do Its Bit

Organizing the Church, School and Y. M. C. A. for the Presentation of Motion Pictures

By Frederick James Smith

(PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE last month took up the possibilities of the motion picture as an aid to the school, church and Y. M. C. A. In this issue PHOTOPLAY is outlining, in practical fashion, how an institution may be organized to utilize the film.)

"MY message to every church in the land is—wake up to the great possibilities of motion pictures and get them harnessed and working as agencies for social uplift. Let me venture to predict that one day another Carnegie or Rockefeller will have the vision to see the need of the isolated community and the wisdom to satisfy that need in motion picture theaters, provided and managed under a great system." Is this the dream of a motion picture producer, you ask? No, indeed. The prediction of a village pastor, Rev. Harry E. Robbins, who has worked out the possibilities of the movie in tiny Canasaraga, near Salamanca, N. Y.

The fulfillment is still far away, unfortunately. The rector, the school superintendent, the Y. M. C. A. secretary must fight the battle alone. In securing information for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I talked and corresponded with about fifty ministers, teachers and Y. M. C. A. officials who have actually tried and are using the motion picture with success. Their experiences are invaluable to a newcomer.

First the field of operations must be considered. Rev. Dr. Robbins has compared the problem of the city and country organizations. "So far as moving pictures are concerned as applied to the social problems," says the minister, "the city and country present two distinct needs. In the country the motion picture theater has to be built and equipped and run by the organization interested in the movement. In the cities the fine theaters are already built and running. The function of the church and Y. M. C. A. and other social organizations is not to build or equip competing theaters, but to co-operate with those already built and in operation to the end that the quality of pictures may be improved.

"Here is where I made my biggest and most expensive mistake," continues Dr. Robbins. "When I opened the

Star theater in Hartford in order to show a model program, there were already two fine theaters much better located than the Star. The Star was a splendid theater, perfectly equipped, and, while I showed good clean pictures and had one of the best orchestras in New England, I was unable to make it pay, partly because I had not then thoroughly mastered the business; partly because of its bad location; but mostly because it was not needed as a separate enterprise. As secretary of the social service commission, if I had organized the commission, the clergy and the Y. M. C. A., and co-operated with the other two large theaters, the best results could have been obtained. And that is the solution of the city problem. The churches and Y. M. C. A. need waste no money in separate theaters, but by co-operation they can accomplish every good result in an efficient way.

"In the country the problem is different. When I came to Canasaraga more than two years ago, there was nothing in the way of amusement or means of recreation. Most of the people had never seen moving pictures. They had never seen much of anything. I went there as rector of an Episcopal church. I found nothing to work with in the village. It was a village that was true to its type as a rural community far removed from a city. As the theater which I established over two years ago is running with increasing success and usefulness, I feel that I have succeeded in putting into practice what I had for many years held as a theory."



The Auditorium of Prospect Avenue Y. M. C. A., Cleveland, used for movies almost as often as for meetings.

Dr. Robbins believes that the city organization should use the motion picture as an auxiliary and aid, much as it is being used by Rev. Christian F. Reisner, rector of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of New York.

An institution considering the possible use of the motion picture must look over its field of activity—and plan accordingly. Success or failure depends upon this. The actual cost of installing a motion picture outfit and equipping an auditorium, of course, is dependent upon local conditions. It may be roughly estimated at from $500 to $1,000 and upward.

"It is not possible to swing a successful motion picture project on a picayune basis," says Walter H. Brooks, auditorium manager of the Y. M. C. A. at Coatesville, Penn., where the motion picture has been handled successfully. "We have a house seating 1,040 with every modern convenience, and we stand as the leading theater in the territory, and among the foremost in this section of the state.

"A church, or school or Y. M. C. A. that has the nerve to tackle the proposition," continues Mr. Brooks, "had better capitalize with sufficient funds to put over a project that will stand among the best, and then place the active management in the hands of a man thoroughly versed in the tricks of the trade. There are too many peculiarities in the motion picture industry to make it possible for amateurs to get away with it these days. Any church or school or Y. M. C. A. can swing such a plan to a successful end, if they go about it on the basis of making it win commercially, forgetting that the church or school or Y. M. C. A. has anything to do with it except to guide its moral and financial policy."

Rev. Dr. Reisner, pastor of the Grace M. E. Church of New York, gives practical advice on organizing for the presentation of films. He says: "I do not believe it would be difficult for any church to go to business men outside of their organization and raise the money to put in a motion picture machine, especially if it was to be used for children and young people. It is surprising how eager unchurched men are to help the church when it takes up a progressive movement. A number of machines have been thus installed. Five hundred shares of stock at one dollar could be sold in such a way that the dollar was a contribution, and yet the owner hold a piece of paper showing the investment. This would bring in enough to purchase a plant. Where there is a will there is a sure way. People are eager to help the aggressive church—and the membership will not oppose the use of the right kind of pictures after the drawing and teaching power of pictures have been proved. It is a ripe moment for motion picture producers and the church to get together."

Rev. Dr. Robbins speaks from practical experience when he says that the money should be raised among the business men of the community. "People always appreciate such things more when they buy them than where they have no money interest in them," he says. "I had not the slightest difficulty in getting all the money I needed and these same men have been volunteer workers ever since. The most prosperous business man in town has sold tickets for over two years and he religiously opens his roll number by paying for his own ticket. He has a high power, luxurious motor car, but he never lets the car interfere with his duty at the theater. Other business men do the rest of the work without pay."

Recognizing this growing field of activity, various makers of projection machines have been zealous in aiding churches, schools and other organizations in their efforts to present pictures. A special department is maintained to provide advice and help for ministers and teachers. Outside of the equipment of an auditorium, the biggest initial outlay will, of course, be for the machine. This should be the best—for the best is the safest and most economical in the end. One of the latest models, complete with motor drive, costs $337.50, while the same machine, hand driven, is listed at $290. The same company has a less expensive motor driven model costing $307.50, while the hand driven style in this line is $260.

These machines have a road equipment adaptable for traveling purposes, particularly designed for the use of schools, where the machine must be moved from building to building for various exhibitions. The cheapest machine made by this firm costs $225.

It may be noted that all these prices include projection lens and mechanism, fire shutter, arc lamp, lamphouse, cast iron stand, film shields, upper and lower magazines for film, two reels, adjustable rheostat, switch, wire con-

(Continued on page 112)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

Old Doc Cheerful Joins the Staff of Photoplay and begins calling himself "we" just like a regular editor. But he's "a regular guy" so it's all right

I'LL never say again that an editor has a cinch.

When I consented, quite nonchalantly, to edit a page for PHOTOPLAY, it looked awfully easy. "Sure," said I to the editor, "what shall I write about?" Just like that.

And the editor said: "Oh, any little thing you happen to think about, such as advice to the ambitious youngster about going on the stage or screen; how to succeed in business; how to be a great athlete—anything you think will be of interest to our readers; just use your own judgment and we'll throw the little old blue pencil away when your stuff comes in."

Now that sounds like a very fair proposition, doesn't it?

Well, being a creature of impulse, I fell for it. You see I've always cherished a secret wish to be a writer and even the writing of my book "Laugh and Live" hasn't cured me. Funny, isn't it, how the average mortal thrills when he sees that "By Henry So-and-So" at the head of an article. But we digress. (You will note how easily one annexes the editorial "we.") Let's get started.

Of course, the first thing in writing articles is to pick on something to write about and then write it. That's logical and apparently easy, but no film play has ever given me the mental exercise that this job did right in the start. During our recent trip to Wyoming, I laid awake night after night, after the hardest kind of a day's labor, trying to figure out a series of articles for this page, but I always got back to the same problem—how to make the introduction, filmatically speaking. I felt that once properly launched the rest of the voyage would be easy.

So I finally hit upon the first suggestion of the editor: Advice to the ambitious youngster about going into my profession. Perhaps it will serve the purpose by telling a little of my own history. So we'll now cut back to the boyhood of our hero (using this appellation only as a euphonious figure of speech).

I do not come from a theatrical family. My father was a lawyer with a knowledge of the drama such as few professionals have had. From the time I was able to eat I was fed on Shakespeare. When I was 12 years old, I could recite the principle speeches in most of that gentleman's plays.

My dramatic education was augmented by frequent contact with great actors. My father was a friend of Mansfield, Edwin Booth, Stuart Robson, John Drew, Frederick Warde and other famous actors who were his guests whenever they visited Denver.

I once asked Mr. Mansfield about the best way to prepare for the stage and he told me that there was no such thing as preparation for the stage; but that there were certain accomplishments that were essential to great success. These included a knowledge of fencing, painting and the French language. Modesty precludes a discussion of the result of following that advice. Suffice to say, I can defend myself fairly well with rapier or broadsword, I can tell a Corot from a Raphael without the aid of artificial devices and I have made my way through France without being arrested or going hungry.

Writers who give advice to the ambitious usually cite experiences from their own book of life, but if any young man were to follow in my footsteps, he'd take a rather devious path to the stage and he'd have to travel *some*.

My parents were far from convinced that I was cut out for the stage, so I was sent to the Colorado School of Mines to become a mining engineer. But there didn't seem to be any room in my head for calculus, trigonometry and such things. I could never master higher mathematics; therefore I could never be a mining engineer, so I quit.



The biggest jump Douglas Fairbanks ever made. The crosses show where he started and finished. This stunt was performed during the filming of "The Man from Painted Post."

Now I'm not desirous of inflicting a recital of my troubles on a magnanimous public; just trying to show that one may fail in many things before finding one's niche in life. Certainly I failed in many ventures, even in my first attack on the American stage. The first onslaught didn't even make a dent on that historic institution.

Important results have often hinged on trivial things. Tiny causes have had titanic effects. If a certain actor hadn't been sent to jail in Minnesota a dozen and a half years ago, I wouldn't now be writing this because no one would want to know anything about the history of a broker, or cattle dealer.

If my career as an editor is not arbitrarily ended by the editor-in-chief after this effusion, I'll write next month about my big chance coming because a fellow actor was thrown in jail. Perhaps, also, in order to cinch the job I may give a little advice—if I can think of any. *Quien sabe?* as my *vaquero* friends say.

Pearls *of* Desire

By Henry C. Rowland

A Twentieth Century Romance of the South Seas—the most remarkable story of the year

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



"Love would account for it," says I.

ENGAGED in the indolent, though venturesome, life of a South Sea planter, Jack Kavanaugh tranquilly lorded it over his particular corner of the Pacific and forgot all about the discomforts of civilization. But one day his free-and-easy existence was disturbed by the advent of three travellers from the States—a Massachusetts bishop; his widowed sister, fascinating Alice Stormsby; and their niece, Enid Weare, whose nymphlike charm was tempered with an air of cold storage conventionality.

Kavanaugh was on the point of going down to Trocadero Island to look over a new pearling concession and could not refuse the genial bishop's request that his party be given a "lift." Twenty-five miles from Trocadero, the schooner *Circe* was driven on a reef. A landing was effected, however, some supplies saved and the boat crew dispatched for help.

In the midst of this predicament, a horde of native pirates made a nocturnal raid on the island and took away with them every piece of moveable property save the guns and ammunition, fortunately hidden in a cave at the top of the cliff, and the silk pajamas and "nighties" in which the victims happened to be garbed. Enid hysterically shut herself up in the bungalow and, when her frightened relatives declined to interfere, Jack Kavanaugh went into reason with her. In a rage, the girl

CHAPTER XIV

ENID and I stood watch and watch throughout the night. About sunrise I was awakened from a light doze by a lively racket aboard the Madcap. It sounded like a young boiler factory just turning to.

"What's up now?" I asked of Enid, who was sitting in the mouth of the cave.

"I don't know," said she. "They seem to be doing some sort of ironwork on deck."

There was no question of this. A tremendons hammering and banging was going on and through my glasses (which I had been wearing the morning when we were plundered by the natives) it seemed to me that they were sheathing up two large packing cases with sheet after sheet of corrugated iron roofing.

"Trying to make bullet shields to protect the boats," I said. "That won't do them much good. We are too high up."

Nevertheless I was a bit worried. They might manage at least to protect the armored diving crew sufficiently to enable them to work with a fair amount of impunity. With the men at the pumps working behind the bullet shield the divers were safe enough as they could go down on the lee side and we could pepper the boat itself indefinitely without doing any damage. A few plugs whittled to fit the bullet holes and there you were. Their only danger would be in going and coming from the schooner, and even this might be obviated by sufficient work and material.

We got our breakfast and sat down to watch them. All day long this hammering and banging went on, the white crew doing the work while the black divers were despatched to the other side of the lagoon in what apparently looked to Drake like a promising place and there turned to. The effort was apparently unsuccessful as presently they shifted to another locality nearer the entrance.

Watching the operations aboard the Madcap I discovered that Drake's bullet proofs were apt to prove efficient even against my new model Winchesters, being constructed of successive layers of corrugated iron and oakum. Two of these shields seemed to me ridiculously small, being scarcely more than large enough to shelter a single man. I had half a mind to hamper their proceedings by a little target practice, but it seemed scarcely worth while, especially as their methods appeared to be purely defensive. For one thing I was rather relieved as I did not believe

attacked him, dashed down the beach and was narrowly saved from drowning by her host.

Rescue arrived, in the shape of Channing Drake and his buccaneer crew, and Kavanaugh, upon learning that Drake knew of the pearls, and planned to come back and help himself to them after depositing the castaways at the nearest port, resolved to stay on alone and protect his interests until his men could arrive with diving gear. When Mrs. Stormsby and the bishop were ready for departure, Enid had disappeared and her feathered tunic and sandals lying on the sand, and the undulation of the water of the lagoon, as though from the motion of a shark's body, were ample evidence of her fate.

Drake sailed away with his two passengers. Alone on the white, glistening beach, Jack suddenly realized the crushing immensity of the solitude about him, and his nerves, his reason even, gave way. He seemed to see a figure shimmering in the moonlight and then Enid was assuring him that she was real and had been hiding in the cave all the time.

The two settled themselves in this natural fortress overlooking the pearling grounds, although Kavanaugh insisted that resistance to Drake's anticipated attack would be too risky. When Drake arrived, however, Enid solved this difficulty, and incidentally almost bowled that would-be robber over with surprise, by firing the first shot herself from the shelter of the cavern, while Kavanaugh was down on the beach parleying with him. Believing the girl to have been eaten by sharks, he could not but conclude that Jack had reinforcements up there behind the walls of his toy Gibraltar.



The worst of it was we were so helpless, as it seemed to me we were fairly trapped.

that Drake would attempt to molest us as long as he could carry out his plans unheeded. The darkness finally hid them from view, though the hammering went on for a couple of hours longer.

The midwatch was mine and as I sat there rather drowsily looking out across the water I heard presently the splash of oars. The moon had set and there was a thin haze which obscured the stars so that the night was dark, but there is always a certain sheen upon the water, especially when it is absolutely still, and presently I was able to make out two dark blotches creeping in toward the pearling ground. They could be nothing else but the Madcap's boats and in fact by listening intently I could catch the gurgle and suck of oars, yet they scarcely seemed to move. Apparently they had some heavy object or objects in tow and I thought at first it must be the bullet proofs, possibly stuck on rafts made from spare spars and which they intended to moor over the bed and I was rather admiring Drake's cleverness, as even the native divers could have worked under such protection, when suddenly I discovered at a considerable distance beyond the boats a huger and blacker mass, and at the same instant the masts of the schooner shaped themselves against the opaque sky.

Now what was the meaning of this? Apparently the Madcap was towing in to the beach. The tide was at the last of the ebb but even at high water she could not have got in close enough for the divers to work under her lee. Besides, Drake would never have risked getting aground at any tide, not knowing at what moment he might have to slip his cable and run to sea. Another puzzling feature was that with the Madcap another 250 yards nearer the beach anybody moving about her decks would be dangerously exposed to our fire. She had apparently slipped and buoyed her other cable for just as I was trying to make up my mind whether or not it would be worth while to fire on the boats she let go her other anchor. The boats quickly returned alongside, one presently creeping out astern, as I presumed to carry out a ketch in order to prevent her swinging.

Well, here seemed to be a perplexing business and I awaited with some impatience for the daylight to show what it all might be about. I did not rouse Enid but lay in the mouth of the cave dozing intermittently, for I had not the slightest fear of attack. Drake had something better in his starboard locker than to waste men by having them sent rolling down that 65° slope like shot coneys.

Besides, I doubted that any of them would have tackled the job.

Towards dawn I must have fallen soundly asleep, and this military crime might easily have cost us both our lives. I was awakened by three simultaneous shocks: two rifle-shots almost together, a cry from Enid and a stinging, scorching pain as though scalding water had been poured over my left shoulder. And as I scrambled up and into the cave like a scared rabbit there came from close at hand a roar of laughter in which joined many voices, both deep and shrill.

Enid had sprung up, also, and I swung her under the shelter of a projecting spur of rock. For it had needed just one backward glance before I plunged inside to show me how craftily Drake had fooled us. Not four hundred yards as the bullet flies and almost on the same level as the mouth of the cave were the two mastheads of the Madcap and rigged on each like fighting-tops were the bullet shields which we had watched them constructing the day before.

"Are you hit?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," she answered. "Here, just above the knee. Oh, Jack . . . your shoulder!"

"Never mind the shoulder," I answered, and made a quick examination of her injury, which proved to be merely a skin-graze, painful but not dangerous. My own hurt was no more serious, a bullet having smashed against the rock beside me and spattered my shoulder with stone splinters. In our dismay at what had happened we scarcely gave a thought to either of these minor wounds.

For here were the tables unexpectedly turned and we found ourselves in a very bad fix indeed. The ledge at the entrance had entirely protected us from below while enabling us to make use of its fissures as loop holes and do our sniping with a minimum of risk scarcely worth considering. But Drake's improvised fighting tops were rigged a little above the mastheads, which brought them on our level and enabled them to fire straight into the cave, this fire enfilading slightly from the distance between the two masts. This made it impossible for us to get near enough the ledge to look down on the beach, let alone to shoot down without being openly exposed, as what might be called the vestibule of the cave was rather funnel-shaped. What was even worse we would be obliged to remain in the dark recesses of the place, as they continued to fire into it intermittently. In fact, while we were discussing the situation they let go a volley which filled the air with flying chips and fragments.

The busness looked really pretty black. At 400 yards it needs a good deal of a swivel-eye to miss a hole about ten feet by seven and there was always the danger of the riccochet. It seemed most probable that a buccaneer like Drake would be well found in ammunition and the cheerful way in which they kept pouring it into us at intervals showed that he did not appear to see the use of economy in this respect.

The worst of it was we were so helpless. We might have taken a chance and built up some sort of a breastwork if there had been any loose stone in the place, but there was not, while the walls were too smooth to attack without pick or drill or crowbar. Here was a fair specimen of Drake's ingenuity and I gave him all due credit for it as it seemed to me that we were fairly trapped. At night we might dare to venture out a little but during the day we should have to skulk in the recesses and listen to the faint babel of cries coming up from below where two armored divers and about twenty natives were stripping our wealth from the bottom of the lagoon. The idea of it drove me frantic but I said to Enid that at least I might have the satisfaction of sniping one of the sharpshooters aloft as he went up or down, or at least compel them to remain up there all day.

But not a bit of it. Drake's cunning had deprived me of even this slight pleasure for at eight bells we saw being hoisted aloft the two smaller bullet-proof cases which I had observed the day before, and which were no more than impermeable elevators to relieve the watch. Right atop of the others they were hoisted by the topsail halliards and though I blazed away at them repeatedly nothing seemed to come of it. The man inside slipped down into the larger box through the open bottom of the lift which dropped slightly inside the larger one. It was certainly a neat contrivance and efficient and knowing that its impervious qualities must have been already well tested (for we had heard several shots from the schooner the night before) it seemed scarcely worth the while to waste our ammunition. At four hundred yards one could scarcely hope to hit a loophole just big enough to shoot through. Besides, each shot of mine was fired at some risk and brought a volley.

I must admit I was nearly in despair. There was no telling how long we might be kept there in that close captivity. The humiliation of it was the hardest to bear. If we had been able to fight back, having the excitement of defending ourselves and protecting our property it would have been a different thing. But as the case stood our position was ignominious beyond all endurance. And we had been so cocky about it the day before! I sat down on a ledge and buried my face in my hands, trying to think up some counter move. There were plenty of caves like ours, some larger, some smaller, all along the face of the cliff and it was possible that some one of these might be better adapted for defense. But I doubted that any of them had water as I would have noticed the wet stains on the cliff. Besides, there was only one way down and I thought it probable that Drake would keep the foot of the cliff patroled at night. It would not do to expose Enid to such a risk, especially as we would have to make a number of trips to transport our stores. Also there would be the difficulty of locating a suitable place in the dark.

I explained all this to Enid and she agreed with me that the plan was not feasible.

"Why don't you scold me for having got us into such a mess, Jack?" she asked.

"You did what you thought was for the best," I answered. "I was pleased as *Punch* with the state of affairs until they served us this one. Well, it looks as if we'd just have to make the best of it. The chances are that he will make his clean up and get out in a couple of weeks."

Enid rested her chin on her knuckles and looked at me meditatively.

"I am sure that I can stand it," she said. "But it does seem a pity that you should have such false ideas of generosity, Jack."

"As what?" I snapped.

"Oh, as to give a pearl worth thousands of dollars to a woman who had never given you a thing, not even an unqualified promise . . . and to give the whole bed that it came from to a man who would have given you a bullet through the head if he had got the chance. Things would have been so simplified if you had only shot him instead of giving him your gracious permission to depart and proceed with his arrangements to shoot *you*."

"It is all very well to talk," I said, "but it's not an easy thing to kill a man in cold blood, even if you do think that he deserves it. All the same, I wish now that I had."

"So do I," she answered. "I could stand the loss of the pearls, but it's too outrageous to be boxed up in this burrow like a pair of bunnies. I know now what squirrels and foxes and rabbits and other hunted beasts feel like. We shall just have to hibernate, that's all. I suppose we shall come out eventually pale and bleached and blinking."

"If you talk like that," I said, "I shall take the shotgun and go down and run amuck and leave you here to weather it out alone."

"I'd go with you," Enid answered. "But what's the use of getting ourselves killed, Jack? Don't you think we've got happiness enough ahead of us to afford losing



And then a final shove, a despairing yell and the abyss absorbed him.

a week or two out of our lives? Is it so awfully hard to be shut up here with me for awhile?"

"It's going to be," I muttered.

She reached over and laid her hand lightly on my lips. "No it's not," she answered. "Our bodies may be imprisoned, Jack, but our minds are free. We must keep them occupied and turn this term of jail into some good. Why not teach me Kanaka? Or whatever it is you speak on Kialu? After we are married we shall probably live there for some years and I've got to learn the language sooner or later. Then what can I teach you? French you know already. How about music? Do you know anything about that?"

I told her that I could play a little by ear but knew nothing about notes, then asked how she could teach me without the instrument.

"We'll make a mute keyboard with a strip from one of these boxes," she answered, "and mark it off with the proper keys. When our term has been served you'll be able to read music and play by note and I'll be able to converse in Kanaka. It's going to be fun, dear, just to see what we can do with our minds when the activities of our bodies are curtailed. Oh, another thing I can teach you is the deaf and dumb language. I learned it as a child to talk with a little neighbor who was deaf and dumb. It's often useful. Now cheer up, my dear; it's really not going to be so bad."

Here was an example of Enid's personality; still another phase of it. Every new and trying condition seemed to unfold to my astonished perceptions some fresh source of strength and courage and sweetness and common sense. And this the girl whom I had at first assayed as a narrow minded priggish little prude and undertaken to discipline to the point of actual violence! This the girl whom I had thought of at various times as pert, sulky, secretive, intolerant, ungoverned, conceited and giving herself airs of an unmerited superiority in attempting to criticize the words and actions and ethics of an older and wiser (sic) and far more experienced person than herself. I felt like a fool. Worse than that as I doubt if a fool particularly minds being one. Most that I have known rather enjoyed their estate. My emotions were rather those of the casual traveler who after some days of disgust at the stupidity of his deck-chair neighbor discovers him to be a world famed savant who is slightly deaf and inclined to be sensitive about it. There was nothing the matter with any of Enid's special senses, or general ones either and I decided that the trouble lay in the blurred quality of the vibrations emanating from those about her.

But even greater than the smack of my forehead against the cinders my worship of her as my own proprietary diety; nobody else's but mine. That reflection alone should, I told myself, be quite sufficient to keep me content boxed up indefinitely in a hole in the rocks so long as she was there and not unhappy. Kissing her would have helped a lot at that moment, but reason warned me that to make amorous advances at this late moment would smack too greatly of moral surrender. If only for our prides' sake we must defy the situation rather than permit of its coercion. So far it had not so much as eroded the edges of our fixed principles; the code of our caste, and now that the pressure to break down this resistance had been augmented so must we strengthen the lines of our defense. We were not of the sort to discount future happiness at the cost of self respect.

(Continued on page 100)





Copyright Photo by Lumiere



Marguerite Snow and Jimmy Cruze are real old married folks, as history runs in filmdom. They heard the call of the wedding bells when they were playing in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and have remained husband and wife ever since, though at present they are playing leading roles in a temporary domestic tragedy, "Wedded and Parted." Miss Snow was George M. Cohan's leading woman in "Broadway Jones" and Husband is Somewhere in California with Lasky.

Who's Married to Who

We know just as well as you do that "Who's Married to Who" violates the grammatical rules of English, but as we have remarked before, "What's grammar among friends?"



Photoplayers Studio



Corinne Griffith will be marrying Earle Williams regularly in future, having been engaged by Vitagraph to play leads with him; but this has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that she is actually the wife of Webster Campbell, a popular juvenile.

Witzel Photo.

Miss Gretchen Hartman,
California.

Dear Madam:

You ought to come back to New York. Your husband, Alan Hale, looks lonesomer and lonesomer every day, and nobody in the Friars Club will play pool with him any more, because he always wins. Can't you do something about it?

A FRIEND OF HE



Photoplayers Studio



He Owes It All *to a* Penny Arcade

Albert E. ("Silent") Smith gives an interviewer, for the first time, the story of Vitagraph

By Paul Grant

ONE evening in 1895 a young man visited a penny arcade, somewhereinnewyork. He dropped a penny in the slot of a kinetoscope and saw a few seconds of moving pictures of a boxing exhibition, or something of the sort.

Even if this had not happened, Albert E. Smith might still have become founder and organizing genius of Vitagraph. But the cold fact of history is that Vitagraph was born in those few peeping seconds. Mr. Smith had been a photographer, he was a skillful mechanic, and at that time owned a part interest in a traveling vaudeville show, in which he himself performed sleight of hand tricks, and possibly "doubled in brass." There were practically no moving picture exhibitions then—twenty-two years ago. As he peeped into the curious machine it occurred to him that if a means could be devised of throwing these moving pictures on a sheet where a whole audience could see them, a hundred nickels could be gathered in at one time, where the kinetoscope harvested only pennies.

A few films were being made, and the problem of the

projection machine was being attacked by scores of inventors. Mr. Smith worked a little faster than the others. In 1896 he completed his first apparatus and became an exhibitor of pictures. The vital principle of his machine, since incorporated into all projectors, was a "setting" device which keeps the picture in its exact position on the screen. A year later he bought out another machine, and Vitagraph was born of the combination.

Originally, therefore, Vitagraph was an exhibiting company. It did not even sell the Smith machines, but rented them out for entertainments, after the demand for pictures had become so great that Mr. Smith's company could not personally conduct all exhibitions. It was not until 1899 that the company engaged in a side issue which eventually absorbed all its attention—making pictures.

Vitagraph was then located on the top floor of 140 Nassau Street. Meanwhile W. H. (Pop) Rock had come up from Louisiana with picture shows of his own, and had cut into the Smith monopoly, so Smith took him into the company. Then they decided to try their hand at making pictures. Edison was the only important American manufacturer, and the demand was growing. Comedies fifty feet long (one-hundredth the length of today's average feature) were the standard. So they took a camera up on the roof of 140 Nassau and made the first Vitagraph, the negative of which, most unfortunately, was destroyed in a fire. It was "The Burglar on the Roof," and the cast of characters comprised J. Stuart Blackton, the stenographer, the office boy and the janitor's wife.

"That picture was full of pep," Mr. Smith mused, as he looked clear through the upholstered offices in Flatbush back into those exciting, creative moments, eighteen years ago. I sincerely believe that, at that moment, Mr. Smith would have traded the entire negative of his new feature, "For France," for the fifty wobbly feet of "The Burglar on the Roof." A man who can create anything will do foolish things of that sort sometimes. I think this was one of the times.

"I'm glad you came to talk about those days," he said. "I like to think about them, but I'm so busy that I don't have much time for it."

Surely the memories of the strides Vitagraph made from that fifty-foot comedy, full of pep, to its present dimensions, must be pleasant. Especially to Albert E. Smith. For the history of Vitagraph with all its ups and downs—and it has been refinanced at least twice—has been the history of one man, Smith. It has traveled pretty much in a straight line, its only problems being those of any big enterprise which, from time to time, outgrows its working capital. One year after making the first comedy Vitagraph moved to larger quarters on Nassau Street, where it established a regular plant and studio. Five years later, five lots were purchased on Elm Avenue, Brooklyn, and a building, forty by sixty feet, erected. Today the Vitagraph plant at this spot covers one and a half city blocks, and has the largest floor space of any single picture factory in the world in its rectangle of four-story buildings. A plant also has been established in Hollywood, and one was about to be opened in the environs of Paris when the war necessitated a postponement.

Such the fruits of a peep into a slot machine.

The one thing Mr. Smith possesses in greater degree than any other leader of the film industry I have met, is the genius for seeing beyond the big city. He sees all America in truer proportions than the men whose experience and vision are bounded by the limits of Times Square. You never find him around the Astor, where the "magnates" foregather. And he emphatically declares that policies which have a tendency to place the best moving pictures out of the reach of the small town and village exhibitor, must fail.

"The moving picture," he says, "has succeeded because it has taken the big city to the hamlet. Before its time, farmers' wives were constantly going insane through loneliness and lack of communication with the world. Then came a combination of two inventions and a business innovation—the pictures, the cheap automobile, and the mail order business. The wives of many farmers are now often garbed as fashionably—and certainly in as good taste—as women on Fifth Avenue. They learn the art of dress and home decoration from pictures, and the mail order house does the rest.

"These isolated people were almost foreigners in their native land until the Ford and the moving picture brought them into the fold. Nor are they unconscious of the fact. Go to the little country town and see the long lines of farmers' machines in front of the one picture house. It is to this patronage that the films owe their great success. Such houses as these cannot afford big prices. The future, no less than the past of pictures, depends upon keeping them within reach of those who need them most."

The Vitagraph has been called "the cradle of stars." Among the now famous players who began their careers with this parent concern are E. K. Lincoln, Donald Hall, Corinne Griffith, Mildred Manning, Norma Talmadge, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, James Morrison, Mabel Normand, Ralph Ince, Anita Stewart, Earle Williams, Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno, Lillian Walker, Frank Daniels, Myrtle Gonzales, William Duncan, Dorothy Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Maurice Costello, Virginia Pearson, Charles Richman, S. Rankin Drew, Harry Morey, Leah Baird, Lucille Lee Stewart, Naomi Childers, Mary Anderson, Bobby Connelly, Nell Shipman, Arline Pretty, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Hughie Mack, Wallie Van.

But the arrival and departure of notables has caused no turmoil in the corporation. Behind the events of the day, the month, the year, was one consistent, constructive mind, the balance wheel that maintained the momentum, the keen brain that was back of the keen eyes that peeped into a slot machine in a penny arcade in 1895, the genius of Albert E. Smith.

Acquitted!

After centuries of wrongful accusation, woman has been exonerated from the cruelest of all indictments against her.

Ever since the incident of the apple, woman has been the object of calumny.

She has been called "the weaker sex," the temptress, a parasite. She has been scolded for her vanity and for her extravagance. She has been ridiculed for her adherence to fashions.

But all these charges she has disproved. She has shown herself capable of doing the work of men; she has exposed the fact that in all these things of which she had been accused, man was an equal offender.

One thing has remained, until now. Upon one point, man has insisted that she stood alone, the great culprit. And woman has bowed humbly before her accusers.

They have said that she talked too much, that she could not control her tongue, that she must always have the last word, that she gossiped—in short that she was a slave to speech.

But that was yesterday; today the truth is revealed.

For in the Silent Drama woman is supreme.

Don't be afraid of the Camera

Send for Sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Art Panel of Mary Pickford

TO have the exquisite, soft, smooth skin that can stand the critical eye of the camera is really most simple. At bedtime, to remove the traces of the day, apply a little Pompeian NIGHT Cream, then—go to sleep. That's all. While you sleep the soothing, refreshing properties of this delightfully fragrant, snow-white unguent will be soothing and beautifying your skin. Use Pompeian NIGHT Cream faithfully and a soft, smooth youthful skin will be your joyful possession. Jars 35c and 75c, at the stores.

Is anybody in your family troubled with Dandruff? If so, don't let the matter be neglected, as Dandruff often causes the hair to fall out. Our new product, Pompeian HAIR Massage, has already won thousands of friends all over the country because it has stopped their Dandruff. It is a liquid (not a cream) and is not oily or sticky. Delightful to use. 50c and $1 bottles, at the stores. Both products guaranteed by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel

(No advertising on the front)

Miss Pickford has granted Pompeian exclusive rights for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel. Beautifully colored. Size 28x7¼ inches. Art Store value 50c. Most attractive picture of this popular little film star yet reproduced. Clip the coupon, enclose 10c and receive both Art Panel and sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.



The Pompeian Mfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio

(Stamps accepted, dime preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Pompeian Night Cream



H. O. Davis, vice-president and general manager of Triangle, and James R. Quirk, editor and general manager of Photoplay, going over the record of manuscripts of the Scenario Contest.

H. O. Davis *to Announce* Scenario Contest Winners

AFTER several months of unavoidable delays, as annoying to PHOTOPLAY as to the many contributors to its big scenario contest, a telegram was received from Mr. H. O. Davis just before this issue went to press, that the race had narrowed to ten manuscripts, and a final decision would be reached at an early date.

Mr. Davis is vice president and general manager of the Triangle Film Corporation. He is the final tribunal in the awarding of the four prizes, $1,000 for the first, $500 for the second, $300 and $200 for the third and fourth.

In the last few months the Triangle Company has undergone a complete reorganization under the direction of Mr. Davis, an acknowledged genius in constructive work of this kind.

When Thomas H. Ince deserted Triangle there immediately arose a controversy as to whether or not he was entitled to the fruits of the contest which was begun while he was the principal Triangle director. It was decided that the Triangle Company had the right to the prize winning manuscripts as Mr. Ince was merely an employe of the company when the contest was organized.

Meanwhile, experts read the thousands of manuscripts which were entered, setting aside those with the greatest possibilities, and returning the others. Another elimination reading followed, resulting in an even hundred being reserved. These were sent to Culver City, California.

Owing to the fact that with the departure of Mr. Ince, the entire policy of the Triangle was changed, with the intention of producing still better pictures than before, Mr. Davis found it necessary to have the cream of the manuscripts read once again, with his new policies in view.

All these complications have caused delay, and the impatient authors must try to realize that everything which has been done was to the end that their interests should be safeguarded, and there has been no neglect on the part of either Mr. Davis or PHOTOPLAY.

In his telegram, Mr. Davis expressed extreme satisfaction with the quality of the ten manuscripts which had been selected in the final combing as the best of the hundred. He said that the final decision of the prize winners would be reached in September, and no expense or effort would be spared to make productions worthy of the stories.

No better fortune could have come to the prize winners than that their stories should be recorded for the screen under the direction of Mr. Davis. He has taken the deepest interest in the contest, and has declared his intention of making the resultant productions the finest that the resources of the Triangle corporation can procure.

Mr. Davis' record in the film world makes this declaration one of the utmost importance. It was he who made Bluebirds the success they are today. While his greatest work as controller at Universal City was supposed to be the institution of an efficiency system for preventing waste, it was he who saw the possibilities in the higher class of productions from the big plant. He proved at once that he was no mere counting-room manager, but had a keen insight into the best achievements of the camera and the screen. The present high status of Bluebird pictures is a direct result.

So within a few weeks the patience of the contestants will be rewarded, not alone by the prizes, but in the knowledge that they will be given a big boost on the road to fame when Triangle produces their stories under Mr. Davis' personal supervision.

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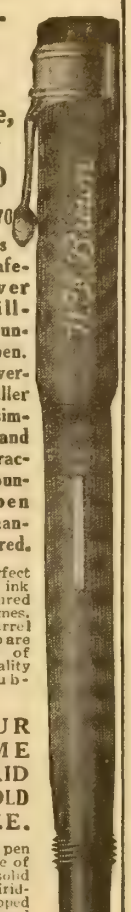
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Five Years *Ago This* Month

Mae Marsh, after succeeding Alice Joyce as Kalem's leading woman, went over to Director Tom Ince's company to succeed Ethel Grandin in ingenue parts.

They were careful not to overtax your intelligence in those days. When Kleine produced "Shylock," in two reels, several minor characters in the original drama were thoughtfully omitted, not for artistic purposes, but because the dear public was not conversant with the plot and would become confused by so numerous a cast.

No longer being able totally to ignore the existence of the upstart movies, stage celebrities assumed a graciously condescending attitude. Otis Skinner, playing in "Kismet" in Chicago, was a guest at the Selig studio. He must have been impressed, because, in an address made some days later before the City Club of St. Louis, he admitted that motion pictures were "often educational, furnished a cheap form of entertainment for the masses and were destined to make as great advancement in the future as in the past."

A London artist, happening in at a cinema theatre, saw a "Flying A" film, "The Call of the Range." Recognizing in the leading character a perfect specimen of American manhood, he communicated with the actor, who thereupon sent him a photograph, with permission to use it for a model. That's why visitors at the South Wales Art Academy at Cardiff are puzzled by the haunting resemblance between the features of the man on canvas and those of Warren Kerrigan. The picture represents the cowboy of our great plains, mounted on a pinto pony and gazing off toward the mountains in the west.



Below: Studios of the American Film Company, Inc. as they look today.

"The youngest leading lady in motion pictures" was Ruth Stonehouse's soubriquet.

Flo LaBadie did a picture called "Some Fools There Were," the plural number being adopted doubtless because it was considered to be more consistent with the accepted birth-rate.

Mary Miles Minter and the Farnum boys were playing in "The Littlest Rebel" on the stage.



Facade of the "Flying A" Studio in Santa Barbara as it was five years ago when the American Company settled there. The Studio was built in the corner of an ostrich farm which has given way to commercial improvements.

Gene Gauntier went over to Ireland to write scenarios and play leads in them, under the direction of Sidney Olcott.

California had been discovered, but wasn't nearly so popular as Chicago as a producing center. Edendale, in one corner of Los Angeles, was the chief outpost of the sunshine pioneers.

Sixty per cent of the films used in England were American, fifteen per cent Italian, ten per cent French and six per cent British. That was because the American films were invariably "westerns." The demand for "westerns" was so great that European producers tried to satisfy it by duplicating Broncho Billy's stuff in their own back yard and got all gummed up by having their "Indians" ride, not the scrawny, undersized "snakes" of the plains, but sleek, bob-tailed French cavalry mounts.



The original company of cowboys who made the old "Westerns" lined up, with President Samuel S. Hutchinson on the extreme right.

Motion pictures for the first time were a feature of a presidential campaign. President Taft had himself motographed in colors, the Colonel did a few poses which doubtless have been of great inspirational value to "Doug" Fairbanks, and Woodrow Wilson, more coy, was chased by the camera man from stump to stump.

Kathlyn Williams was wearing a very good-looking watch won in a golf match.

The Screen Club held its first election. King Baggot was chosen president and John Bunny, G. M. Anderson and Arthur Johnson were vice presidents.

By act of Congress, the national copyright law was extended to include motion picture photoplays and motion pictures other than photoplays.

Creighton Hale was playing on the London stage.

Romaine Fielding was appointed deputy sheriff of Prescott, Arizona. He was directing Lubin pictures there.



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Pearls of Desire

(Continued from page 91)

Two days passed, the first very trying I must admit; the second not so bad. We were not greatly annoyed by Drake's sharpshooters, though they fired into the cave at irregular intervals apparently as a warning to us to keep well under cover. They fired also at night when the moon had risen, so that we had to be very careful.

Fortunately the recesses of the cave were roomy and as long as we remained in them we were in no danger. I had moved our stores and beds and firewood into them under cover of the darkness and the water was also accessible without risk. These recesses were of irregular shape, containing chambers on different levels, some of them communicating by passages where one had to stoop low to squeeze through. The longest of them penetrated for perhaps fifty feet into the cliff and then broke up in various impassable diverticula. Our "living room" as we called it was fairly well lighted up to about four o'clock, but we had a lantern and a drum of kerosene. Most of these things the bishop and I had hauled up to the cave during the first days of our exile.

Acting on Enid's suggestion we organized our classes and what with these and the preparation of our simple meals and little games which we invented we managed pretty well. Many victims of oppression have suffered worse things than to be shut up in a cave with the one most dearly beloved. There are no doubt many free agents who would be quite willing to exchange a few weeks of liberty for such an incarceration. We slept a great deal and ate sparingly, for our stores were limited and it was necessary to economize in the matter of fuel. The worst of it was really, I think, the knowledge of how we were being plundered and of how Drake must be chuckling as he went about the business.

Then, the morning of the third day as we were getting our frugal breakfast the racket made by the gang below suddenly ceased, or rather, it changed its key. A moment later Drake's big voice began to bellow orders and presently we heard the whine of sheaves and the clank of the windlass, also the rattle of oars and a great deal of excited jabbering.

"Holy St. Christopher . . ." I cried to Enid, "they're clearing out. Somebody must be coming!" I sprang up and looked out and that moment of curiosity and lack of caution came near to being my bane, for as if by way of a parting benediction a whole volley was fired into the cave, one bullet striking just above my head and filling my eyes with grit. I wiped them clear and peered out more cautiously and presently the peak of the mainsail became visible as it crawled rapidly up and the halliards took the weight of half a dozen of the blacks. Then up came the foresail and directly after the jib, hauled aback to catch the light draught fanning in from the sea. Lying with so short a scope the anchor was quickly broken out and in an incredibly short time the Madcap was standing across the lagoon on a short tack which would enable her to make the passage of the entrance on the next.

The men in the fighting tops kept up a steady fire until the schooner passed out of range, when the bulky affairs which had been hoisted to strops about half-way up the topmasts were lowered to the deck. Enid and I had gone to the ledge outside the mouth of the cave as soon as the firing stopped and now we looked eagerly out to sea. For a moment there was nothing visible on the horizon, when all at once a thin column of black smoke rose and drifted off to leeward.

I fixed the spot with my glasses and discovered two slender spars so closely spaced as to show that the vessel was heading straight in for Trocadero. She was still hull down even from our elevation and could scarcely have been discovered but for the smoke, the topmasts being barely visible even through the glasses. I looked anxiously at the Madcap, gliding rapidly out with a swiftly ebbing tide and a freshening breeze which would be even stronger once out from under the lee of the crater.

"That chap that's coming will never lay eyes on Drake," I said to Enid. "By the time he gets up over the horizon Drake will have the island between them. The breeze is going to freshen right along and before this steamer, whatever she is, gets up here Drake will be out of sight, especially as Trocadero is a place that one doesn't care to rush at full bore."

"Well, anyhow we are out of our dungeon," Enid answered, "and I suppose that you will never learn to play the piano by note or learn to converse fluently with the deaf and dumb. Do you think that Drake made much of a haul?"

"From the jabbering going on it sounded like it," I answered, gloomily. "However, the hand is not played out yet."

We sat talking and watching the approaching steamer until presently I began to be impressed by the fact that she did not approach at all. From time to time there would rise fresh puffs of smoke, showing that her fires were being vigorously tended, but the length of topmast visible remained precisely the same. "What ails the critter that she can't haul herself chest over the sky-line?" I asked. "From the way he's been coaling up you'd think it was a destroyer and the boy in command late for his date ashore, but I can't see that she's budged for the last twenty minutes. If that's the best he can do Drake might have got in another watch of work."

And then came a surprise. For, as I stared intently at the small, slender spars they seemed to swell and widen and whiten and then to separate and lo! Here was no steamer nor gunboat but a small schooner making sail and not so very far away, being merely hull down. Up went jib and forestaysail and then as I caught the general expression of her sail plan I let out a yell in praise of the patron Saint of those who go down to the sea in ships. There could be no mistake. The disproportionate size of this schooner's mainsail to the rest of her rig distinguished her even at that distance as none other than Captain Billy Connors' Favorite. How she happened to be there I could not imagine, but I understood the smoke.

"It's good old Billy Connors, God bless his puckered old mug," I cried to Enid. "He's got wind of the fix I'm in somehow or other and come to raise the siege. He made that smoke to bluff Drake out, and that's better than if he had sunk the Madcap. Drake is as sensitive to ridicule as a nigger or a child and Billy will see that the yarn spreads like yellow jack."

Enid did not answer and I looked at her in surprise. I had expected transports of joy, but it appears that I had yet a great deal to learn about my fiancee. Now, her broad and low forehead was faintly creased and her eyes had the "hanging look" which might have been found in those of her jurist ancestor. Her general expression in fact gave the impression of suppressed anger and resentment.

"I wish that Captain Connors hadn't done that," said she.

"Frightened Drake away?" I asked.

"Yes. He should have waited until night and then sailed in and caught him. There is a moon now. As it is, Drake has got off scot free."

"Oh, hang the pearls," I answered.

"Why, certainly," she retorted, "and hang Drake. That part of it is much more important." And she turned and walked back into the cave.

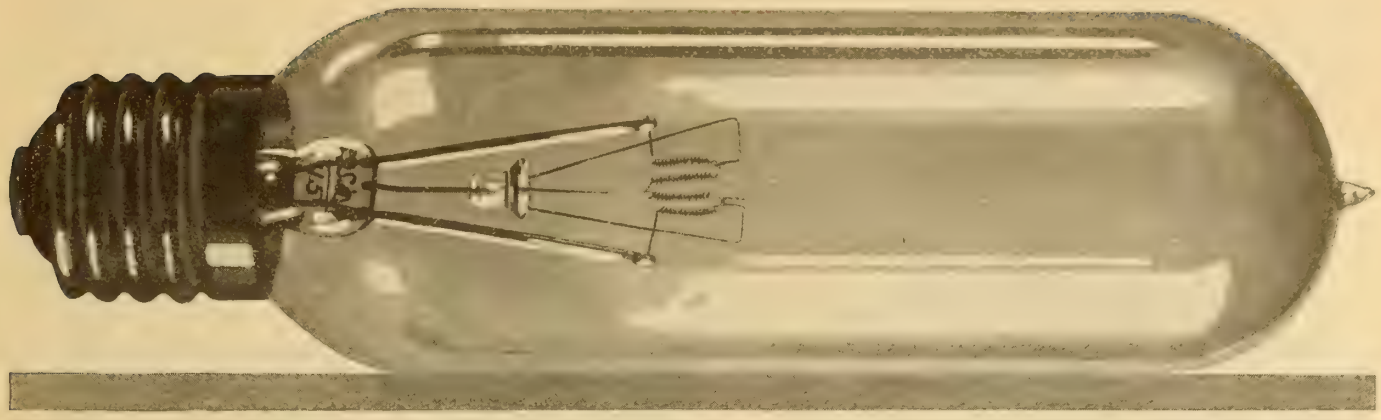
CHAPTER XV

If there is any case of unalloyed happiness on record I should like to hear about it in order to express my disbelief.

For even when the Favorite swam up into the lagoon and I saw lined up along her rail my faithful Charley Dollar with six of the fighting men of Kialu and realized that Billy Connors must have been sent by Harris there was still a fly in my amber cup of content. This was I acknowledge rank ingratitude on my part and must have been irksome to the blessed Saint Christopher who had so benignly served me, to say nothing of a certain pagan goddess of love by whom I had been so divinely favored. And yet Enid's words had left their sting and I knew that I should never be entirely happy until I had settled my score with Drake. For this scoundrelly and debauched freebooter had threatened me, outwitted me, shamed me and mocked me by shutting me up in a hole in the rocks with the woman I was bound to protect, wounded us both no matter how slightly and then after four days' plundering of my property decamped none the worse for the venture and no doubt considerably the richer for it. If I could fish up a great black pearl in the bight of a seine there was no telling what he might have taken in four days' time with such a gang as he had operated.

All of this had not struck me in the first flush of exultation at our relief, and it might not have struck me at all but for Enid's words. But now I looked rather bitterly at the Favorite and did not speak to Enid who was standing at my side on the edge of the beach, herself as silent as Lot's wife after her crystallization and no less bitter than either that unfortunate

(Continued on page 111)



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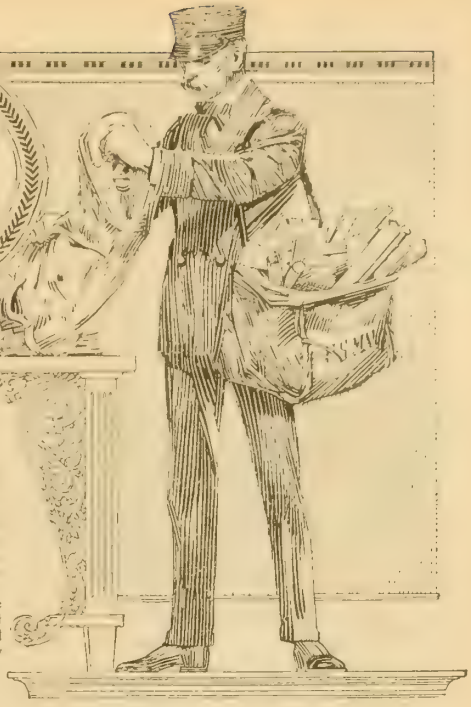
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

ADMIRER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—As a rule we disregard questions concerning employment in the motion pictures, but in your case we will make an exception. If you are, as you say, nineteen years old and weigh 135 pounds and wear your hair in long curls, there should be a summary court martial and—but what we intended to say was that it is very difficult for an outsider to break into the movies at this time; October particularly, being one of the twelve most difficult months in which to make the attempt.

S. A., BUFFALO, N. Y.—There is a J. Frank Glendon who has been with Lubin, Kalem, Metro, and Gaumont. His address is Screen Club, New York City.

DESOLATE, BELEN, N. M.—Ham and Bud are no more; that is, there are no more Ham and Bud comedies as Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan have dissolved partnership and quit Kalem. Hamilton is now in Fox comedies.

MILDRED, FRESNO, CAL.—William S. Hart has always worn that name and he was on the stage for a good many years before looking into the clicking camera.

L. V. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Is it an argument you want or what? David Powell *is* married. Unfortunately they don't allow the Answer Man to edit the whole magazine so occasionally contradictory statements creep in. Please accept our most humble apology and we won't do it again, maybe.

THEODORA, LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Do we believe in schools? If you had to read some of the letters we pore over daily, you'd be a great booster for our institutions of learning, particularly those in which writing and spelling are taught. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass. Write her care Lasky's, Hollywood. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, about 32 years ago. Earle Foxe is 29 and has been married several times.

PELHAM, PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.—Gerda Holmes is the wife of Rapley Holmes a well known actor. William Desmond is married. "Devil's Payday" cast runs something like this: *Gregory Van Houten,* Franklyn Farnum; *Jean Haskins,* Leah Baird; *Hazel Davidson,* Gertrude Astor; *James Hanley,* Charles Perley; *Mrs. Haskins,* Countess Du Cello; *Mr. Haskins,* Seymour Hastings.

NETTIE, BROOKLYN.—Guy Coombs is back behind the footlights. Agnes Vernon is not married to Herbert Rawlinson because Herbert Rawlinson is already married to Roberta Arnold, who might object to Herb marrying somebody else. Clara Kimball Young's pictures made by her own corporation are "The Common Law," "The Foolish Virgin," "The Price She Paid" and "The Easiest Way."

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

NICK, NEWCASTLE, AUSTRALIA.—Arthur Johnson died a year ago last winter.

D. A., STAMFORD, CONN.—Lew Cody is now earning his ice cream sodas at Santa Barbara, Cal., playing with Gail Kane for Mutual. Before that he played in Mabel Normand's "Mickey" for a year or so.

ISABEL, DIAMONDVILLE, WYO.—Synopses are outa our line. Muriel Ostriche played opposite Arthur Ashley in "The Speed King." Mr. Ashley has brown hair and blue eyes. How's that for a description?

M. A. P., PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.—It was Marie Doro and not Viola Dana in "Common Ground" and Thomas Meighan was the nice looking judge.

G. F., SAGINAW, MICH.—A. D. Sears was the *government investigator* in "The Girl of the Timberclaims" and Bennie Schuman the *secretary.* Niles Welch is 29 and is married.

M. B., HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—Your catalogue received and contents noted. To the best of our ability the following constitute part of the answers: Mary Pickford weighs about 105 and her latest picture is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Marguerite Clark weighs 90 pounds and her latest the "Sub-Deb," story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Norma Talmadge is five feet, three inches high. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C. Her eyes are blue. Anita Stewart is five two, and weighs 125. It's her real name. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn and weighs 94; hair brown, eyes grey. Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia in 1896, is a blonde and her real name is Louise Welch. Bessie Love weighs 100 pounds and her latest picture is "Wee Lady Betty." (P. S. All weights subject to change.)

AMAC, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Sure enjoyed your novelette and some day when you have lots of time write us another. You are perfectly right about the dearth of good picture stories. It is rapidly becoming a tragedy and something is bound to happen pretty soon. Many thanks for your encomiums, bouquets, etc. Hurts our feelings awfully to be told such nice things.

LINDY, KINSMAN, O.—It will certainly cheer her up immensely if you write Marie Walcamp that she is pretty. She is at Universal City; so is Eddie Polo and Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, and Jack Holt is at Lasky's.

MARY, LOS ANGELES.—Sorry to have made you wait so long but your letter appears to have been resting on the bottom of the deck. Edwin Arden, Bliss Milford and Kathryn Browne-Decker played the principal roles in "The Beloved Vagabond."

C. E. S., BALTIMORE, MD.—The colored stills that are used for lobby displays may be obtained only from the various film exchanges. PHOTOPLAY was started about six years ago but has been under the present management only about two and a half years

E. K., HOLSTEIN, IA.—Molly Malone is 20 years old. Cleo Madison and Grace Cunard were married this year.

FULLER FAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Genevieve Hamper and Mary Fuller seem to be temporarily in retirement.

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Viola Dana
Grace Darling
Grace Darmond
Douglas Fairbanks
Franklin Farnum
Neva Gerber
Myrtle Gonzales
Creighton Hale
W. S. Hart
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Rupert Julian
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

N. POLL, HIGH PRAIRIE, ALTA., CANADA.—You sure gotta get 200 miles away from a movie show to appreciate the silent stage. Wot? Sometimes we wish we could get that far—what we started to say was that Theda is not married and Pearl is still serializing.

A. H., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—How do you distinguish between those players whom you are "crazy about" and those you "adore?" Of course, if you have seen Billie Burke in more photoplays than "Peggy" and "Gloria's Romance," you have the advantage of us. Dick Travers is with the Sunshine Film Co. Write again but *do*, child, go easier on the paper.

J. M., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Dustin Farnum at Fox, Hollywood, Cal., and Marguerite Clark at Famous, New York City.

MABEL, OMAHA, NEB.—Kathlyn Williams was *Cherry* in "The Spoilers" and Constance Talmadge is "wonderful." Rudolph Cameron has appeared in other than those plays you mention.

J. B., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Neither Marie Walcamp nor Violet Mersereau are married. Both are with Universal.

T. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Having seen Douglas Fairbanks since "In Again; Out Again," you have probably seen the answer to your question concerning his plays. They certainly do have sure-enough music for ballroom scenes. You mustn't ask if certain players are "stuck on themselves" or "prigs." Self-esteem is a relative quality. Some persons would consider a man with a normal quantity of self-respect "stuck up." Self-confidence is a requisite to success on stage or screen, yet many mistake that quality for conceit. Don't try to get too far back of the screen.

FRANKIE, TURIN, N. Y.—Norma Nichols was Blanche Sweet's sister in "Tides of Barnegat." It's hard to tell what stories will be re-filmed, but we would like to see some of the old favorites done over again according to modern standards. Did you like the story about Vivian Martin in a recent issue?

FRIEND, SPOKANE, WASH.—You may cut out all formality with us. Also questions concerning our identity. If it will do you any good we can assure you that your mental picture of the Answer Man is an hallucination, as it were—way off, kid. That baby in "Whose Baby?" was just one of those borrowed babies. Miss Pickford's cute little niece bears this name, Mary charlotte Pickford Rupp.

BILLY PENN, PHILADELPHIA.—Better late 'n never; yes? Hawaii is a United States territory, which is one reason why they use U. S. money there. However, "The Bottle Imp" was not filmed in that country, but in California.

MARY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Marguerite Clark played in St. Louis a number of times while on the stage. As you say, there is little difference between some directors' conception of unsophistication and the popular conception of feeble-mindedness, but those directors whose symbol of unsophistication is a game of ring-round-rosy for the ingenue are fast passing into the discard.

G. B., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Billie Ritchie is now acting in Fox Comedies. Francis Ford's correct surname is Feeney. The desert scenes in "Aladdin from Broadway" were made in California.

E. S., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Some of our friends pronounce it *she-nah-reeo* with the accent on the *she*, but personally we prefer the Anglicized pronunciation. *Helene*, with a dingus over the second *e*, is pronounced Hell-ayne, with the accent not on the *hell*.

A. C., GRINNELL, KAN.—So far as we know, "The Iron Claw" has not been reduced to book form.

FLORENCE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Your criticism is well taken. We, too, have wondered about the boys and girls of the films who invariably have white haired mothers. Motherhood to the average director apparently means wrinkles and white hairs.

J. D., EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.—Max and George Davidson are not related. Max is now with Fox in Los Angeles and George with Metro.

C. D. A., COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.—Mignon Anderson had the lead in "The Mill on the Floss" and Harris Gordon was her brother. Theda Bara was the vampire in the screen version of "A Fool there Was." Virginia Pearson played it on the stage, Theda never. Bessie Barriscale in "The Painted Soul" with Charles Ray opposite. Ethel Barrymore is married to Russell Colt and they have three children. Al. St. Johns is still with Fatt Arbuckle. We do not know of Pearl White owning a villa in Italy. Villa is in Mexico yet, we think.

O. G., SHAWNEE, OKLA.—Write E. K. Lincoln, care Mutual, and he'll get the letter, or write care PHOTOPLAY.

F. C., ONTARIO, ORE.—Shirley Mason and Leonie Flugrath are the same girl. The man you inquire about is J. W. Johnston.

N. K., BASSETT, NEB.—In addition to the principal roles enacted by Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, the other members of the "Purple Mask" cast follow: *Dr. Lund, owner of circus,* Marc Fenton; *Flip, the Clown,* Pete Gerald; *Mrs. Lund,* Jean Hathaway; *Marcus,* Irving Lipner.

BILLY, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—You've guessed it. Wallie, F. X. and J. Kerrigan would have to quit if the Answer Man got into action. But they're safe for a while.

N. D., PHILIP, S. D.—We have no record of the Chaplin comedy you ask about. Piano wires are used to get the floating effects you saw in "Inferno." Mary Fuller was born in 1893 and is not married. Her last picture was "The Long Trail."

F. E., MASON CITY, IA.—Edward Coxen is playing in Los Angeles and may be reached at the Stowell Hotel, that city. He has brown hair and blue eyes.

J. R. K., WAUSAU, WIS.—Robert Warwick's wife is Josephine Whittell and she is with Paralta in Los Angeles.

W. S., JACKSON, ALA.—Barbara Tennant played opposite Robert Warwick in "The Dollar Mark." Do not ask us about the religious beliefs of the film players.

DOROTHY W., NEW YORK CITY.—If you subscribed you would receive your PHOTOPLAY several days sooner, at least.

M. D., TROY, IDA.—Bill Hart's latest is "The Narrow Trail." Warner Oland is not a Japanese; his forefathers were Vikings. Wallace Reid is of military age.

(Continued on page 133)

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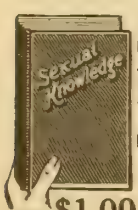
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)

tackle Bill Farnum when he got fighting mad so they made a hasty retreat. When Farnum got back into the club about forty members were waiting to give him the ha ha. He led them all up to a long straight counter with a characteristic rail for the right foot to rest upon and said in his best club manner, "What will you all have?"

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD has quit. In other words our famous lady colonel has left the movies flat. And no one who knows will censure her. Miss Clifford went to Balboa for the serial, "The Twisted Thread," a fifteen chapter affair. During the filming of the same, she suffered a half dozen accidents, including broken arms, fractured ribs, sprained ankles and a lacerated scalp. Anyhow, at the conclusion of the fifteenth episode, Kathleen said "Adios" to cameraland, and treked back to the varieties, as we used to say when referring to vaudeville.

WHILE discussing the news from Long Beach, Cal., it might be not amiss to record the fact that the Balboa publicity inventor has christened Anita King, "The Queen of Kings," which is quite some appellation. Miss King, who will be remembered for her historic crossing of the continent in an automobile without a top or something, left the Lasky company several months ago. She will be seen in five reel Balboa features.

EDDIE LYONS, who has been married before the camera 832½ times—in one of his comedies the girl was already married which accounts for the half—is now a real sure-enough husband. The Universal comedian was married to Virginia Kirtley, also well known to screen-see-ers, early in August. There was no military motive, so to say, as Eddie brazenly admits having passed his thirty-first birthday.

THERE is another pair of newly-weds at Universal City, Mr. and Mrs. Justine H. McCloskey. Prior to the ceremony, Mrs. McCloskey was Miss Eileen Sedgwick, better known as "Babe" Sedgwick. She had to get her parents' consent as she hasn't as yet reached her nineteenth birthday. The groom is the assistant director of Miss Sedgwick's company.

WILLIAM FARNUM has signed a new contract with the Fox Company at a figure said to exceed his lately expired one, calling, it is said, for a weekly pay check of something like $2,000.

EDITH STERLING, one of the best known portrayers of "Western Girls" in the old plains thrillers, has brought suit for divorce against her husband, Art Acord, to whom fell the honor of playing "Buck Parvin," the screen hero made famous by Charles Van Loan. Acord is in the Theda Bara company and has an important part in "Cleopatra."

MARION DAVIES, musical comedy star, makes her motion picture debut in "Runaway Romany" under the auspices of the Ardsley Art Film Corporation, a newcomer in producing ranks. Her support includes such screen notables as Pedro de Cordoba, Gladden James, Matt Moore, Joseph Kilgour and Ormi Hawley.

ANOTHER recent arrival on the coast is Rosemary Theby, who having severed her screen partnership with Harry Myers, returned to Universal. Miss Theby is appearing with Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in Nestor comedies, notwithstanding the fact that she had been cherishing hopes of getting away from the black-and-blue comedy and resuming dramatic work.

HAL COOLEY has also gone back to the old homestead at Universal City after trying other "remedies." Hal has the distinction of being the only juvenile on the screen who admits that he once was a waiter, the waiting having occurred in the torrid town of Yuma, Arizona, while Hal was slowly en route to California, after deserting the paternal rooftree. Hal, Rena Rogers and Lena Baskette, the child actress, are being featured.

JAMES YOUNG has made up his differences with Essanay and as a result will direct a film production of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."

J. WARREN KERRIGAN experienced a bit of hard luck several weeks ago—quite a bit in fact as it will keep him idle for months. He had just completed his second Paralta picture, "A Turn of a Card," at Santa Barbara, when his horse stumbled and fell with him. Kerrigan was taken to Los Angeles with a badly fractured leg.

RICHARD ORDYNSKI, the Russian playwright and producer, has been acquired by the William Fox Company. Mr. Ordynski was visiting the Hollywood studio of the Fox concern and was introduced to Theda Bara. Miss Bara suggested that he write her a Russian intrigue play. Her director, J. Gordon Edwards, seconded the motion. Three days later Ordynski appeared with the play. Ten days later the filming of the new Bara photoplay began with Ordynski in the opposite role, and officiating as co-director at Mr. Edwards' request. The story has to do with the recent revolution in Russia.

HENRY WALTHALL is back in Hollywood after a long absence. He will be seen in Paralta photoplays. For two years he was with Essanay, after leaving the Griffith fold. Mary Charleson, who has been acting with the "Little Colonel" in Chicago, will be seen opposite him.

WRITE your own joke about this: The Squirrel Film Corporation has been organized in New York.



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HAVING completed "The Little Princess," Mary Pickford is engaged in transferring to celluloid an adaptation of William J. Locke's novel "Stella Maris" under the direction of Marshall Neilan. It is stated that a large sum was paid the English novelist for the right to produce the story.

TRUE BOARDMAN will be seen in the title role of "K," the Lois Weber film adaptation of the Mary Roberts Rinehart novel. Boardman was with Kalem and was starred in the "Stingaree" series. Albert Roscoe, who played an important part in the Bara "Cleopatra" is cast as Dr. Max and Mildred Harris plays Sidney.

CHARLEY CHAPLIN is now a real hero. He swam out into the Pacific Ocean near Santa Monica, Cal., several weeks ago and saved from drowning little Mildred Morrison, the seven-year-old daughter of a broker living at New Rochelle, N. Y. Charley was on location at the time and was hampered in his rescue act by his moustache, baggy trousers and over-size shoes. The child had fallen from a rock.

JULIETTE DAY has returned to Broadway (N. Y.) and the footlights after trying out the sunshine stage. The experiment was made at the Mutual studio in San Barbara and comprised several five reel features which were directed by Rollin Sturgeon.

BECAUSE the Universal Film Company showed scenes from a Los Angeles cafe in a white slave play, said scenes not reflecting any great amount of credit on the said cafe, S. A. McKee, the owner of the place, brought suit against the company for $100,000. The complaint alleged that the cafe, since the release of the picture, had been held to ridicule, contempt and hatred and that the illwill of the public would continue unless the exhibition was restrained. He obtained an injunction. The objectionable scenes were eliminated in the film that was exhibited in Los Angeles after the restraining order was obtained.

ALICE BRADY has left the World Film Corporation to head, after the fashion of the period, her own Alice Brady Pictures. This may seem to the bystander like playing a low trick on old dad, after William A. had spent two years of time and energy in making daughter a star. But in the circumstances which are divulged by the Longacre gossips, it appears that Father William is quite in sympathy with Daughter Alice. The tale has it that Ethel Clayton and Alice Brady both wanted the same director, Miss Clayton advancing the prior claim, while Miss Brady's influence at court made her more likely to win. Miss Clayton, however, made an issue of the matter, and carried the battle to the directors of the corporation, threatening to leave if she did not get what she wanted. The directors ruled that she was entitled to the director in question, and reversed the president's decision. So Miss Brady was the one to quit. Whether or not it is her father who has organized her independent company, is not stated.

DOT KELLY may return to the Vitagraph family. For quite a while she has been numbered among the missing, but her admirers imputed it to the fact that she recently acquired a husband and was taking a little time off to look him over.

MARY MAURICE — beg pardon, Mother Maurice—has just celebrateed her fiftieth anniversary as an actress. She made her debut just half a century ago in August, in a stock company in Pittsburg, the play being a farce, "My Neighbor's Wife." (Sounds like Pittsburg.) After a long and successful stage career she went to the Vitagraph, and has never left that company. For more than a decade—as long as there have been pictures—she has been playing loved and lovable old ladies in the Flatbush studio. She will be seventy-three on November 15, and is still as active as any director could demand.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have each received an offer from Pathe of $20,000 a week, the contract to go into effect upon the expiration of their present arrangements with Artcraft. Coming from a less conservative concern than Pathe, this would sound like wildcatting. But Pathe Freres are not emotional in business matters. This proposition, involving an outlay of $2,080,000 a year, gives rise to the speculation whether there is any limit to the salary possibilities of the great stars. Charley Chaplin's million is now exceeded. What next? Incidentally, this is not the only bit of evidence that Pathe is about to embark upon a series of big productions, designed to compete with the most advanced companies. It is said that a big studio soon will be built in or near Hollywood for this purpose. Fannie Ward has already been signed up by the naturalized French firm.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has become an adopted son of Wyoming. He recently spent nearly a month in that state in the filming of his newest photoplay. As may be guessed from the location, it is another western affair, made to Doug's order by Miss Anita Loos, his authoress-in-chief.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is at work on her second picture since her stardom began. It is taken from Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "Scandal," which appeared in serial form in Green Book. As the scenario called for many scenes on a big private yacht, Miss Talmadge, Director Charles Giblyn, and the remainder of the entourage, were able to pass a large part of the heated spell on Long Island Sound.

AROUND Times Square they are asking what happened to the first of the Mae Marsh-Goldwyn pictures. "Polly of the Circus," one of the last of Miss Marsh's pictures, was the first to be released. Meanwhile no person can be found who has seen the first. The star herself was not permitted to see it, and when the director, Ralph Ince, is asked about it he changes the subject to the European war or the weather. The story was by Irvin S. Cobb, and Miss Marsh





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played the part of a little French milliner, who came to America as an immigrant, and vampired a young millionaire. It is difficult to imagine the sympathetic Mae in such a role, and perhaps this is why the film has not seen the light of the calcium.

CHARLES W. TRAVIS, a well known character actor who played with most of the prominent companies, died recently in New York at the age of 52 years, following a stroke of apoplexy. He played the part of the parson in "Davy Crockett," the first Bison picture.

ROMAINE FIELDING, formerly leading man, author and director, with the Lubin company, has been amputated, matrimonially speaking, by his wife, Mabel Vann, a stage actress who played for several seasons in Fiske O'Hara's productions. The divorce was granted in Minneapolis, Mrs. Fielding's home, and restores her right to use her maiden name, Mabel Van Valkenburg. Miss Mabel Vann Fielding Van Valkenburg is not working on the stage or in pictures at present.

LAST minute information adds the following names to the list of members of the Hollywood colony included in the first quota of the draft army, now in training at American Lake, Washington: Joe Moore, husband of Grace Cunard, and brother of Owen, Tom and Matt; Jay Belasco, Christie comedies; Milton Sims and William Franey, Universal comedians; Ray Griffiths, Keystone; Pliny Goodfriend, husband of "Sunshine" Mary Anderson, Vitagraph; Horace E. Davey, director for George Ovey comedies.

SWIFT as the picture camera itself, has been a romance which will make Miss Mae Marsh a bride some time before Thanksgiving. In Chicago in July she and Brooks Spencer of St. Louis met and mutually capitulated, and there will be no long wait before the wedding bells ring out. Mr. Spencer is the son of a capitalist, and is now engaged in mastering the details of the railway business. He is 28, she 22. Miss Marsh, it is understood, will not abandon her screen career, probably remaining, for the present at least, with her present management.

OLGA PETROVA announces the formation of her own company to produce stories which she will select, in a manner such as she will approve. Mme. Petrova parted company with Paramount because it was found that netiher she nor the producer could work under the terms of the contract, as each one had the other tied up with so many safeguarding clauses that things reached a deadlock. Mme. Petrova will be under the management of Frederick L. Collins, who fathered the McClure Pictures.

The Fall of the Romanoffs

(*Continued from page 29*)

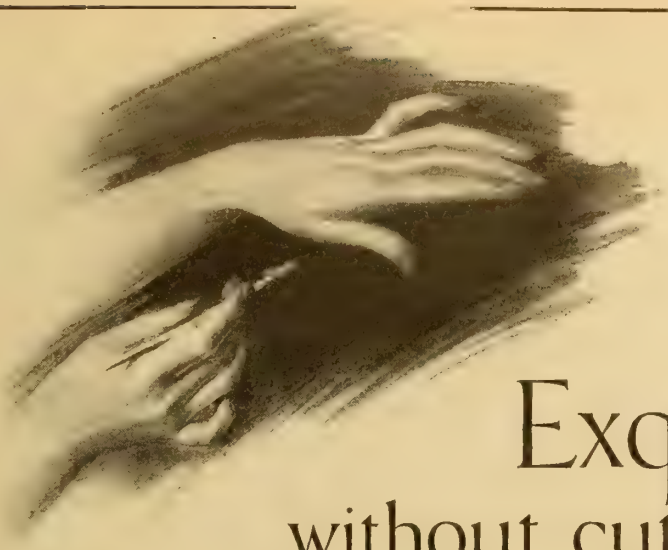
shouted. "And I have helped you, not knowing what a devil you are. But I will help you no longer. Your days are numbered."

"Come," Rasputin replied. "Don't be a fool. This is the way all countries are governed. Join me, and if you can suggest improvements in my system, we will try them."

"Join you," Iliodor retorted angrily. "Sooner would I make common cause with Satan himself, for at least he fights openly, and makes no pretense of being a 'holy man.'"

But Rasputin was not to lose his man so easily. Iliodor had resisted the temptation of power, but it remained to be seen whether he would be able to retain his self-control against a more insidious personal lure. Iliodor was young, he had lived a life of abstinence and seclusion, he did not know the sensation of being surrounded in an unbridled orgy by the most beautiful women in the empire. For Rasputin, the stern, wild wanderer, accustomed to the coarsest food, the most vulgar companions, the greatest hardships, had discovered the delights of luxury and the fascinations of unbridled license. He had become almost clean in his personal habits, and beside the uncouth creature who first confronted the Czar, he was almost a dandy. Only his eyes did not change—only his eyes and the vicious brain behind them. His eyes looked out upon an already corrupt court, and his brain conceived the possibility of turning all this depravity to his purpose. Good women learned to shudder at his presence, honest men to loathe him at the same time that they feared his unscrupulous cunning. But women and men alike, whether fearing or loathing him, feared still more to come between him and the thing upon which he had set his ambition. It might easily mean exile from court, for what little will power the Czar of all the Russias had ever possessed, he now seemed to have resigned to Rasputin. So of all the bacchanals, the orgies, the saturnalia, that took place in the Russian capital, those over which Rasputin presided were the wildest. And the scoundrel, after his years of hardships, finally became convinced that no man could resist the lure of the fleshpots. He saw in Iliodor a man who had lived a life of asceticism, and he believed that, by kindling the flames of the human passions in his breast, he could bind Iliodor to him. So Rasputin temporized. He asked Iliodor not to form his final judgment immediately. He appealed to the young man's sense of charity, and gained his consent to attend a gathering the next night in Rasputin's quarters in the Winter Palace. Rasputin pretended it was to be an assemblage of the closest friends of the Czar, and in the hope of fathoming this bewildering mystery of the royal court, Iliodor accepted the invitation.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)



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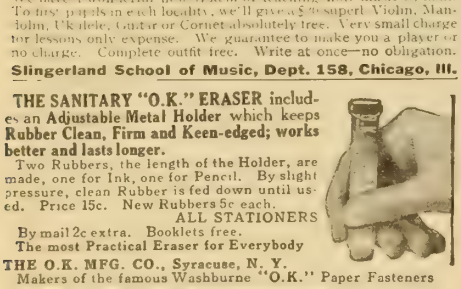
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The Big Scene

(Continued from page 40)

I don't believe he even heard me. Certainly he paid not the least attention to me. But he had heard something else, and that was the war-cry of the Malones, although whether it came to him from the wounded Irishman, lying beside his gun, or from some ancestor, speaking to his spirit, I do not know. But this I do know, for I saw it. Percival Malone walked up to that machine gun as though there were not a German within a thousand miles, and started to operate it.

A look over the edge of the trench showed me why. From the little bare patch of woods through which ran the first line of trenches there burst forth a line of grey-coated figures, whose shouts I could even now hear.

Percy Malone did not know what had happened. It had indeed all happened too quickly for that. The mysteries of raids, surprise attacks, barrages, sudden thrusts to gain observation points, were not for him. But he knew that a few feet away stood the machine gun he had examined so curiously the day before, and that beyond him some half a mile, but approaching at top speed, were the enemy, bent on capturing the little ridge on which he stood. His duty was plain. He would operate the machine gun. After all, it was not so very different from operating a camera. The motions were in many respects the same. With a glinting fire in his calm grey eyes he sent a steady gust of bullets down the slope, and into the faces of the approaching line of men. With meticulous care he sprayed them, raking their now faltering lines with sudden destruction. His left arm fell limp at his side, but he did not flinch or falter. Instead, he spat disdainfully on the ground, and continued his firing with a steady hand. Percival Malone had become a man. From beneath the debris beside the gun came a weak but prideful voice.

"Wurra! Wurra! Praise God for the Malones." It was the wounded machine gun captain, voicing his pride.

The scene in which the wounded hero was brought to the receiving station was carried out, but Percy, not Jerome, was the injured man. And to my surprise, it was not Kathryn Howard who threw her arms about his neck, but Constance Randall, whom Kathryn had been in communication with, and had somehow dug up as a surprise for Percy when he came. But it all worked out very nicely. Constance had the satisfaction of nursing not only her lover, but a hero.

Yes. He was. Decidedly that, judging by the fuss they made over him. It seems he'd saved the whole position. They gave him a decoration, and all that but he has told me since that the best thing of all was when Malone of the gun crew, shot through both legs, took his hand in a hairy grasp and said to him:

"Me bhoy, you're wan of us."

Percy is still my camera man, and as modest and retiring as ever. He insists that he thought he was grinding his camera all the time. Constance is still nursing—a young Malone. As for Kerns, he has gone to the Metagraph. We made him finish the picture, though, and the big scene was superb.

Making the Movie Do Its Bit

(Continued from page 86)

nections and film rewinder.

The same company has an incandescent equipment designed for use on low voltage in communities where no stronger power can be obtained. This is said to secure a picture about 9 by 12 feet upward to 100 feet projection. This can be purchased as a part of the equipment of the various machines.

In installing a motion picture projection machine, there are to be considered the requirements of the local authorities. All requirements—fire department, underwriters, etc.—should be given careful consideration before laying out plans. Regulations vary, a permanent operating booth being required in one place where, in another, an asbestos board and portable booth are permissible. Again an asbestos cloth booth of the portable junior type will be approved in one locality, while in another a specially designed booth, of sheet metal, asbestos board or one built-in with fire brick is required. In the case of churches a builder in the congregation will usually take care of these matters at cost. In the same way the necessary wiring can be handled by a local electrician. A rough idea of the expense of starting the presentation of pictures may be obtained from the expenses of the Y. M. C. A. at Worcester, Mass. That branch paid $231.30 for a projector, $150 for installing an asbestos semi-portable booth, this price including booth in place, electric fan and exhaust pipe to outside of building, and $41.20 for the wiring from feed pipes to booth.

The church and school contemplating the presentation of pictures should correspond with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, and more particularly with Herbert F. Sherwood, the publicity manager of the National Committee for Better Films. Offices are located at 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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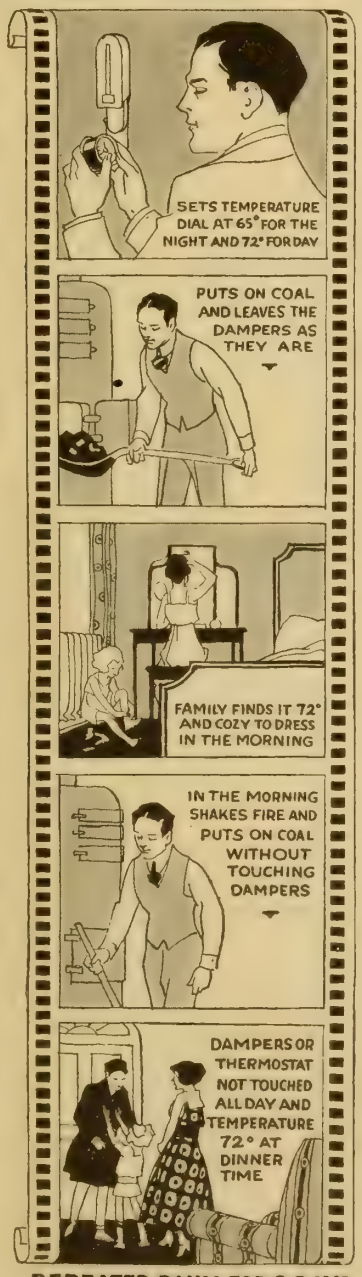
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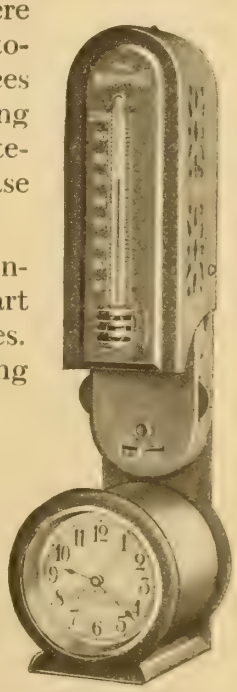
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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

EMPIRE ALL-STAR CORPORATION, 220 S. State St., Chicago; Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St. Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT CO., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

KALEM CO., 235 W. 23d St., New York City; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM CO., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAYS INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Los Angeles. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION CO., Times Bldg., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C. (s).

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coyetsville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Pearls of Desire

(*Continued from page 100*)

lady or myself. Such is human nature. Instead of prancing with joy at our release we were sulky because Drake had got away.

Captain Billy was over the side almost with the splash of the anchor and as the boat grounded and he hopped out and greeted us I wondered at the cheery, matter-of-fact way in which he addressed himself to Enid at whose presence there he showed no surprise at all. In fact he appeared to be inwardly amused.

"So here y'are, all safe and sound, the two av you," said he. "And where is Drake?"

"You scared him away with your smoke, Billy," I answered. "It's rather a pity, as he had been working four days with two armored divers and about twenty native ones. The Lord only knows what he may not have lifted off the bottom. But never mind Drake. How is it you are not surprised to find Miss Weare here on Trocadero? Didn't they tell you that a shark had got her?"

He chuckled. "They did," said he. "But mind ye, lad, there are a dale of things tould me which I do not believe."

"What were your reasons for not believing this?" Enid asked in her terse voice.

Captain Billy's frosty little eyes twinkled at her merrily. "They were siv'ril, and the result o' my cross questionin' Mrs. Stormsby," said he. "'Tis quite a tale that needs some time for the proper tellin'. Lave us go out aboard for a cup of tay. . . ."

So we went out aboard and were enthusiastically greeted by Charley Dollar and the other boys and then while revelling in the first cup of tea which we had tasted for many weeks Captain Billy spun his yarn, which was something as follows:

"To begin wit'," said he, "I had not thought to call at Kialu, thinkin' that wit' his new schooner Jack wud have nothin' for me. But at Viti Levu I saw Bismarck who had just returned from Samoa and he tould me Jack's schooner was still there and all hands wonderin' why he did not come fetch her. 'Tis dom' str'range,' says I to mesilf, 'but if she is still there, then she is not at Kialu, and if she is not at Kialu there may be a cargo to carry.' so I made a small detour and got to Kialu the day after Drake had sailed. The first thing I see is Charley Dollar cavortin' on the beach, and I t'ought him mad. 'Have ye lost your sinsis?' I asked him as the boat slid up to the landin', 'or had ye nivir anny to lose?' So he tells me the tale and knowin' yon scalawag Drake I was worried. But ayvin then I had me doubts about Miss Weare . . . or to square away before the trut', I had no doubts at all. No, not from the very fir'rst."

"Why not?" asked Enid.

"Wait, young lady," said Captain Billy, with his puckered little smile. "I am beatin' up to it. Young Harris was away so after a few more wor'rds wit' Charley Dollar I tould him to musther six picked men av the Kialu po-lice and have them aboard the Favorite before the turn av the tide. I made bould also to requisition a dale of stuff from the storehouse. Thin I wint up to the bungalow where I found Mrs. Stormsby and his Riverince complatin' a hasty toilet to receive me, for 'twas but an hour afther sun-up. 'Do not cry, ma'am,' I said to her, 'I have rayson to believe that Miss Enid nivir made a *bonne bouche* for no shar'rk that swims.' She gripped me by the arrum. A str'rong grip she has. 'What do you mane?' she cries. 'Just that, ma'am,' I answered. 'Compose yourself and listen. Now here are the facts. . . .' I had been talkin' already wit' his riverince who had confirmed me diagnostics av the case. . . . 'Listen, ma'am,' says I, 'and tell me if I go astray. For ten weeks ye had been in the habit av bathin' in the same place by night as well as day and nivir a sign av a shark close adjacent?' 'True,' says she, 'but we were always together.' 'The greater the attraction for John Shark,' says I, 'and the more apt you were to venture into water more than bosom deep. Now it stands to rayson that the young lady alone, and at night, would be timid av the black watter and the monsters that might be lurkin' in wait and would no more that wet her knee cap in the erect position. Ayvin where sharks do not abound the watter is forbiddin' at night, especially when one is alone. I would bet the Favorite against the ribbon in your hair that a four-foot dog-fish would have gone hard aground before ever reachin' her. And agen, the tide was two hours on the ebb, and sharks skull out wit' the ebb. There would be no shark in such a place on the ebb tide. On the flood, yes.'"

"I never thought of that," I muttered.

"Small wonder, lad. Y'have not my age and sinse. There is p'int number one. P'int number two is this: there was no scr'ream. Had there been his Riverince would have heard because he was sittin' outside the bungalow not far away, and nervous. Now a person taken by a shark screams always wance at least. I have heard such screams . . . and will hear thim always."

He paused and made a gesture with his hand as though to wipe away some horrid memory. A little chill went through me and I dropped my hand on Enid's and wondered why it was so cold. Her brows were drawn slightly down and she was staring at Captain Billy through narrowed lids.

"You told all this to Aunt Alice?" she asked.

"I did. We came thin to the next p'int, which was that a young lady desirin' to give the impression that she had been et by a shark cud have walked back into the scr'rub lavin' no tracks, the rocks bein' still wet from the ebbin' tide. And her clothes? The gown she had gone off in was lyin' where she had laid it down, but had Mrs. Stormsby looked to see if annything was missin' from her niece's wardrobe? Not she. Nor annybody else. All hands had taken wan lep to the tragic conclusion . . . and then had not the stren'th to lep back agen."

Captain Billy paused and his frosty little eyes twinkled at us. It seemed to me, however, that he was slightly embarrassed, also, for he kept puffing out and then contracting his lips and seemed rather unde-



Marguerite Clayton
in
"Is Marriage Sacred?"
Essanay Photoplay



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cided whether to proceed or not. Enid administered the *vis a tergo* in the nonchalant manner of a Mexican muleteer thumping a burro with a club.

"Go ahead, please," said she. "What did *you* jump to?"

"Onto delicate gr'round, me dear young lady," said Captain Billy, promptly. "But wance there I saw no use for jumpin' back. 'You tell me that your niece thought it a burnin' shame to leave Kavanagh alone on Trocadero,' said I, 'and that she was ayvin lackin' in respect to his Rivirince for not stoppin' on to kape him company and from goin' daffy wit' solitude?' 'That is true,' says the bishop. 'I was nivir so astonished in my life,' says he. 'I could not imagine what had got into the girl. She had nivir shown any particular likin' for Jack, and if he chose to remain on the island what difference did it make to her?' says he. 'Fact is, I was rather under the impression that she held him in no great esteem,' says he.

" 'Well, sor,' says I, 'and you too, Mrs. Stor'rmsby, lookin' at the matther be the cold light av rayson, does it not seem strange that Miss Enid shud deliberately have quarrelled wit' the two payple she loved most on account av a man for whom she cared less than nothing at all? Had he not in the very beginin' outraged all av her finer feelin's ayvin to the point av layin' vi'lent restrainin' hands upon her? And though makin' the best of it like a gir'rl av sinse, had she not rapped out at him from time to time, belittlin' his wor'rds and actions and holdin' him to scorn? And thin' all of a hop and wit' no warnin' like the weather at this sayson does she not jibe over and fetch up all aback at the idee of his cryin' himself to sleep o' nights, all alone on Trocadero? And why? What wud you call it? Mesilf, I would call it love.' "

Captain Billy paused and regarded us with a sort of benign anxiety. Something he saw in Enid's face appearing to reassure him he continued:

" 'Love would account for it,' says I. 'Love is the only thing that could account for it, and by the same token love can account for almost annything in this wor'rld. She was secretly in love wit' him,' says I, 'and could not a-bear the thought av layvin' him there to his fate. So she gave you both your chance and tould you what she thought to be your juty and then, as you cud not see it that way and as she knew that Jack was as obstinate as his namesake av the ass family she quietly decided to stop there wit' him herself. She knew av coorse that she would not be let, if it took all hands and the cook to hale her aboard, so she resorts to guile. Slippin' another dress benathe her gown she gives it out to his rivirince she is goin' to bathe, and then droppin' the gown and sandals be the edge av the lagoon she walks off into the bush, or rocks or whatever was there. Sharks? I wud stake the savin's av twinty years against a str'ring av cowries that no shark iver got a shmell av her. Ye wud have had to put him on rollers to have got him near enough to wish her good day. She lay quiet as a hare in the whins until the Madcap was out of hail and then she came out twistin' the hem av her skirt wit' one finger in her mout' and says coy and bashful: "Here I am, Jack, and please do not scold. I feared for your rayson, you nivir havin' given me the impression of a mon anny too sound in the superstructure . . ." ' "

He broke off suddenly to dodge my swing at him, then turned chuckling to Enid, his puckered little face broken into a thousand tiny wrinkles. "Was I right, my dear?" he asked.

She nodded. "It's refreshing to meet somebody with some sense, captain," said she. "What did they say to that?"

"They were impressed, but not convinced," said the little captain. "Also they were excited, as was natural considerin' the rough way I had hauled ye back from the belly av a shark. His Rivirince was the more encouraged av the two. Mrs. Stormsby sat starin' straight in front av her, twistin' her handkerchief and the gr'reat yellow eyes of her swimmin' like liquid amber. 'I can't believe it . . .' says she, to herself. 'I can't believe it. Enid would never do such a thing . . .' says she, low and hot. His Rivirince was not so sure. 'Twas plain that in his opinion a gir'rl that wud bait a bishop and him her uncle wud be capable av any folly. 'If the captain is right she will be irretrievably compromised,' says he. 'Her reputation will be gone forever . . . but let us hope for the best,' says he, lavin' me in some doubt as to which he considered to be the best, inside Jown Shark wit' a reputation or on Trocadero without one. 'Jack will have to marry her,' says he. . . ."

"Jack is going to marry her as soon as we get back," I interrupted, not too pleased with the old chap's personalities. I looked at Enid to see how she was standing this rough, sea-going banter, but she did not appear to have been listening. Now, she asked:

"Why did you send up that smoke, Captain Connors, and frighten Drake away? If you had slipped up after dark you could have caught him red-handed."

Captain Billy nodded. "Yes," he answered. " 'Tis a pity. Had I known he was four days ahead av me I wud have done so. Av coorse the little Favorite is not in the same class wit' Drake's Madcap but crackin' on as I was I did not think he cud be many hours ahead av me. Belike I am becomin' a man av peace in me ould age and it seemed to me better to scare him away if indeed he was inside. So I put me bare spars in line and made a smudge and prisintly from up aloft I sighted the sassenach jibin' 'round the ind o' the island to put it betwixt us. 'Ho-ho, Drake, ye thafe,' says I to mesilf, 'ye will be long in hearin' the last o' this. "Have a smoke, Drake," will be your greetin' around the islands.' But nevertheless Drake cornered wud fight, and I says to mesilf: 'What is the good of bloodshed if I can manage without? At best he cannot have had time to do much poachin'.' "

"Then Uncle Geoffrey and Aunt Alice are still at Kialu?" said Enid.

"They are, and there they will stop until my return wit' you, young lady. They did not feel up to the discomforts av another voyage to Trocadero wit' a possible disappointment at the ind av it, and I, knowin' the character av Drake acted in me own initiative and have brought Charley Dollar and his boys to stop here wit' Jack until Harris can send an outfit. What wit' men and arms and stores and all Jack need have nothing to fear, so you

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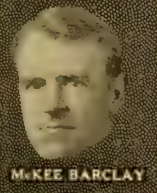
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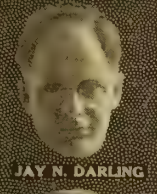


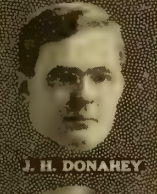
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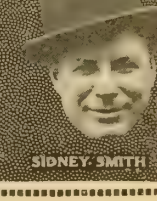

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had best make your plans to start back wit' me as soon as may be, Miss Enid, and Jack to follow later."

Enid thrust out her chin. "Thank you, Captain," said she, "but I prefer to see the thing through. Since nothing is left of my reputation, according to Uncle Geoffrey, it doesn't matter much, does it? Besides, I am not crazy about listening to Aunt Alice's reproaches. I'll send her a letter asking her to forgive me and we shall have to let it go at that, I'm afraid."

Captain Billy scratched his curly, grizzled head and looked at me rather doubtfully.

"What ought we to do, lad?" he asked.

"Well, Billy," I answered, "it's hardly worth while talking about what we *ought* to do. Even from my own limited acquaintance with this young lady I should not hesitate to assure you that we are pretty apt to do whatever she says, so we might as well do it with as good a grace as possible. . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

The Favorite got away the following morning and we watched her departure with no especial feeling of regret. Captain Billy had left us ample stores and with Charley Dollar and six big fighting men I had no fear of Drake's return. They quartered themselves in a cave similar to our own but nearer the spring. Enid and I decided to return to our bungalow quarters. It is all right to be a troglodyte once in a way, but to be one under compulsion greatly lessens the charm. Misanthropic people who like to shut themselves up in their rooms and refuse to see anybody ought to be put in a cave for awhile with a guard to slap bullets against its sides every time they start to move about.

As the Favorite shrank into the blue distance I remarked to Enid that by all rights she ought to be aboard her and desired to know if she thought she was treating her relatives as their many kindnesses to her deserved. The question brought to her face a peculiar expression of cool and quiet ruthlessness, which I have several times mentioned. It could scarcely be called a "hard" look. It was no more hard than is the face of a vixen fox as she contemplates a half-killed squirrel being worried by her cubs. Enid's boyish features expressed under certain emotions that peculiar indifference to the feelings of others which one might expect to find in some creature of human guise yet not quite human of soul; a dryad or fairy or water nymph or something of the sort of whom the moral responsibilities are nil. Very young children wear often the same look when tempted by the dawning consciousness of superior force they deliberately and wantonly maltreat an animal or a smaller companion.

So now when I put this query Enid's face assumed that exposition of cool and limpid relentlessness and she answered evenly: "Why should I go back? If Alice had been so wild to know the truth she would have come here with Captain Connors. But she did not even write to either of us, and she must have prevented Uncle Geoffrey from doing so, because he sent all sorts of affectionate verbal messages, in the hope of my being still alive."

"But she sent a lot of your things," I protested.

"Captain Connors insisted on having them. No, my Jack, Alice will never forgive me. She might forgive my having given her such a shock, but she could never forgive me for having stayed here with you."

"What did you say in your letter?" I asked.

"Merely that I was sorry to have been obliged to cause her and Uncle Geoffrey such pain but that even now I did not see how it could possibly have been avoided under the circumstances. That was about all. . . ."

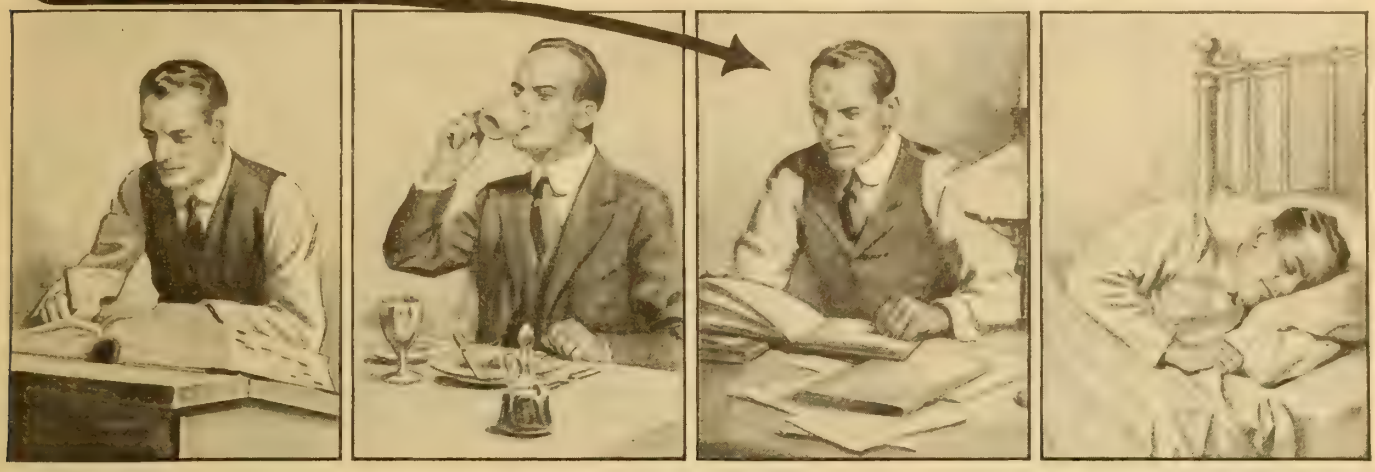
It seemed as though Captain Billy's coming and the presence of Charley Dollar and his men had opened a new epoch in the cycle of our stay on Trocadero. The first phase had been when as thoroughly well found castaways we had taken up our abode there to camp with a comfort akin to luxury until relieved. The second phase was on our being despoiled and reduced to basic principles of life. The third was when Enid and I found ourselves there alone; an Adam and Eve in a fruitless and serpentless paradise; a sort of sterilized paradise. This present epoch with Charley Dollar and his Kanaka fighting men was the fourth. There would still have to be three more, and I wondered what they would develop. All finished courses move in series of seven but for the life of me I could not see how more than one more was to be worked out in our existence on Trocadero. That one would be the arrival of my outfit when we would strip the place clean and depart. Short of the crater taking it into its head to erupt or a tidal wave to wash out the lagoon I could not imagine what else could happen. Which proves that I was very defective in imagination.

Now that we had no lack of service I held that we should repose ourselves and accordingly detailed Charley Dollar as maitre d'hotel and had him take up his abode in the bishop's former billet. Charley Dollar understood Polynesian cooking, the theory of which is precisely that of a New England clam-bake. In fact I am inclined to believe that the clam-bake had its origin through ideas brought back from the Pacific by Yankee whalers. The other boys did the fishing and hunting, Charley Dollar did the cooking and Enid and I did the eating, and eat we did after weeks of tinned stuff and fishy stuff and oily stuff and rice. "I never want to see rice again," I said to Enid. "When we are married I shall supply teosinte or barley or oats or some other blooming thing to heave at us as we depart."

So we ate of the good fresh food and read the new books and magazines and newspapers which were published less than ten weeks previously and felt ourselves thoroughly in touch with the world again.

The evening of the day after Captain Billy's departure I observed to Enid that unless we desired to become disgustingly obese we had better take a little exercise, and as a moon of which the creamy color and inflated proportions would have brought ridicule upon any painter daring so to depict it was well on its way aloft we decided to circumnavigate the crater by way of constitutional. This had been a favorite promenade for Alice and me

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and after the first stiff climb of about a hundred feet the going was fairly good.

If you have ever visited the Paris Trocadero you may be able to form a good idea of the island which bears its name. Imagine the two towers as small craters superimposed on the middle lip of the huge one which forms the atoll. The lower buildings on either side of the towers which sweep out in a semi-lunar arc are represented by the higher part of the atoll at the depth of the lagoon, but in the case of the island they swept around almost to meet at the entrance. In the larger of the two smaller craters was the lake, our cave being on the side of the lagoon. The smaller one was steeper, scarcely pitted, and in fact more of a mole than a baby volcano. It was rather like a pimple, except that on the seaward side many centuries of thundering surf had eroded its base and when the overhanging mass became too heavy it had sloughed down into the sea which in time it had clogged and hampered in its attacks so that in ordinary weather the great billows never broke against the mole itself but dashed themselves to pieces against the huge, broken fragments between which were deep frothing pools

A little below the summit there was a shelf which one could follow all the way around although in places it shifted its altitude and made it necessary to climb up or down. There was a place on its seaward side where this shelf widened considerably, the cliffs dropping for about sixty feet sheer into the sea. It was a wild spot, this, and I found it a great relief to go there at times if only to get away from the everlasting glare and limitations of the lagoon.

So we scrambled up, puffing a little as the result of Charley Dollar's good fare, and on reaching the precipice which I have just mentioned we were halted by the beauty of the moonlight on the sea. Just at the foot of the cliffs the swirling eddies were in shadow but a little farther out the surface of the sea was swept in white flames which flashed and darted forward and receded as the burnished swells swung in from the fathomless depths. We seated ourselves on a flat stone and presently fell silent, as often happened during our companionship.

Perhaps this dual revery lasted but for several minutes; perhaps for an hour, I could not say. At any rate it was broken by the last sound which one would have expected of the time and place: a human cough. But what galvanized my nerves into an astonished tension was the fact that I recognized it immediately as *Drake's cough.*

There could be no mistake. It was that sudden, explosive cough which punctuated Drake's speech at intervals and was part hiccup; the single stomach cough of the steady drinker caused as I have been told by a sympathetic irritation of the pneumo-gastric nerve. One scarcely noticed it in Drake, any more than one would notice the asthmatic cough of age. It seemed to belong to him, like his amphorous alcoholic voice and restless eyes. Sometimes, especially when he was standing in the glare of the sun it became part sneeze.

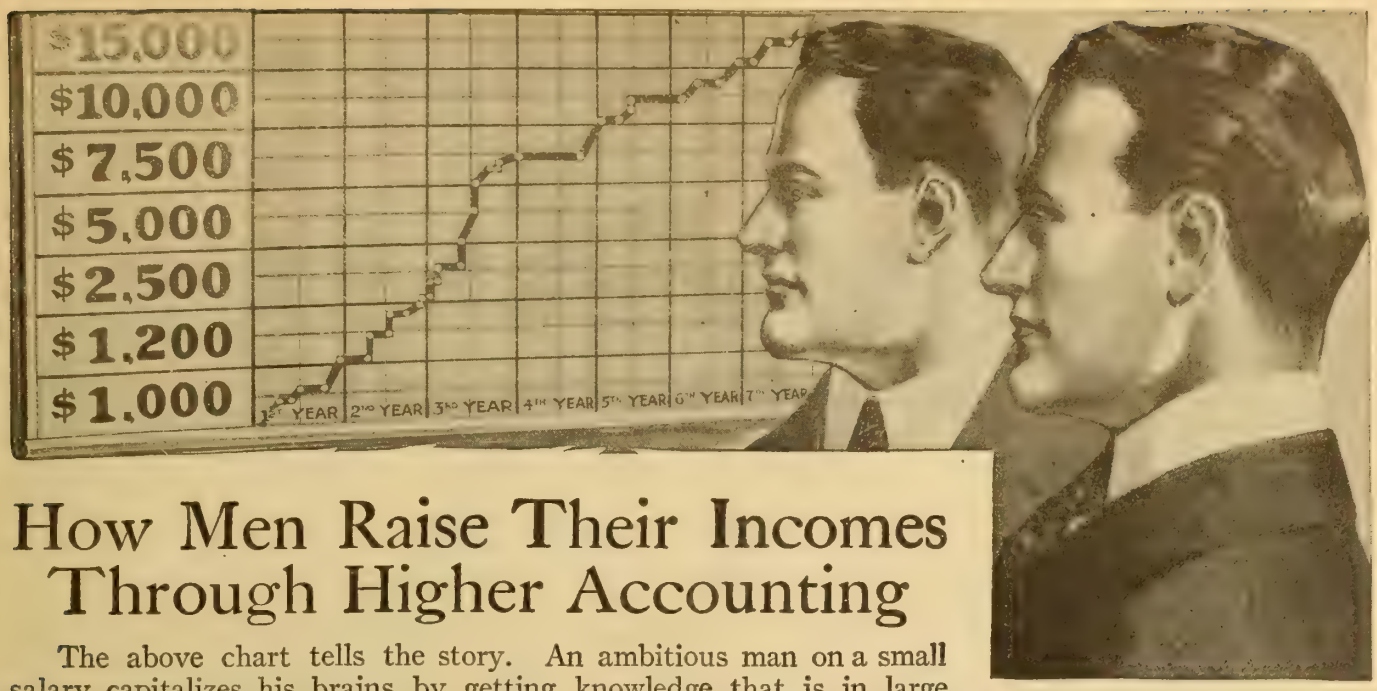
Enid had recognized it, too, and her hand gripped my knee as she turned to me eyes wide with amazement. Drake here on Trocadero? It was incredible . . . impossible . . . outrageous. How had he got there and what was he doing on the seaward flank of the mole? And as these impossible queries were presented to our minds for immediate solution it came again, that eruptive cough, nearer this time, and we heard heavy breathing and the rattle of a loose stone the other side of the shoulder of rock against which we were sitting.

Whatever the answer, here was Drake in the flesh, armed of course and ripe for mischief, whereas I had not so much as a stick. We had risen to our feet and were standing in the full blaze of the moon and Drake was bound to discover us the moment he rounded the spur of rock. There was really but one thing to do, and that was to rush him the instant he appeared and shove him over the edge. This time I had no qualms. Drake had tried his best to slaughter us in the cave and had wounded Enid and now here he was back again like a prowling beast of prey. It flashed through my mind that he had probably decided to run back and reconnoiter the situation and approaching Trocadero on the seaward side of the mole he had landed in one of the several coves and climbed up through a fissure to the ledge.

At any rate, here he was and this time I did not intend to take any chances. Man to man I realized that I stood no show with Drake's gorilla strength. Let him grip me once and the game was up for all that I might be able to accomplish. The best that I could hope for lay in taking him by surprise and rushing him over the brink before he realized what was afoot. If in doing this he managed to cling to me and carry me along then so much the worse, but at any rate Enid would be safe in the care of Charley Dollar and the fighting men of Kialu.

This was the swift framing of the situation in my mind as I stood there tense and set behind the rocky buttress and waited for Drake to round it. He came scuffling along very noisily for a person making a reconnaissance and the soft quiet of the night augmented these sounds. Ordinarily they would have been lost in the deep diapason coming up from below, but the sea was so still and the swell so long that there was no churning and swashing from the foot of the cliffs. Sucking, gurgling sounds like giant babies profiting by their pap. And there were little hissings as the big waves welled high up on the sheer wall without breaking, filled the myriad crevices and then retreated, leaving them to drain before the next surge loaded them again. Drake's wheezing breath and staccato bark cut through these fluid sounds with a sort of challenge, like a pig rooting for acorns in the silent hours, but more aggressive; as though he had more right to puff than the Pacific compressing air in the pockets of the cliffs. There was a sort of vulgar profanity in the way he slammed along, as though he considered himself to be the vitalized essence of large elemental forces and estimated that it would take at least a few million miles square of sea and land and all therein contained to boil down the crystallized essence of a Channing Drake.

"Here you go back into your solution again, old boy," said I to myself, as I lis-



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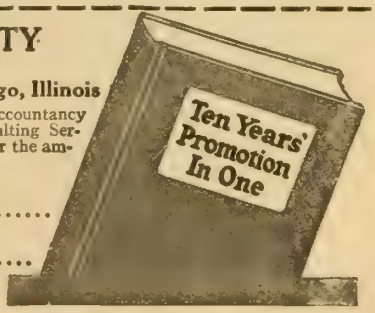
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Frances Marion—Soldieress of Fortune

(*Continued from page 33*)

and one of the greatest illustrators in this country today admitted that he had been working in a Market Street candy store—wrapping chews!"

It is interesting to note that the first scenarios Miss Marion sold were on artist and shop-girl life. Now, of course, she writes scenarios on every subject available—and finds it all so absorbing and interesting.

Recognized as a successful illustrator and short story writer, she was earning more money than many girls ever dream of, when she dropped it all to go to Los Angeles and begin all over again as a scenarioist.

She saw that there was a great future in screen stories and it was in her blood to answer the call of the "new diggings." It was the same call that made her ancestors leave a good strike for what they thought would be a better one.

At first, she bought "tickets" from the extra girls, giving them more than the company would have paid them for the day's work, in order that she could study the methods of such directors as D. W. Griffith, the De Milles, Alan Dwan, the Smalleys, when directing great mob scenes.

It was at this time that she met the woman whose influence gave her the courage to stumble on until she reached the highroads. This was Lois Weber.

"She, alone, at the Studio knew of my ambitions to become a writer and never lost an opportunity to help me.

"I'll never forget the moment I first saw myself on the screen," she went on. "In stalked a tall, gawky girl—(she is about five-four and anything but gawky) —whose waving arms looked like two very busy windmills, a stranger who made a few grimaces and then dasned off again. I confided to myself right then that as an actress I was a very good cook!"

Miss Marion played in pictures, small parts, then leads, and, finally, heavies, playing opposite Miss Pickford in "The Girl of Yesterday."

This reminded her of a very good joke on Mary Pickford. She and Mary are chums, and one day, out on "Location," they stood together in front of an apartment house.

A woman living in the house recognized "Little Mary." The front door was open and they could see this woman running up the stairs and hear her yelling in a voice like a fog-horn, "Mary Pickford's outside! Mary Pickford's outside!"

"Here's where I escape," said Miss Pickford, and she did, leaving Frances Marion on the spot to explain to the director just why his star had flown. In about a minute everyone in that apartment house had crowded onto the front porch and proceeded to give Miss Marion the "Once Over."

"Well!" said one woman, "if *that's* Mary Pickford, I can't say that I think much of her!"

On second thought, the writer doesn't think the joke is on Mary Pickford. Anyway, in telling these last two stories, Miss Marion was certainly "writing herself down."

After a year of picture acting and handling publicity for the Bosworth Film Company, during which time she was able to be almost constantly "on the lot," she again felt the call of "the new diggings," so she went to New York "on her nerve." After a few weeks of freelancing she was "honored," as she expressed it, by an offer from William A. Brady.

From scenario writer she became scenario editor, holding this position until she joined the forces of the Mary Pickford Company.

Miss Marion dictates all of her scenarios because it is easier for her to put life into a subject when she is talking to someone than when she writes it out with an unsympathetic pencil.

"Then, too, I feel a bit under obligation to entertain the secretary who must listen only to my voice—day after day. So, in my eagerness to amuse her, to make less drab the story I am unfolding, I find myself thinking of all sorts of extravagant and amusing situations. In fact, this is the way I often visualize my audiences, for when she smiles I see a thousand smiles through her's, and if, perchance, there are a few tears glistening in her eyes,—then I am secretly confident of its pathos."

After reading all these adventures of Frances Marion the feminine contingent will perhaps look at each other and say "I wonder—how old is Ann?"

If we "count time by heart-throbs" the Interviewed One is at least a centenarian. But if we judge by her fair skin, soft, golden-brown hair and youthful-looking dark-blue eyes, she is younger than many a star whom press agents keep well within the teens. She has some time to go before she reaches thirty.

You Can't Escape 'Em

(*Continued from page 50*)

tendency has disappeared, and a mucker, at eight o'clock, might be mistaken for any broker's clerk off on a holiday. Men dressed up, mingling with the other sex, taking girls home in the moonlight, begin to think of marriage. Cupid came to Kennet with the 'movies.'

"You'd be surprised to find how critical these people get to be. Chaplin is popular at the mines, and Max Linder, and they like Douglas Fairbanks, but the great demand is for pretty love stories revolving about some cute little girl with blonde curls. This, of course, means Mary Pickford. I've seen bearded men, who had spurned an anesthetic for the amputation of a couple of mashed fingers, weeping copiously at the troubles of Viola Dana or Marguerite Clark. They're awfully fussy, though, about clean pictures, and the sensational stuff, about the lady who smashes thirty dollars' worth of second-hand furniture defending her virtue, doesn't go at all.

"We've promoted a hall at every mine, smelter and refinery where the ordinary cinema show isn't accessible. There's no need of anything of the sort at Graselli, Ind., or Chrome, N. J., where we have refineries, but the company has gone in strong for art at the Gold Road, Kingman, Arizona, and the Rainbow, in Rye Valley, Oregon. The Mexicans are crazy about 'movies.' You'll find half a dozen picture houses where we operate at Pachuca and Real del Monte. Wherever we have a projecting machine we have a contented population, and no labor troubles. At one time, the company thought of establishing its own exchange, and going into the show business as a side line, but that notion was abandoned. I've just heard of a firm that makes a specialty of providing films to concerns of our kind, and that's what's taking me to Philadelphia. Tomorrow we'll start for Kennet, and I'll show you a cinema exhibition comparable with anything you'll find on Broadway, outside of the Strand or the Rialto."

"Thank you," I answered, "but I think I'll stop in New York. They have pictures there, of course, but you're not obliged to see 'em. And New York appears to be the one place in the world where the cinema doesn't invade your home, wink at you from blank walls, or supply the only alternative of a delirious evening spent counting the daffodils on the wall paper. When you began talking, I'd a wild scheme of getting myself arrested and sent to jail to escape the 'movies.' A friend of mine, a cartoonist, named Fornaro, who got into durance for slandering Mexico, told me once that he had done his best work on Blackwell's Island. But, at the last moment, I remembered reading somewhere that they have pictures now in all well-regulated prisons. And in the navy, and the trenches, and pretty nearly everywhere else. New York seems to be the one way out, so New York is where I get out, and stay out!"

I did, but—I wonder!

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Certainly, a Chautauqua wouldn't have made over that mining camp in Oregon.

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Ask your Theatre Manager when the pictures will be shown at your theatre.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

in this year of grace, be made into a photo-comedy for the exploitation of the unique charm of this daintiest of women. Pinero constructed the comedy as a satire on the then novel idea of women taking the place of men in the world. He intended that Lord Tommy should visualize the absurdity of trying to smother femininity with masculine attire and destroy grace by physical training. He proposed to prove that it could not be done, yet as I have seen "The Amazons" played in the theater of garrulity for two decades, the actresses who have essayed to impersonate Lord Tommy have proved beyond doubt that Pinero did not know what he was talking about. Clothe the average actress—or other woman—in a suit of men's or boys' garments and one of two things invariably happens. She becomes a giggling, simpering ninny; or she becomes a strutting, brazen hussy. In the knickers and sweaters and tuxedos of Lord Tommy, Marguerite Clark is as supremely unconscious of her clothes as a Hottentot is of his absence of clothes. I verily believe that if the director asked Miss Clark to play Portia in a pair of pajamas and a picture hat, she would do so with magnificent unconcern. Let me rave on. This Marguerite is one of my hobbies. Whenever opportunity offers in this compendium of current comment, I shall doubtless blare my whole orchestra *sforza sforzando* with a lot of added *issimos,* in her praise.

HASHIMURA TOGO—Paramount

The Paramount novelty of the month is the screen introduction of Wallace Irwin's Japanese Schoolboy, "Hashimura Togo," whom an admiring public has followed through half a dozen magazines and syndicates, and the still more surprising introduction of Sessue Hayakawa as a comedian. The general nature of Irwin's stories lead you to expect a farce, but William C. De Mille and Marion Fairfax have utilized the Irwin material only for decorative comedy. The titles alone are worth the price of admission. If this is the first of a series, however, may a plea be entered for more of Irwin's schoolboy and less of a rehash of the works of Theodore Kremer?

THE MYSTERIOUS MISS TERRY—Paramount

The first Billie Burke-Paramount is a Gellett Burgess fantasia, "The Mysterious Miss Terry." As Director J. Searle Dawley has succeeded in dispelling all the mystery in about one and one-half reels, one can settle down to a thorough enjoyment of the piquancy of the star. Miss Bille was never so burkish as now. Matrimony and maternity seem to have set her clock back several years. The story deals with the adventures of an immensely wealthy young woman, bored with fashionable life, who loots her own home of money, jewelry and clothing, and goes to live in a cheap boarding house. Here three youths become enamored of her, and she of one of them. She acts as fairy godmother to their fondest wishes. And they all live happily, etc. Walter Hiers as a rotund Romeo, and Gerald O. Smith as an aspiring dry goods clerk help make the comedy move, while Thomas Meighan is as glum as an owl, and how Billie ever comes to love him is more than we can gosh-darned guess.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Artcraft

To analyze George M. Cohan's second Artcraft picture is to analyze a streak of greased lightning. "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a melodramatic comedy, is six reels of incessant action. This is where Mr. Cohan is supreme. He is the speed king of the amusement world. Anything which does not serve his purpose in this respect is pushed aside. He cares not at all for character development, for subtlety of suggestion, for psychological motive. "Do something, and keep on doing something," seems to be his sole stage direction. Yet he himself, as the author who goes to the deserted inn on a wager that he can write a book in twenty-four hours, is distinctly the star of the cast, not merely because the plot circulates about him, but because of one certain trick he has of placing his hands on his hips, turning his head sidewise, and considering a situation with a quizzical smile. It is a simple attitude, a mere gesture, a mannerism, yet in this piece it is so perfectly symbolical of the entire story that the pose remains in the memory long afterward.

LITTLE MISS OPTIMIST—Paramount

Vivian Martin in "Little Miss Optimist"—a sweet Paramount melodrama which brings memories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Polyanna," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and all other confections in which the good are always happy, even when they suffer, and the bad are sure to be punished, and the man marries the girl.

A MAN'S MAN—Paralta

Enter Paralta, latest member of the Triangle family. Separate the word into sections and you have par-alta—meaning, possibly, on a par with the highest. The first production by this new organization is "A Man's Man," Peter B. Kyne author, J. Warren Kerrigan star. As an example of direct and lucid story-telling, this certainly is on a par with the highest. The tale itself is not brilliantly original, but in the screening, Director Oscar Apfel has given the theme of the American hero in a Central American revolution so many interesting twists that something as good as originality is the result. Brilliant it is in its character delineations. John Cafferty, the down and out Irishman, redeemed to heroic stature, as played by Ed Coxen, is a greater role than many that are often starred in lesser productions. Ida Lewis, one of the greatest character actresses in the world, makes the humorous and pathetic character of Mother Jenks and her fixed idea, the avenging of her "sainted 'Enry," another side glimpse worthy of a whole pic-



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ture to itself. Kerrigan plays the part of a mining engineer who, enmeshed in a triple tangle of friendship for a man, love for a woman, and delight in adventure for its own sake, makes possible the successful overthrow of a Latin despot. Lois Wilson, as the heroine, promises one day to be an actress. For the present, all she is asked to do is wear pretty clothes and be decorative.

There is every evidence that it is the Paralta intention to turn out the best productions possible. Without delving into technique, all these points encourage the belief that the new concern is sincerely endeavoring to keep pace with the most advanced ideas. Therefore—welcome Paralta.

THE LAW OF THE LAND—Paramount

Concurrently with the news that Mme. Olga Petrova has seceded from Paramount to produce under her own absolute control, comes her version of the Broadhurst drama, "The Law of the Land," in which the star's control over the production is all too apparent. The story itself is nothing to write home about, but it is not improved by the Petrova idea of what constitutes intense emotion. There is little doubt that Mme. Petrova is one of the most brilliant women, mentally, among all the priestesses of Thespis, but for some reason she has yet to translate this mentality into terms of the photodrama.

RUSSIAN ART FILMS

By the time this signpost of cinema chronology reaches the reader, it is probable that the first of the Russian Art Films will have been presented publicly. Frankly, we are almost as interested as the importers of these phototragedies, in learning how they will be received by America. In those we have seen "A Painted Doll" and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," there has been displayed such acting as seldom emanates from American studios. These Russians are serious artists. They do not employ the eyebrow and chest technique so popular among many exponents of American theatrical art. And the stories are free from heroes and heroines. Rather do they go too far in the opposite direction, the principle apparently being that there is a great deal of bad in the best little girl—and boy. The deluded maiden takes kindly to her luxurious downfall. The dying husband, so far from forgiving, devises a cunningly awful fate for his wife and false friend. The Slavic emotions, the world well knows, are terrific, and these Russians have written those emotions in letters of human fire.

"BABY MINE"—Goldwyn

"Baby Mine" is Margaret Mayo's *pousse cafe* offered as evidence that Goldwyn believes the public wants six-reel farces.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK—Fox

Children's entertainment should be light and brief. Ten reels of fairy lore is rather prodigious. "Jack and the Beanstalk" is, therefore, somewhat top-heavy, but its novelty may redeem it, in spite of the fact that it is not the old tale we read at mother's knee.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—Artcraft

Well, it all depends on your viewpoint. If you are a Pickford-in-any-piece devotee you'll think "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is just too sweet for words. It's all Mary Pickford, and pouts and curls, an extreme back swing of the pendulum of expression. If she was too tragic and sophisticated in "The Little American," certainly that criticism cannot be brought against the Chaplinette whose reels embrace her present capers. We've got to be thankful for one thing—there was not one custard pie thrown. However, this seems to be what the dyed-in-the-wool Pickford fans want, so it was a good picture, with enough of Mary to satisfy everyone, and not enough story to take the mind off the star.

By Miss Kelly

In the process of evolution, cycles are slow, and one cannot see always the trend advance. Thus it is in cinema land. In the quarter century growth of this newest of the arts there has been a revolutionizing, though not conspicuous development. Suddenly we realize that the motion picture story is out of the tadpole stage. It has sloughed off the tail of sensationalism by which it had paddled into a large section of public favor. We have now the evolution of the celluloid mechanical, into the celluloid human. And a lot of us, in keeping with the universal public attitude toward improvements, don't approve of it. There is the same receptiveness that was accorded the installation of machinery. The public, the while it howls about the shortcomings of the cinema, doesn't care, yet, for the human interpretations which have been achieved in such remarkably poignant fashion. A case in point is "The Rescue," a Bluebird made without mechanical fireworks, being a straight cross section of pulsing life fiber.

"We can't give it away," quoth a Bluebird representative wearily. Yet here is a genuine photoplay, the kind of thing writers about the photoplay, students of it, and many patrons of it, have been sighing for, aching for. It may be that the public wants such things and exhibitors don't know it, but the public registers its approval by the box office, and exhibitors have their ears closely attuned to the tinkle there.

THE RESCUE—Bluebird

"The Rescue" is a photoplay that demands intent attention and commands deep admiration. Again it disproves the idea of producers that they must go forth and wreck trains, tear down skyscrapers, race automobiles and aeroplanes,

to put thrills into their celluloid. This is of the simplest texture, just some people moving through some sets that one quite ignores in the contemplation of their actions, unraveling their emotional tangles by their reaction upon each other. That doesn't cost much money, except to have emotional adepts; it does take genius of player and director, and it results in something life-worthy. That is what "The Rescue" is, under the combined efforts of Ida May Park, director, and the players, Dorothy Phillips, Mollie Malone and Gretchen Lederer. William Stowell and Lon Chaney are in it, too, but they rank as the negligible groom.

The story has to do with the knitting up of two divorce-raveled threads of life. The woman, Dorothy Phillips, has returned to the husks of fame, leaving the man she loved out of her life. Circumstances bring her back, and make her play for him again, against the counter game of a sweet youngster, unsophisticated in the ways of grown-up kind, but most adept in man-trapping. Theirs is a masterly conflict, each woman's wit of rapier sharpness and speed, with the little one many times seeming to get the best of it. In the end, the elder wins, as is right she should, and there's a happy bit of wholesomeness that gives the story a sweeter breath than it would otherwise have had. Miss Phillips is one of the women of filmdom commanding high admiration for her alert beauty, her suavity of behavior, her general apparent intelligence. The little Malone is a charming child, surprisingly forceful under her flower-petal prettiness. This picture is one of the season's most worth while endeavors, redounding to the credit of cast and director—and it is almost entirely woman made, though Mr. Stowell has lent it a handsome hero person.

MR. OPP—Bluebird

"Mr. Opp" is a delicate little study, all done in emotional pastels, the kind of a story that puts a teardrop just behind the lashes but never lets it quite break through. It moves gently, its climaxes so mild that one scarcely knows it is climaxing, but as it unreels it gets at the heart. Done in the commonness of small town terms, this little idyll of the idealist has a world-wide appeal. It's the kind of thing nearly everyone can understand. Arthur Hoyt, as Mr. Opp, the gentle soul of dreams, optimism, altruism, awkwardness and inefficiency, accomplishes a characterization for its marvelous fidelity, remindful of Wilfred Lucas' bank clerk in "Acquitted."

THE CLEAN-UP—Bluebird

"The Clean-Up," another featuring of Brownie Vernon and Franklyn Farnum, has good plot but sad discrepancies in the developing of it. There are such blemishes as the hero, right on Main street before the town's collection of tabbies, kissing the nice girl, and the palm trees that flourish ungeographically along the streets of the Illinois town. Even the refreshing naturalness of Miss Vernon, and the cleverness of idea cannot blot out completely the plain carelessness that admits of such lack of care and common sense.

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THE SHOW-DOWN—Bluebird

"The Show-Down" sounds like a crook play, but instead, it's a gentle bit of satire on the desert island deluge, but with incident enough to carry it along as a story in itself. The people of it, well-to-do, sophisticated, bored to death, all set sail, by various notions led, on the same ship, and are submarined, reaching finally a desert island. Here begins a testing out of the stuff they're made of in nature's own little laboratory of primitive necessities. There's none of the usual desert island moralizing, for everybody is rescued before anyone is reduced to the stage of dressing in his button holes. It's a nice, clean, entertaining little picture with a good bit of common sense filtering through its fictiony proceedings. One sad, sad sub-title there is, in the print observed, which reduced the audience to giggles, involving the expression "sailors's."

MOTHER O' MINE—Bluebird

"Mother O' Mine" is a special Bluebird flight, made of sentimental old stuff, but stuff, alack, perennially true. Successful sons do neglect quaint, old-fashioned mothers, and such heartaches trail through the ages. Rupert Julian directed and played the neglectful son efficiently, Ruth Clifford lent her wholesome self to a nice handling of the blueblood financee, and Ruby LaFayette did a mother of transcendent charm, giving the screen what Mable Bert has given the stage as Mrs. Bascom in "Turn to the Right."

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—Goldwyn

Goldwyn, which has been laboring for almost a year, gave first glimpse of its accomplishment in the Mae Marsh photoplay, "Polly of the Circus" made from Margaret Mayo's play. It is a good picture, but not at all a great one. The difficulty was too many accessories. There was a great play, so far as success and popularity went, there was a great circus, and in aiming adequately to use both of these, the greatest asset of all, Mae Marsh, was overlooked. So the photoplay is full of circus atmosphere, designed to please small folk immensely—all show itself, like the circus they love, with glimpses of the alluring mysteries behind the canvas, but with none of the human conflict which is Mae Marsh's forte. In billowing tulle ballet skirts she has the chance to look bewitching, which she does, but there is not much further chance. She gets at the observer's heart through her translation of emotion, and when she has none to translate, she is lost. "Polly of the Circus" is made of things rather than of feelings.

THE LITTLE DUCHESS—World

"The Little Duchess" introduces another juvenile player to five reel featuring, Madge Evans. She has been World's baby, reuniting warring parents, and providing noble motives through many a reel of adult struggling. The trend of the times which is giving us youthful players as the mainspring of stories that are suited to them, is providing filmdom with many delightful bits of entertainment suitable for whole family consumption.

Madge Evans is a talented and delightful little player, giving an illuminating version of the aristocratic, little princess, Lord Fauntleroy type of child, in this story of the poor little girl, passing through the stages of poverty, orphan home, and circus, to her ancestral ducal castle and her gouty grandpa lord. The story is of youthful caliber, but it has point, incident, and human nature in it sufficient to engross the elders, to whose hearts, anyhow, the shortest road is through the little child.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET—World

"The Marriage Market" is one of those fine old dramas redolent of the mellow ten-twent'-thirt' days, in which the girl sells herself in marriage to the man with money to save father's war baby nursery.

MASTER OF HIS HOME—Triangle

"Master of His Home" stirs up echoes of Mrs. Smalley's "Where are My Children?" though less pathologically detailed. Mr. Desmond, impersonating Carson Stewart, a stalwart gold miner of Colorado, becomes suddenly enamored of a New York society splasher, even though she doesn't rise to his poetic declamation that the lord made dogs and children just to show us how good he could be. So far as the lady was concerned, she had no interest in the lord's handiwork in regard to children and when she married the man, she let him look in vain for a little partner, the whiles she translated his gold mine into resplendent raiment and flirted with the villain. His amusement, in that meantime, as Tyrone Power's had been, was looking longingly at the children next door. But there came a time when the man rejoiced, the woman lamented, and society mother-in-law talked dictatorially. After a physical and mental explosion, back goes Mr. Desmond to his mine, and in due time follows the wife, with her small human surprise.

IN SLUMBERLAND—Triangle

"In Slumberland" is a thing of fancies wrought, containing Thelma Salter as the histrionic piece de resistance. It is quaint Irish folk lore showing indubitably that fairy tales do come true. The Salter child leads the pilgrimage into the land of betwixt and between, seeing wondrous fairy things that youngsters will revel in and grown ups enjoy in the dark without being obliged to confess openly they still like "kid things." The imaginative bits are handled with inspiration that gives them poetic grace.

BORROWED PLUMAGE—Triangle

"Borrowed Plumage" turns Bessie Bariscale into a maid of the old country in the old days when lords lived in manor houses and had regiments of servants to keep their households going; the days of silken knee breeches and powdered wigs above stairs, and rags and tatters below. Miss Bariscale is the mischievous kitchen wench, wishful for the fine feathers of fine ladyhood. In time there is a blessed pirate scare whence all the castle flees, save the maid. She sees here a chance to wear the fine lady's clothes, and is



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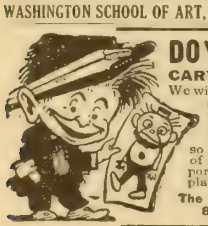
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bedrummed by fate into playing up to the clothes. Here then comes fun, high patriotism, valor and romance, so nicely set forth that the picture has the quality of fine old story. It is richly done throughout. One of the most satisfying bits in the whole procedure is the actual turning of the roasts upon the spit—a thing always done in the kings' kitchens in fairy books, but never before seen by my mortal eyes in concrete illustration.

THE FOOD GAMBLERS—Triangle

"The Food Gamblers" hails from the east with Wilfred Lucas and Elda Miller attacking the high cost of living, thus joining in the efforts of the whole wide world. The picture lays the burden on the middleman, working it out through wicked monopolist Mr. Lucas, who seeks to corner the supply of potatoes, and a crusading newspaper reporter, Miss Miller, who seeks the high cost of living trouble and finds it in Mr. Lucas. It is propaganda stuff that strikes a chord of public sympathy. Mr. Lucas has a little chance to show his fine playing mettle, but it is a mediocre picture.

WOODEN SHOES—Triangle

"Wooden Shoes" is Raymond West's pretty framing of Bessie Barriscale in Dutch lace caps. There's some Hollywooded Holland and an inconsequential pleasant little story about a grandfather hunt that ended happily.

WEE LADY BETTY—Triangle

"Wee Lady Betty" is Wee Lady Love's latest cinema, an Irish transposition all full of picturesqueness with the Bessie person as a pretty, blarneying, spunkful maid of the ould sod, not so much so as the Barriscale Bessie, but in her more youthful, gentler fashion, creating a character of her own. Of story value, there is no great amount, but it is pleasantly presented, making an attractive stretch for seeing.

REPUTATION—Mutual

"Reputation" restores Edna Goodrich to filmland. She has come back very beautiful, very formatively trig, and mistress of distinctive reserve in playing. Her vehicle doesn't strike out sparks of inspiration, though it is veined through with good playing. But finesse does not rule its procedure. Director John O'Brien fashioned much better, when he left his small town atmosphere behind,—where he bungled badly,—for his city stuff has interest holding quality. Miss Goodrich with her grace and her gorgeous gowns has that, too, and the production is one on the whole that will give most observers return for their time.

RICHARD THE BRAZEN—Vitagraph

"Richard, The Brazen" is admittedly a society drama, with Alice Joyce carrying most of the millinery phase of the society. It has sprightly comedy and a spirit of good fun, hampered only by the fact that Harry Morey is too grown-up and dignified a person to play a sportive juvenile.

Winners of the September Puzzle Contest

FIRST PRIZE $10.00
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SECOND PRIZE $5.00
Mrs. L. Tussner, St. Louis, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE $3.00
Miss Charlotte Singer, Rutherford, N. J.

FOURTH PRIZE $2.00
Miss Bessie Blanchard, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TEN PRIZES .....$1.00 Each
Miss Dorothy Randolph Robins, Richmond, Va.
Miss Josephine Gault, St. Louis. Mo.
Miss Donna Norton, Nixon, Texas.
Wayne M. Maxwell, Hopkins, Minn.
Mrs. Cecelia Baer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Elsie D. Gessner, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. H. C. Currens, Des Moines, Iowa.
Mrs. F. J. Walsh, New York City, N. Y.
Miss Maude M. Ely, Phila., Pa.
Miss F. D. Flake, Toronto, Canada.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLE CONTEST

1. *Jack Gardner*
2. *E. H. Sothern*
3. *Earle Foxe*
4. *Ham and Bud*
5. *Walter Long*
6. *Jane Lee*
7. *Fritzi Brunette*
8. *George M. Cohan*
9. *Tom Moore*
10. *Crane Wilbur*

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 104*)

BARA LOVER, RICHMOND, VA.—Now don't try to get us into a controversy on the relative vampings of the vamps. Theda is entirely unmarried and particularly so with respect to Stuart Holmes. Viola Smith has been rechristened Viola Vale and is seen opposite Charley Ray in his first picture for Paramount. Here's the "Tiger Woman" cast: *Princess Petrovich,* Theda Bara; *Prince Ditto,* E. F. Roseman; *Baron Kesingi,* Louis Dean; *Count Zerstorf,* Emil de Varny; *Stevan,* John Dillon; *Edwin Harris,* Glenn White; *Mark Harris,* Herbert Heyes; *Mrs. Mark Harris,* Mary Marten; *their child,* Kittens Reichert; *father of Harris boy,* Edward Holt; *Marion Harding,* Florence Martin.

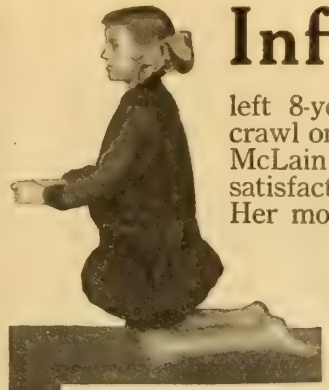
PAULINE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Harry Hilliard's eyes and hair are brown. Pearl White's first film play was a wild west thriller for Pathe.

E. B., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Willard Mack's right name is Charles McLaughlin. Frank Borzage is another man entirely, though also of your village. Pauline Frederick has no stage name and no husband at this writing. Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport have been married about four years. Thomas Meighan has no children.

TIN LIZZIE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lockwood make a practice of sending their photos to all comers regardless of monetary enclosures. Write Geraldine Farrar at Lasky's.

F. D., SPRING HILL, ALA.—Marie Walcamp is unmarried. We have no information as to William Garwood's family affairs. Awfully sorry.

OLIVE G., FRANKFORT, KY.—Gretchen Hartman's right name is Greta Ahrbin. She is Swedish, not German. Tom Forman is a soldier now—corporal in the Seventeenth Company, California Coast Artillery.

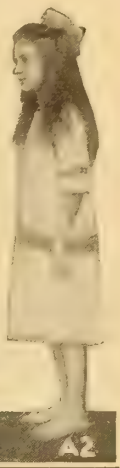


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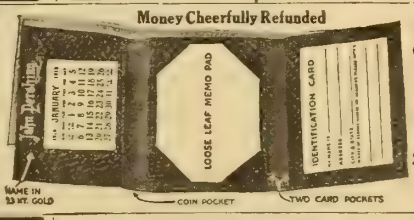
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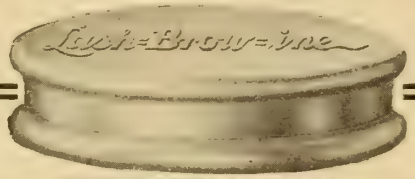
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Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

CHOLLY, ROANOKE, VA.—Gee, we were almost ascared to read your letter. Thought it was another bawling-out by the Bushman Club membership. Ruth Travers is with no company at present.

SARA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—What do you think of PHOTOPLAY now? Nan Carter is still with Fox and one of her recent pictures was "The Serpent." Norbert Wicki was *Ivan Romoff* in "Panthea." He also played in "Darkest Russia."

THE 84's, CLEVELAND, O.—Yes, we could tell at a glance that you are intelligent girls, but never fear, we'll keep your secret.

MABEL, BALTIMORE, MD.—Afraid you have a long, long wait if the man who you are to marry must be "an exact duplicate" of Earle Williams. The crop of duplicates is very meager this year. But Earl really is single and you don't have to believe it if you think it's too good to be true.

M. M., NEW YORK CITY.—A search of the records indicates that Pearl White has never been married to E. H. Sothern, who at the present time is the husband of Julia Marlowe.

M. S., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Jack Holt is with the Lasky company, his last appearance being with Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The action is photographed on a negative film and printed on positive film just the same way that you print pictures from a kodak film. Violet Wilkey played *Flora Cameron* before *Flora* was old enough to have Mae Marsh play her in "The Birth of a Nation." Eric Campbell was the man who played the big waiter with Chaplin in "The Immigrant."

FREDERICK, MACON, GA.—So you couldn't find any pictures of Mary Thurman last month? Well, you poor fellah! Write Mary, care Sennett Company, Los Angeles. The other girl in that medicine ball picture was Marie Prevost who is with the same company. How'd you like to be living in Los Angeles?

KATHRYN, FITCHBURG, MASS. — Pearl White's hair is red, her eyes are brown and she has no husband to make her frown. If Kipling ever sees the foregoing he'll quit the poet business.

KARL, CLEVELAND, O.—Ann Murdock, Nance O'Neil, Charlotte Walker, Holbrook Blinn, H. B. Warner, Shirley Mason and George LeGuere had the leading roles in the various Sins comprising McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins." Kerrigan played both roles in "Gay Lord Waring." G. M. Anderson has forsaken the films for the musical comedy stage and Marguerite Clayton is with Essanay in Chicago. The American at Santa Barbara produced "Purity." The Vitagraph dog "Shep" is dead.

C. R., OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—You probably refer to Marshall Wilder who died something over a year ago.

ELSIE, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—We crave your pardon for any sins of omission. It won't hapen again. So far as we know Miss Bara did not wear a wig in "Romeo and Juliet." The girl's mother in "The Social Leper" was portrayed by Isabelle Berwin. We are very proud of our New Zealand readers as represented by those who write this department. Pretty classy gang.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. CORNSTOCK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Robert Vaughn played the doctor in "Still Waters." Gladys Hulette is about 20 and not married—yet. William Parke, Jr., has played in most of her recent plays. Francis Ford is 35. William Roselle played *Stafford* in "Gloria's Romance."

D. M., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—You Australians sure can ring the bell when it comes to writing letters. That one of yours was a darb and we'd like to be able to publish it just to show what you ginks think of us but lack of space prevents publication. Mary Fuller lives at 49 W. 44th Street, New York City. Rain effects are obtained by the use of perforated pipes and a sixty-mile gale can be had on a moment's notice by the use of an airplane propeller.

F. B. MUSKEGON, MICH.—"American Methods" was an adaptation of Georges Ohnet's novel "The Ironmaster" and the names of the characters were taken from the book.

BUSY-BODIES, NEW YORK CITY.—Both of you have a chance; neither Bill Hart nor S. Holmes is supplied with a wife. Frank Keenan not only is married but is a grandfather. He is now on the stage.

HELENA, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Where do yuh get that "Old Baldy" stuff? Better can it. Claire Alexander has been playing opposite George Ovey. Can't provide you with any correspondent's address without taking out a marriage agency license.

JOE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Willie Collier, Jr., better known as "Buster," is now with Lasky-Famous Players, playing with Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn." The nearest any star came to being born in New Orleans was when Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport. That ought to be glory enough for the whole state.

M. F., WAYNE, PA.—So you are willing to bet that Wallie Reid is "glad he is himself?" Well, what would you? Mighty poor puhson who doesn't think fairly well of himself. William Courtleigh, Jr., played opposite Ann Pennington in "The Rainbow Princess."

MABEL, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—The best way to obtain photographs of the players is to write to them direct. Nearly all of them make a practice of sending out their pictures whether or not any money is enclosed to pay the mailing fee. That is, those who can afford it.

A. R., APPLE CREEK, OHIO.—Jack Mower was the man in "The Butterfly Girl." Jay Belasco has been drafted but a letter addressed to him care Christie Film Co., Hollywood, Cal., would undoubtedly reach him.

E. R., Plainfield, N. J.—Don't pay any attention to such stories. People just naturally love to talk about the players, both stage and screen, and every little story, no matter how absurd or worse, finds a lot of credulous folk only too eager to believe it and pass it along.

HARRIET, CHARLOTTESTOWN, P. E. I.—(Bet a lotta them'll wonder what that stands for.) John Bowers gets his mail at Fort Lee, N. J., care World Film Corp. Creighton Hale, we are reliably informed, is a married man.

L. H., BERKELEY, CAL.—House Peters is a six-footer and is somewhere over thirty. He is married and has a little son almost two years old. He is not affiliated with any company at present.



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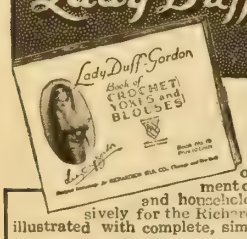
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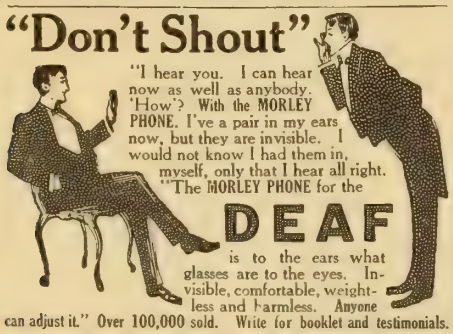
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

WALLY TOUJOURS, SEATTLE, WASH.—Your "Herculean Apollo" merely went over to the Morosco studio to do a picture or two, that studio being part and parcel of the Lasky-Famous Players concern. He is 6 feet high, has brown hair and blue eyes.

N. H., CONCORD, N. H.—Questions concerning the religion of the players are disregarded, but we can intimate without violating any confidence that "Xavier" is not a Hebrew name.

W. C., ROANOKE, VA.—You don't mean to say that you'll quit PHOTOPLAY if we don't quit printing "all that Bushman married stuff? Have you no compassion; no thought of what the cancellation of your subscription will mean to us? We recognize your rights as a "fullfledged member of the Bushman Club" and would greatly regret a decision on your part to sever friendly relations. We want to assure you that we have no "grudge" against "our big Francis"—far be it from such; we only aim to tell our readers the facts, as we know them, concerning the plays and players they are interested in.

T. B., GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—Jean Sothern was reported some months ago as having married and retired from the screen but she recently rejoined Art Dramas and is again cavorting before the camera. Enid Bennett is at Triangle, Culver City, Cal. Arthur Johnson's death was caused by lung trouble.

K. H., DALLAS, TEX.—Raymond Hatton has been married for more than a year. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore have been married about seven years.

GRACE, LINCOLN, NEB.—We have no statistics as to the screen wrongings of Bessie Barriscale and Theda Bara. Maybe you'll find it in Dr. Jaynes' Almanac. Bessie's real name is Mrs. Howard Hickman; she has a young son and very blonde hair.

R. W., BLUE, W. VA.—We have no record of the players in "Our American Cousin" which you say was produced at Ford's Theater in Washington, D. C., in April, 1865. How many reels was it and who did the directing?

M. G., NEW YORK CITY.—H. M. Horkheimer, president of the Balboa Company, is married and has a child. We are of the impression that his wife was an actress.

BLOSSOM, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—So you are learning cinema acting? Well, well; we hope you will be the Mary Pickford of Australia. Anna Little is now with Commodore Blackton's company in Brooklyn which is making pictures for Paramount. Frank Borzage is directing for Triangle. Constance Talmadge has her own company under the Selznick banner, just like Sister Norma.

T. C., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Never heard of your pal "Fudge." Bet he was the candy kid though. Glad to hear you are a "study reader" of PHOTOPLAY.

CAL. SUNBEAM, HUDSON, MASS.—Think the one you refer to in "Under Two Flags" was Stuart Holmes. Must be awful to have your home in Hollywod and have to live in Massachusetts.

GEORGE K., TUSCOLA, ILL.—Hazel Dawn appeared last in "The Lone Wolf," a Brenon production recently released. Milton Sills is now with Ivan Films

A. K., DES MOINES, IA.—At this writing Mr. Hart is not betrothed to anyone, as we are certain he would inform us the moment anything like that occurred. Margery Wilson is in her early twenties.

KITTY, CHASE CITY, VA.—Wallie Reid is 27, has brown hair and blue eyes. Florence LaBadie is still with Thanhouser and her last picture is "The Woman in White." Your terribly welcome.

H. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Count Ferdinand* in "Civilization" was Howard Hickman, now with Paralta. He is the husband of Bessie Barriscale and has appeared in many Triangle pictures.

M. S., BOSTON, MASS.—Write them at these addresses: Muriel Ostriche, World, Fort Lee, N. J.; Jean Sothern, 560 West 165th St., New York City; Ella Hall, Universal City, Cal.

STELLA, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—We trust, Stella, that you aren't trying to spoof us, and all that bally rot, don't you know. If we went as a war correspondent, we'd probably, from force of habit, write about the marital status of the generals rather than their martial deeds.

N. T., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—"Is Any Girl Safe?" appears from our records to be castless. Universal made it. Harry Morey doesn't talk about his age so he is probably over the draft requirements. Ruth Roland has been devoting her time to personal appearances in theaters during the last month.

G. B., JAMESVILLE, N. Y.—Jack Holt played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Little American" and Eugene O'Brien in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Douglas Fairbanks has one son, nearly eight years old.

HELEN, YONKERS, N. Y.—Pearl White was born in 1889 and Missouri, has brown eyes, reddish hair and Earle Foxe for her leading man at present. She is not married. Mae Murray is; and has gray-blue eyes (Civil war stuff). Louise Huff has violet eyes.

HALLAM, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.—As there are two telephone companies in Los Angeles, you would have to write to both to get a complete record in the way of that city's telephone subscribers. They are the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. and the Home Telephone Company.

A. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your poem read with a great deal of interest. Suggest that you send it to Smart Set.

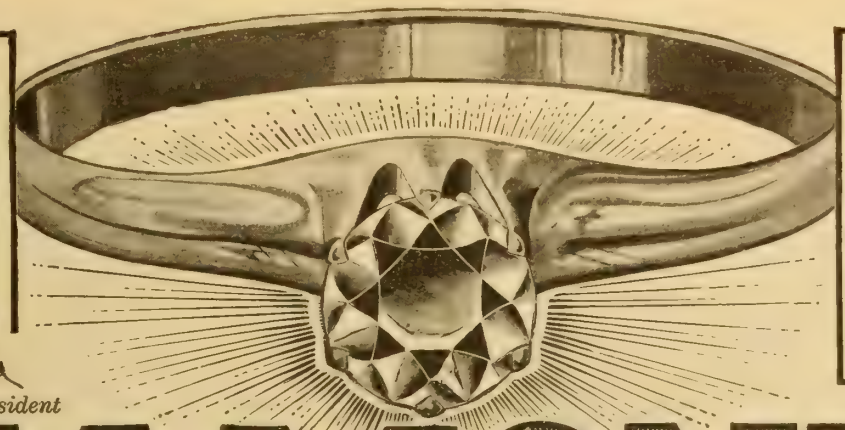
FAITH & HOPE, WATCH HILL, R. I.—We have every reason to believe that Gene O'Brien's locks are natchelly curly. Yes, that moustache of Wally's in "Big Timber" was "perfectly frightful" but he has promised not to do it again. He was drafted but was granted temporary exemption because of his wife and baby.

MARY, DESMET, S. D.—Success in stage plays at home does not necessarily augur a successful motion picture career, but it *has* been done. Creighton Hale sends out photographs to those who write and tell him what a wonderful actor he is, or words to that effect.

PAULINE, LOWELL, MASS.—Webster Campbell was *Rosa's* lover in "The Evil Eye." Gladden James is strangely silent as to his vital statistics, but he isn't so *very* old.



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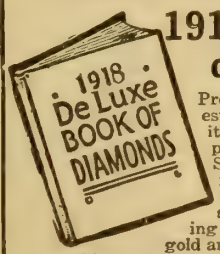
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PHOTOPLAY

December
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In This Issue—

Olga Petrova, Henry Walthall, Douglas Fairbanks, Olive Thomas, Violet Merscereau, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, Edna Goodrich, Louise Glaum, Mary McAllister, and other Shining Stars.

Announcement of Winners of the $2,000 Photoplay-Triangle Scenario Contest

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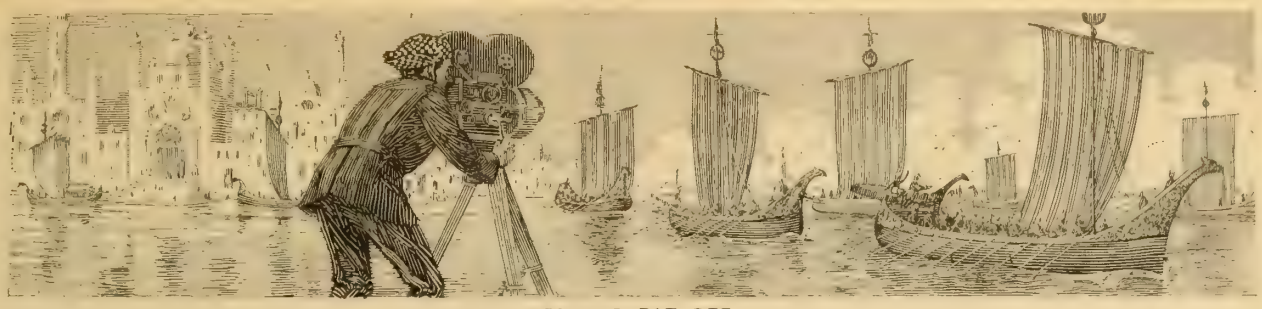
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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No. "P-21"

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No. "P-21"

James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIII No. 1

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Next Month

Mary MacLane, Herself

Yes, *the* Mary MacLane, she who collaborated with copper ore to make Butte, Montana, famous, has gone into pictures. Like most very real people she is a devoted moving picture devotee. And although she doesn't realize it she is one of the keenest analysts of the silver-sheet we have ever met. Mary MacLane is now entertaining the camera in the filming of one of her most famous books, "Men Who Have Made Love To Me."

In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY she will tell you just what she thinks of motion pictures, of her favorite players, of what the pictures mean to her, and of her experiences in a studio.

And PHOTOPLAY'S Camera man will be right there to visualize for you this remarkably clever and tremendously feminine celebrity.

Here's a Combination for You—

Who do you think is going to interview Marguerite Clark? You'd never guess it. "Tex" O'Reilly (Edward S. O'Reilly) who wrote "Temperamental Tim" in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY, and "A Whack at the Muse" in the November. If you knew "Tex" you would better appreciate what this story is going to be. He is a typical Texan of the storybooks. In fact Rex Beach put him right into one of his books. Tall, and rangy, with a punch in his right fist that has won respect for his kind of American in many climes, he has a typewriter that can turn out some of the most expressive English that ever graced a page, and a bit of a brogue that's as smooth and easy on the ear as an emerald is to the eye.

The subject is tiny, wistful little Marguerite Clark, the favorite of millions of fans. Miss Clark occupies a little niche all by herself in the hearts of her admirers, and her charm is one that is worthy of a writer like O'Reilly.

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Next Month

Mary Miles Minter

Many readers of this magazine have been asking from time to time for a sure-enough personality story of the little blonde star of the Mutual Pictures, and in the January issue they're going to get it. And such pictures.

Reginald Barker, Director

Here's a director for you. He is one of the kind of fellows who say, "I want to break in. I can make good. If I cannot I don't want a cent." And did he? Did he? Right off the bat. He started right in making some of the finest pictures turned out of Ince's New York Motion Picture studio—"The Coward," for instance. He it was who brought Charlie Ray right out into the limelight as an actor. If you want to see some action in photography see the pictures Stagg took of him especially to illustrate this yarn. They're worth the price of admission alone.

The Scenario Contest

Now that the strain is over, and the winners of the PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Triangle Film Corporation Scenario Contest are announced, we will tell you something about the winners in the January issue; what kind of people they are, what their stories are like, and everything you would want to know about folks who won out in a field of seven thousand efforts of cleverness.

There is one story you should not miss under any circumstances. It is an intensely human story of a woman in her late twenties who has believed in herself in spite of years of discouragement—in spite of rejection slip after rejection slip. And her faith in herself won the victory.

Frederick Arnold Kummer

will be along with a story of studio life that equals his narrative in this issue. Here is a great fiction writer who has caught the living, breathing spirit of the most romantic of all professions. A director of one of the large producing companies wrote recently:

"Send me Mr. Kummer's address. A man who can write like that and at the same time knows our work so well ought to be a great relief from most authors who assume we producers know nothing and should go to school to them."

Three Stories from Photoplays

There are many of our readers who enjoy fictionized versions of photoplays. Others write us they are intolerable, that they sometimes differ in some slight particulars from the pictures as they are finally released. PHOTOPLAY puts these stories into the hands of master craftsmen, short story writers of established reputations, to insure our readers the best possible. In the January issue there will be three splendid ones.



The Education of
A Modern Cook

See It in Any Van Camp Dish—The Difference Will Amaze You

The cooks employed in Van Camp kitchens are now college trained. They must know chemistry, because materials are now selected by analysis. And every cooking process is directed from the laboratory. They must know dietetics—must know food hygiene. For right cooking, above all else, means fit food. They must have scientific training, for science means exactness. All guesswork is abandoned in these kitchens at Van Camp's.

Mark the Difference

Under old methods cooks used chance materials. Here seeds and soils are studied. Materials grown to order. Then analysis reveals their exact compositions.

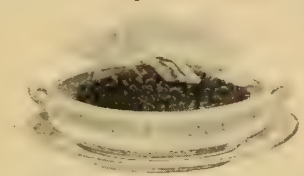
Recipes used to be inexact. They were pleasing but haphazard blends — never perfect, never scientific. In the Van Camp kitchens every formula is elaborate and exact. Some cover pages of minute instructions. On some our experts have spent years. Some have been perfected by a thousand tests. And each insures that a Van Camp dish never varies an iota.

A score of details used to be guessed at. Now every detail has a scientific basis. The aim of all is ideal quality and flavor and perfect digestibility.

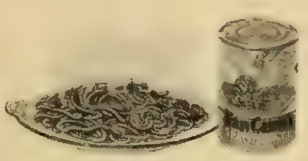
As a result every Van Camp dish is a supreme creation. It embodies every possible betterment. Some are ten times better than old-time dishes. Each is a masterpiece of culinary art. We urge you to make comparisons. See what vast difference these new methods make. It will bring you new respect for the technical schools of today.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

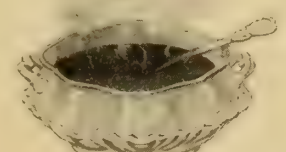
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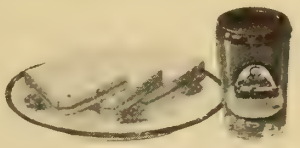
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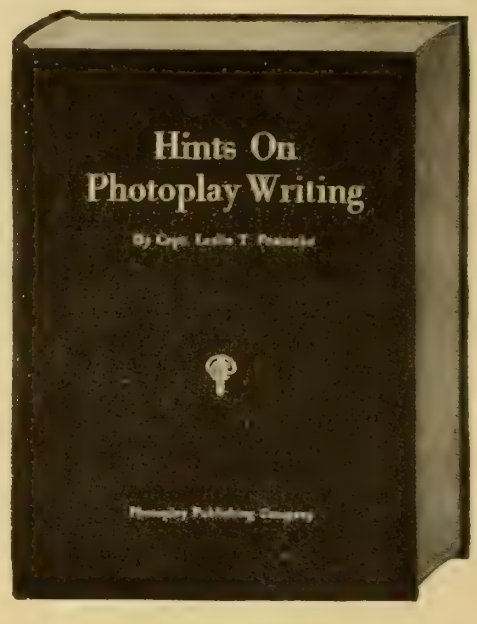
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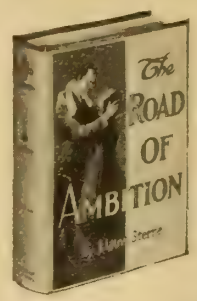
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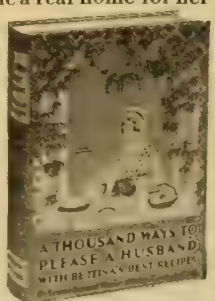
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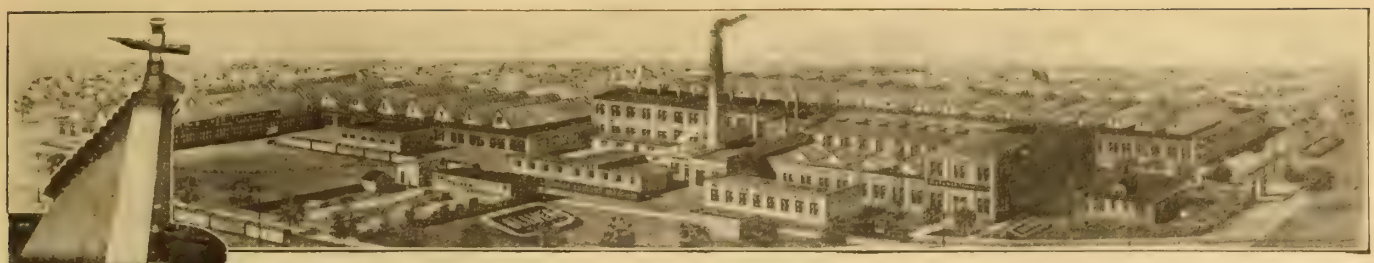
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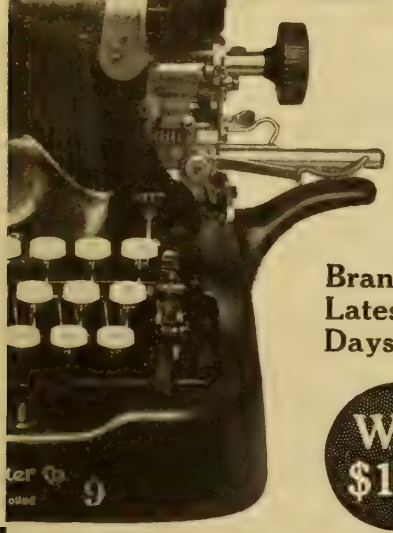
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Is your skin so fine in texture, so soft and clear that you do not hesitate to be seen with your face bathed in sunshine? Scientists say, strong sunlight is a thousand times stronger than ordinary electric light.

You can look well in daylight, too

There is no reason why your skin should *not* be clear and lovely, *always*.

The Woodbury treatments are based on this fundamental fact: every day a change takes place in your skin. The old skin dies, new forms. This new skin, when treated by the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, can be rendered delightfully clear, smooth and free from all blemishes.

If you want to know how beautiful your skin can be—not only at night—but in the daytime, too—just try the following treatment tonight.

Follow these directions carefully

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Work up a good soapy lather in your hands and rub thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for five minutes with *a piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This Woodbury treatment, used nightly, should produce a marked improvement in a week or ten days. If kept up regularly, it will soften and beautify the very texture of your skin—and give you a complexion you will be proud of!

You can secure Woodbury's Facial Soap at your druggist's, or at any counter where toilet preparations are sold.

Send for this booklet and sample cake

The many Woodbury treatments for the various troubles of the skin are all given in the booklet "A skin you love to touch." This booklet is wrapped about every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 4c we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 512 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold



WHEN May Allison was born on a Kentucky plantation not so many years ago she chose some of our v. b. (very best) Southern families as relatives. Until recently, she co-starred with Harold Lockwood in Metro Productions.



PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

THIS being a company of your own isn't all ice cream and cake. And it seems to affect the acting. Clara Kimball Young has been the stormy petrel of the film industry of late, but she's making pictures again, we've been told.



YOU, red-headed, freckle-faced child of the mountains, far from a railroad —cheer up. Pearl White was there once. Now she has fame and fortune, and she's mighty easy to look at too. She dreamed big dreams—and worked.



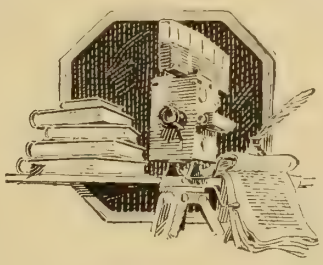
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

UNLIKE the girl on the preceding page, Evelyn Greeley succeeded in spite of wealth and social position. She started doing "bits" for Essanay, and she did 'em so well that now she's starring in World pictures, and shining brightly.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

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The Happy Ending

EVERY human action is based upon the desire for happiness.

The baby cries for something it thinks will make it happy; the miser hoards his gold because he thinks it will make him happy.

Nowhere in the world is this desire more intense than in America. This continent, from its discovery, has been peopled by men and women who came to its shores believing happiness nearer of attainment under its free skies.

Americans believe happiness not merely desirable, but possible. Many have achieved it. It has become the national ideal.

Consequently, American art, to reach the hearts of Americans, must be happy art. Good must triumph over evil. Love must find a way.

Hence—the happy ending.

The moving picture, coming closer to the millions than any other form of art, was quick to reflect the universal demand. Creators of the photoplay soon learned that their work succeeded best when it depicted happiness resulting from some sort of struggle.

In the older, European civilizations, the millions are not so certain of the fulfillment of the great desire. Battling for centuries, for the most part unsuccessfully, against oppression, their art has taken upon itself a tragic color. The European novel, painting, drama, and lately the cinema, is tinged with pessimism.

The American artist and author holds the European art traditions in highest reverence. And so it is, that upon the older forms he has endeavored to engraft the newer faith. He has not learned the technique of happy art.

This, and this alone, is why the happy endings of so many moving pictures seem banal and sentimental.

There is nothing wrong with the happy ending. The fault lies with the craftsman.

This, then, is the mandate of America to the photoplay—to exercise its high privilege and opportunity of making an art of happiness, and a happiness of art.





Petrova—Prophetess

By
Randolph
Bartlett



"The world is spiritually hungry—starving. I believe the moving picture can bring to these millions something tangible upon which to build a new hope—a new faith."





If we want to find real religion, real devotion to the established religious ideals, we must go to India, China, Japan.

"PETROVA," I said, "is a clever woman."

My friend the Low Brow looked up from his beer with an expression of disgust.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he demanded. Then, pounding the mahogany, "Here's what I call a clever actress. They bring her word that her sweetheart has been nabbed by a gang of bad men. She tears her hair and mygods a few minutes. Then out she goes, grabs a horse—no saddle mind—and off to the cave. Then she shins down a rope over a precipice, sneaks to her sweetheart, cuts the ropes, hands him a gun, and they fight their way out. Could Petrova do that?"

"No," I admitted. "Neither could Bernhardt."

"Who's Bernhardt?"

"The world today is engulfed in mockery," said Madame Petrova to me, a few days later. "The people mock at the institutions they have themselves created. They poke fun at their political leaders in cartoons. They make jokes about the war, even. And if we want to find real religion, real devotion to the established religious ideals, we must go to India, China, Japan. The world is spiritually hungry—starving. I believe the moving picture can bring to these millions something tangible upon which to build a new hope, a new faith."

I thought of my friend the Low Brow. I thought of most of the pictures I had seen recently. I thought of their producers. I thought of the main topics of conversation on the picture rialto—open booking, the program, the star system, percentages, broken contracts, million-dollar salaries. I tried to think of someone else who had said something similar, and could remember not one. Did this prophetess stand alone?

She did not look the martyr as she sat there, talking earnestly, and always quietly. She did not appear the fanatic. She was gowned with as keen an appreciation of the art of dress as any woman then dining at the Plaza, next door. She was not even what one would call an emotional type. Her eyes sparkled with humor and darkened at once to seriousness again. She was intensely in earnest. Doubtless I was right—Petrova was a clever woman, but she was more. A merely clever woman can make a career which satisfies her completely, without half the trouble Petrova is taking. Behind her cleverness was sincerity—linked inseparably to her brain, a heart. Then



"Last summer I went to Maine for a vacation with Mrs. Clifton, my scenario writer."

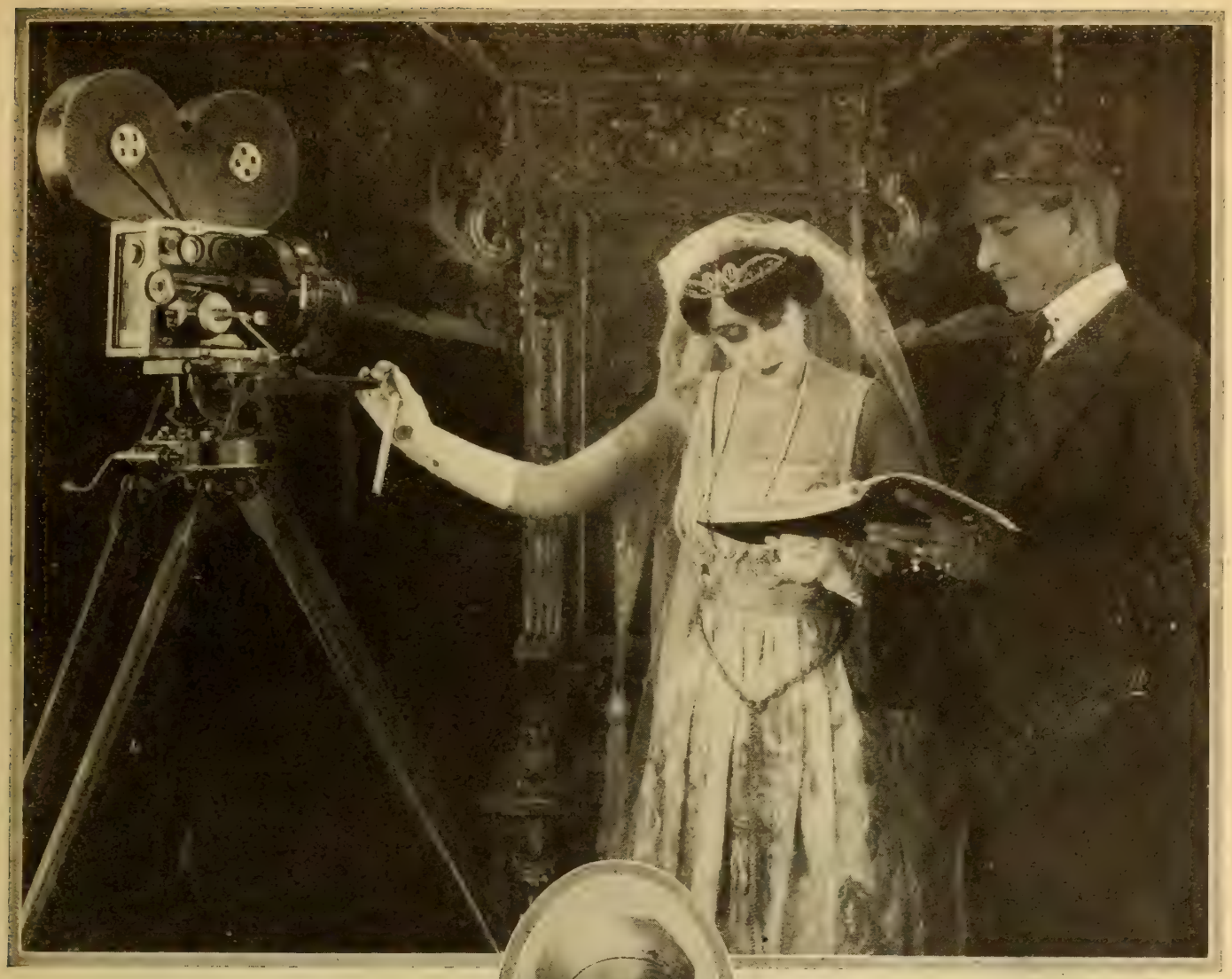
Mme. Petrova is not what one would call the emotional type. Her eyes sparkle with humor and darken at once in seriousness again.



what was it that she had found in two great picture corporations which caused her to abandon engagements which many a star more popular with the masses would have jumped at, to undertake the arduous task, as well as assume the risk, of producing her own photoplays? Perhaps a glimpse at her personal history may give a clue.

Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, of Russian-Polish parents. Her childhood was passed principally in Brussels, Paris and London. As she reached womanhood, she moved in fashionable circles—how fashionable may be guessed from the circumstances of her theatrical debut. It was in the private theatre of the late Marquis of Anglesey where she played opposite the marquis, a thespian dilettante, for mutual friends. More than ever determined to adopt a stage career, she made certain sacrifices, and found an engagement.

She succeeded and decided to try for a broader field in America. She made her debut in "Panthea," followed with "The Revolt," and then, not satisfied with any play available, decided that if she could not get the roles she wanted, she would rather take what she could get in pictures than behind the footlights. She made a long series of pictures with Metro, and upon the expiration of her contract joined Lasky. Complications arose, and the contract was cancelled. Now she is producing for herself, assuming full charge of every detail of her operations.



Mme. Petrova, at her studio, discussing a point in the scenario with her director, George Irving.



The secret then is this: The European actress, and there are some in America too, is not satisfied with mere financial success. She will not play parts she does not like. And Petrova is even more than an European actress—she is a born aristocrat of extraordinary talent. And the ambition of this unusual woman?

"I want to portray strong women," she says. "I do not mean by a strong woman one who is merely persistent in saying 'No' to temptation. That can be either strength, stubbornness, or cowardice. The strong woman is she who, having said 'Yes,' goes through with it unflinchingly. When unexpected developments arise, when the day of payment comes, when she suffers, she does not whine and cry, 'I couldn't help it. It wasn't my fault.' She stands erect and says, 'Yes, I did it. And in similar circumstances I would do it again.' Isn't that what a strong man would do? And shouldn't women be as strong as men?

"I am a feminist. By that I do not mean that women should try to do the work of men. They should merely learn to do their own work, live their own lives, be themselves, with all the strength that is in them. They should not be clinging vines, blaming men for all the ills that befall them, and forced to acknowledge men as the source of all their good fortune and happiness."

"But coming back to pictures—"

"We haven't been away from them," replied Madame, with a smile.

As a matter of fact we hadn't, for as the greater number of stars are women, so even as the character of the principal woman in the story, so is the picture.

"Mind you," she added, "I have no quarrel with the delightful, conventional leading woman or pretty little ingenue. They are all charming. The world always will seek entertainment from such types because they reflect the commonest of all desires. But I do not believe that plays in which such characters predominate can ever serve to allay that spiritual hunger of which we were speaking. They lead us nowhere. They merely tell us what all thinking persons know is not true—that in romance there is happiness, and that the supreme events in life are usually accidents. Nor do they work any harm since for the very reason that they are romantic and not real they do not establish false values. They just entertain and charm us."

"Then in your own pictures—"

"Don't speak of them, please. And pray do not imagine that I am so blind as to think that I have overcome the thing I am criticizing. In only one picture in which I have ever played am I not ashamed to have my name appear, 'The Undying Flame.' In 'Exile' too there was an approximation of that at which I am aiming."

"What was the difficulty? Wouldn't the producers give you the stories you wanted?"

"Give them to me? They couldn't get them. They hunted, and I hunted, for stories, stories, stories. In sheer despair I began to write my own. They were far from my

(Continued on page 112)

Announcement of Winners Film Corporation

Two of the four prize winners are now being made into photoplays



H. O. Davis, vice-president and general manager of the Triangle Film Corporation.

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the winners of the prizes in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-Triangle Film Corporation scenario contest.

Over 7,000 scenarios were submitted in this contest, and we hardly need to say how prodigious has been the task of selecting from these 7,000 the four that were best. But Mr. H. O. Davis, vice-president and general manager of the Triangle Film Corporation, has made good on his promise to give us the news for this issue, working overtime to do it. Everything has come by means of telegrams as there wasn't time to wait for the mails. The magazine is going to press as this article is being written and for that reason we can't tell you very much this month about the prize winners. We'll give you what we have learned at the last minute, and next month we'll try to do better.

Mrs. Kate Corbaley, who wins the first prize of $1,000, is the wife of a successful construction engineer, and the mother of four beautiful children. Although she lives in Los Angeles, the world's film capital, Mrs. Corbaley has never been in a motion picture studio, nor has she ever met a player. So you see, any sort of initiation is not essential to success, for Mrs. Corbaley has sold several comedies to the Sidney Drews although she has only been trying to write scenarios for a year and a half. She says, "The trouble with most photoplays we see is that they are just motion pictures. I have tried to write about real people, acting as real people would act in real life."

That she succeeded is especially indicated by Mr. Davis' comment regarding her play, "Real Folks,"—"It is a story of American life which for sheer characterization recalls the wonderfully distinct types of William Dean Howells' novels."

Mrs. Corbaley is a graduate of Stanford University, and is a daughter of California pioneers.

The winner of the second prize of $500, Katherine Kavanaugh, was formerly leading woman with Valerie Bergere, in vaudeville, is thirty-five years old and admits it. She has been writing photoplays for one year and in

in the Photoplay-Triangle Scenario Contest

Selections prove that best stories come from real life.

that time has sold six. Two of hers, "The Wheel of the Law" and "Peggy, the Will o' the Wisp" have been produced. She has also written for the vaudeville stage. In "Betty Lends a Hand," the part of Betty will be taken by Olive Thomas, the famous beauty, and former Follies star.

Now we have a story which will surely spell wonderful encouragement to the faint-hearted. Mabel Richards, who is going to be surprised by a check for $300, never wrote a photoplay before in her life. She saw the announcement of the competition in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and conceived "The Tree of Life." She is a girl in her twenties, and goes to work every morning, just like thousands of other girls in moderate circumstances. Miss Richards is a stenographer and has for years cherished an ambition to be a short story writer. She has worked diligently along these lines, but without success, hardly encouragement. The photoplay opens for her a new field of endeavor.

Mrs. Byrd Weyler Kellogg, the winner of the fourth prize of $200, sends us a telegram which is about as illuminating a bit of "color" as we've ever seen. We quote it verbatim: "Age thirty-six. Newspaper aspirations killed by matrimony. Occupation, mothering family. Recreation, amateur theatricals. Husband banker. 'Skipper Fly' conceived with the desire to give mature bachelors a chance on the screen."

Honorable mention has been awarded seven other stories, some of which will be purchased by the Triangle Film Corporation. They are "His Brother's Keeper," by Frances E. Russell, Marquette, Mich.; "The Panther," by Clara McCorkle, Seattle, Wash.; "Cupid Picks a Lock," by W. Russell Cole, San Francisco, Calif.; "The Doctor," by Mrs. Sophie W. Newmeyer, Cleveland, Ohio; "A Man of Resources," by Madeline Rice, Holliston, Mass.; "Tempering Justice," by Gizelle Wohlberg, Waco, Texas, and "The Alien Strain," by Katherine Kavanaugh, winner of the second prize.

The Winners

First Prize, **$1,000**

"Real Folks"

KATE CORBALEY, 2227 West Twenty-fourth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Second Prize, **$500**

"Betty Takes a Hand"

KATHERINE KAVANAUGH, 3434 Belair Rd., Baltimore, Md.

Third Prize **$300**

"The Tree of Life"

MABEL A. RICHARDS, 3402 Flournoy Street, Chicago, Ill.

Fourth Prize, **$200**

"The Moth and the Skipper Fly"

MRS. BYRD WEYLER KELLOGG, 1006 Humboldt Street, Santa Rosa, Calif.

The stories winning first and second prizes are already being filmed, and the authors will shortly have the pleasure of seeing the plots of their own creating enacted upon the screen. The pictures will be made under the personal supervision of Mr. H. O. Davis, and no expense or pains will be spared to make them the best that the resources and experience of the Triangle Corporation can produce—and that's saying a great deal.

We want to emphasize one fact which this contest indicates so clearly: that there are golden opportunities in this age of the photoplay, opportunities just waiting for men and women to come along and pick them up. Photoplay writing is going to be recognized as a legitimate branch of literary endeavor—it is already so recognized; see the comment of Mr. Davis.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE congratulates the winners, but it does not forget those who tried and lost. Perhaps there were in those thousands of stories many others which fell just a little short of success. The experiences of those who have won offer hope and inspiration to the less fortunate ones.

NEXT MONTH

We will publish articles about the winners and how they came to write the plays which won prizes, in the hope that these accounts will prove of value to those who have not yet won success. We have talked with Miss Richards, and feel safe in saying that her story will be one of the most interesting and human documents you have ever read.

"Gee Whiz"

An expression of Douglas Fairbanks

By Delight Evans



Photo by Apeda

ONCE
I
Was just Like
You, and
You, and
You.
Then I Went
To the Blackstone
To see
Douglas Fairbanks.
When
I first
Saw Douglas Fairbanks,
I
Knew Right Away
He was
Real.
If you
Shake Hands with
Him, you Know
He Means it.
He's
The Kind of Man
Who'll play for Hours
To Let the Other Fellow Win
He's
The Kind of Man
Who'll greet you Now
Just as he did
When you Used to Know him.
He's not as Big
As he Looks on the Screen;—
I Thought So
Until
I saw him Smile—
You can't Get Away from it.
He's
Brown-faced, and
His Eyes
Are Brown.
You'd think he Was
A Ball-player,
He's so
Unconcerned.
He
Isn't an Actor.
He
Had a Cigarette; but
I think he Did That
So I would Know
Who he was.
Brother-John
Was there.
He loves
The Water;
He watched
Lake Michigan, while
Douglas Fairbanks
Resumed his Cigarette, and
Tilted himself
'Way Back
In a Very Little chair.
He Sat There,
And
He didn't Move,
Except to Scatter
Ashes Around.
It Looked
So Funny.
I
Waited for him
To Begin to Talk
About himself;
And he Didn't,

AND he Didn't.
And Brother-John
Looked;
And I
Wondered
If I Had Better
Go Home, because
I'd Made a Mistake,
And he wasn't Douglas Fairbanks
After All.
And then
I
Looked at him, and
I Saw
He was
A Human-Being,
And that Maybe
The Trouble wasn't with
Him, but
With me.
He Said
He was Sorry
That he Couldn't
Climb Something, or
Jump over the Table.

BUT
He was
Tired, and Besides
I don't Think
Brother-John
Would have Let him.
"I've
Been on a Vacation.
I'm
On my Way West—
—(D'y' Mind if I Smoke?)
On my Way to Oregon, for
The Round-Up.
And then
I'm Going
Back to Work."
I Watched him
As he spattered superfluous
Ashes
All Over the Floor.
(I Wonder
If he Does That
At Home?)

"GEE Whiz!
Why, we need
Quality; and
We'll never Get it
As Long as the Present Rate of
Speed
Is Continued.
You know," he Said,
"I
Like my Work—that is.
The Actual Filming is Fun, but
The Endless Preparation—
Gee Whiz!"
Brother-John
Was Still There.
"How
Did you Get
'Down to Earth'?"
Douglas Fairbanks Stared
At Me.
"You Mean—
Where was I born?"
I Guess he Thought
Everyone Knew That.
But
I Meant
The Picture.
"Oh!
I wrote the Story
Long Ago—
Before you
Were Born.
I Used
To be a Newspaper Man, you
Know."
He Told me
His Book
"Laugh and Live"
Is Just
What Everyone Believes;
And he Says
His Spirit, which
Critics call Magnetism, and
People call Smile,
Is just a reflection—
Just a Reflection
Of What Everyone Believes.
And he Believes That.
And he Almost
Made me Believe it.
And
I Think
He mentioned
Vibrations, or
Something Like That.
When I
Said Something
About
Matinee Idols, he
Didn't Know
What I Meant.
He was Awfully Surprised
When I Told him
They Still Have
Things like That.
"It's
Old Stuff."
He Puffed.
"They Don't
Make Love like That
Any More.

GEE Whiz—it's Speed
They Want—
'Willy'marrymecome-
onhere'sthelittleoldboat-
allreadyandI'mwaiting'
Sort of Thing.
Eh?
But
It's Just as Sincere—
Just as Sincere."
Douglas Fairbanks
Isn't an Actor,
At All.
He
Talked About
His Wife,
And Everything.
He Sent her
A Telegram.
"Arrived safely—
(That's all.)
Went shopping—
(That's Enough.)
Feel Bully—
(That's true.)
Gee, Dear, I Miss You!"

I'M not Going
To Write
Any More.
Before
I Left,
I
Knew Why
They Call him
Old Doc Cheerful.



The Reformation *of* "Wally"

He has forsworn the morbid and the grewsome and gone in for the more cheerful stuff

By Alfred A. Cohn

HENRY B. WALTHALL, greatest of all screen emotional stars of the sterner sex—and some think, of either sex—has reformed.

This will be sad news to some of our most faithful morgue frequenters who love to gorge on the gruesome and wallow in the mires of morbidity—all vicariously, of course; they are satisfied merely to see it on the screen.

For several years Walthall has been our foremost exponent of what might be called "Poe stuff." It all started with his picture, "The Avenging Conscience," a Griffith welding of Edgar Allen Poe's "Annabel Lee" and "The Telltale Heart," done in the prefeature days of the movies. Then came his second dip into the psycopathic with his picturization of Ibsen's sweet little pastoral, "Ghosts," which he did for the old Griffith organization in its Mutual days.

Those who have flicked through the pages of this delightful literary morsel, or have seen the dramatic version, will recall that *Oswald* inherited something or other that was more or less unpleasant and finally slid himself off this mortal coil after considerable mental travail.

Well, after "Ghosts," the producers with whom "Wally" was associated could see him only through pale green spectacles. They shunned anything that bore a suggestion of brightness and cheeriness, despite the fact that Walthall's greatest screen successes had been done in clean sympathetic roles like his *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation."

Then for two years, with an occasional break, Walthall devoted his time and his exceptional talents to portraying men either in the firm grip



of that great aide to scenario writers, Demon Rum; victims of various potent decoctions extracted from the poppy and other flora; or sons compelled to fulfill some obligations contracted by their respective fathers. As a recipient of paternal sins, Mr. Walthall has had no peer.

Finally, things got so bad that the scenario writers who were doping out the celluloid vehicles for Mr. Walthall were compelled to sleep in psycopathic institutions in order to get into the proper mental sphere for their work. At least, that information has been vouchsafed by an apparently disinterested party and "Wally" concedes that some of the stories submitted to him had all the indications of such brewing.

Then he began to get letters from screen friends and admirers of "Little Colonel" days begging him to forsake the booze and dope and degeneracy drama and put a little happiness into his plays. Like other habits it was rather difficult to break off, but it was finally accomplished and if Walthall has his way, he is through forever with pathological photoplays.

"Never again!" exclaimed Mr. Walthall with especial reference to the plays he has vowed to shun, in his new resolution. "If I can make a living otherwise, I will never play a dope fiend again, or a booze fighter, or a man with a portable soul. I'm off that stuff for life, if I may be allowed to revert to a very expressive slang phrase.

"I suppose it was all right in the beginning. It was something new and different from the sort of screen pabulum that was being provided in those early days. 'The Avenging Conscience' opened a new road, although I did that prior to 'The Birth of a Nation.' But after 'The Avenging Conscience' the producers thought this was the only sort of stuff I was fitted for and directors used to lie awake nights trying to dope out harrowing situations for me.

"I have portrayed everything that has been figured out in the way of dual personalities and have emoted the whole gamut from common ordinary drunkards to dopefiends of the rarest vintage.

"Perhaps it was the great war with its attendant sorrows that brought about the change in the attitude of the screen patrons or, maybe they just naturally sickened of grief and morbidity as a steady diet. At any rate the ban is on that form of drama and I hope, for good.

"I much prefer to portray the pleasant things of life. And I believe the public would prefer to see happiness depicted rather than the morbid and the gruesome. At any rate we are going to give them something a little different for a change."

Mr. Walthall came back to California recently after more than two years in Chicago with Essanay, and is at the head of his own company which is to place its pictures on the market through the agency of the Paralta Company.

Mr. Walthall is one of the screen's pioneer stars and one of the best liked of all those who have reached fame through the medium of the projection rays, chiefly because of a naturally unstrained personality and a knowledge of acting which stood out in bold relief in the early days of the cinema drama. He came to the camera stage from the footlights where stardom had been denied him because the powers that were considered him deficient in stature for dominant roles.

A native of the South, Mr. Walthall is the embodiment of all those virtues that go to complete the popular conception of a Southern Gentleman. He was born in Shelby County, Alabama, and in his boyhood a judicial career was mapped out for him. But the law palled on him and he



After "The Avenging Conscience" the producers thought this was the only sort of stuff I was fitted for, and directors used to lie awake nights trying to dope out harrowing situations for me. I much prefer to portray the pleasant things of life.



Mr. Walthall and his leading lady, Mary Charleson discuss a situation while director Rex Ingram, with checkered cap and extended finger, tells the technical staff what to do next.

finally followed his inclinations and took to the stage. Still on the sunny side of forty, Mr. Walthall believes that he has yet to reach the zenith of his screen career and those who know him quite agree, although his characterization of the *Little Colonel* in the Griffith masterpiece will always stand out as a classic portrayal.

The Test

The second of a series of great short stories by the author of "The Big Scene." His next story "Signing Up Cynthia" will appear in the January number.

By

Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell



When she wasn't working I'd find her reading the papers, column after column, line after line, all the local and police news.

"SOME chicken!" Gardiner, the scenario writer said, as he put down his glass. "She can have *my* money."

"She doesn't need it," I remarked, rather sourly. Gardiner has a way with women that I don't like. "We're paying her five hundred a week now, and next year she'll probably get a thousand."

We had been speaking of Betty Mason, one of the new International "finds," and had just come from the first showing of a picture I had directed, in which she made her initial bow to Broadway as a star.

Gardiner excused himself a bit later, on the ground that he had to finish a scenario for which he was to get $10,000. Everybody smiled. It's the usual thing around Longacre Square to double when talking about money. Everyone expects it. But Gardiner not only doubles, he re-doubles, and then adds a thousand for luck. It's quite a system.

Bancroft, of the *Times,* turned to me.

"Where did you dig her up?" he asked.

"It's quite a story," I said, lighting a fresh cigar.

"I thought so," said Bancroft, who has the nose of a bloodhound for copy. "Let's have it."

"If you really want to hear it," I remarked, "I'll shoot. I'm not breaking any confidences in doing so. Betty isn't ashamed of what happened. Rather proud of it, I should say and she has a right to be."

Two years ago Betty Mason knew as much about screen work as I know about the teachings of Confucius, and that draws a clean blank. But she knew about love, which is older than the teachings of Confucius, and also more important.

"When a woman has a claim against Love," she said to me once, "she shouldn't figure it a total loss until she's secured a judgment, and put it through supplementary proceedings."

I didn't know just what she meant, at the time, but later on she told me the whole story.

I forgot to say that I've known Betty for eight years. Betty Joyce, she was then, just turning seventeen, and playing bits in summer stock out in Cleveland. Oh, yes, I was there too. Leading juvenile, at thirty-five a week. Some difference between that and—well, you boys know what everybody says I get from the International, so figure it for yourselves. Only I might say that the President himself hasn't anything on me, so far as salary is concerned. Only eight years ago, and nobody had ever heard of Griffith, or close-ups, or Mary Pickford, or five reel features. When you come to think of that—of what's happened in eight years,—it takes your breath away.

But to get back to my story. Betty Joyce and I were good friends then—real friends. I had sense enough to see that she was playing in stock because she wanted to learn something, and that something was how to act. And she *did* learn it, that year, and later on, as her work today shows. She wasn't the sort to sit around cafés half the night, drinking highballs with the "rah rah" boys, and ruining her complexion. Not Betty. She beat it for her



room and went to bed. And take it from me, the beauty parlors wouldn't declare any dividends if the rest of the sex followed her example.

Betty went out with a road show, the next season, but the year after we met again in stock at Springfield. I was just getting my first chance at directing, and Betty sort of fitted in, doing ingenue parts, French maids, younger sisters, and the like. I saw that she had improved a lot. Then Frank Mason turned up.

He was salesman for a paving brick concern, somewhere up the Hudson, and he met Betty through another girl he knew in the company. They fell for each other hard, and I guess he rather neglected the brick business, in Springfield, taking Betty out to lunch, and dinner.

I saw at once that Betty and Frank talked the same language. There's no use trying to figure out why. They just hit it off, and were as happy over a club sandwich as you fellows would be over a dinner at the Waldorf. So I said goodbye to Betty, in my mind, and thanked God that another woman had found out what life was all about.

Yes—they were married. By a justice of the peace. I was one of the witnesses. The cabman was the other. I remember the justice of the peace hurried things terribly. I guess he must have had a date.

After that Betty faded from view, so far as I was concerned. I heard nothing from her for years. Then all of a sudden, she came back.

We were shooting a scene down at Long Branch. Goldheimer, our president, has a brother who owns a big place down there, with an Italian garden, exact reproduction of one in Florence, they say. Well, one morning we were waiting for our star to show up—he had a bad habit of being late and Goldheimer canned him for it last month—when I heard someone speaking to me, and, turning, saw a mighty good looking woman at my side. She called me by name, and asked me if I remembered her. I did my best, but five years in pictures must have clouded my brain. I couldn't place her. She was saying that she had gone to the studio, and they had told her where I was.

"Your face is familiar," I said, "but—"

She flushed, and looked uncomfortable.

Don't you remember Betty Joyce—married Frank Mason in Springfield? Why"—she laughed—"you were one of the witnesses."

Then I knew, of course, and I took a good look at her. She was as beautiful as ever, but worried—terribly worried.

"What can I do for you, Betty?" I asked.

"I want to go into pictures," she said. Just like that. I smiled rather wearily, I guess. When you hear the same thing a thousand or two times a day, year in and year out, it gets on your nerves. You begin to believe that every woman in the United States, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, honestly thinks in her heart that she could make Mary Pickford look like September at the seashore, if she only had the chance.

"Why do you want to do anything like that, Betty?" I said.

She hesitated for a moment, then spoke right out in that honest way of hers.

"Frank isn't doing very well. There's a new man in charge of the New York office, and he and Frank don't gibe. I feel that I ought to help out."

"How does Frank feel about it?" I asked.

She looked sort of queer.

"He doesn't want me to go back on the stage," she replied. "Says a man should be the breadwinner, that a woman's place is at home."

"Then what's the use of asking me?" I said.

"I'm going to surprise him. Money is all we need. Frank hasn't been well. We're in debt, for doctors' bills and the like. I'm down here today without his knowing it. I want a job. When I come to him with the salary check, he'll forgive me, I guess."

I felt dubious, remembering Frank Mason as I did. He

was one of those men who think the stage is the anteroom to hell.

"You'll have to make a test," I told her. "Can't tell how you'll screen, in spite of your good looks."

"That's just what I want," Betty replied.

I called to Percy Malone, my camera-man.

"Miss Mason is going to pose for a test Percy," I said. "Get busy."

We ran off a hundred feet or so of film, putting the girl through the usual stunts, and then Maurice Vinton came across the lot. I turned to him.

"Just do a little love scene with Miss Mason, Maurice," I said. "Betty, this is Mr. Vinton."

She smiled up at him, and I could see that Maurice thought he'd made another conquest. You know how conceited he is about his looks.

"Sure," he said. "Delighted."

I put them on an old marble bench with vines over it, that we were using in the big picture, and let them do a little scene together, Maurice protesting his love, and Betty finally accepting him. I knew the girl could act, and I wanted to see how she would do, with someone to play up to. Posing by herself, she had been terribly self-conscious and nervous.

Maurice took full advantage of his opportunities. His love-making was the real goods. He ended up by giving her a regular two-minute Sappho kiss. Oh yes—it was great, for Maurice. I liked the pose so much that I had Percy make a couple of stills of it.

I told Betty to come over to the studio the following Monday, and see herself as others saw her. We were to be working on interiors, then, and I would be on hand to see the results. I had an idea right then that the test would be a good one.

It was. Betty Mason screened as well as she looked, and she showed that she knew how to act. I was thoroughly satisfied. When we came out of the projection room, I gave her the stills, and took her address.

"I hope to be able to use you in my next picture, Betty," I said. "I'll let you know. Good luck. And give my regards to Frank."

She went away, greatly pleased, but I found out afterward that she didn't say anything about the matter to her husband. She wanted to be sure, before she sprung it on him.

What happened after that Betty has since told me. It was a-plenty. She was sitting in the living room of their little apartment on One Hundred and Tenth Street one morning a couple of weeks later, wondering whether what I'd told her had been the usual stall, when a telegram came for her. I know what was in it for I sent it myself.

"Dear Betty," I said. "Come over and see me today. I need you." I signed myself "Bert," for we'd always been Betty and Bert in the old stock days.

She was terribly excited, of course, for she knew, from my wire, that I was going to give her a trial. And that was the truth. There was a part in the new picture I was doing that just suited her, and as luck would have it, I needed someone to fill it. So she fixed herself up, trying to look her fetchingest, the way all women do, when they have anything on hand, from buying a spool of silk to meeting the man they love, and came over to the studio. I put her to work at once.

That day Frank Mason lost his job. The new manager wanted to make room for his nephew, I understand, so he just naturally tied the can to Frank. And Betty's husband, like many a better man before him, walked out of the office in a daze and proceeded to seek consolation from old John Barleycorn. Along about the middle of the afternoon, feeling somewhat knocked out as a result, he decided to go home and break the awful news to Betty. And to his astonishment she wasn't there.

Of course it irritated him, feeling the way he did. He wanted someone to talk to, for the thing had hit him hard. Presently he went over to the desk in the living room, thinking that Betty might possibly have left a note saying where she had gone. There wasn't any note, but there was something else, that caused him to go right up and hit the ceiling. It was my telegram, of course. Poor Betty, in her excitement and hurry, had tossed it into the desk and forgotten all about it.

Frank read it, and reached the usual conclusion of a jealous husband. The signature "Bert" told him nothing. He hadn't thought of me, for five years. All the message meant to him was that some man had wired to Betty to come to him, and she had gone. He began to see red.

The next thing he did was to search the desk. The telegram disclosed nothing as to my identity, but there might be letters, with my full name, or my address. So he began to go through the drawers.

Needless to say, there were no letters, except a few from Betty's sister, and one or two women friends. But down underneath a lot of receipted bills, cooking receipts and the like lay the two stills I'd given Betty, showing her in Maurice Vinton's arms. I can imagine his feelings, having seen the stills. Frank Mason simply took a balloon ascension.

I don't know that it has ever been decided just what is the proper thing to do under such circumstances. Some men consider it the correct move to shoot the home-wrecker. Others lean to the notion of murdering the guilty wife. A third class simply walks out and doesn't come back. Frank Mason sat there, in that little room, for a long time, trying to figure things out. He got a revolver from the dresser drawer and loaded it. He was trying to make up his mind whether he should follow Betty and shoot the man who had stolen her from him or not. Just think of it—there were Betty and I and Vinton up in the studio, working away with never a thought of tragedy in our minds, and a few miles off a man was considering whether to kill any or all three of us. You see, on the strength of the telegram it would have been me. Face to face, it would have been Vinton. I doubt if Maurice ever came nearer to death than he did that day, except once.

But Frank was too broken-hearted to fight. It was the loss of his job, that did that to him. He had nothing to offer Betty, except his love for her. He was a failure, and no wonder she had grown tired of him. In the end he decided to walk out, and not come back.

I suppose it never occurred to his jealousy-crazed brain that a married woman who was carrying on an affair with another man would hardly have herself photographed in the act. And at that they sometimes do. Only the other day I heard of a divorce case in which some highly compromising photographs were put in as evidence.

He left Betty a note, on the desk, saying that she would never see him again. Then he packed his grip and went.

When we finished up at the studio that afternoon, Betty told me she was going to break the news to Frank as soon as she got home. She was very nervous about it, knowing the way he felt about her going back into stage work, and asked me if I wouldn't go with her, and say "hello" to Frank, and tell him that she was going to make a lot of money. She thought he might take it better, coming from me. So, to oblige her, I went.

We reached the house about six. Betty said she knew Frank would be home, that he always came, about that time. There wouldn't be any dinner, of course, but in celebration of her good fortune she felt that we all might go down town and dine at Shanley's, or some such place. Poor kid, I guess she hadn't seen the bright lights for quite a while.

When we got to the apartment, and Betty opened the door, I saw the place was dark, and concluded that Frank hadn't returned from his office yet. Then the lights were switched on, and Betty saw a curious pile of objects on the desk. First there was my telegram, then the two



"What can I do for you, Betty?" I asked. "I want to go into pictures," she said. Just like that.

stills, then Frank's tragic note, telling Betty that since she loved another he had decided to go out of her life forever, and then, Frank's loaded revolver, lying on top of the papers and holding them down.

I didn't know whether to laugh, or not. From our standpoint—Betty's and mine,—the whole thing was ridiculous, a silly joke, but it would not have been any joke, believe me, if Frank Mason had changed his mind about running away, and had suddenly walked into the room determined to kill me. I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable.

Betty was horror-stricken. It was no joke to her, I can assure you. She knew everything could be explained to her husband in five minutes, if we could only find him. But how to find him, that was the question. He had made dark threats of doing away with himself, in the letter, and it was clear, from the way it was written, that he had been drinking. What mad act might he not commit, should he continue to drink throughout the evening? Personally I concluded that this was exactly what he would do, although I didn't say so to Betty, and when I suggested that she go out with me and have a bite to eat, I did so in fear and trembling. I don't believe I'm a coward, but to know that there's a madman camping on your trail, who fully believes that you have come between him and his wife, is not the sort of thing to give you an appetite.



Frank sat huddled in his seat, wondering how long it would be before he would be able to get away from me.

We left a note for him on the desk, explaining everything, and saying that we would be back in an hour. We thought he might come back, and find out, through the note, how foolish his suspicions were. Then we went to a little restaurant on the corner and had some supper. My back was to the door. I have never enjoyed a meal less.

On our return to the apartment we found everything just as we had left it, including Betty's note to Frank. He hadn't been there. She, poor girl, was beginning to get hysterical. I did my best to comfort her, but I couldn't stay long, for I had work to do at the studio that night. When I left, she was somewhat quieter, and told me I could expect her the next morning, for work.

I didn't much believe she'd come, but she did, looking pale and worn. I suspected that she hadn't slept, but thought it best not to say anything on the subject. All she told me was that Frank had not shown up. After that I was too busy, and too much taken up with the picture we were doing, to have time for anything else. Betty went through her scenes in great shape, and I think that her haggard expression helped her. You see she was playing the part of a girl who had been abandoned by her lover, and was supposed to look woe-begone and all that. We worked all that week on the interiors, and when I saw the scenes run off, I knew in my heart that I had found a star.

But Betty hadn't found Frank. In fact, he'd disappeared as completely as though he'd been swallowed up by an earthquake. Day after day Betty worked on, doing the sort of acting that lifts a part from the commonplace to the enthusiastic attention of the reviewers, with never a complaint, never a word to show the agony she was going through. Believe me, fellows, it was the gamest piece of acting I ever saw, on the stage or off. Not a whimper, yet when she wasn't working, I'd find her reading the papers, column after column, line after line, all the local and police news, expecting every moment to find Frank had been fished out of the river, or found dead in some obscure boarding house. And at night, she would go home to that little apartment, alone, and sit there hour after hour, waiting for him, starting at every sound, not knowing when he might appear, or what drunken frenzy he might be in if he did. I wonder it didn't drive her mad.

Not a soul in the company knew anything about it but myself. Betty wasn't the sort to bore other people with her troubles. And to add to the difficulty of her situation, Maurice Vinton made a dead set for her, just as I knew he would. He started out merely to amuse himself, as he had done so many times before, and being damnably good-looking, usually succeeded, as you boys all know, but this time he found that he'd run up against something different, and it puzzled him at first, and then it made him sore. The idea that he, Maurice Vinton, that some reviewer once said was the best-looking star on the screen, could possibly fail to win a woman had somehow never entered his head. From making love to Betty in a half-hearted, mechanical sort of a way, he suddenly found himself more in earnest than he had ever been in his life. He tried to get her to ride back to town in his roadster. He almost begged her to take dinner with him. He brought her flowers, magazines, candy, and followed her around until the whole company was laughing at him behind his back. And still Betty held him at arms' length.

Vinton couldn't understand why. You see, he didn't know that Betty was married. She'd taken off her wedding ring, the first day she came down to see me, and had asked me to call her "Miss" Mason, because she had some sort of an idea that a single woman has a better chance in pictures than one who is married. Afterward, when Frank left, she allowed matters to rest as they were, so of course everybody supposed she was fancy free, especially as no rich angels in limousines appeared to take her home from work. As for Vinton, he was absolutely flabbergasted.

(Continued on page 104)



White Photo

Claire isn't in pictures yet—at least only up to her dainty little ankles.

Claire *Fixes It* For Violet

A visit to an old timer introducing her little sister

By John Dolber

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JOHN DOLBER
NEW YORK

Article on new screen star from stage received. Cannot use it. Our readers want to know about people they've seen on the screen for years. Get some old timers. Get Violet Mersereau.
EDITOR PHOTOPLAY

MERELY interposing the remark that Violet Mersereau is only eighteen years old, and hence the expression "old timer" must not be taken too literally, the inmates of the Bluebird cage at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street thought the editor was right. So the head Bluebird undertook to arrange for me to take a trip with Miss Mersereau to the studio at Coytesville, which is just a trifle more suburban than Ft. Lee. After chirping into the telephone to somebody at the Mersereau apartment a minute or two, the Bluebird sat back on his perch and began cackling. When he had calmed his little self he turned to me and said:

"Miss Claire Mersereau said, 'Don't you think it would be far nicer for the interview person, for me to drive him over?' She is Violet's younger sister."

I, not knowing what I should say, murmured that I was sure it would be nicer, and then the Bluebird explained that the naive suggestion was offered merely to save me trouble, and not because Miss Claire considered herself a pleasanter traveling *vis a vis* than her sister. Miss Violet, it appeared,

departed quite early in the morning for Coytesville—oh, yes, very early, usually not later that a quarter of nine—and it was to save me from arising at unearthly hours that Miss Claire made her suggestion. So we fixed it that way. (Note to future interviewers of Miss Mersereau: This is an ideal arrangement. Otherwise you may not meet Miss Claire, and as a consequence not have the privilege of listening to the most exquisite speaking voice in the entire world, decorated from time to time with a ripple of laughter which needs no other reason for being than its own music, and carries a delicious little chuckle that comes at the end of the cadenza. One of these days I'm going to interview Claire herself, but she isn't in pictures yet—at least only up to her dainty little ankles.)

Hastily skipping the ride up the Palisades, which was enjoyable out of all proportion to its news value, we finally found ourselves in a little leafy lane, a still quieter nook of the silent suburb. Here there was none of the customary hubbub and bustle of the nervous cinema. At the end of the lane, to one side, was a house which contemplated approaching dissolution with all the calm indifference of houses which are consciously ugly, and hope for better luck in their next incarnations; to the other side, a rambling, one-story building, which might have been a carpenter shop, or a grain warehouse, or anything else in the world but a picture studio. Out of the door skipped a slender figure in riding breeches.

"Hello Claire,"—it was Violet, and we were formerly told by Claire who each other was.

Violet noticed that I was scanning the building.

"Yes. It's a regular studio," she assured me. "It does look a little tacky, doesn't it?"

I assured her that the worst picture I ever saw came out of the most perfectly equipped studio in the world.

"I'm glad you feel like that about it," Miss Mersereau replied. "For really, I love this old place. I'm never so happy as when I'm working here. Usually we work at the big studio in Ft. Lee. But it was on this very spot, six years ago, that I had my first experience before the camera."

(Six years ago! "Get some old timers. Get Violet Mersereau.")





"I love this old place," Violet :old me. "It was on this very spot, six years ago, that I had my first experience before the camera."

Aime Dupont Photo

"It was the original David Horsley studio," the old timer went on, just as if she had been a G. A. R. man telling about the battle of Gettysburg. "I had been playing child parts on the stage, and mother thought it might be a good idea to try pictures as an experiment. We came over, and they were just casting a picture, but there was no role young enough for me. Mother and I insisted that I could make up old enough for an ingenue, and as it was not so easy to get players then as it is now, they told me to come back next day and show how grown up I could be."

"It's always like that in our family," Claire broke in, impetuously.



Violet, an old timer at eighteen, having been in pictures six years, is a living symbol of the lusty young infant among the arts.

Aime Dupont Photo



"It seems that whatever parts we have wanted we were just too little for them. Now mamma says she doesn't want me to do anything for a few years until I grow up, and when sister wanted to play Rebecca—"

"I had to understudy the part a year, while they fattened me up for it," said Violet, with a laugh at the memory of anxiously watching herself grow for more than a year, so that she could have the leading role in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." But, returning to the Horsley incident:

"We came back the next day. Mother had lenghtened my skirts, and they bothered me. I never had had them below my knees before, and I kept holding them up so they wouldn't flop around my legs. The director sort of grinned, but guessed I'd do. Then they let me look over the scenario, and I discovered that the big part was a vampire, and wanted to play that. 'You're lucky to get in at all,' the director said. Well, we let it go at that. I went back to the stage afterward, but here I am, for keeps, I guess."

In those early days of the cinema, the most popular pictures were those showing wild western adventures, and many of these western classics were produced in the environs of New York. Hence one of the greatest necessities was that an actress should be able to ride like a centaur. And Violet Mersereau *could* ride. She had her first riding lesson while playing Flora in "The Clansman." The act was not on the program, nor in the theatre. Violet speaks again:

"One of the advertising stunts of the show was to have a few men in Ku Klux robes ride through the streets of the towns where we played. We had just arrived in a southern town and they were getting ready for the parade. I asked one of the men to put me up on one of the horses, just for fun. Well, the horse seemed to think that so long as he had a rider he might as well get to work, and as he didn't know the town, the only thing he could think of to do was go back to the baggage car whence he had just come. And

(Continued on page 114)



The two men stood, staring intently at the profile of Margaret

The Un

A fascinating story in which the of fate—cruel and unjust. But

By Marvin

CAPTAIN HAYNES, of the British army, spending his leave in Paris, greeted his old friend, the Reverend Walter Maxwell, as the two came face to face in the Place de l'Opéra.

"Even you parsons flock to Paris!" he exclaimed banteringly, with a smile.

But there was no answering smile on the clergyman's face.

"It's my eyes," he explained, and there was a somber note in his voice. "They've been troubling me for some time. I came over to consult the greatest specialist in the world. He says there's no hope for me—that I shall go blind."

"It can't be!" his friend exclaimed. Then he strove to force an expression of cheerfulness. "But those specialists are wrong most of the time, anyhow," he declared weakly. "Why, the idea is absurd. You won't go blind, you—can't!"

The Reverend Mr. Maxwell smiled ruefully, but made no answer. The captain realizing how dejected the clergyman felt hurriedly sought to change the subject.

"I just saw Count Gregorini driving by. He's a good sort. His mother, from whom he got his money, was an English woman. I know the hotel where he always stops. Come along with me, and I'll introduce you."

The clergyman somewhat listlessly assented, and the two men walked forward together. Neither of them had any least suspicion that they were Fate's puppets for the making of a tragedy.

At this moment, the count was tenderly greeting a girl who had just entered his suite in the hotel. She was Margaret, the motherless daughter of General Fielding. Gregorini had met her at Cannes, and had fallen violently in love with her at first sight. His ardent wooing quickly won the girl's heart. But the father refused to accept the Italian as his son-in-law. It was not that the young man was a fortune hunter, for he had wealth of his own. But General Fielding regarded him as a profligate, unfit mate for his daughter. So the lovers planned an elopement. The matter was simplicity itself. Margaret set out alone for England, ostensibly to see that the English home was put in readiness for her father a week later. Actually, she was to meet the count in Paris where he would be waiting for her. Then they would go together to England, to be married at once by special license.

Now, the moment of her arrival, Margaret's eyes fell on a dressing case, with some of its contents scattered over the table in the parlor of the suite. She evaded the count's embrace, as she questioned him.

"Why, these are your things, surely?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I wanted my writing case, so I had them sent here."

"But you have rooms of your own?" she demanded anxiously.

"No," her lover admitted. "That's just it. The manager has just informed me there's such a crowd in town to see the Czar that a room can't be had for love or money."

There was a note of apprehension in the girl's voice as she spoke again, falteringly.

"But surely you don't mean—that you are going to—" She broke off in painful confusion.

"Stop here?" the count concluded for her. "No, of course not, little woman. These are your rooms, and you shall have them all to yourself, if I have to walk about Paris all night. We'll dine together here, and then I'll leave you."

The blare of a band and the sound of cheering from the street interrupted the conversation.

"It's the Czar passing," the count said. "He's visiting Paris. We can see from the balcony." He swung open the windows, and the two stepped out.

"No need of our being announced," Captain Haynes observed to the young minister, after he had verified the fact that the count was stopping at the hotel. "I have the number of his suite."

When, a few minutes later, he knocked on the door and there was no response, he turned the knob and entered, followed by the Reverend Mr. Maxwell.

"That's his bag," the captain remarked cheerfully. "But where the dickens is the count?" Then he whistled softly



Fielding, as she stood on the balcony beside her lover.

foreseen

principals appear to be the toys
truth and love triumphs in the end

Dana

in astonishment. "There's a woman's coat," he continued. "This must be an affair—begging your pardon, Dominie," he added, turning toward his friend with a whimsical smile.

"Then I prefer not to intrude," Maxwell replied hastily. "It's hardly befitting my cloth, you know."

The strains of the band and the lively cheering of the crowd caught the captain's ear.

"It must be the Czar passing," he said. He went toward the window, drawing his friend forward with him. But suddenly he halted, and drew back a little.

"They're out there," he exclaimed to the clergyman. "See! Jove! She is a beauty," he added under his breath.

Maxwell leaned forward and looked in his turn, and for a few seconds the two men stood staring intently at the profile of Margaret Fielding as she stood on the balcony beside her lover. Then, of a sudden, the girl stepped away from Gregorini and stood, her face drooping a little, and now so turned that it was fully revealed under the light from the window. Haynes stared frankly. He noted that she was a "fashionable." Her gown was not that of an adventuress. Nor was her taste in jewelry, he remarked, observing a curious antique necklace she wore, which bore the carven signs of the Zodiac.

Maxwell sighed softly, moved to a strange rapture by the loveliness of this unknown woman thus revealed to him. It was with a curious mixture of emotions that he spoke the few words arranging a future appointment with his friend, and then made his way out of the apartment, carrying with him a vision that was to endure throughout the years.

When, a minute later, the count stepped into the room from the balcony, he scowled at the sight of his old friend sprawling at ease in a chair, a cigarette between his lips. Nevertheless, he controlled himself.

"Why, it's Dick Haynes!" he exclaimed, as he came forward with outstretched hands.

And then Margaret followed him into the room.

"Dear, if we must stop here till tomorrow—" She broke off abruptly as her eyes fell on the stranger. "I—I—beg your pardon."

"This is an old friend, Captain Haynes," the count said by way of introduction.

Somehow, the officer felt himself decidedly *de trop*.

"I'm afraid I've come at an awkward—" he hesitated with an embarrassment unusual to him, hardly knowing what to say. "Or rather, I didn't know that—"

The count cast a meaning glance toward Margaret.

"No, of course you couldn't guess what has really happened," he said suavely. "Now the cat's out of the bag, so I might as well tell you." He laughed. "You didn't imagine you were dashing into a honeymoon, did you?"

"A honeymoon!"

"Yes." The count's voice was vibrant. "This is my wife."

Margaret blushed deeply, but this was no more than might have been expected of the bride she was supposed to be. She realized the necessity for the deception, and accepted the congratulations the captain offered, along with his apologies for intruding at such a time. The three chatted desultorily for a few minutes; then the count asked:

"What's the news in London?"

"Why, nothing much," the captain answered. "The Debrett divorce case is still going on. And of course, the bank smash."

"What bank smash?" Gregorini inquired.

"The Pacific and Oriental. Haven't heard of it?"

"The Pacific and Oriental!" The count's voice was low, charged with a new emotion. "You're absolutely sure?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It was looted by the manager. The depositors will get absolutely nothing."

The count glanced for a moment toward Margaret, and then spoke very quietly.

"Every dollar I had in the world was in that bank. I'm a ruined man."

There followed a few moments of tense silence. Then Captain Haynes murmured some perfunctory phrases of sympathy and departed. He felt more than ever an intruder.

No sooner was the door shut behind their visitor than the count turned to Margaret, and in his voice was a note of despair.

"I have lost everything. I have no right to ask you to marry me now Margaret, dear. I am absolutely penniless.

The girl's eyes widened in dismayed perplexity.

"Dear, what are you saying?"

"Without money, we cannot live," came the harsh response.

Margaret rose and went to him where he sat bowed dejectedly. She placed her hands on his shoulder, and spoke with tender bravery.

"Anyhow, dear, we have our lives before us and we're both young. You'll find I can help you to bear things when we start—together."

He shook her hands off roughly.

"It would be madness to marry now. Not that that matters much. The one thing that interests me at the present moment is that I haven't a sou in the world. Without money, I am done. I was never one of the sort that can work—there's nothing I can do."

For a little, the girl was stunned by the sheer brutality of this revelation of her lover's selfishness. She went back to her chair, and sat staring at him while varied emotions surged within her. Then she suddenly saw with new clarity of vision the nature of the man to whom she would have entrusted her life's happiness. She heard his words, uttered with a sneer.

"Marriage would be the wildest folly!"

"Perhaps it would," Margaret assented quietly. "I am beginning to see things as you do. I didn't understand before — didn't know you at all, as I have learned to know you in the last few minutes. I let a great deal of romance creep into my loving of you. When this news came, I felt a sudden happiness, a belief that the trouble would bring us closer to each other, that I would be more to you—not less. Now I find I was not first in your life. Your money came before me. So, now that I understand, I'll go home; I'll start tonight. I can catch the mailboat." She rang the bell.

Gregorini spoke a few words of perfunctory protest against her traveling alone at night. Margaret turned from him without reply as the servant entered, and gave her orders concerning the luggage and the calling of a cab.

For a long time after she left him, Count Gregorini sat huddled, a prey to despair, and at last he yielded to it completely. He rose heavily, and went to the writing table, where he scrawled a brief letter. As he closed the envelope his eyes fell on a stick of black sealing wax lying in the tray. He took it and sealed the letter.

"It is appropriate," he muttered, with a grim smile. He rang for a servant.

"Post this at once," he directed. "Tell them at the office that I must not be disturbed."

The following day at her home in England, Margaret read the flaring headlines that told of Count Gregorini's suicide in a Paris hotel. She read, too, of the search that was being made for the woman who had been his companion just before his death. And as she read, terror gripped the girl's soul. She saw herself dragged into a malodorous scandal, her whole future wrecked. She held herself blameless for the man's death. She knew that his act had been caused not by the loss of her, but by the loss of his fortune. But she was

"The Unforeseen"

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay production by the Empire All Star Company, based upon the play by Robert Marshall.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Margaret Fielding.....Olive Tell
Walter Maxwell.....David Powell
Capt. Richard Haynes.Warburton Gamble
Henry Traquair.....Lionel Adams
Senator Fielding.....Fuller Mellish
Ethel Fielding, Margaret's sister.....
..... Eileen Dennes
Maxwell's Secretary.....Helen Courtney

Director—John O'Brien



"Anyhow, dear, we have our lives before us and we're both young."



Margaret wondered at her husband's new tenderness toward her, but the blind man guarded his secret well.

filled with horror at thought of being identified with the tragedy. She hailed as providential an invitation to visit an aunt who lived in seclusion in a villa outside Sorrento. She went at once—went heavily veiled, fearful of arrest at any moment. But in the quiet life with her aunt her alarm gradually subsided. Nevertheless, she was at pains to darken her hair for the purpose of disguise, and to wear it in a different fashion. Finally, she ventured to believe that she might meet Captain Haynes face to face without being recognized by him. So, after two years of retirement, she returned to her father's house, Shore Abbey. . . . And there she met Walter Maxwell—met him and loved him.

For Fate had brought the clergyman to serve as vicar in the girl's parish, only a few months after her departure for Sorrento. The man was almost completely blind now, yet, despite his affliction, he was able to perform the duties of his office. Perhaps Margaret was drawn to him by the contrast he presented in every way to that other who had first captured her fancy. Maxwell was handsome and strong, but, too, he was gentle and sympathetic, his first thought always for others. There was also the charm of his eloquence, and this held in private conversation as well as in public discourse. And perhaps his affliction appealed to the maternal instinct in her.

As for Maxwell, from the first he was irresistibly drawn toward this woman—on whom he had once looked although he had no knowledge of the fact. Indeed, he had striven to blot out the memory of that lovely face he had seen on the balcony of the Paris hotel; for, since he had read of Count Gregorini's suicide, he believed that woman an evil creature. He was horrified when he found himself thinking that the beautiful face he had glimpsed there in Paris might well be fit for Margaret, whose features he could only guess.

There could be no doubt as to the issue of this love affair. The deep feeling of both permitted neither evasion nor delay. They speedily became engaged; they were duly wed, and lived in happiness well-nigh perfect.

Margaret's one concern was lest her husband should ever learn of her connection with Count Gregorini, never guessing that he had seen her that day in Paris. She knew that in such case he must cast her off, that he could not believe in her innocence, that she could not even offer evidence in her own behalf. Her heart was tortured as she saw herself thus degraded in the eyes of the man she loved.

Maxwell's trouble was less poignant, though trying enough. It was a morbid shame over his blindness. He was scourged by the thought that his affliction made him unworthy of her. Finally, a year after the marriage, Maxwell paid a secret visit to an eminent London specialist, though he went in despair rather than in hope. To his amazement and joy, the great surgeon made a favorable

diagnosis. He declared his belief that after a few months of treatment, an operation would restore the clergyman's sight.

Margaret wondered greatly as to why, of a sudden, Walter, her husband, moved so buoyantly, spoke with a note of such gladness in his voice, laughed so often, was so newly tender toward her. For the blind man guarded his secret well.

Fate shot its bolt at Margaret one pleasant summer morning. At breakfast, Maxwell was interrupted by a telephone call. He returned to the room with a joyous expression in his face.

"It's Dick—Captain Haynes, an old friend. He's detailed for duty down here. We must put him up."

"Yes," his wife assented. Her voice was leaden. But the clergyman in his enthusiasm noticed nothing. She was stricken by the mention of that name—the name of the man before whom she had passed in Paris as the wife of Count Gregorini. Hitherto, her husband had never spoken of his friendship for Captain Haynes. His last and, because of his blindness, his predominant recollection of Haynes, was the encounter in Paris, and he avoided mentioning the incident to his wife. She was too pure for such a narrative.

Margaret recovered her self-control. She comforted herself with her long-nourished belief that the man would fail to recognize her, by reason of her darkened hair and a different mode of wearing it. At least she had been warned, so that she could meet him bravely, could defy any accusation he might make. She did her utmost to hypnotize herself into courage. But always, at the back of her consciousness, there was the dread of disaster.

Yet, when they met, the captain showed no sign of recognition, save that he looked at her closely and intently. It was only when the two were alone together that he spoke with a certain insinuation.

"You remind me so much, Mrs. Maxwell, of a woman I once saw in Paris. She was standing on a balcony, watching the crowds that celebrated the visit of the Czar."

"But I was not in Paris during any visit of the Czar," Margaret lied valiantly.

"Of course not," the captain agreed courteously. "Yet the resemblance is most striking."

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly.



The wife's answer was to go into the shelter of his arms.

"We all have our doubles, I believe," she said, with a smile.

For a moment, Captain Haynes hesitated. Then, abruptly, he leaned forward.

"It is not only her face that I remember," he said very deliberately. "I saw, too, the necklace she was wearing—a curious old affair done in the signs of the Zodiac." He stepped quickly forward, and, with an audacious gesture, lifted from her throat the necklace she was wearing. "It was like this," he ended.

For a moment Margaret was numb with horror. As she stood silent, the captain spoke again.

"That woman there in Paris was with Count Gregorini before he killed himself—the one for whom the police searched in vain."

Margaret swayed a little as if about to fall. Then she grew rigid. Her eyes blazed as she confronted this accuser. Her voice was icy as she spoke.

"Captain Haynes, the subject is offensive to me. I forbid you ever to speak of it to me again."

The man bowed formally.

"It shall be as you wish. Mrs. Maxwell," he said simply.

Maxwell told Haynes of the operation on his eyes, which was now at hand. He asked the captain to accompany him to London and to be his companion during the ordeal, which was still to be kept secret from Margaret. Haynes agreed, and the two traveled to town. The message explaining the reason for the trip came in due time to Margaret. It amazed her, and filled her with a glory of happiness beyond anything she had ever known. Without any warning, she learned that a miracle had been worked for the man she loved—that he was to see again.

The two men returned to the vicarage within a few hours after she had received the telegram. The wife welcomed her husband in a darkened room, with shades drawn and portieres pulled closely together. She still feared that a ray of vivid light might prove fatal to this new wonder of sight, vouchsafed to him by the great surgeon. Captain Haynes stood outside on the terrace. But through the open window he could see—and guess; though he could not hear. At last he dared to interrupt.

"Dearest!" Maxwell cried, as he swept her into his arms. "Why, you're crying!"

(Continued on page 114)



The adored little sister, singing. Only fifteen! a gifted actress, a poet,—and has prodigal Mother Nature endowed Mary Miles Minter with a Voice, as well? Evidently sister Margaret Shelby, at the piano, thinks so.

John, Anita, *and the* Giftie

The last named is not the Wolfhound, but refers to Robert Burns' desire for a moving picture camera

By Paul Grant



Emerson looks serious, and he is, but he sees the comedy of modern life and what's more, he can visualize it.

IT is altogether improbable that when Robert Burns wrote his wistful couplet,—

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
Tae see oursel's as ithers see us!

that he had in mind the invention of the motion picture camera. Nevertheless his little couplet was a prophecy; and when the cinema came into being the mechanical miracle was achieved. Yet this was not enough; something still was lacking. For years the camera struggled along and busied itself with telling, in countless miles of celluloid, that men and women are either angelically good or demoniacally bad. Occasionally it has hinted that there is a modicum of aberration in the most virtuous little maiden, but only in comparatively recent productions has it occurred to anyone connected with the enterprise that people were neither good nor bad, but just—people—even as you and I.

There came to the Fine Arts Studio, Los Angeles, one morning, a manuscript, all innocent in its external appearance. Through the hands of preliminary readers it passed, gathering a momentum of enthusiasm. Here was something new. Here was something humorous. Finally it reached the hands of David W. Griffith himself. The master scoffed at the timorous praise offered by his subordinates. He said, "Here is genius."

It was the first scenario submitted by Miss Anita Loos.

With much elation and high hope the scenario was turned over to a director—name withheld for good reasons. The director went into single-handed combat with the Loos ideas, and emerged from the conflict with—just another movie. Griffith frowned, scolded, fumed. Another scenario arrived from the same young woman. Result the same, with another director. And so on. Griffith kept on buying the Loos scenarios, but could obtain no satisfactory results in their production. They simply wouldn't screen, and that was all there was to it.

There came to the Fine Arts Studio, one day, a new director—John Emerson. Snooping around among the manuscripts he encountered one of these delectable impossibilities, and not knowing of the human wrecks that this literary vampire had strewn in her wake, demanded the privilege of transcribing it for the screen. Griffith replied firmly,—

"This girl's stuff doesn't make pictures. We've tried and tried, and it can't be done," he said.

Emerson insisted, Griffith demurred. They argued. They looked at the Loos failures in the projection room. But Emerson refused to be denied. Douglas Fairbanks was waiting for Emerson to direct his next picture. The director insisted upon using a Loos 'script entitled, "His Picture in the Papers." At length Griffith consented.

Result: The series of Emerson-Loos-Fairbanks comedies which have been the sensation of picturedom for the last two years.

Does this seem *lese majeste?* Does this mean that Emerson is a greater director than Griffith? Not exactly, any more than James Whitcomb Riley is a greater poet than Walt Whitman. Griffith's greatest admirer would not claim for him a sense of comedy. His comedy is of a ferocious, elemental type, typified by the Mountain Girl thrashing about in the market place of Babylon. Emerson, on the other hand, sees the comedy of modern life—visualizes in action what Anita Loos conceives in her fertile brain.

And Fairbanks! In him appeared the ideal figure about which these stories could be constructed. For Doug is human too. He can be angry, with a magnificent, berserk rage, and his smile would wheedle a flask from a toper.

Thus the great triple alliance came into being—three individuals, each of them already successful, focusing their distinct talents upon one task, that of showing the world how it looks, and with the kindliest humor, stripping the tough hide of convention off the inconsistencies of life.



Like O. Henry, Miss Loos found the most vital topics in the obvious.

Fairbanks was already popular, though the stage never gave him the elbow room he needed. His joyous personality was "cramped, cabined and confined" in the narrow limits of the playhouse. He needed, not knowing it, the wide sweep of mountain and plain.

Emerson was rated among the best of stage directors. He had played with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," "Leah Kleschna," and a series of one-act plays. He had supported Nazimova. He had been in partnership with the late Clyde Fitch in the productions of "The Truth," "Girls" and "The Blue Mouse." When Fitch died, leaving his uncompleted manuscript of "The City," it was Emerson who completed the drama and staged the piece which brought Fitch greater fame after his death than he had known in life. He turned to the screen, and produced such features as "Old Heidelberg," "The Flying Torpedo," "Macbeth," and other successes.

Miss Loos had long before decided to make a career as a writer. Editors had begun to welcome her short stories, before she discovered her talent for scenario creation. Like O. Henry, she found in the circumstances of existence which most people regard as too obvious to be worthy of consideration, the most vital topics.

Thus the triumvirate was established, and the Fairbanks-Emerson-Loos pictures launched, forming a *comedie humaine* as truly as are those mammoth creations of Balzac, and without the sordid elements of the French masterpieces, for, while you laugh at "His Picture in the Papers," you laugh also at the American love of publicity; while you laugh at "The Social Secretary," you laugh also at the maudlin ideas current concerning the perils of our girl stenographers; while you are thrilled by "The Americano," you chuckle also at the absurdity of most of our romantic fiction; while you laugh at "In Again, Out Again," you laugh also at the Pacifists; while you laugh at "Wild and Woolly," you laugh also at the eastern American's idealization of western melodramatic existence; while you laugh at "Down to Earth," you laugh also at all your friends who constantly imagine themselves standing with one foot in the grave, and when you laugh at "Reaching for the Moon" (as you soon will), you will laugh also at the vagaries of the New Thought faddists who take themselves seriously.

The word "comedy" is one of the most abused of all Mr. Webster's collection. They speak of Keystone Comedies, which are not comedies at all, but farces, burlesques or extravaganzas. They speak of Charlie Chaplin as a comedian, when as a matter of fact he is a buffoon, though

he has his serious moments. Comedy bears the same relation to farce, to buffoonery, to slap-stick, that drama does to melodrama. Comedy and drama tell the truth about human relations; farce and melodrama distort them for your amusement. Comedy and drama are fine, clear, French plate mirrors, in which you see yourself and your life reflected with perfect fidelity; farce and melodrama are those curved mirrors that you find in the penny arcades, casting back pictures that retain certain human features but without semblance of the original.

I hasten to dispel any suspicion that I regard John Emerson and Anita Loos as owning a monopoly on real comedy. "Skinner's Dress Suit" was comedy, and then there were,—I started to make a list, but, truth to tell, they are indeed scarce. "Skinner's Dress Suit" is a splendid example of how the public reaches out for this sort of art, and how the producer often misconstrues its popularity. The leading man in this picture, a very ordinary player, was hailed as a star, overnight—by the producers. They did not seem to know that it was the story, not the actor, the public loved. But they soon found out, when the quality of succeeding Skinner stories fell off.



Fairbanks' partners in art take their comedy-making seriously.

Comedy's the thing. The eyes of literature's favorite children have ever twinkled as they wrote. Thackeray, Moliere, Dickens, Mark Twain, De Maupassant, O. Henry, Shakespeare, George Ade, Shaw—high-and-low brow alike acknowledge them. Because the picture art is new, because it is cluttered with so much that is unworthy, we hesitate to employ classic phrases in speaking of even its best. Yet Griffith was not afraid to say that Anita Loos was the most brilliant young woman in the world. So I shall not be afraid to add that the Fairbanks-Emerson-Loos comedies are among the most valuable contributions to the art of the world that the twentieth century has produced.



Close attention to detail has ever marked their accomplishments.

Scenario Department Announcement

PHOTOPLAY has arranged for a series of articles by John Emerson and Anita Loos on various subjects concerning the writing of moving picture scenarios. More about this next month.



Photo copyrighted by Hartsook



Queen Jerry Abdicates

Dispatches from Hollywood, Cal., the empire of the screen, tell of the abdication of Queen Jerry. She has thrown up her job, assembled her household goods and traversed the continent to the land of the rising sun. The court photographer was called in and took these intimate scenes just prior to the departure from the imperial castle, just off Hollywood boulevard, and "easy walking distance," according to the real estate ads, to all studios. The gentleman with the wavy hair is the prince consort, M. Lou-Tellegen, and the third party in the lower picture, is "Captain" Farrar-Tellegen, scion of a noted Malamute family.



Bobo

Bobo's Billie

By Delight Evans



Billie

The editor assigned Miss Evans to write a very dignified article on Miss Mary McAlister, but she just couldn't resist that pup, "Bobo"—could you?

BOBO.

A flash of white and a streak of yellow.

Bobo.

Moreover, there's Billie. Billie is Bobo's Girl.

Nobody seems to know just why there is a Bobo. Of course, anyone at Essanay will tell you that they needed a dog for a Mary McAlister picture, and that Bobo was the result. But nobody knows just why he is Bobo.

Not even Billie, who belongs to him.

Like Bobo, Billie is a happen. Mercifully, we *can* explain the Billie of it. There was to have been a boy, and boys—especially firsts—are mostly named after their fathers. But when the baby-ribbon was blue instead of pink, it was Billie just the same.

Billie-and-Bobo. That's better; they really go together.

It's funny, how things and people happen. When you go to see a child actress, you don't expect a real child. You vision the wistful look, the pensive eyes, and the plaintive pout of the play child. Always they have curls and a ready retort.

This one didn't.

She is really Mary McAlister, Essanay's star of six summers. But when you know her, she's Billie.

For one long afternoon I watched her as she frisked on the busy studio floors, playing hide-and-seek among the props, or superintending Bobo so he wouldn't spoil a scene by interjecting his impertinent nose therein. And she talked to me.

I like Billie.

She had only the day before finished the last scene for her latest picture.

"Sweetie—*Mother* and I had a vacation," said Billie; "and we were in the country for two whole weeks. And all the time we were there, I never once wore shoes and stockings. When we came back, we went right to work on a poor-part, so today is the first time I've been really dressed-up for a month."

Her little legs were scratched, and her arms were chocolate-colored. In spite of her frilly frock and careful hair, she was a happy Billie.

"Here's Alice." She fondled a large doll. "Alice was made in Germany. But Mother and I think it would be better if that were not generally known."

Bobo sulked. He doesn't like Alice.

"Oh, Bobo! He's a nice dog, you know; but it's hard to make him behave sometimes." She laughed. "Why, some people are afraid of him! Once when Dede and I—Sweetie was gone, and Dede came over to play with me—once when we were blowing cut-glass ice-palaces in the bath-tub, Bobo sneaked in, and balanced himself on the rim of the tub, and got dizzy, and fell on Dede's back. It scared Dede so, she cried. But there's no reason why she should be afraid of Bobo;—he's not much of a dog, is he?"



That same afternoon, Bobo chewed a pair of Bil-



lie's sandals and ate the stopper of the bath-tub. Billie kept Bobo under cover when Sweetie returned.

"He chews everything," sighed Billie; "a very nice book of Mother's—and he *loves* eye-pencils."

Bobo barked.

"Once, Dede saw him swallow a safety-pin—an open safety-pin. But it didn't hurt him, and I didn't see him do it, so I'm not quite sure about that."

But Bobo can act. The click of the camera soothes him; the strident voice of the director inspires him. He has a congenial role in "Pants." And he is a very good actor.

Bobo is important, you see. But there are other things in Billie's life.

She works from nine in the morning to four afternoon. And she loves it. In all her little screen-life of two years, Mary McAlister has never kept the floor waiting. Billie, Sweetie, and Bobo are proud of that record.

Billie ranks with the great weepers of the screen. Just before a sorrowful scene is to be shot, Mrs. McAlister coaxes her into a corner and croons a sad, sad story about a poor little girl who has no mother, no father, and no dog. Billie's sympathetic heart responds, the camera clicks, and the scene is taken.

But one day the tears wouldn't come. And the floor was waiting.

"Well, Billie," said her mother; "you'll have to use glycerine tears, I'm afraid."

"Fake tears?" stormed the child. "Well, *I guess not!*" And Billie cried.

Whenever she works hard at the studio all day on a particularly heavy piece, Billie requires as compensation popcorn and apple-taffy. Both, she knows, may be consumed with relish and profit; but popcorn is really more fun, because one may pop it, you see.

Somehow or other, Billie has a way of drifting back to Bobo.

"We play a great many games, Bobo and I. Some of them aren't much fun for Bobo. He hates most of all to be dressed-up, and sometimes he acts badly about it. But when he's *very* bad, I take a little teeny string, and tie him to a chair. That hurts his feelings, and makes him cry. Once," she giggled, "he broke loose, and didn't even know it, and just sat there and cried.



Mary McAlister and Bobo have never kept the studio waiting and they're proud of that record.

A patient Red Cross model.



Whenever Billie and Bobo work hard Sweetie brings in ice cream.



Somewhere behind the mischief in her brown eyes there lurks a philosophy all her own. She was grieving not so very long ago because Sweetie, her Dear One, rebuked her.

"Please don't scold," she pleaded. "Oh, Mother dear, *that's behind us!*"

Billie's greatest ambition is to be a great photoplay actress, "like Mary Pickford."

Something that Mr. Eubanks, the general manager of Essanay, said to me about her, expresses the promise of her ambition's fulfillment.

"If all our stars, big or little, were like Billie McAlister, picture-making would be a pastime."



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

THERE is one rule which every athlete must follow to be successful: Be clean, in mind and body. For a starter, I know of no better advice.

PERHAPS the greatest foe to athletic success, among young college men, is strong drink.

Douglas Fairbanks

IF YOU are familiar with baseball—and the chances are nine in ten that you are—you know the meaning of the expression, "the breaks of the game." Given two baseball teams of equal strength, victory will invariably perch on the banner of the side which "gets the breaks."

It's much the same on the stage or in business. Many a good player has been sedulously avoided by whatever fate it is that deals out fame, because the "breaks" have been against him. Conversely, many a mediocre—or even worse—player has tasted all the fruits of victory because he "got the breaks," as they say on the diamond. But don't think I'm going to classify myself, because I'm not. Give it any name you like—even modesty.

Just where I would have wound up had it not been for a strange quirk of fate, of course no one can tell, but it was the misfortune of a fellow player that gave me the big chance I was looking for. Perhaps it was an indiscretion rather than a misfortune. But whatever it was, the victim of the circumstance found himself in jail on the day we were scheduled to treat the natives of Duluth, Minn., to a rendition of "Hamlet."

Now I'm not going to tell you how the star couldn't show up and I stepped into the breach and soliloquoyed all over the stage to the thunderous applause of the Northmen; that would be too conventional. Strangely enough I hadn't set my sights that high. But I *did* want to play Laertes and my colleague having run afoul of some offense which was the subject of a chapter of the Minnesota Penal Code, I played it that night.

Well to make a long story short, I played the part so well that it only took about ten years more to become a star on Broadway, the ultimate goal of all who choose the way of the footlights. Seriously, however, that was my chance and I took full advantage of it. In succeeding articles I will tell more about the climb to the top.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure I get out of my work for the screen is contained in the daily mail bag. And from time to time, I intend on this page to refer to some of the most interesting letters that come to me from all over the country—not only this country, but from such far off places as Australia. By the way, I believe they are more enthusiastic over the screen in the Antipodes than they are in this country, proportionately speaking.

One of the most frequent questions I am asked to answer is that relating to success in athletics.

It may sound strange to some of those who have been following my work on the screen, but I was a failure as an athlete. In college at the Colorado School of Mines I did not excel in any particular branch of sports. I went in for nearly everything, but the student body never wrote or sang any songs about me. I never came up in the ninth with the score three to nothing against us, with three men on base and put the ball over the fence. I never even ran the length of the whole field with the pigskin and scored the winning touchdown with only fifteen seconds of play left.

Then when I went to Harvard later I still was active in athletics but while just about able to get by in most of the games, I never got the spotlight in any specific instances. It might have been different had I remained, but the call of the footlights was too insistent.

There is one rule which every athlete must follow to be successful. Be clean in mind and body. For a starter, I know of no better advice.

I am not much given to preaching, but if I ever took it up as a vocation, I would preach cleanliness first and most.

The boy who wishes to get to the front in athletics must adopt a program of mental and bodily cleanliness.

Perhaps the greatest foe to athletic success, among young college men is strong drink. Personally I have never tasted liquor of any sort.

It was my mother's influence that was responsible for that as I promised her when I was eight years old that I would never drink. I might state, parenthetically and without violating a confidence, that my family tree had several decorations consisting of ambitious men who had sought valiantly, if futilely, to decrease the visible supply of liquor. I do not wish to take a great amount of credit for my abstention. Really, more credit is due the person who has fallen under its influence and fought his way out; but I know that the keeping of this promise has had a powerful effect on my life and my career.



"Doug" and His *Highest* Honor

You'd never know this was a scene from a christening, would you? "Doug" has just had a mountain named after him and is registering appreciation in his characteristic manner. D. G. Desmond was the United States Government's official godfather, and the christening took place while the Fairbanks Artcraft picture, "Down to Earth" was being filmed. Douglas Fairbanks' Peak is one of the most picturesque of the steep granite crowns that dot the Yosemite Valley. There is a comfortable hotel on its summit where visitors take the stage for the trip to the Big Trees.

All Feminine Except *the* "Billie"

The writer started out to analyze the charm of Billie Burke and found it very elusive

By Harriette Underhill



"With an unwonted unanimity of opinion, all women worship at the shrine of Billie Burke."

"OH! Do you know Billie Burke?

"And have you really talked to her?"

That is what every woman we know asks us just as soon as she finds out that we chronicle the doings of exponents of the drama, silent and noisy. It is always Billie Burke. Those of the masculine persuasion may and do inquire into the personality and habits of Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks or Charlie Chaplin; but with an unwonted unanimity of opinion all of the women worship at the shrine of the fascinating, beautiful, red-haired, blue-eyed, pink and white, altogether adorable Billie Burke. There, the secret is out. We quite agree with them and we know whereof we speak.

Just as soon as we admit that we do know Billie Burke, and that we have talked to her these two questions follow in rapid succession: "Is that hair all her own?" and "Was she terribly in love with Mr. Ziegfeld?" to which we answer truthfully and with conviction, "Yes" and "Yes." It is, she was and she is.

The last time we saw Miss Burke the visit took place not in a dressing-room nor in a motion-picture studio but in her beautiful home up at Hastings-on-Hudson. Miss Burke wanted us to see the baby and we wanted to see the baby so to Hastings we went. A most delightful place.



Billie Burke, six months.

It is a strange thing and we won't attempt to explain it, but Billie Burke of the theatre and Billie Burke Ziegfeld of the home are two entirely different persons.

And, Billie Burke's baby! It is the most adorable infant in the world. We wanted to quote Laurence Hope and say: "This is a small and perfect you."

"It is mine," said Mrs. Ziegfeld rapturously. "It is mine; and I can't get used to the idea even now. Billie Burke with a baby! I look at her and I hold her and I say: 'She is mine,' and yet it seems so strange, and I think of all the years I wasted doing foolish, unimportant things, when I might have been a wife and mother, and I might have had half a dozen. Oh! I wish that I had if they would bring me six times the joy that this wonderful child has brought me."

What a pity, we thought that those who worshipped at the shrine of Billie Burke the actress could not see Billie Burke, the mother. We could think only of the "Madonna



A siesta on her own front porch.

and the child" as she might have been painted by Titian.

"I haven't quite decided what my baby shall be when she grows up. No I do not think, somehow, that she will be an actress, although my life is a very happy one." And Miss Burke smiled that ineffably sweet smile which has endeared her to every one.



Her home at Hastings-on-Hudson.

"Nearly everyone believes that I am not an American, but as a matter of fact I was born in our National Capitol. I was very young when I went abroad—yes they called me Billie then; it was my father's name you know, and I thought I might as well adopt it for good, for I never was called anything else. I'm afraid I was a dreadful disappointment to my father. He wanted a boy and not only was I not a boy but I had no masculine proclivities from the start.

"I did the best I could to defeat nature, however, by calling myself Billie. And my little girl is a girl just as I always planned. Girls are much more interesting than boys—don't you think? And much more tractable too. I thoroughly agree with whoever it was that said boys should be buried between the ages of six and sixteen.

"Where was I?" said Miss Burke. "I was telling you something."

"You were in Washington and you were telling me about what happened after you left there."

"Yes of course. Well, I went abroad to study and they did make me study too. Nothing would do but I must speak several languages. I thought it all a terrible hardship at the time but a few years later how grateful I was for the knowledge which I possessed. I went on the stage and had the wonderful experience of playing in France, Russia



Billie Burke's garden. The music of water falling in a



The whole Burke-Ziegfeld family.

"It is mine, it is mine, and I can't get used to the idea. Billie Burke with a baby! I look at her and hold her and I say, 'she is mine!'"





pool. A tree-top nook in which to read and dream.

and a number of other European countries, so it was very nice to be able to speak the language and entertain.

"My heart was right in the land of my birth, however, and I considered all this simply gaining experience while en route for America. My first appearance in London was in 'Pavilion.' Yes, I believe they liked me. They seemed to and they were very kind. Next came 'Beauty and the Beast' and 'The School Girl' with Edna May; 'The Duchess of Dantzic' and 'Mr. George' and then hurrah! America! You know one of my plays was 'The Amazons' but I didn't sympathize at all with the role for there is nothing masculine about me but my name.

"I must say something about pictures, mustn't I? Well to be perfectly frank with you I thoroughly detested them at first. It seemed so foolish, doing a bit here and a bit there, no continuity of thought, everybody rushing madly hither and thither and nobody accomplishing anything, it seemed to me. Men hammering nails into boards, building palaces on one hand, phonographs going, to make tearless ingenues weep. I believe it is the customary thing to say that you love your work and your director but I should not say it if I didn't mean it. Every one at the Paramount has been perfectly adorable to me. They have made work seem like play, so that I should really love to go to the studio if it were not for leaving baby behind me. And the public seem to like my pictures too; they have been quite encouraging and nearly all of the critics have been very kind."

Miss Burke looked at us ingenuously and we tried to remember what we wrote about her most recent picture;

and then we remembered. It was all right; so we gazed back with a clear conscience. It is dreadfully disconcerting when an interviewee says "Oh what do you think some horried person said about me?" and then quotes you. But as a matter of fact we think that Billie Burke is almost as beautiful on the screen as she is in the flesh and we have gone on record as saying so.

"You asked me how it felt to be a star and how I felt when I first realized that I was one. Well I shall tell you. It was a distinct shock, for I never knew that I was a real celebrity until I found out that they had coiffures named after me. Do you remember the vogue of those bunches of curls which everybody used to pin on their heads?"

We admitted that we did; also that we had owned one and was still saving it hoping that some time they would be fashionable again.

"Perhaps when little Billie grows up," we ventured.

"Yes perhaps, though I doubt if she will ever be foolish enough to wear her hair so. At any rate I did, and I was in a hair dresser's one day when an excited female rushed in exclaiming 'Have you got my Billie Burkes ready?' And they brought out a big bunch of puffs and curls and things and pinned it on her head and—I knew that I was famous."

After tea, mother and daughter took us out to see "the farm," as it is called. The farm has beautiful rustic bridges and shrubberies and Italian gardens and shaded walks and fountains and things which no one expects to find on a farm and, best of all, some wonderful dogs. Miss Burke's taste in things canine is catholic, for in her kennels we saw Irish terriers, Cocker spaniels, Pomeranians and even one Sealyham. "I used to be quite mad about them before I had young daughter here. Now they are terribly neglected.

Two things more we must do before we left Miss Burke. We must analyze her charm and we must find out how old she was, for those are the things every one wants to know about and it never would do to go back to town without them. The first was easy. Besides being "A thing of beauty and a joy forever," she has a sweet and unspoiled disposition. She isn't thinking of herself at all; she is thinking only of you when she is with you; that is why she screens so well.

As for the other—we do not know because we forgot to ask. But this we know, Miss Burke is not so young as she looks because she looks about sixteen. She hasn't changed a bit since the days when she played "My Wife" with John Drew. It is doubtful if she ever will be any older for we believe that "age cannot wither her" and we know that "custom cannot stale her infinite variety."

The Great Liberty Bond Holdup



It looks more like the fantastic dream of a movie nut but it's an actual "still" from a little comedy done at the Lasky studio to help along the Liberty Loan subscriptions. Little Mary has just "stuck up" the bank cashier, Theodore Roberts, and then routed the customers. They are: Julian Eltinge with wig in hand, Bill Hart with both hands aloft, an unusual pose for Bill, and Douglas Fairbanks in what his press agent would term "a characteristic pose."

Just Five Years Ago—



Francis X. Bushman was doing character parts at Essanay. Horrors! He was good, too, although he didn't get many mash notes in those days.



Maurice Costello was one of screendom's greatest idols. He was a pioneer in the "slow motion" style of acting.



Arthur Johnson, who died a year ago, and Lottie Briscoe, were Lubin's greatest attractions.



the name of Florence Lawrence was a talisman; she was the first motion picture star to have her name widely exploited. In the beginning, she was one of the old Biograph family, later with Lubin in the Arthur Johnson days, then joined the Universal.



the late John Bunny drew the largest salary then known in filmland and was also the undisputed comedy favorite. Flora Finch was also popular, and Mary Anderson just beginning.



A Broadway Queen Gone West

And Pittsburg is Prouder than Ever of Her Newest Favorite Daughter, Olive Thomas

By Jack Lloyd

MUSICAL comedy found and crowned Olive Thomas, but the films took her as a princess of a province and made her one of the world's royal family of Fame.

To her miracles are as common as marbles. She went up to New York from Pittsburgh, but to reverse the ordinary purpose of Pittsburghers who journeyed to Gotham, for there was never anything ordinary about Olive Thomas. Instead of going to spend, she went to earn.

She knew she was the pet of her family, but she didn't realize she was also the pet of Fate. Six months, and she was the toast of New York, the find of the season, the sensation of New York's smartest "girl show," Ziegfeld's "Follies." And for two years she was the idol of "the Roof."

Harrison Fisher visited the show one night. Next day, he asked to sketch the beauty of the ballads. And then he proclaimed her the world's most beautiful woman.

Doubly famous already, and still in her teens!

And then some genius of selection in the Triangle Film Corporation looked upon her and announced the world should prepare for another film star. Olive Thomas went to Culver City in the studios, and the fame she had was as nothing to the fame she garnered there. And child of fortune that she is, she remains as democratic as daylight.



Campbell Photo

No one is more popular in the big "lot" at Culver City. In tailored suit and jaunty cap, she strolls about, with a pert offering or a ready reply for everyone.

It is one of the legends of the studios that no one can "get ahead" of Olive Thomas in repartee, and no situation is too unusual for her to puncture it with a pungent comment.

Her dressing room is more popular than a Town Hall, and when Ioha and Zigi are around, it is busier than one. They are her dogs, and gems of the kennel they are. Ioha is a Pekingese, the word being Chinese for "dear." Zigi got his name because he walked zig-zag. He is a Chow with the favorite pastime of getting lost, and whenever Olive Thomas gets too much ready money from her monumental salary, she spills it in the way of rewards. Any idle man can get a reward nearly any day by returning Zigi to his owner.

Miss Thomas has starred in several important Triangle film successes. So well has she done her work, and so unusual is her ability and versatility that Pittsburgh, unable to give her work as a beginner, is now ready to proclaim her its favorite daughter. But what is that to

one to whom miracles are as common as marbles?

According to Miss Thomas, she does not miss the fame and adulation that was hers as a member of metropolitan royalty. She has received almost a continuous stream of appeals to return "home to Broadway" ever since she decided to make her future stage appearances vicariously, so to say. All sorts of arguments have been employed, and every conceivable artifice to induce her to "hit the gilded trail" but she has shed them all.

"Perhaps it's the plebeian strain in me," explained the fair Olive, "only it's more than a strain. So far as I have ever been able to learn I'm the first on either side of the family to delve into the mysteries of the footlights. All my ancestors were accustomed to working by sunlight and doing their sleeping at night, so perhaps that is one reason why this life appeals to me so strongly. And now that Mr. and Mrs. Childs have extended the scope of their activities to Los Angeles, I'm perfectly satisfied with life."

"You know," confided Olive naively, "I'd rather eat Boston beans and butter cakes in Childs than the most expensive mess the French chef can dope out in Broadway's most expensive lobster palace." Which is quite some confession. Also, it is added proof of Olive's entire lack of upstaginess.

"Life's too short and fate too funny to get upstage," philosophized Olive. "Today they may be showering us with roses on Broadway and tomorrow some fool director who used to be a waiter may be rejecting us as atmosphere in a five reel five cent feature. And you might also say that my real baptismal name is Olive Duffy, than which there is no better Irish name."





Harrison Fisher, and Raphael Kirchner, the Parisian artist, declared Olive Thomas to be the most beautiful woman in America.

Neill *of the* Guards

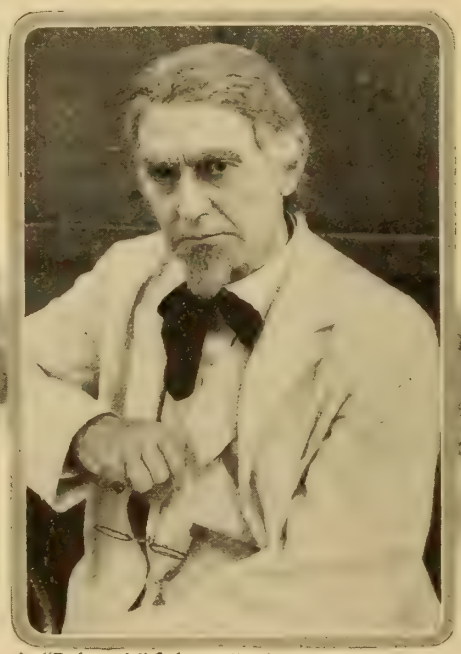
A Few Pertinent Facts About the Reel Papa of Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar and Other Stars



At the left: James Neill as "Lexart," father of "Joan" in "Joan the Woman."



At the right: Lieut. James Neill of the Lasky Home Guards.



As "Rebecca's" father in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Photo by Hartsook

WAR is a terrible thing—if you don't believe it, ask Edythe Chapman, the clever wife of the equally clever James Neill, the brilliant character actor of the Lasky studio.

When the Lasky Home Guards were organized, Mr. Neill passed among the highest in the competitive examination for commissioned and non-commissioned officers and was appointed 2nd lieutenant under command of Cecil B. DeMille. Since that time, according to Mrs. Neill, she eats and sleeps according to tactics and walks around the house in platoon formation, and can execute every command in the "School of Soldier, Squad, Company, Regiment and Battalion." She rises with the Plattsburg Manual and retires according to the manual of Guard Duty, for her husband is thoroughly inoculated with the military spirit. This is only as it should be, for Neill himself comes from Savannah, Georgia, and his father was a famous commander during the Civil War.

There is probably not a better known couple in the country than James Neill and Edythe Chapman. Not so long ago they starred at the head of their own companies, and also played long stock engagements in some of the principal cities of the United States, and always made themselves extremely popular.

They have been with the Lasky Company practically ever since there has been a Lasky Company, playing every conceivable role—and as Mrs. Neill describes it—dying and "fix-it" mothers, while James himself plays everything from kindly old grandfathers to dignified senators and politicians—specializing in loving parents.

Mr. Neill was Mary Pickford's guardian in "A Romance of the Redwoods," her father in "The Little American" and Geraldine Farrar's father in "Joan the Woman"—in fact he has been father to nearly every star who has played on the Lasky lot.

The Neills have a charming bungalow in Glendale, which is the mecca of all the visiting theatrical personages to Los Angeles.

At present the war cloud hangs over them and it is only the fact that younger men are in so great a demand that Lieut. Neill of the Lasky Home Guards does not follow in the footsteps of his fathers and enlist to serve his country.



The Shadow Stage

By Randolph Bartlett
and
Kitty Kelly

A Department of
Photoplay Review

Ann Murdock and David Powell in "Outcast," the first Empire All-Star picture.

By Mr. Bartlett

NEXT to the Bible, the most widely read literature in the world is the fairy lore. Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm are unique. The "Arabian Nights Entertainments" never have been successfully imitated. The publishers of children's literature complain loudly and persistently that the one form of literature which is no longer created with anything like satisfactory results, is that of the fairy world.

Yet, while moving picture producers declare that it is impossible to get stories for their productions, no serious effort has been made to place upon the screen these most popular of all classics. While the producers admit that a great proportion of their appeal must be to the childish mind, they have been neglecting these stories which are essentially as much a part of childhood as the manufacture of mud pies.

Now the spell of blindness has been broken. William Fox has set out to record in visual form the fables that have, for centuries, been familiar only through the appeal to abstract imagination. Henceforth, children will not merely be asked to imagine a huge bean-stalk growing up and up and up for the little hero Jack, but they will see the bean-stalk grow, and understand as they could not possibly have understood otherwise what it was all about. And so when Aladdin rubs his lamp they are not merely asked to imagine what the all powerful slave looked like, as he was materialized out of thin air, but they see him take shape, vaguely at first, and with increasing definiteness, until he stands there, grinning and waiting for Aladdin to issue his orders. The mere fact of Aladdin's slave turning the wicked magician into a fish-peddler is fascinating enough to read, but how much more fascinating to see his splendid robes and turban lose shape, fade, and become transformed into the plain cotton of a peasant!

In fact, cannot it be truly said that the Aladdin's lamp of today is the motion picture camera itself? What magic greater than this, to show us our dreams of yesterday in all their splendid trappings?



To "The Lifted Veil," (Metro) starring Ethel Barrymore, we lift our editorial hat.

Nor is this the limit of the magic which Mr. Fox has brought into being. To have produced these tales with grown-up actors would have been to lend them a sort of solidity which would have made them heavy, like a short-cake without shortening. He has found two directors, C. M. and A. S. Franklin, who have displayed real genius in handling children.

And the children—they are magical too. There is Francis Carpenter—a vest pocket hero with a shock of wonderful hair; and Virginia Corbin—a dainty heroine from the nursery; and Violet Radcliffe—a regular devil of a fellow with a Stuart Holmes moustache; and most of all, Gertrude Messinger—

a mite of a lady in waiting, whose sympathetic sighs would do credit to the art of such a mimic as Elsie Janis. The series of spectacles must be rated among the important events of the picture year.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS—Brenon

When Mr. Brenon undertook to place upon the screen a visual record of the backstairs history of Russia leading up to the recent Revolution, his problem was to incorporate into that history a personal story which would give the necessary human interest. One figure dominated the Russian court—the sinister figure of Rasputin. The story must be his story. Yet there were many other phases which must be incorporated in the recital. To this extent, therefore, it was absolutely impossible to make "The Fall of the Romanoffs" a story, until it reached its later phases when the various currents met in the maelstrom which submerged a dynasty. This is the one, inevitable adverse criticism of the production—inevitable before the first turn of the crank of the camera.



In "North of Fifty-Three," (Fox) Dustin Farnum's acting reminds you of Brother Bill's—high praise.



In "Barbary Sheep" (Artcraft) Elsie Ferguson makes her initial bow to a picture audience. One of the best pictures of the year.



Walt Mason's first attempt at scenario writing, "I Remember, I Remember," (A-Kay) is whimsical humor.

Passing beyond this inherent characteristic of the production, it is a unique achievement. Here, for the first time, the public has an opportunity to study history in the simplest possible manner. In the life of Rasputin is typified all the wrongs of the ruling dynasty, its despotism, the corruption of men in high places, the weakness and superstition of its Czar, the licentiousness of the court. In the fleeting figure of Iliodor is focussed the sleeping spirit of Russia, its patriotic faith in its rulers, its restlessness when that faith is shaken, its groping for a way out, its childish efforts at emancipation. The one movement reaches its climax in a succession of orgies and plots, the other in a revelation of what the centuries of oppression have really meant. The movements clash, and overnight the one goes down to ruin and from the heart of the other rises a free nation.

Perhaps he who runs may not read clearly in "The Fall of the Romanoffs" this message, yet the message is there. And in the telling, Brenon has created, or rather reproduced from newspaper reports and magazine files, two scenes as thrilling as any the silversheet has ever reflected. The one shows a masked Cossack riding full tilt the length of a great banquet table, scattering food and dishes in a shower, while the feasters fly in terror, as masked men come from hiding places to end the life of Rasputin, the scourge of Russia. The other is the moment when the soldiers, ordered to fire upon the freedom-thirsty throngs outside the Winter Palace, throw down their rifles and mingle with their fellow countrymen. There is little thrill in the bare recital. It is in the actual presentation of such moments that the moving picture is supreme.

Or, if one responds more readily to more exquisitely esthetic moods, there is Iliodor's vision of the twelve who followed Christ, a group of humble men by the side of a lake, at whose feet is cast a shadow of a human cross. It might have been done by one of the greater painters of the reverent French school.

"The Fall of the Romanoffs" is unquestionably Brenon's greatest work. It lacks the personal intensity of "War Brides" and the melodramatic speed of "The Lone Wolf," but in the development of the motion picture into an art of the first importance, is vastly more significant than either.



In "Double-Crossed," (Paramount) Pauline Frederick got a good story. And you're kept guessing from beginning to end.

BARBARY SHEEP—Artcraft

Few more beautiful pictures have been made since man first discovered the art of photographing through a wheel with holes in it, than "Barbary Sheep," in which Miss Elsie Ferguson, long time a great favorite in the talkies, casts her shadow for the first time upon the perpendicular sheet. The star of the picture is the man who devised the scenic effects. Never having visited the Sahara, we hesitate to say that the scenes are true to geographical fact. They are better than that. They transport one to Sahara, whether or not he knows the fauna and flora by their front names and telephone numbers. Any carpenter can build you a rock that looks like any rock in Sahara. It takes an artist to build a rock that you feel *belongs* in Sahara. Pedro de Cordoba, swathed in the graceful draperies of a desert chieftain, is of the desert too. Here is poetry, here mystery, here almost hypnotic handling of light and shade. Miss Ferguson is a gloriously beautiful Lady Kathryn, but she failed to compel one to tremble for her safety. One rather felt that if the hot-blooded Arab did clasp her, he would freeze. She may find the power to project thought, in later work. Lumsden Hare does a real English sporting aristocrat, one of the few instances where a player knows how to make such a character humorous, without robbing it of dignity. Maurice Tourneur directed. It is one of his highest achievements, which is enough praise for any picture.

THE LIFTED VEIL—Metro

Watch for future pictures from the scenarios of Albert Shelby Le Vino, of the Metro staff. Unless "The Lifted Veil," quite incidentally starring Ethel Barrymore, was a magnificent accident, we lift our editorial hat and observe, *in Le Vino veritas*. Here is a picture in which no person does violence to any other person, no man or woman is surprised into misdeeds, no spotless hero or heroine refuses to believe ill of the object of a blind devotion, no accident turns the plot into a predestined channel. Here are men and women in situations which are mental, rather than physical or emotional, struggling with their own desires, at times mistaking their own desires, after the manner of humankind. This is one of the finest preliminary types of what the screen will one day offer as a greater psychological literature than is to be found in the pages of Ibsen or Hauptmann. Neither the director nor the actors measure up to the scenario. Miss Barrymore is dignified and serious—perhaps too much so. Miles in advance of the current screen thought is this picture. Let Mr. Le Vino prove he can do it again. He will then do it much better.

OUTCAST—Empire All Star

"Outcast," the first production from the studios of the Empire All Star Corporation, is a well nigh perfect example of how a story should be told on the screen. It has been adapted from the play in which Elsie Ferguson starred, and gained much in the adaptation. A wealthy young man, rejected by the woman he loves for a still wealthier man, is in despair. An unfortunate girl from the streets renews his interest in life. They are happy together until the other



In "Stranded in Arcady," (Pathe) Irene Castle is much more of an actress than in "Patria." It's a story of the woods.



Julian Eltinge's first picture, "The Countess Charming," (Paramount) is great fun.



"Polly Ann" (Triangle) is a piece of popular orphan-slavey material, lit up by Bessie Love.

girl, tiring of her husband, invites a flirtation with the man. The outcast meets the challenge, and—the story concludes satisfactorily, but without the customary banalities. Ann Murdock is starred, but it rested with David Powell, that man among leading men, to make or mar the drama. As usual, he did the former.

THE ANGEL FACTORY—Pathe

Antonio Moreno says his first "Hello" as a Pathe star in a story of adventure in the slums, "The Angel Factory." The name is derived from an institution established by a young man of wealth, where hopeless girls are taught to make homes. To this place comes a pretty girl, whose "steady" is a gunman. The killing of the gunman, the arrest of the philanthropist, his vindication, and the romantic denouement are the features of the plot. The story is one of action rather than character.

STRANDED IN ARCADY—Pathe

The first of the five reel features starring Irene Castle is from Frank Lynde's novel, "Stranded in Arcady." The slim princess, Irene, is much more of an actress than she was in the impossible "Patria." Mrs. Castle is one of the few women who are able to do hair-raising things without losing their feminine charm. Elliott Dexter plays second fiddle, and seems none too happy in the woods. If the titles in this picture had been written by anyone with half a sense of humor, it might have been a classic of the "Down to Earth" order.

DOUBLE-CROSSED—Paramount

Somebody in the scenario department took a holiday, and Pauline Frederick slipped into the unguarded office and abstracted for herself a good story. This beautiful and brilliant woman has been suffering from sick scenarios for a long time. "Double-Crossed" is not an ideal, by any means, but it is the first story we have met in a long list of encounters with screen plots in which four successive guesses, in the course of the picture, as to how it was going to turn out, were all wrong. Hector Turnbull is the author. Director Vignola has done excellent work in the decorative scenes. The dramatic genius of Miss Frederick is not employed to full capacity here, but it is so great an improvement on most of her pictures that it arouses hope that her best will yet be seen.

THE COUNTESS CHARMING—Paramount

Enter Julian Eltinge, female impersonator, as they miscall him in vodeveel, taking a short cut from the fact—impersonator of women. There is nothing female about Eltinge, and in these later days he is now barely able to appear the grand dame, whereas not many years ago he could do you an ingenue that you would find yourself making eyes at. But his picture, "The Countess Charming," is great fun. The story is not especially important, the entertainment consisting in the swift transitions from masculine to feminine and back again. Here Eltinge has an opportunity that the stage denied him, and it is too bad that he failed to realize it until he had lost his girlish beauty. The film gives an instantaneous change of costume in a flash-back; a similar change in a stage performance would occupy so much time that the value of the juxtaposition would be lost. Florence Vidor, Edythe Chapman, Tully Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. George Kuwa provide more than common support.

ON THE LEVEL—Paramount

Again the story of the little western girl who befriends the straying tenderfoot; again the love episode between inhabitants of contrasted social planes; again the scheming mother trying to win her son back to his first love; again the western girl giving up the man she loves for his own good; again the happy ending through the lover over-



"Triumph" (Bluebird) is a dramatic, human little tale with the vividness of life, and Dorothy Phillips radiates in the playing of it.

hearing a conversation that reveals the plot. Such is Fanny Ward's latest silhouette, "On the Level." A good western picture for those who like them, and do not notice such inconsistencies as costumes of a day long past in juxtaposi-

(Continued on page 116)

By Kitty Kelly

EVERY so often, in the trip onward, it is good to stop a bit and look about, to see if we really are rising toward our goal of improvement, or are insensibly slipping off on a by-trail. It's so easy to go along on a dead level, and illuminated by brighter colors of advertising inks, to feel one is going up.

Are pictures getting better, or are they jogging along with the same jogs? The answer may depend a deal on what the observer happened to see the night before, but if he takes a half dozen, just any half dozen, recent picture memories out of his mental card file system, there's a basis for estimation.

Pictures are much better than they were two years ago, they are getting better all the time, not every picture but the trend of the picture production.

This is most noticeable in their environings. Beauty has come into the consideration not only of the property man but of the whole production plant. Simplicity, dignity, richness are coming to rule. The lamp has gone out pretty generally, the ornate one, and with it the regiment of statues and busts that used to adorn all the loose tables and mantels in a room. Pictures are picking up in quality, walls are swerving toward the plain, and much less often does the hero have to sit down in the heavily carved chair. We have these things, of course, but in diminishing measure.

And as the outward is the sign of the inward man, so our better environed pictures clothe better mannered and moraled stories. With an effort to present the kinds of rooms people live in, comes irresistibly an effort to put living people in these rooms, so all the picture force of writers, directors, players, atmosphere creators, are leagueing together to breathe the life of the world into the celluloid.

For instance, this is the day of the passing of the vampire. We have her, but less dominatingly, less profitably. One vampire has been drafted into the playing of big roles, of the kind of course, but chaperoned by classicism instead of the common little day by day vampings; another has set her desires into legitimate dramatic work. The plain secret, as they tell it in centers where box office returns come in,—the ladies don't draw.



"The Corner Grocery," (World) is fraught with opportunities for fun and pathos.

The handsome hero is slowly disappearing in favor of real manliness; little ingenues occasionally tie back their curls, though this is admittedly a slow bit of progress, and splendid character people, the George Fawcetts, Theodore Roberts, and such sort are being appreciated more and more.

Too, the cozy home story is coming into its own. Triangles and cabaretings and murders still flourish, but every week there is a chance to see one picture at least that has no so-called punch, that pleases and appeals just because it is so human.

Taking a hasty stock thus, it's easy to see that photoplays are growing better. There are many more points besides those to be observed, little camera touches, bits of suggestion that tell the tale—how much easier folk die now, and how much more seldom they do it! Even the finale clutch is weakening. There are many things to be thankful for, many to give praise to, more than enough to grant a feeling of assurance that the picture way is really on the upward incline.



In "Fools for Luck," (Essanay) Taylor Holmes strikes a common chord of humanity.

THE ALABASTER BOX—Vitagraph

This picture, with Alice Joyce, is illustrative of improvement. Those sterling ladies, Mary Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley concocted the story which Chester Withey celluloided, aiming to instill the idea that not a wrong done but a harbored hate for the wrong is the evil of the situation. So they have a banker lose the villagers' money, and the villagers suffer the canker of their hate to turn them into a very catty, hammer-throwing lot, with now and then a true spirit shining out from their midst.

Alice Joyce, very beautiful, very animated, comes into the narrow world and seeks to anoint it with her sweet freshness. She plays with much charm, and is well assisted by her associates. It is a simple kind of story, but there is heart in it, and real folks.

MARY JANE'S PA—Vitagraph

This is another Vitagraphian ringer, derived from the play by Edith Ellis and translated into the celluloid by Eulalie Jensen, Mildred Manning, Marc MacDermott

(Continued on page 120)





The collection of precious stones owned by Miss Goodrich might well be envied by an-honest-to-goodness princess.

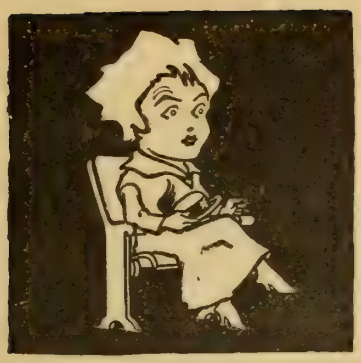
Shades *of* Captain Kidd!

EDNA must have found the chart — she's been gone from the screen for two years. Now she's back, and see what's she's got! Diamonds and pearls and sapphires, crowns and necklaces and bracelets and rings, the treasures of kings, imprisoned light and fire to make whiter her white neck and more gleaming the satin of her hair.

The band of the crown shown in the upper picture is made of two hundred and fifty diamonds, ranging in size from one to two and a quarter carats. Across its front are fifty oval sapphires of a peculiar, deep blue, and almost priceless. The dog collar is of diamonds, platinum set, the breast-plate of diamonds and sapphires, and the pearl necklace is one of the most valuable in the world and boasts a famous pedigree.

The head-dress in the lower picture is a band of large diamonds, with a fan-shaped arrangement of osprey which show just back of her head. These feathers are worth a fortune in themselves.

She wears them all in her first Mutual picture, "Reputation," in which she came back to the screen.



Why-Do-*They*-Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

They Can't Fool You, Eh Charles?

WHEN Helene Chadwick explains to Mollie King, in "Blind Man's Luck" that "we drank champagne together," and the flashback shows the young lady graciously lifting dark liquor to her lips, my first thoughts were that the property man must have been color blind or that Director Fitzmaurice never indulges. One might fool a camera with a yellow dress for a white one, but sarsaparilla will never register as champagne.

CHARLES K. FUIR, Hollywood.

Same Old Story

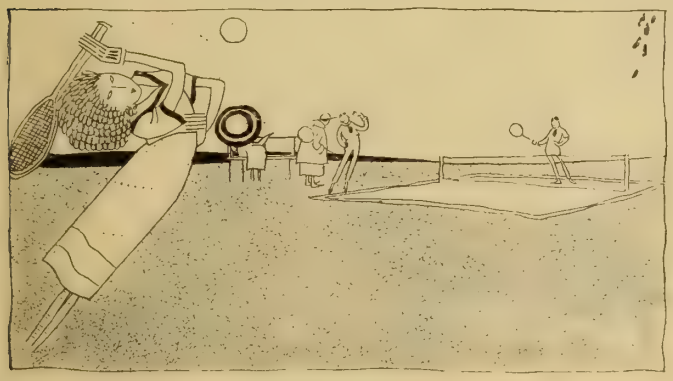
SPEAKING of anachronisms, how about the Governor of Arizona, and his Packard, in "The Honor System." The picture was supposed to be about conditions in prisons in the South many years ago. Yet our dear fat Governor wore a 1917 Palm Beach suit and rode in a 1915 Packard and some directors seem to think that you can disguise a Ford by reversing the stearing wheel.

G. M., Chicago, Ill.

"Wife Number Two" Makes a Hit

AFTER sitting through four reels (I didn't have courage to see the finish) of "Wife Number Two" with Valeska Suratt, I believe I actually have a right to complain. How can a director with ordinary brains stand patiently by and see a leading woman whose forte is vampire roles prance around and act like a girl of sixteen, with a mop of hair on her head that would do credit to a Fiji Islander, and lips so black that I think she must have gotten her lip stick confused with a cake of Rising Sun Stove Polish. The story itself had a fair plot but some scenes were sadly overdrawn, for instance the one in which the heroine dons the evening gown and wears it like a duchess after having spent her life on a farm with nothing but a calico dress to serve all purposes.

GRACE WOODWORTH, Seattle, Wash.



Perhaps You Have One to Spare

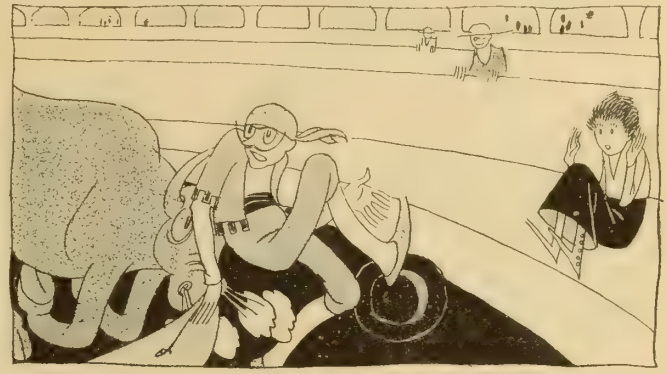
I AM a tennis devotee and hate to see my pet game slaughtered. In "The Kiss" a recent Paramount picture, a girl is shown playing tennis and she is not even standing on the court. She is supposed to be serving and is standing up against the net. Somebody please mail that director a rule book.

C. M. J., San Antonio, Texas.

A Comedy of Errors

IN a recent Keystone comedy "The Toy of Fate" the chief comedian lightly taps a man on his bandaged right foot. The man reports the officer to headquarters but—when he appears there, it is the left not the right foot that is bandaged. Then when the officer appears the right is again the ailing foot. Even in a comedy this is going a bit *too* far.

DORIS SEAMAN, Tulsa, Okla.



A Bull-Fighter Makes a "Bull"

IN Marguerite Clark's play "Pretty Sister of Jose," her lover, Sebastiano, the great bull fighter (who I know never fought a bull in his life) is so surprised at seeing her in his last fight that he stands and stares at her while the bull calmly runs up and punctures him in the back. What great bull fighter would ever lose his head as much as that?

KATHERINE ROHAN, Racine, Wis.

They Must Have Believed in Preparedness

IN "The Slacker" Marguerite Christy (Emily Stevens) in trying to aid the recruiting was telling of Paul Revere's ride. In the scene showing his ride he was galloping down a small village street and calling at every door. The people immediately began rushing out and in every case they were completely dressed. Paul Revere's ride was at midnight. How does it happen that the people were completely dressed at this time of the night?

JUSTIN FOSTER, El Paso, Texas.

Edison Makes a Break

THE other day I witnessed an Edison picture in which Billie, the hero, converses with a negro over the telephone. The mouthpiece had apparently been damaged in some way for a large piece was missing, and the results showed plainly in the picture. In the first scene we saw a closeup of the hero talking through the broken mouthpiece and the next scene showed the negro using the same telephone.

Since your new department has been organized I believe everyone has been deliberately hunting for faults in the movies, so directors should be a little more particular with the minor details of their pictures.

LLEWLLYN TOTMAN, Duluth, Minn.



It Must Be the Prohibitive Price of Shoe Leather

WHAT on earth makes so many heroines go barefoot? The dear creatures just run around over stones and things as if they were oriental rugs. Pauline Frederick in "Audrey," Ella Hall in "Her Soul's Inspiration" and Hazel Dawn in "The Feud Girl" all did this rather ridiculous thing.

E. P. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

That for You, Helen

IN "The Railroad Raiders," Helen Holmes is locked in a room wearing a light silk suit trimmed with a wide band of fur. She burns the door down to make her escape, and dashes through fire and smoke, has a rough and tumble fight with a dirty fireman, jumps on a fast moving freight car and then plunges into a lake, bringing the drowning hero safely to shore. But Helen's suit is perfectly dry and spotless, not a hair on her head is wet.

I pay my money to see the Star and not their double, and when a trick like that is handed out to me I put both the Star and Director on my blacklist.

JAMES CONERS, Colton, Calif.

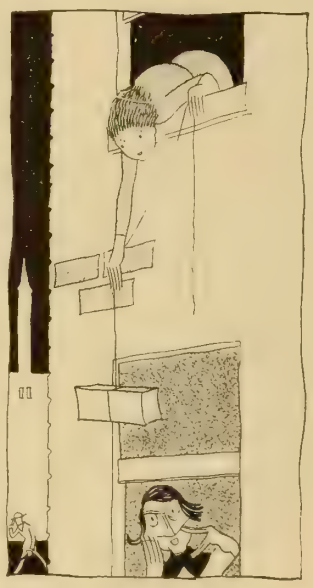
Sweet Stuff

IN "The Tides of Barnegat," after five years have elapsed, Norma Nichols appears in the same suit, hat, and veil, in which we saw her five years previously. No doubt during the lapse of time she forgot to change her apparel!

Also, in my opinion Blanche Sweet has not had a picture to show her *real* acting ability since "Judith of Bethulia," and that is now very old. She is a fine actress wasting her "sweetness on the desert air."

MARIE E. JORDAN, Camden, N. J.

And Neither Are We



IN the photoplay called, "The Stolen Paradise," featuring Ethel Clayton, we have the leading character in love with a young author who lives in a rooming house over her father's store. During the course of the story, the girl makes several trips up a flight of stairs to leave gifts at the author's door, clearly establishing the impression that the girl lives on the lower floor and her lover in one of the upper stories. Later on the girl finds a new way of leaving her mysterious presents—this time by attaching them to a cord and lowering them to his window from above. As "Arizona Joe" once replied to "Draw Egan," "I am not understandin'."

D. C. E., San Francisco, Cal.

Laugh? Not in Baltimore

WERE the shiny patent leather boots the only discrepancies "Walter E. Esser" observed in "The Silent Master?" O ye gods!—there wasn't much else! The audience had to submit to one shock after another until it came to a scene where it almost gasped—that most awful bathroom scene. The incorporation of Keystone Comedy into a story which however impossible, was at least, intended to be legitimate drama. Did you notice how this erstwhile dignified "Silent Master" was handed his phone while taking a shower bath? Did you see him squirm, and giggle, and double himself with unseemly mirth while talking to a woman he had rescued—an unknown person, and one who had never seen him at all, because she was unconscious? And—did you read that subtitle? This from the perfectly unknown woman—"Come just as you are! ! ! In the name of art and in the name of everything sensible, who was responsible for the awfulness of that.

I will say for our Baltimore audience—not one person laughed. They stood a lot, but that was the limit.

MARY CROMWELL DIXON, Baltimore, Md.

Wielding the Hammer in a Good Cause



AS a rule I am a pretty good natured soul. I can stand for most anything. My instincts are so gentle, so retiring that once I thanked a fat man for stepping on my corn. I love dumb animals. I would not hurt a fly, but here I am with a hammer. I have reached my limit. I want to fight. Not being a man, I cannot go to war.

How can anyone stand Billy West's imitations of Charlie Chaplin? There have been some terrible imitations but when it is so bad that the mother of three living children pines for a meat axe—I wonder what General Sherman would have said about him.

It is bad enough for him to copy as closely as possible the characters in Chaplin's company but he should not try to originate risque situations. The result is like the daub of an amateur artist—just smut.

IDA BLAIR, Chicago, Ill.

Some Kiddo

IT was during the showing of "Captain Kiddo" with little Baby Marie Osborne in the title role. She receives a letter which, being unable to read, she has another read it to her. *Then she immediately sits down and writes a reply thereto.* I think this ought to take the prize if you are giving any for foolish film flaws.

HELEN J. ENRIGHT, Portland, Ore.

Ancient Egypt in Modern Garb

I SAW in "The Undying Flame," during one of the Egyptian scenes, a man in modern trousers and suspenders just manage to escape from the corner of the palace. Also why must an Egyptian princess wear modern corsets?

M. K., Jersey City.

Fannie's Fire-proof Tresses

IN the "Crystal Gazer" Fannie Ward is supposed to die from burns received about the face and arms when she saves her sister from the flames, but through some miracle her curls aren't even singed, and we see them as long and fluffy as before the fire.

MARION E. GAMBLE, San Jose, Calif.



"YOU asked for really beautiful pictures—what do you think of this?" wrote the photographer when he sent this one of Rhea Mitchell, now of Paralta It makes a hit with us; and we have a hunch that you'll like it too.

Let's Go Back To Babyland

By the old home-town photographer, assisted by a few up-to-date camera chaps



The fair colleen at the right is Eileen Percy, Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady. Scene: Dublin, 18 years ago. Here is absolute proof that Ireland is a wonderful country.





Witzel Photo



Photo copyright by Hartsook

Yes, even Louise Glaum was a baby once, a sweet cherubic little mite of innocence. And to think of all those horrid vampire roles and gun-woman parts she plays.



Hazel Daly, the "Honey" of "Skinner's Dress Suit," seventeen years ago in Chicago, and still there, with Mr. William Selig's organization. But my, how Hazel's changed.

Lewis-Smith Photo





Witzel Photo

Oh, See Who's Here— It's Wallie Reid, Jr.



Witzel Photo



The doting father of the hero of this single reeler, William Wallace Reid, Jr., and the fond mother, who is known in movieland as Dorothy Davenport, declare that Wallie, Jr. is a natural actor. When these pictures were taken, Wallie, Jr., was just a month old. To show that he is a chip off the old block there is an accompanying photograph of Wallie, Sr., taken at the ebullient age of five months.



IT looks as though Mary is up a tree. Is she wondering whether she ought to accept that $20,000 a week recently offered her, or is she merely figuring out how to get down gracefully? We wish we had problems like $20,000 a week.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

In Time of War Prepare for Peace. While the service of the motion picture in war is manifold—as a distributor of news, as an inciter of patriotism, as a shamer of slackers, as a salesman of war issues, as a medium for any sort of quick and ardent communication between government and governed—we have overlooked its equally great value as a trade evangel in the peace which must follow.

Trade is the only salve for battle hurts. Conquest no longer rewards the victor nor enanguishes the vanquished. Trade pays indemnities, restores business stability, repairs private fortunes, brings happiness and comfort to homes.

It behooves the American to ensnare a little of that diabolic commercial foresight which has been the German's best asset heretofore, and prepare a photoplay selling campaign which will be at once of profit, of mutual service, and of a nature to restore good feeling and make animosities forgotten.

Because it tells a complete story, presents uncontrovertible facts and speaks a universal language, the motion picture is potentially the greatest salesman in the world.

In time of war prepare for peace.

❦

Tip For Titlers. Let those who engage in the task of writing titles for screen dramas consider the ingenuity of a word-economical child, in writing an essay on a certain Biblical incident. "The boys called Elisha baldhead, and he said if they did it again he would call a bear out of the wood, and it would eat them up. They did; he did; it did."

❦

Wanted—More Faith in the Public. There is a higher percentage of illiteracy in New York than anywhere else in the United States. Most of the big film concerns have their headquarters in New York. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Czars of Celluloid have little faith in the intelligence of the public. It is time for them to become more familiar with social conditions in the vast country which provides New York with its excuse for and means of existence. Recently a big distributing company wanted a general name for its output, "Vanguard Pictures" was suggested, and the president promptly vetoed the proposal. "The public wouldn't know what 'vanguard' meant," he declared. It is against such failure to appreciate the fact that the American people, by a vast majority, can readily assimilate two-syllable words, that the genius of the youngest of the arts is constantly striving.

Would You Starve Your Youngest Child? "I am literally going blind, reading, and reading, and reading, trying to find stories for scenarios," said a star who heads her own company. "I am having a vacation because our scenario department cannot find a story for me," said a young woman from the west, visiting New York.

And on the other hand—

"I have stopped trying to write scenario stories, because I never have sold one, and I believe the companies simply steal the ideas," said a young woman who has the writing gift, and who has turned back to magazine work.

And back to the first hand—

"The trouble with many writers is that they do not understand how closely their plots resemble things that have been done over and over again. They recognize their fundamental idea in some film, made by a company to which they have submitted their scenarios, and decide that the idea was stolen from them," says a producer.

In the early, ruthless days of film production, doubtless many stories were stolen. Today there is no important company which does not consider carefully and honestly, everything submitted. Producers are shrieking for help, and are ready to pay big prices for original ideas, or old ideas with an original twist.

The moving picture is the youngest child of literature. It is simply another way of telling a story. The story-tellers of the world have made the pictures possible; now they are starving them. The reason for this is that they have not yet realized fully—in the mass—that the new mode of telling stories demands new kinds of stories to tell. The authors have not yet evolved the new technique. Nor, in the main, do they understand that there must be a new technique. They are merely writing stories as they have been written "since Homer smote 'is bloomin' lyre."

The situation is really grave. Never has there been such an opportunity for men and women with the capacity for plot construction. But they must study the needs of the camera, not try to force the camera to adapt itself to their ideas.

❦

In All Fairness. A great deal of nonsense, which in itself would not merit comment if it did not involve grave injustice, has been going the rounds concerning film players and enlistment. If you don't like a man or his acting these days, you have a coward's opportunity to strike at him by asking why he has not joined the army. You don't talk that way about the young man who sells you a pair of shoes, or who drives your automobile.

Nor have the players themselves been entirely judicious in their replies. More than one has been quoted to the effect that he believed the public weal was best served by the artist who remained at home to entertain a sorry world, and now, more than ever, needed his art. Mr. Warren Kerrigan was recently quoted to this effect. He denies that he said it; Photoplay at the time expressed the hope that he had not said it. But after all, if a man is badgered he is apt to say things that his calm judgment would disown.

Discarding emotion, the situation stands thus. The United States government has evolved a plan for raising an army to fight Germany. It has said, in effect, "We will call you when we want you." If, in spite of this, you have a taste for fighting, you may volunteer. If you have not that inclination, the public has no more right to criticize you for not volunteering than it has to criticize you because you do not invent a device to destroy submarines.

We do not believe that the patriotism of the men who are engaged in making moving pictures is, in any sense, generally questioned. Many have been called, and have gone — willingly, we believe. Moreover, many a leading man who appears twenty-five on the screen, is nearer thirty-five. Most of the stars are well beyond thirty. The government has said that, for the present at least, it does not need these men. Then who are you sneerers to arrange a little selective draft of your own?

One of the rewards of entertaining the public is the acquisition of a host of friends. One of the penalties is the acquisition of a few petty enemies. One of the duties is the maintainence of a serene outlook upon life, neither puffed up by the one nor perturbed by the other. The player's conscience is his own. Let this nonsense end.

❦

There is No Law of Compensation.

One trouble with motion picture drama today is the inevitable feeling for the imaginary law of compensation in every photoplay produced. One of the oldest and wickedest beliefs humanity possesses is that life eventually rewards virtue and punishes wickedness. Somehow the persecuted young woman of the first two reels must be annointed with blessings at the fadeout, and the iniquitous gentleman will show plentiful evidence of defeat and decay.

If this were true, life would be reduced to a puppet show in which the figurantes dangled to a definite destiny as unerring as planetary motion.

Really great art ignores this false premise, for material punishment is a matter of accident or the pursuit of that lame horse, the law; and virtue rejoices in a permanent income — if it's wise or lucky.

Did we say there is no law of compensation? Let us change that to read: the only law of compensation is the spiritual law. A man's actions have their only real effect on his own soul, enlarging it till it may encompass the universe, or shriveling it to a peanut. The black heart may or may not wither in a jail; the saintly woman may or may not be glorified. The art of Shakespeare and Balzac and Moliere recognizes this, and concerns itself with what men think and do, and — inevitably — become; not with the palm or the chain that wry fate may thrust upon them.

❦

Even Genius Must Study Conditions.

Margaret Mayo is one of the most successful of American writers for the stage. We do not recall a single failure from her typewriter. "Polly of the Circus" was one of her most successful plays—one of the most popular plays, in fact, that the American stage has ever seen. Mae Marsh is a screen star of truly great talent, schooled under the master, Griffith, an exquisite mirror of emotion. Yet Margaret Mayo's "Polly of the Circus," as a film production, starring Mae Marsh, is "just another movie." The Goldwyn company claims in its advertisements that the production cost $250,000. It may have cost actually one-fourth that amount. Certainly there was no skimping of money. The obvious fact about the finished product is that genius came to the screen as a kaiser to a humble peasant, to dominate, not to love. Genius said, "Here is a great play and a great actress. Do as I command you with them." And the resources of the celluloid world mechanically obeyed. Yet if Miss Mayo had passed her life riding behind horses, would she attempt to drive a racing automobile without apprenticeship? We wonder. The cinema is crying aloud in a wilderness of bad scenarios, for the great writers to bring their wares to its generous purchase counter. But if the author insist upon forcing the acceptance, with his wares, of his preconceived idea of what should be done with them, he had better not come to market.

❦

More Shaking Down—or Up.

The Shadow Stage is still just a bit more permanent and stable than its own shadowy product. Less than two years ago three of the greatest producers developed by this new and golden industry got together in a big producing corporation. During the last few months all three withdrew and became affiliated with what was their most powerful rival. Simultaneously, the world's greatest screen comedian allied himself with a co-operative organization of exhibitors which sprang into existence over night. The motion picture map is comprised chiefly of continually changing boundry lines and for stability can be likened to a revolving kaleidoscope. Of course it is inevitable that the business will finally adjust itself just as did the steel and automobile industries after their mushroom periods of existence.

The Fall of the Romanoffs

Concluding the romantic account of intrigue and despotism which led to the downfall of the Czar and the founding of the Russian Republic

By Jerome Shorey



Anna, a Delilah in an honorable cause, pretended a return of her old infatuation for Rasputin.

RASPUTIN, an illiterate drunkard, shrewdly imposes upon a priest in a small Russian village, and the priest believes him gifted with divine prophecy. The priest becomes a bishop, and tells the Czar of Rasputin's gift. The Czar, extremely superstitious, sends for the rascal, and Rasputin, first by flattery, then by successfully predicting that the Czar will have a son, gains the absolute confidence of the despot, and becomes the real ruler of Russia. In putting down the attempted revolution of 1905, Rasputin enlists the aid of Iliodor, a young monk, who believes in the integrity of the Czar. Rasputin desiring to employ Iliodor's talents permanently for his selfish ends, betrays to the monk how he rules Russia by his charlatanism, and Iliodor is shocked by the revelation. He denounces Rasputin, but the latter still believes he can win over the monk by introducing him to the voluptuous life of the court. He gains Iliodor's consent to attend a great banquet, at which he proposes to win the man where he had failed with the churchman.

WHILE Rasputin was not a priest, in any official sense—had never taken vows nor been recognized by the Holy Synod—it was necessary in maintaining his indefinable position of "holy man," that he should be known as some sort of spiritual philosopher. Having no political or ecclesiastical authority at his back, it was imperative that he should make a pretense of enjoying a still higher sanction. So he cunningly evolved a certain very fleshly theory that was entirely to the liking of the dissolute court. He preached obedience to all nature's mandates. He argued that man must be forgiven to be saved, and he could not be forgiven unless he had sinned. Therefore, he urged, man should follow the dictates of his appetites and passions, some of which undoubtedly would be displeasing to God, and thus God would have something to forgive. With all the naivete of children, the court circles, for the most part, avidly accepted the idea as inspired, especially as it suited their inclinations perfectly.

So it transpired that orgies which previously had been conducted with some degree of secrecy, now became almost religious rites. It was to such an unbridled revel that Rasputin introduced the young monk Iliodor, in the hope of thus winning to his cause, the man, where he had failed with the priest. Nothing is to be gained by revealing the bestiality of such bacchanals. Suffice it that when, throughout history, such practices have become part of the life of the ruling classes, kingdoms and empires have decayed. Nineveh, Babylon, Greece, Rome, France—each became engulfed in sensuality, and each destroyed itself. It takes a strong man to be a successful tyrant. Let degeneracy sap the vitality of a dynasty and it is doomed.

At last Iliodor realized that not merely was his haloed Czar a puppet, not merely was Rasputin an unscrupulous charlatan, but that Russia—his beloved Russia—was at the mercy of harlots and demons. He rushed from the palace, frantic with shame and anger, to pour his tale into the ears of the rulers of the church. Not that this was news to them. In a general way the condition had been known, and ignored. But with a specific complaint to consider, it was decided that the time had come for action. Rasputin was summoned before the conclave.

The Fall of the Romanoffs

NARRATED from the story told by Iliodor, himself, upon which is based the Herbert Brenon photodrama.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rasputin	Edward Connelly
The Czar	Alfred Hickman
The Czarina	Nance O'Neil
Iliodor	Iliodor
Prince Felix	Conway Tearle
Princess Irena	Pauline Curley
The Kaiser	George Dunueburg
Grand Duke Nicholas	Charles Craig
The Czaravitch	Cyril Brenon
Anna	Galanta

He could have refused to come, but at least Rasputin was no coward. And he had a trick of turning attacks into victories, that emboldened him into accepting all challenges. But with all his boldness, deep in his heart there was the germ of the same superstition which is found in all imperfectly educated peoples, an invariable trait of the Russian peasant.

So when, with all the mystery and dignity possible, the conclave of bishops denounced him, and placed him under the most terrible ban conceivable to the priestly mind, Rasputin's effrontery was shattered, and he became a cowering wretch. He pleaded for their absolution, and swore solemnly to mend his ways. The simple bishops believed they had succeeded in implanting the fear of God's wrath in the black heart of Rasputin.

But no sooner did he escape the presence of the bishops, than his oaths were forgotten. He went direct to the Czar and, with accusations manufactured on the spur of the moment, without a vestige of proof, obtained an order that Iliodor should be unfrocked, and several other of the churchmen punished. There was no trial, no inquiry. The Czar was head of the church, and Rasputin ruled the Czar.

So there was no power that could successfully assail this man, who had become the scourge of Russia? Yes, there was a power. It was not the power of any one man, or organization. But down, deep in the consciousness of the real Russia, that power had been born, and already was stretching its great sinews. The memory of the futile revolution was not dead. The power of truth, which is the essence of democracy, was alive in Russia. This, and this alone, was to bring about the downfall of Rasputin.

But not yet. More arrogant than ever, he went on his way. No man and no woman was safe from him. One of the women confessed to a bishop. She was Sonia, a lady of the court. The bishop believed that now the Czar must listen. He took the story to Nicholas who promptly asked Rasputin to explain. With the appearance of the most tremendous righteous indignation he declared the entire story false, and insisted that it was part of a plot to get rid of him, the Czar's greatest friend and protector.

"And I prophesy," he went on, in low, impressive tones, "that only so long as I live is your life safe. When Rasputin dies your throne shall fall."

The Czar trembled, and banished the bishop to the desert of the White Sea.

But even while he gloated over his victory, Rasputin saw that the royal faith was shaken. For too long he had been issuing his denunciations without proof. Another incident such as that of Sonia might spell his downfall, and Rasputin knew how possible it was for such incidents to arise at any moment. So with devilish cunning he arranged a new coup.

Aided by the faithful Anna he administered a subtle poison to the young Czarevitch. Slowly the boy sickened, and the court physicians could not understand the malady. Days passed, and the heir to the throne, the only son of Nicholas II, fell into a stupor from which nothing could arouse him. In their desperation, the royal parents came to Rasputin for aid.

"I cannot help you," he said. "I have lost my power, because you have lost faith in me."



With Rasputin leering behind his chair, the Czar commanded Felix to leave at once for the front.

They assured him it was not so. They asked him to name any test of their trust in him, offered any reward he would demand, to save the life of their son. At length he consented. He ordered them to go to the chapel, and remain in constant prayer until he came to them. The entire family immediately obeyed, while Rasputin closeted himself with the poor child, the victim of all the intrigue. Administering the antidote himself, Rasputin watched the boy return to consciousness. After many hours he had revived so that he was able to ask for his parents. Taking him in his arms, Rasputin went to the chapel.

Kneeling around the altar were the Czar, Czarina, their daughters, and all the members of the household. Some, weary from the long vigil, had fallen forward, and slept uneasily. But the ruler of all Russia and his proud wife, still prayed and wept.

"I bring you your son."

With startled cries the supplicants arose. In the door stood the weird, uncanny Rasputin; in his arms, weakly holding out his hands toward his father, was the Czaravitch. He lived. Rasputin had saved his life. None now could say that Rasputin was not a man of divine power.

His divinity was soon put to almost the ultimate test. Sonia, hiding her disgrace, told the story of her downfall



to Iliodor. The young monk, now unfrocked and powerless, pondered for a time.

"Rasputin must die," he said at last. "To kill him would be a noble, righteous act."

"You think that I could do it?" she asked.

"You could go to him, and pretend remorse at having exposed him. Then when he is off his guard—"

"I'll do it," the young woman cried, "not for myself—for Russia!"

She did not succeed. The time had not yet come for Rasputin to die. The knife missed his heart by an inch, and Sonia was sent to Siberia.

Intuitively, Rasputin knew that Iliodor had had a hand in the plot, and decided to rid himself of this peril. With the aid of one of his spies he attempted to involve Iliodor with an anarchistic society. Iliodor, however, was on his guard. But while he escaped, he realized that his life was in danger every day he remained in Russia. So in disguise he escaped to Christiania, and thence to America. Rasputin was satisfied. He had placed his enemy at safe distance. And in Iliodor he saw one of his most dangerous foes, for he knew that this young man acted, not from motives of ambition, but out of fanatical love for Russia. Decidedly a dangerous man.

It now appeared that Rasputin had reached a point from which no mortal power could dislodge him. His victories over one after another of his enemies gave him such a reputation that not the boldest souls in Russia dared pit themselves against him. For though the duma was now an active element in affairs of state, it was still without the power to make its will effective. The Czar was supreme, and Rasputin ruled the Czar. The country, moreover, was comparatively quiet, except for the constant seething beneath the surface, and it was one of the characteristics of the Romanoff dynasty that it never bothered about anything that it could not see. Ostrich-like, the rulers ignored trouble until fronted by violence.

So the court was left to its self-disintegration. Wine and women were destroying the autocracy, so that when the moment came, the upheaval would be comparatively easy. And at the inner core of this pollution was Rasputin, and his still faithful Anna—faithful from policy, faithless from force of example. She still retained something of her old influence over the tyrant, being perhaps the one person at court in whom he trusted implicitly.

While Rasputin had gained absolute control over all internal affairs of Russia, he had paid little attention to international politics. Thus it transpired that the outbreak of the great war found him virtually neutral. The Czarina, with her strong German sympathies and family connections, endeavored desperately to prevent Russia from taking sides. But Nicholas still had some regard for his treaty obligations and, backed by the duma and the stronger men of the autocracy, he kept faith with France and England. Rasputin stood aside, watching only for opportunities to make personal capital of any contingency that might arise. Had he been a real statesman, he might have become one of the greatest powers in the world. Being a selfish charlatan, he slipped easily into the path that eventually led to his doom.

Among the younger officers of the Russian army, little known at court, and despising its pollution, was Prince Felix. Official business brought him to the Winter Palace frequently, and here he and the Princess Irena met, and loved at first sight. Anna he met also, and she was fascinated by his simple manliness. Nor did she hesitate to make clear to him her feelings. When he ignored her advances it only increased her determination to supplant the Princess in his affections. So with the aid of Rasputin she arranged a typical plot.

First, she subtly conveyed to Felix the idea that Rasputin had an irresistible power over all the women of the court, from which the ladies of the royal family themselves were not immune. Then she arranged with Rasputin for him to break into the apartments of the Princess Irena one night, and permit her to bring Felix there and discover the situation. Rasputin had no fear of consequences, and Anna relied upon the mere fact of his presence in the apartment to arouse the suspicions of the Prince. What neither of them counted upon was the fearlessness of the Princess.

The night arrived. Anna visited Prince Felix and re-

newed her shameless suit. When he repulsed her, she scornfully informed him that his beloved Irena was even at that moment entertaining Rasputin. Felix rushed to learn the truth. Meanwhile, the Princess, to escape Rasputin, ran to an open window to fling herself to the ground. Rasputin hurried to the courtyard, but the Princess, still believing him to be pursuing her, jumped. Rasputin was waiting below, and caught her in his arms. Felix came upon the scene just in time to fell the scoundrel with a blow, and carry the Princess back to her room.

Even with full knowledge of the power which Rasputin held over the Czar, Felix believed that this would be sufficient to dislodge his clutch. In the morning he visited the Czar, but Rasputin had anticipated him. What story Rasputin had concocted, Felix never knew, but the Czar refused to listen to the truth. With Rasputin leering behind his chair, he promptly commanded Felix to leave at once for the front.

Meanwhile the Czarina had not abandoned her hope of withdrawing the Russian forces from the field, and arranging a separate peace with Germany. In her private quarters she had a wireless apparatus installed, and kept in constant communication with the Kaiser, then visiting the eastern front. As a result of these negotiations she decided to take Rasputin into her confidence, knowing his influence over Nicholas. She showed him what success would mean to him—still greater power, and a reward of unlimited wealth. He agreed to the plan, and made his historic visit to the Kaiser.

There, in the camp of the German army, the erstwhile drunken sled driver and the German despot mapped out the future of Russia. The history of the world was to be altered at the pleasure of a tyrant and a charlatan.

Rasputin hastened back to the Czarina and reported. All they needed was the assurance that the army would obey when the time arrived. There was no question of the Czar's obedience. So Rasputin was sent on another mission, this time more delicate than before. It was nothing less than the winning over to their cause of the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose victories had made him the idol of his forces and the hope of the Russian people. He was one of the members of the royal house who had not been engulfed in the dissipations of the court. And what he did not guess about Rasputin, was made clear to him by Prince Felix.

The Grand Duke listened attentively to Rasputin's scheme. Then he went to an inner room of the house where he had established his headquarters, and called Felix.

"Perhaps you would like to witness something that will be a partial revenge for the wrongs you have suffered," the general observed.

Taking a heavy whip from the wall, the Grand Duke approached Rasputin, who cowered in abject fear, and pleaded for mercy. But the Grand Duke had decided in what form he would reply to the Czarina and the Kaiser, and flayed the rascal until he howled.

"That's my answer. Now



In their desperation, the royal parents came to Rasputin for aid.

go," he said, at length, and flung Rasputin out of the house.

But the conspirators refused to be balked by the opposition of any one man, or group of men. The Grand Duke was no parlor diplomat. He did not believe that Rasputin could control the Czar in a matter of such tremendous moment. So he went on with his campaign, instead of following Rasputin back to court, and organizing a counter movement to defeat the plot. This left Rasputin a free hand with the weakling on the throne, whose confidence in his "holy man" was almost unbelievable. He heard Rasputin's tale of the indignities he had suffered at the hands of the Grand Duke and Felix, and promptly ordered the general to the Caucasus, and Felix to an equally remote section of the long battle front.

The time had now arrived to conclude the separate peace that would release the entire German fighting force for the destruction of the French and English armies. The Czar was still a patriotic Russian, but in all his court he was alone. Rasputin and the Czarina saw to it that he was kept secluded from all men who would influence him against their plot. Nicholas Romanoff was weak. He had neither the ability nor the inclination for making momentous decisions. He wanted peace, not only for Russia but for himself. He was subjected to a third degree process, no less compelling than that employed by his own secret police in forcing confessions from anarchists. That he would break beneath the strain was inevitable, and finally the day came when he could hold out no longer. He agreed to sign the treaty which would, almost certainly, result in making the Kaiser a world monarch.

But Prince Felix, torn by fears as to the fate of the Princess Irena, and spurred on by his love for his country, decided upon a final, desperate attempt to remove the tentacles from the heart of Russia. Secretly he made his way to the capital, and there allied himself with the party, incessantly growing in power, which was determined to redeem the nation, even if that redemption should entail the destruction of the Romanoff dynasty. They realized that Rasputin was the cornerstone of the unscrupulous edifice, but they also realized that it was no longer possible to defeat him by revealing his true colors. Those colors were so well known that even the Czar himself could not but know them, even while he submitted to the rascal's rule. The only way in which Rasputin could be reached, therefore, was by trapping him in his own game.

Yet this was only to state the problem, not to solve it. How to reach this wily and wary scoundrel was a question to which there seemed no answer. Felix decided to take the one chance which would mean either success or death. He sent for Anna.

Now Anna, after all, was of the people. She was born of those peasants who have suffered for centuries under the cruellest yoke known to modern times. In the bosom of the scheming courtesan there still beat the heart of the Russian woman. To her Felix told his story of the doom which was threatening her country. Nor was it an entirely untoward circumstance that Anna really loved Felix, none the less because he had spurned her, and perhaps because of his very fidelity to his love she found it easier to believe in his sincerity.

"Rasputin must die," Felix said at last.

Anna sat silent, wavering in indecision. Yet after all,



Rasputin cowered and pleaded for mercy, but the Grand Duke flayed the rascal until he howled.

what had Rasputin meant to her? He had used her infatuation for him to serve his own ends. He had been unfaithful to her as he had been to all. She looked into her own consciousness, and knew that she had been made into an evil creature by this arch villain. Here was an opportunity for her to redeem her evil life by one great deed. She listened while Felix told her the stories of Charlotte Corday and Jeanne d'Arc—women who had won high places in history through their services to their country. And at length she consented to help in bringing about the downfall of the man who was about to ruin Russia, as he had ruined her.

Rasputin, serene in the belief that he had won his victory, that the separate peace would soon be an accomplished fact, and that he would receive a fitting reward from the Kaiser, was resting on his laurels, and waiting for events to take their logical course. To him came Anna, a Delilah in an honorable cause. She pretended a return of her old infatuation and with many tender attentions lulled him into a sense of perfect security. Not that he had ever been given cause to doubt her fidelity to him, but in the tense days that were passing he dared trust no person implicitly. He had placed a guard upon his impulses and appetites, determined to wait until his victory was an assured fact before enjoying its fruits. All the more, then, was he in a frame of mind to succumb to Anna's wiles.

So when she pleaded with him to break the monotony of the dull days and nights by attending a great revelry she had arranged, his objections were only half-hearted. It was to be only a carefree feast, where the cares of state would be forgotten in sensual pleasure. His desire for a renewal of his accustomed dissipations once awakened, the rest was simple. He demurred to the plan of going to a strange house, but Anna argued that, while the Czar was still worried over the separate peace, it was best not to risk antagonizing him, for, to do him justice, he had ignored, rather than approved, the orgies in the palace. And though

he had agreed to sign the treaty, his signature was still lacking. There were details to be arranged, matters that occupied tedious days. It was best that he should be undisturbed.

So the eventful night arrived, the night that was to decide whether or not Rasputin should continue to live. The feast was arranged, the most gorgeous that all the resources of the capital could afford. It was a banquet that would have aroused the envy of a Roman emperor. The hours passed. The wine flowed freely. Rasputin, seated beside Anna, indulged himself as he had not done in many months. The orgy reached its height. Scarcely a man or woman in the assemblage, save Anna herself, but was half crazed with the excitement and the wine.

Suddenly, the doors at one end of the banquet hall were flung open, and a masked Cossack rode into the room, leaped his horse upon the long table and rode toward the end where Rasputin was seated. Costly dishes and glasses, and more costly wine and viands, crashed and flew in all directions. With screams of terror the guests rushed from the hall and out of the house. Rasputin, barely able to stand, tried to escape with them, but from places of concealment half a dozen men appeared and surrounded him. Nor did they hesitate long.

"For God and Russia," one of them shouted, and pressed a revolver into Rasputin's hand.

There were half a dozen shots that sounded almost as one, and Rasputin, the scourge of Russia, the man who had menaced the entire world, sank dead upon the floor.

Quickly the lights were extinguished. As quickly the inert body was carried from the house by a secret passage, hurried through the streets to the Neva, and flung from a bridge.

A peasant woman, passing by chance, saw the body fall, and recognized the face, until that moment the most feared in Russia. Screaming the news she ran through the streets crying:

"Rasputin is dead! Rasputin is dead!"

The news spread and hundreds took up the cry. In an hour the city was in an uproar. Men and women embraced one another in the streets. Bells were rung. The soldiers were called from their barracks to disperse the mobs, but they refused to obey their officers. The real Russian revolution had begun.

And in the Winter Palace, Nicholas Romanoff heard, and knew that the end had come. He recalled Rasputin's prophecy, that with his death the dynasty would fall. And now, even without Rasputin at his elbow, he still believed the charlatan had been half divine.

Here, then, has history repeated one of its curious contradictions—that the greatest events in the progress of nations upward toward freedom have been brought about finally by the very excesses of the men who tried to enslave those nations. The tyranny of kings gave England the parliament, the oppression of blind autocrats gave birth to democracy in America, the extravagances and cruelties of the French monarchs brought about the French revolution. So Rasputin, carrying despotism and infamy to their very depths, spurred stolid Russia to its rebirth.

Rasputin is dead, Russia is free. The forces of evil cannot long hold any people in their thrall, for the one supreme power in the universe is Truth. What then of the world as a whole, today engulfed in horror? If Russia was able, in the midst of a war that threatened her very existence—if sleeping, stolid Russia was able to throw off the yoke, shall the community of nations fail? Somewhere in the world there lives a man who is to all Europe what Rasputin, through the Czar, was to Russia. Let him consider well the fate of his fellow demon. For the message of Russia to the world is that out of the awful travail comes life, thrilling through the universe until the stars in their courses shout for joy.



A masked Cossack leaped his horse upon the table . . . . the guests fled . . . . half a dozen men surrounded Rasputin.



She Was Padded *to* Fame



Margery Wilson started on the "Glory Road" by deceiving prospective employers as to her size

By J. B. Woodside

MARGERY WILSON ascended to stardom by using pads as ballast. Every time this new star of the Triangle forces shed a pad, she got a better job. And now that she has risen to the top, she doesn't need pads, so at last she is her simple self again.

Although it may sound rather intimate and prying to discuss Miss Wilson's padding so frankly, it may be excused because her pads were so vitally connected with her theatrical work. Also no other actress ever assumed such a unique method of advancement.



Long before the era of pads began, Margery Wilson first slid into the foot-light trough during amateur theatricals in a Kentucky seminary where her mother was teacher. For diplomatic reasons, her mother had to cast the children of wealthy patrons in the best parts, leaving her daughter to appear as a maid. But the rich little children got frightened, as rich little children should when they try to keep a future star like Margery Wilson down, and Margery had some success.





Margery Wilson, the "Brown Eyes" of "Intolerance," is a full-fledged star now.

When her mother became ill, they went to Cincinnati, and then came the period of pads. Miss Wilson's mother was denied salary while on sick leave and mother and daughter were impoverished.

Margery Wilson, fourteen years old, went forth job-hunting, and she almost begged employment as cash girl, salary two dollars for seven days of labor.

Then moving pictures indirectly changed her life and summoned the pads. She decided she would play the piano in a moving picture show. But her size and youth forbid such employment, although her ability was ample.

So she went home, declared three of her mother's old dresses as material for properties, and padded herself until she presented a rotund and mature appearance. Then she got the job.

As she grew she needed less pads. So she was a few yards shy of the original assembly when she joined a stock company. But her unusual slenderness and youthfulness made first aid to the curves of her body necessary

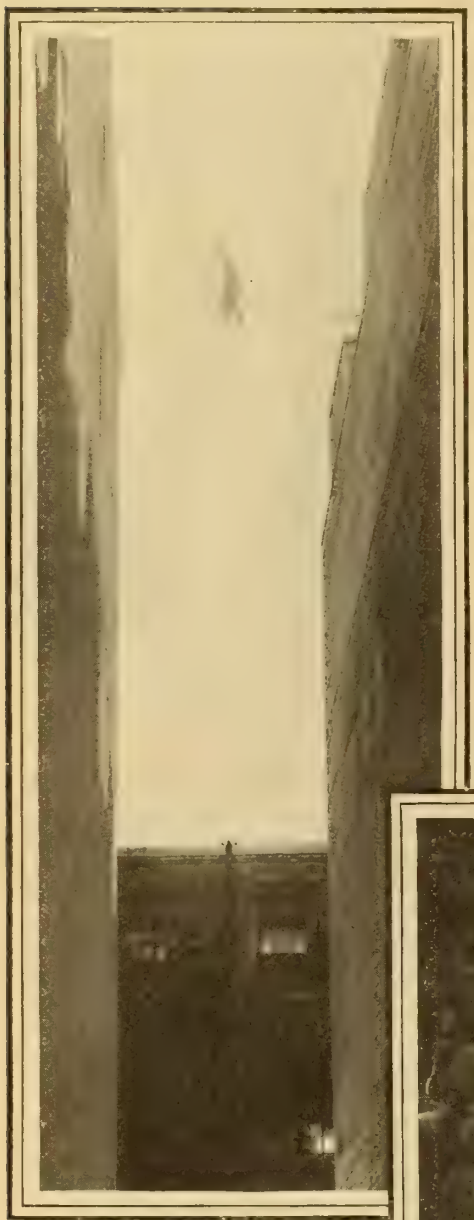
(Continued on page 127)



How shocking! Oh, these picture actresses! Only the lady lighting the cigarette at Cecil B. DeMille's cigar is, as you have said yourself, no lady. She is Julian Eltinge, impersonator of women, who carries a punch in either fist for the education of any person who intimates that his effeminacy exists outside his art. The bystander is Director Donald Crisp, who is now working on the third picture in which Eltinge alternates between pants and petticoats.

And Their Just

No man is a hero to his valet. Perhaps, few men are musicians to their dogs. Apparently Harold Lockwood isn't, anyhow. Evidently his efforts on a guitar would make a dog laugh—and did. When Harold saw this photograph he sold the guitar and bought a muzzle.





Film companies don't care to risk the lives of expensive stars in stunts like the one above. The man who doubled for the comedian in this incident was paid $10. He was a parachute jumper "before he lost his nerve," as he tells it.



The press agent says that Helen Holmes, having experienced all possible thrills on earth, donned a diving suit to learn what was possible under the surface of the sea. But what we want to know is why she does her deep-sea diving out among the oil derricks. Husband-Director MacGowan is playing maid.

Pay Goes On *the* Same



Despite linguistic difficulties, Charlie Chaplin and Max Linder became firm friends when the French comedian was recovering from his illness in California. Their parting was more regretful than the picture, taken as Linder left for France, would indicate, but then, you know—these comedians . . . .



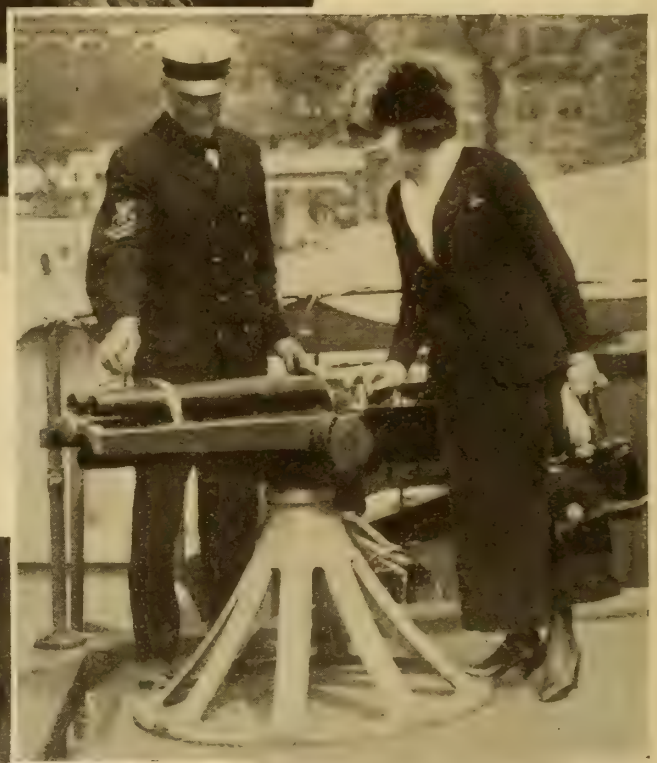
Ten seconds after the camera caught this scene, the shock of the explosion crumpled the buildings in the foreground into a heap of debris, as was intended by the Bluebird wrecking crew in the production of "It's Up to You," featuring Herbert Rawlinson and Brownie Vernon.

Not *a* Home Was Wrecked!

Louise Glaum, Triangle's Ingenue-Vampire made a flying trip from Los Angeles to New York — and back again



Claude, doorman at Mme. Highcost's Fifth Avenue hat emporium, was duly impressed. "Um—um, she don' look like no vampire to me."



Maybe Louise is figuring out how she can use this piece of machinery in one of her gun-woman roles.



"Right over here is the Metropolitan Museum—" started Alan Dwan, showing the Triangle star the village. "Oh fudge!" said Louise. "Where's the Bowery?"



A day to be remembered in the trenches.



Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran and Victoria Forde in a scene from "When Lizzie Went to Sea."

Eddie *and* Lee—"The Boys"

Pals, on and off, Messrs. Lyons and Moran hold the records for rapid comedy making

By E. V. Durling

WHETHER it is in the mahogany adorned home office of the company on Broadway, New York, or on the big stage at Universal City they are known as "the boys." It was probably Carl Laemmle, the president of the Universal Film Company, who is the cause of their being so designated. The first question the genial executive asks when he gets off the train at Los Angeles is "Where are the boys?" and the first answer he makes upon his return to New York when asked regarding the affairs on the coast is "Well, I saw the boys; they are doing nicely."



Hartsook Photo

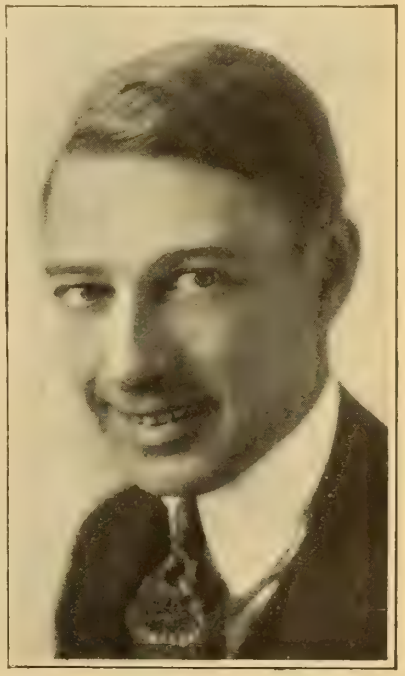
"Eddie."

"The Boys" are known to the public in general as Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran. Long before the bespectacled efficient efficiency man made his appearance in the motion picture industry Eddie and Lee were turning out Nestor comedies with the regularity, general speed, and precision of a machine gun. Rain or shine, sandstorm, snowstorm, tornado, or earthquake every week a Nestor Comedy, has been their motto and they surely have lived up to it; more than lived up to it the last year, as they made sixty-four comedies in fifty-two weeks.

Al Christie was their Nestor director for nearly a half dozen years.

Their idea of a vacation is a trip to Chicago with a full company of players, two cameras and a portable projection room. This is the way they traveled to the recent Motion Picture Convention. They were away two weeks and while on their pleasure trip made two Nestor comedies.

Eddie and Lee were Irish, smiling and full of pep way



Hartsook Photo

"Lee".

back in the days when chair jumping and roof-climbing was confined to those acrobatic acts which open and close the vaudeville shows. They typify the finest thing about the motion picture industry. It is a young man's game. An industry which places a premium on youth, energy, intelligence, and a sense of humor. Eddie and Lee have all of these and particularly the latter. They are as funny off the screen as on and full of the real American humor.

Eddie Lyons is of Irish descent and was born in Beardstown, Illinois. He has been in pictures for eight years, his first work being with the old Biograph and Imp companies. Previous to that time he was on the legitimate stage, appearing in both vaudeville and dramatic productions.

Lee Moran is also of Irish descent and was born in Chicago. He has been in pictures for seven years, all of that time being connected with the Nestor Comedy Company. He is also a recruit from the legitimate having appeared in many of Ziegfeld's productions.

One of the best pictures made by "the boys" was their burlesque of "Hell Morgan's Girl."



Copyright by Lumiere



Photo by White

Stars *of the* Screen *and* Their Stars *in the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Miss Norma Talmadge, Born May 2nd.

MISS TALMADGE was born May 2nd, at 1.56 P. M. This charming lady was very fortunate in her hour of birth as we find Venus setting in her house of marriage, Venus is not afflicted, and represents Miss Talmadge as she (Venus) is Lady of her birth month, therefore I would say, that Miss Talmadge would get along in married life nicely with any cultured man. Norma was not born an actress, but by the progression of Venus to the sextile of Mars, her mind was later inclined to the theatre or the moving pictures. Theosophy teaches, that this is her first reincarnation as an actress, and that her ability in this art will increase, as Venus approaches the sextile of Mars in the progression of her nativity. The thirteenth degree of Virgo ascends with Mercury Lord thereof in the Zodiacle sign Aries, in good aspect to Mars, which indicates that Miss Talmadge has a very strong mind, is quick witted, good at mathematics, and has a most excellent memory. But Mercury is also opposed to the chilling, and melancholy Saturn. I would suggest that Miss Talmadge go into the sunshine, and keep with young and happy people, when she feels dull and blue, for in solitude she will have a tendency to cry over imaginary troubles. The hour of her birth found Jupiter in close conjunction with the house of honor and fame, and by the slow movement of Jupiter by progression, he will be there all during her life. The lord of her ascendant, Mercury has progressed there also, by which we may conclude that fame will remain with her. I would suggest that she never wear black, and avoid narcotics. She should cultivate people who are born on March 16th, and May 28th, and avoid those who are born Oct. the 15th and Feb. 13th.

Nativity of Lou Tellegen, Born Nov. 26th.

MR. TELLEGEN was born at Athens Greece, two minutes after noon. The Sun was in the fourth degree of the Zodiacle sign Sagittarius, and the 21st degree of the sign Aquarius was on the Eastern horizon, with Uranus, Lord thereof posited in the seventh house. Mr. Tellegen has many conflicting aspects, many good ones, offset by as many bad ones, but we find the same configuration of Mars and Venus in his nativity that we find in all born actors. Then we find Mars Lord of the 2nd and 9th, placed in the house of theatres in good aspect to six planets, free from affliction. Mars favors Venus from the ninth, Venus Lady of the 3rd and 8th houses, therefore I would say that Mr. Tellegen is exceptionally good in that line. Venus is conjoined with the Messenger of the Gods (Mercury) in the ninth house, the house of religion, science and long journeys, both planets are opposed by the cold Saturn and the fickle Neptune, from the third, which means he will have exceptionally good fortune in foreign countries, but a poor memory for dates or names, and gives him a clean, wholesome mind with excellent judgment of human nature. He must avoid all things that cause overexcitement. Uranus in the seventh at his birth, is not favorable for partnerships. I would advise Mr. Tellegen *not* to invest in a residence for the purpose of living in it, as he will never be home long enough to get acquainted with it. Aquarius ascending at birth indicates the native to be very humane, tender hearted, and peculiar, or not readily understood. His future years show more prosperity, fame, and general success than in the past, beginning 1920, but he should continue in the photo drama or the stage.

"Off Duty"

At the *Movies*



"Say, whoever saw a regular army man with "puts" like those? And he kisses wrong, too"

How those Student Soldiers Hate War Pictures, But Bill a Home-Sweet-heart-Mother story—and The "Standing-Room-Only" Sign is Hung Out

By Gordon Seagrove

Drawings by Herbert M. Stoops

THE prim streets of Highland Park, Illinois, were calm with the quiet of sunset. From a distance came a belated staccato report of a rifle firing from the range to the North, and a fragment of a bugle call. Then suddenly the streets began to fill; from cars and automobiles dropped young men by twos and threes, tanned young men with dusty boots, erect shoulders and the clear light of good living in their eyes.

All day since early morning they had paraded or drilled, studied or practiced the daily task that was theirs in the barracks at Fort Sheridan, some to become officers to lead men "over the top" and some "just men," and now their hour for recreation had come.

In the darkening streets the lights of two movie houses winked on. In one of them Mary Pickford was showing in a simple drama, which, before the last reel, despatched a mild villain to the infinite satisfaction of a charming heroine and a hero who can do no wrong; a typical romantic heart interest story it was, built to set the heart strings thrumming and send the tear of sentiment to the eye of even the hardened.

In the other a different kind of drama unwound itself hourly. Outside, in blazing posters, were heralded the attractions of a war play. One showed a dashing cavalry man in the heyday of his usefulness whooping his way into posterity and the affections of his sweetheart, another the charge of light infantry up a steep hillside strewn with all the obstacles which a regular artist can invent when pressed for "action."

And then an unusual sight took place. Here were men whose bread and butter, whose everyday life, whose very soul was WAR. Here were men who had come to the camp to learn WAR, whose dominant interest was war in all its phases. Yet one by one, or two by two, they passed the war drama by. Not for them was the cavalry man to dash. Not for them was the charge of the light infantry up the artist's best hillside, not for them any of the other military charms inside.

Instead, they went on, shoulders back, eyes habitually ahead until three paces in advance a picture hove in view—the picture of Mary Pickford. And there they stopped.

"Considerable kid," remarked a doughboy, who had just learned that it takes several hours to even learn to salute properly.

"You betcha. Got hair like my sister's," corroborated an artillery man.

And then from pockets that do not bulge with government money in war time they took the necessary change and went in. A youngster trying for a commission came by with his girl, paused long enough to let her get a look at the "stills" which showed one of Mary's latest gowns, and they too entered. Others followed later, stubby Michigan lads with sore arms from a day on the range, cursing the kick of a Springfield as they felt for change; ex-cavalrymen with legs slightly bowed; a regular army man or two with his eternal individual bearing and undeniable "air;" slender college youths from down state; young officers feeling the thrill for the first time of being saluted at every turn, until at length the house was filled.

But down the street, what of the brave cavalryman with his hat worn wrong as he steamed along on a charger that wouldn't pass government regulations? For him the eye of soldierly approbation was not, and he went through his exploits to a slender audience of mild old ladies whose greatest tragedy in life might have been the loss of their knitting ball.

For the fact is indisputable that the soldier of today does not want to see war pictures. Fort Riley, Fort Sheridan, Fort Bliss and other camps corroborate this.

The average war drama, the soldiers say, is impossible on its face. It is nothing for an ordinary private (in the movies) to work his way into a major generalship, over night, and the liberties that an enlisted man gets in the movies would make (in life) his way in the army one strewn with frankincense and myrrh, fifteen cent cigarettes, beautiful women, and decorations for bravery kicking around in the dust every ten feet or so.

In short, war plays are a good investment neither for the exhibitor nor the military audience. They do not win the favor of the exhibitor because they do not please the soldier. And they do not please the soldier because he is given too many chances to criticize. In bygone days he might have liked some military drama or other because he thought he was getting an insight into life that was new to him, but when that life becomes a hard every day reality, a reality that unfolds itself daily with clock like precision, it rather irritates him to see how far short the producer falls in depicting it. It is the same feeling that the newspaper man has when he sees a story in which the demon cub reporter, etat 17, by superhuman acumen digs up the dope on the president of the huckleberry trust, scoops the world on the story, is promoted to managing editor next day and fires the grumpy city editor who told him that he would not amount to the customary tinker's damn, the same attitude the seafaring man takes when he reads a tale of life on the rolling deep in which author refers to "port and starboard" as "left and right."

Experience of the cinema theater men on the border recently proved that the war play was not the thing for the war men. True at the outset they flocked to the performances in great numbers, but as the film was run off there were a thousand short, pointed criticisms.

"Look at the way that boob holds a gun," whispered one who had nearly a perfect score on the range the day before. "He'd score zero minus in that position."

"Say, whoever saw a regular army man with 'puts' like that?" commented another. "His grandma must have knit 'em. And he kisses wrong too."

"Six days in the guardhouse for a doughboy that would stand at attention the way that cuckoo does," chirruped a third as the young hero of the screen did his bit.

No, the war play is not the thing. What the soldier wants is the love story, the good old home and mother plays, and comedy.

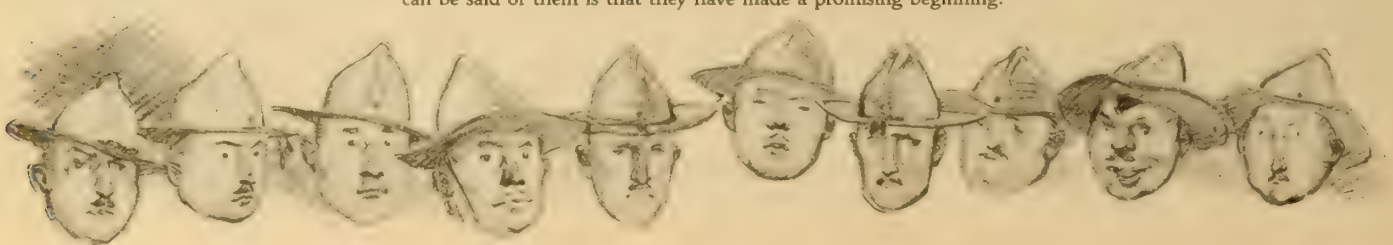
But turning aside from the question of the soldiers' likes and dislikes in the matter of film fodder, a word must be said for the very great and important part that the cinema is to play, in fact already has begun to play, in the war. At this early stage the United States government has decided to make use of them.

The Commission on Training Camp activities, named by Secretary Newton D. Baker to advise with him on questions relating to the moral hazards in the training camps as well as the promotion of national recreational facilities within and without the camps has recognized the importance of the motion picture as a wholesome commercial recreation and one calculated to minimize these dangers. The commission has requested The National Board of Review of motion pictures of New York City to lend its assistance in helping to preserve a wholesome and normal atmosphere for the men during their off-duty periods.



A youngster trying for a commission came by with his girl.

Here are the overnight "Chaplins" which bloom profusely about the barracks and run wild on the range. As mustaches, the best thing that can be said of them is that they have made a promising beginning.



The latest newly-weds in Filmdom Ella Hall and Emory Johnson. This photograph was taken on their honeymoon—doesn't it look it? Miss Hall is one of the old-young Universal favorites and Friend Husband has long been a leading man under the same banner.



Who's Married *to* Who



On the left we have more Universal married folks. Mignon Anderson and J. Morris Foster were married when they were with Thanhouser two years ago.



Witzel Photos



Gipsy Abbott, who is not playing now, but was last with Balboa, and Henry King, now directing Mary Miles Minter. They have a little fairy in their home—four years old.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

THE suspense is over at last. They're married! Who? Why Pauline Frederick and Willard Mack, the actor-playwright. It has been rumored for some time that they were to be married. The wedding took place in Washington where they had gone to attend the opening of Mack's latest play, "The Tiger Rose." Mack was recently divorced from Marjorie Rambeau, a stage celebrity, and this is Miss Frederick's second venture into matrimonial seas. Her first husband was Frank M. Andrews, well known architect, whom she divorced in 1913.

WHEN a salary of $1,000 a week was paid a motion picture star about three years ago, the announcement caused some astonishment among those who had belittled the movies. When Mary Pickford signed a contract that called for $5,000 a week shortly afterward, she was credited with having a good, but somewhat imaginative, press agent. Then about eighteen months ago when Mutual gave Charley Chaplin a bonus of $150,000 in real honest-to-gracious coin of the realm to attach his John Hancock to a paper binding him to accept $10,000 a week to make 24 reels of comedy—well, all hands reached the conclusion that the high water mark in salaries had been reached. As a matter of fact, lots of people haven't yet accepted it as the truth. But it seems that they were all wrong. Along came Douglas Fairbanks and made a deal that brings him in more than the Chaplin salary and even the wise ones thought the limit had been reached. But nothing like that.

An emissary of Pathe, that pioneer of the pictures, has recently been spending a great deal of time in Los Angeles trying to induce Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to sign contracts which call for salaries of $20,000 a week each—*a million dollars a year net!* In the case of Miss Pickford, Pathe offered to put up a cash guarantee of $350,000 to show good faith! At the time this story was being Underwooded, Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks had each tentatively declined the proffered fortune—*a president's annual salary every three weeks or so!*



Pauline Frederick and her husband Willard Mack in a new Paramount picture "Nannette of the Wilds" which Mr. Mack wrote.

THERE is much rattling of money bags otherwise in movieland. The house of J. Pierpont Morgan is said to be engineering a $100,000,000 merger of motion picture producing companies and there is much talk of several of the big concerns acquiring possession of nation-wide chains of theaters.

CHARLEY CHAPLIN has been taking a vacation which he promised himself several years ago, prior to beginning his first release for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. It lasted a whole month but it wasn't a regular vacation as the little comedian was busy most of the time getting a new studio built and constructing the plot for his next comedy. His brother Sydney will take a prominent part in the conduct of his new company and he will have with him, as before, Miss Purviance and Eric Campbell, his trusty aides.

BILLY SUNDAY, the noted revivalist, and the film players of Southern California became great pals during Billy's shaking-up of Los Angeles early this fall. Mary Pickford went to hear Billy and wrote her impressions of him for a Los Angeles newspaper. The next day Billy returned her call at the Lasky studio. Later on he and his party were piloted through Universal City by President Carl Laemmle and photographed all over the place. Then Douglas Fairbanks challenged the evangelist, once a famous ball player, to a ball game for the benefit of the amusement fund of the soldier boys and the game proved a great affair. The upshot of it all was that Billy became a good friend of the movies, even if the thousands of trail-hitters did not include many of the motion picture stars.

"BULL" MONTANA, the noted Thespian who made his spectacular debut in films with Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again Out Again" in the role of "Auburn Quentin," will be seen next in Mutual features with Bill Russell. "Bull" has become the pride of Santa Barbara since joining the film colony of that city.

MARY PICKFORD has adopted a regiment—or at least, part of a regiment—a battalion of the California artillery, which in turn has adopted the name of Mary Pickford, thus setting a fashion which may be widely followed. With impressive ceremonies, the soldier boys presented Miss Pickford with a gold decorated swagger stick. Before they leave for the front Miss Pickford will present each member of the battalion with a golden locket containing her photograph.

JOE MOORE, brother of Owen, Tom and Matt, husband of Grace Cunard and player in Christie Comedies, didn't go to war after all. It was discovered that, having been born in Ireland and not having become naturalized, Joe was an



The children's rest room of the Fox studios at Hollywood, California, where the clever little stars play when the camera is not busy.

alien and therefore exempt. He stated, however, that he expected to enlist later.

TALKING about war, Marshall Neilan received a little note in the mails, the day he completed "The Little Princess" with Mary Pickford, requesting him to appear for examination at the Hollywood exemption board headquarters. If he has his way however, "Mickey" will enter the aviation corps.

HERBERT C. HOOVER, the federal food administrator, has issued a request to all producing moving picture corporations, that in scenes where meals are served as part of the drama, actual foodstuffs be not used. Whereupon the Metro publicity department captures the leather medal for the month by announcing that henceforth all eating scenes in Metro pictures will be shot at noon, thus retaining realism without disregarding the Hoover request.

ALAN DWAN will alternate with John Emerson, in future, in directing Douglas Fairbanks productions. Mr. Dwan has been director general of the eastern Triangle productions for nearly a year. It is understood, however, that the Triangle will discontinue producing at its Yonkers plant, and turn out all its pictures at Culver City under the direct supervision of H. O. Davis.

MARION DAVIES has mapped out a busy fall and winter for herself. At the head of her own film company she will appear in a series of productions, and matinees and evenings she will be one of the bright spots in the Dillingham-Ziegfeld show at the Century theatre. Miss Davies' first picture was "Runaway Romany."



Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith (wearing a moustache to deceive)—both very dignified young picture ladies—demanding of Larry Semon, Vitagraph's comedy director, that he permit them to play in slapstick comedies. Observe the meat-axe in Corinne's uplifted hand.

A REPORT from Europe is that Bat. Pagano, better known as Maciste, has been killed in battle on the Italian front. Maciste first appeared as the ebony giant in "Cabiria." His only other important picture seen this side of the Atlantic in the recently imported war film, "The Warrior."

UPON completing his latest comedy in New York, Roscoe Arbuckle looked at the calendar and noted that it was nearly October 1. So he left for California for his next production. There is so much of Roscoe to get cold that he feels it more than most people.

ESSANAY announces Mary MacLane as a new star. Nearly twenty years ago Miss MacLane became internationally famous—or notorious—through her book, "The Story of Mary MacLane," which was not a story at all, but a series of frank statements of what she thought about the world in general and herself in particular. Her first picture will be "Men Who Have Made Love to Me," written by herself.

THE Associated Motion Picture Advertisers held their first annual dinner at Delmonico's Wednesday, September 12, and some mad wag of a printer set up the menu card with a lovely, large, gold "Vednesday." And yet it was not a kosher dinner.

JUST what company will control the future pictures in which Miss Anita Stewart appears, is a question the courts have not decided. For reasons not stated, Miss Stewart emulated the example of numerous other stars, and decided not to complete her contract with Vitagraph. Albert E. Smith obtained an injunction prohibiting her from working with any other company, and the courts will decide the issue. Miss Stewart has done no work for Vitagraph for several months, and sent back her salary checks uncashed. But her contract provides that she must make up for any time she does not work, adding such periods to the term of the contract. Thus far all stars who have jumped their contracts have got away with it, but the Vitagraph announces



Priming the tearducts of a vamp with music. The victim of the compulsory irrigation plot is Kathleen Kirkham, now vamping for Paralta, and the boss of the job is Director Worsley who occupies the vantage point under the camera. The violinist is playing "Dear Old Girl," "Home Sweet Home," "Turkey in the Straw" or something equally touching and tearbringing.

that it is determined to hold Miss Stewart to her agreement. Can it be done?

HERE'S a howd'ye do! Alice Brady productions will be distributed by Select Pictures. Select Pictures is the Selznick-Zukor corporation. Lewis J. Selznick is the man who took Clara Kimball Young away from World Film. The president of World Film is William A. Brady. William A. Brady is Alice Brady's father. Alice Brady left World Film because, it is reported, she could not have the director she wanted. Well, well!

LINA CAVALIERI, well known to operagoers and phonograph hearers, but just barely known to picture seers, has begun work on her first Paramount production, "The Eternal Temptress," in the Paragon Studio, Ft. Lee, which has been bought by Lasky to house the growing needs of his organization. Emile Chautard is directing. In addition to the purchase of this plant, Lasky is also contemplating the construction of a $50,000 studio on the lot at Hollywood. It is possible that Marguerite Clark may be assigned to this addition to the group.

WALLACE REID and Anna Little returned east with the completion of "Nan of Music Mountain" at the Hollywood Lasky plant. J. Stuart Blackton drafted Miss Little for his Gilbert Parker stories, though he had not decided, when this information was received, what would be his first part for her. All this travelling back and forth across the continent has resulted in the petite Anna dropping an "a" somewhere along the Santa Fe. It is Ann Little now, according to the Paramount publicity boys—Miss Little making her name littler, as it were.

THE Battle of the Ritz was a draw. Historians differ as to the events. One side says that Herbert Brenon ferociously attacked W. A. Brady, who weighs nearly twice as much as Brenon. The other account is that Brenon was actually trying to get away from Brady, when the other overtook him and compelled him to engage in fistic combat. The only facts which do not admit of controversy are that Brenon was showing his new picture, "The Fall of the Romanoffs" at the Ritz-Carleton, and after the show, Brady, who had just completed a picture based upon a similar theme, arrived. Words passed. Fists followed. Friends intervened. Anyhow, the gaiety of nations was increased and the New York dailies had something else on the first page besides war for once.

HAZEL DALY has joined the Selig Polyscope Company and her first pictureplay will be "Brown of Harvard," under the direction of Harry Beaumont. She will be remembered for her performance of "Honey" in the famous "Skinner" pictures produced by Essanay.



Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne "housedirtying" for their next Metro release. This modest little home in New Jersey was rented just to be messed up. The property men were drafted so Francis and Beverly dug right in to help muss the place up.

PATHE officially announces its intention of embarking upon feature productions, and already has made contracts with Bryant Washburn, Frank Keenan, Bessie Love and Fannie Ward. Pearl White will be given occasional vacations from her serials to be starred in five reel features. Already there are four or five similar length films ready, starring Irene Castle. Antonio Moreno also is in the list. These productions will be known as Pathe Plays, and the company will not be dependent upon other producing companies for its weekly five-reeler, but will produce them itself. It is the general belief that the Pathe move was made as a measure of retaliation upon Paramount for having entered the serial field, which Pathe had looked upon as peculiarly its own.



If all the waiting time of moving picture players could be utilized in knitting, our army would be well provided for. June Caprice was caught between scenes by our photographer. The camera fails to reveal one dropped stitch.

MOLLIE KING is going to do a serious drama as a change from her thrillers. This winter she will hie her to the Julius Steger camp and make a picture under his direction, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," the rights to which Steger owns. Another Steger star is Charlotte Walker, who soon will be seen in a film version of her husband's play, "Just a Woman." Her husband is Eugene Walter.

OTIS SKINNER, to whom the serious critics have awarded the position of the greatest actor on the American stage, has finally signed a moving picture contract. He will appear in his great Oriental success, "Kismet," under Herbert Brenon's direction. Another Brenon production in the near future will be "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine.

GAIL KANE says that gold is not everything. This in explanation of quitting Mutual. After she signed up with Mutual last winter, Miss Kane was "farmed out" to American, operating at Santa Barbara, Cal. She was told that after six pictures had been made there she would be transported back to lil ole N'Yawk for the remainder of her contract. Even when it was insisted that she remain among the millionaires of the exclusive California colony Miss Kane never whimpered. She had begun to like the peacefulness of Santa Barbara, seasoned with an occasional jaunt to Los Angeles. She even consented, though tearfully and under protest, to do a picture which was frankly pro-German, rather than cause a rumpus. It will be admitted that that was quite some concession. But the break finally came when the studio manager requested Miss Kane to play an eccentric comedy role—one of those feather-duster-in-the-hat things. Those who are familiar with Miss Kane's work will not wonder at her revolt. The manager insisted, it is said, and then the Junoesque Gale demanded her passports.

MARGARITA FISCHER has returned to Santa Barbara, Cal., as an American star after several years of starring in her own company in pictures directed by her husband Harry Pollard.

(Continued on page 110)

Pearls of Desire

Concluding the most brilliant serial of the year

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



She appeared to be kissing me, so far as I could ascertain in my numb condition.

CHAPTER XVII

THE next morning as soon as the light was strong we went back to the precipice to examine the waters at its foot. Charley Dollar accompanied us. He and his men had been unsuccessful in their search the night before, but there were places impossible to reach from the shore where a boat might lie snug and sheltered and at night, invisible.

We stared down for awhile at the churning waters, then Charlie Dollar straightened up with a shake of his head. The man was a Maori and had difficulty with his "R" sounds, making them liquid, as does a Chinaman, but he had a good mission education, a high native intelligence and was absolutely devoted and obedient. Indeed before Enid came into my life I am convinced that of all the people whom I knew in the world Charley Dollar cared most for me.

"Dlake's done for," said Charley. "Even if he fell between the locks the swell would smash 'im. No man living could swim out of that place. Well, so much the bette' for all hands."

I endorsed this epitaph and looked curiously at Enid. "Any qualms?" I asked.

"Of course not," she answered. "Why should I have? A minute more and he might have managed to grab you and throw you over. And then I should have had to throw myself over after you. . . ." She stared down musingly into the maelstrom for a few moments, then said: "Besides, I have always had a peculiar feeling about Drake; a sort of loathing antipathy, such as one might have for some unclean beast or entity. He did not seem quite human to me, and he aroused an intense desire to destroy him. He impressed me as somewhere between the brute and the devil. The odd part of it is that I could never have felt the least fear of him; just an overpowering disgust and the desire for his suppression."

"Well," I answered, "he appears to be suppressed. Pity it didn't happen years ago. A great many people both white and black would have been spared a lot of wretchedness. However, I suppose the Drakes of the world are a sort of necessary scourge. Now let's walk on around and see where the Madcap's got to."

So we continued our way to the other side and there was the Madcap almost in the same place, swaying gently as the night before. The calm remained utterly flat and I was of the impression that it might continue so to remain until torn into by a typhoon, for there was a viscid quality to the atmosphere and a sense of oppression. Charley Dollar was of my own opinion.

"Storm blewing, Jack," said he. (It is a Maori habit to call one by their first name.) "If those Johnnies on the schoone' are wise they'll come into the lagoon."

"They probably won't dare," I answered.

"Oh, now that Dlake has kicked the beam they will want to cly quits and swea' they couldn't help themselves," said Charley. "Maybe they couldn't. A hard dliver, Dlake."

"Well, he found out what it was like to be hard driven during his last few remaining seconds on this terrestrial ball," I observed, flippantly. "I wonder the devil doesn't take better care of his agents."

"Maybe old big boss Tiapalo needed him down there," ventured Charley Dollar. "My lady has certainly a stlong heart. And stlong a'ms, too. Who'd eve' think she could lush a big blute like Dlake out ove' the blink?"

THE atmospheric oppression increased as the day wore on and at about two o'clock one of the men came to report that the Madcap was towing up to the entrance behind her two whaleboats and a cutter. She came in sight around the crater presently, and once opposite the entrance the

tide drifted her in when she picked up the buoyed cable which she had slipped on changing her berth. We did not care for her as a neighbor and we might have made it uncomfortable for her crew with our rifles if we had so desired, but it seemed scarcely worth while. It was evident that she preferred to take a chance with us than with the promised weather conditions outside, so feeling that we had nothing to fear we left them in peace.

But scarcely had the schooner come up to her moorings than a short, squat man who appeared to be in command got into one of the boats and started in for the beach, a white flag flying from a boathook. I was rather tempted to turn them back but there was a plan milling in my head and I decided to parley. This plan was to make them a bid for their diving gear, with which we might profitably employ our time until the arrival of our own outfit. So I told Charley Dollar and one other man to stand by with their rifles and the other five to keep themselves out of sight. Then I walked down the beach to see what the visit could be about.

The boat grounded and out stepped the squat, hairy individual who gave me a rather dubious look, then spat and observed in a casual sort of way:

"Well, you've gone and done for 'im, 'aven't you?"

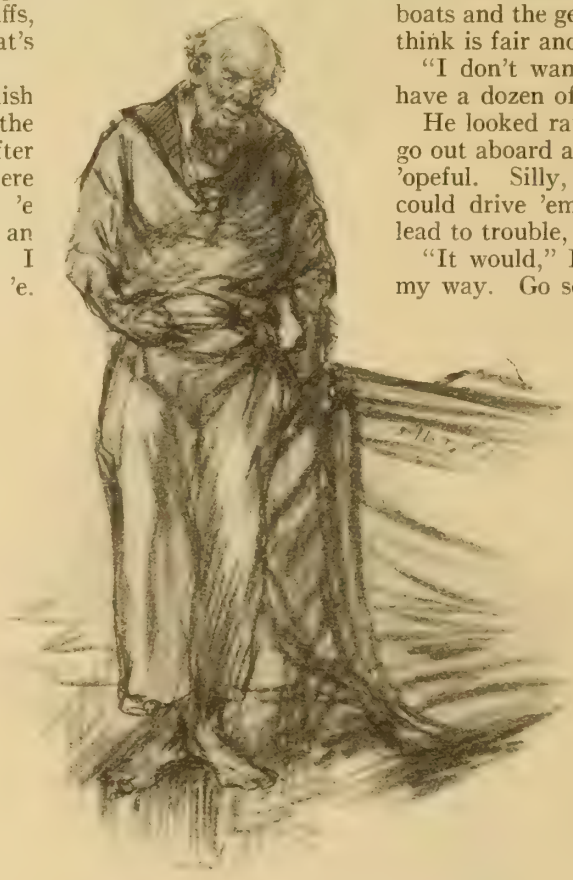
"Looks that way," I answered. "He brought it on himself. What do you want?"

"I'd like to 'ear wot 'appened, if you'd be so kind," he answered. "Thereafter we might talk business."

"Well, then," I said, "your precious skipper and I met up there on the mole and he got shoved over the edge of the cliffs, and a good job, too. Now what's your business?"

The man nodded. " 'E was fulish to put back," said he, ignoring the last question. "That first night after we'd run out 'e got turnin' that there smoke in 'is mind and presently 'e says to me: 'Bill,' says 'e, 'I got an idee we been 'ad.' ' 'Ow 'ad? I arsks. 'That b—y smudge,' says 'e. 'If that 'ad been a patrol boat she'd held on arfter us and nary sign o' smoke 'ave we seen since we up stick and away.' 'The bloomin' h'island was between,' I says. 'Island 'ell,' says 'e, 'if there 'ad been more smoke we would 'a seen it h'over the island once well away.'

"There was trewth in that and we finally decided we'd been 'ad good and proper. But by that time we was a 'undred miles to loo'ard and the breezes light and bafflin'. We was another thirty hours raisin' Trocadero and another twenty-four haulin' in on the place. Skipper says 'they carn't prove we tuk no pearls. We was just prospectin',' an 'e plans to sail right in as bold as brass. Then the wind fell flat and we slatted around until 'e couldn't starnd it no longer, so 'e 'as 'isself set ashore, the boat a-wytin' for 'im all night in a sorter grotto, like. 'E only meant to 'ave a look into the lagoon so w'en 'e didn't show up us men knew 'e come to 'arm. So 'e's done in, wot?"



"Well, you've gone and done for 'im, 'aven't you?"

"Scragged, croaked, extinguished," I answered, "and a good job, too."

"Well," said the Cockney, or whatever he was, "I carn't s'y as 'ow I blime you. Skipper made it 'ot for you. 'E wasn't such a bad sort. Rest 'is bones, s'y I."

"What's your game now?" I asked.

He scatched his scrubby head. "That's just wot's 'ard to tell," he answered. "Us lads ain't to blime. All we done was to obey orders. Best we can do now is to syle back to Samoa and report wot's 'appened. But we ain't seen no pay for months and ain't like to, now, so if you want this 'ere divin' gear you can 'ave it, reasonable."

"How about the pearls you've stolen?" I asked.

"Skipper must 'ave 'ad them in 'is pocket," he answered. "Leastwise, I carn't find 'em nowheres. It's bloomin' sure 'e 'ad 'em on 'im."

"Were there many?" I asked.

"I couldn't s'y, not 'avin' seen the oysters opened. To judge from the shell, though, I'd s'y there was no b—y fear but the bed was rich. You got a fortun' 'ere to your 'and, Cap'n."

I reflected for a moment, then said: "See here, mate. Suppose I take over your diving gear, your two whaleboats and your black gang? What have you got for stores?"

He scratched his ear. "We got a month's paddy for the niggers," said he, "but I misdoubt they'd st'y. You know what blacks is like. They made their contract with the skipper and now that 'e's done in they'll want to be took back w'ere they kem from. But so far as the boats and the gear goes you can 'ave that at wot you think is fair and reasonable."

"I don't want all of the blacks," I said. "Just have a dozen of the strongest divers."

He looked rather dubious. "Well," said he, "I'll go out aboard and see wot I can do, but I ain't very 'opeful. Silly, stubborn beggars. Of course we could drive 'em ashore willy-nilly, but that might lead to trouble, lyter."

"It would," I agreed. "And anyhow, that's not my way. Go see what you can do. Offer them a little more, if you like . . . and by the way, I suppose you know I haven't any cash?"

He waved his thick hand. "Oh, that's all right, sir," he answered. "You can give me a draft on your bank or anythin' you like. I 'ope I know a gentleman w'en I see one." He appeared to hang in the wind a moment as though undecided and a bit embarrassed.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

He shifted his feet and tightened the piece of lacing which held up his main claim to consideration and respect. The four sweeps in the boat were more or less festooned with sarongs, but Mister Mate had still his jaded Pinafore costume which appeared to have worked faithfully and well.

"I 'ardly feel I 'ave the right to arsk it, sir," said he, "but now that skipper's garn us lads aboard is orl adrift, like. Might be they'd arsk us to account for skipper and wot 'appened 'im. Skipper was in wrong and us worse and wot then? We done allus like 'e wished us to, and arsked



"You heave those rifles overboard before I count ten," he roared, "or I'll blow this fool's head off."

no questions. 'E was a gentleman, too, though 'e m'y 'ave 'ad 'is faults. 'Twas drink as done it. 'E liked 'is glaws, did skipper . . . rest 'is bones . . . though no blime to you, sir. . . ."

"Oh, get along with it," I interrupted. "What do you want? A few lines from me to say that you didn't murder Drake and that he owes you your wages and that you are trying to collect from his estate?"

"That's it in a nutshell, sir," said this scrub. "Just a line from you so that we lads won't be mistook. You might s'y as 'ow to your own knowledge 'e met with 'is un'appy end at your 'ands, you actin' allways in self defense, or such."

"All right," I said. "We can talk about that, later. Get out aboard now and see what you can do with those divers. And let me tell you something . . ." I took him by the elbow and gave him a little shake . . . and felt him tauten under my grip (being more or less of a fool I missed that symptom), "and if you can manage to push the thing my way you are not going to lose anything by it. I'll go out and talk to them myself. A lot of them must know me because I've lugged them back and forth at times to dig."

I beckoned to Charley Dollar.

"I'm going out aboard the boat to see what I can do with these divers. We can make use of them, just now. In fact, we can make use of the whole outfit," I said, and gave the mate a shove toward the boat. "Get aboard and we'll go out and talk to your divers. There's sure to be some in the boiling that will stand for my stock. Hop along now. . . ."

He got into the boat sideways, like a crab, and I noticed that his legs were very bowed and that one was shorter than the other. Then, as he squinted at me sideways, just as he walked, I noticed how very much he looked like Drake. It was not very surprising as Drake was forty-five at least, and he had spent a good twenty years in the Pacific. This scrubby little mate was a wizened thing that might have been eighteen years of age or eighty. He was seared though with Drake's seal, however old he may have been. Perhaps Drake had fetched him out from home. Anyway, whether early progeny or not, the cramped little beast had Drake's stamp on his evil face and I should have known better than to believe a word he said. But he seemed too contemptible to bother much about, so I piled him into his boat and got in after him and half way out to the Madcap waved to Enid who was making frantic signs from the beach. It struck me as amusing that she should think that I was running into any sort of danger, merely because I was going aboard the Madcap, especially as she had drawn the fangs of this serpent with her own dainty hands. I was still chuckling to myself as I stepped on deck and looked forward at the sulky blacks who were pretending to be asleep. One or two I thought I recognized, and was going forward to speak to them when something like the coils of a boa-constrictor spun around me, and the next instant I found myself flat on my back on the deck and Channing Drake grinning down at me.

"Hello, Drake," I said, "you've got me again, haven't you?"

"Quite so," he answered, and his voice sounded very proud and superior. It made me angry.

"You must be a pretty good swimmer," I said, to get out of that mess that this little schoolgirl shoved you into."

(Continued on Page 100)

Pictures *as* Life-Savers



Above: Rear end collision scene at moment of impact.



The picture at the right shows an employe caught in a drill press. This accident is due to the wearing of loose-sleeved jumpers.

THE educational value of the moving picture has long been conceded. Now comes the introduction of the spool drama as an aid to the safety-first campaign of the great railroad systems.

Marcus A. Dow, general safety agent of an eastern railroad, conceived the idea. He wrote a scenario entitled "The House That Jack Built," and followed it with another, "The Rule of Reason." The last named being the story of a young yard brakeman addicted to liquor.

Nor is alcohol the only enemy against which the pictures warn the railway men. Carelessness, wearing loose clothing near machinery, discourtesy, and all the little things that go to make life perilous and unpleasant in great industries, are shown, with their inevitable results.

These pictures are shown to the railway employes by means of two motion picture cars, big coaches which have been fitted up as comfortable "movie" theatres. They are sent up and down the system giving all men working for the road an opportunity to enjoy the entertainment with their friends, and incidentally imparting to them the lessons the safety department is trying to teach.

The films have been so successful and have caused such laudatory comment, that the word has reached other railway companies, and the pictures have been borrowed extensively. They may be released for public showing through one of the big distributing companies later.



Brakeman Tracy narrowly escapes injury due to a dangerous practice.



Above: Brakeman Bob Tracy awakening from his dream in which he saw the vision of a wreck caused by his own carelessness.

At the left: Mrs. Foster quarrels with her brother Bob, because of his inclination to dissipate.





Pictures from Home

Over there, with thousands of miles of sea and land between them and home, are Our Boys, smiling and fighting—fighting with bullets, against a dogged foe; with smiles, fighting homesickness and dread monotony.

It's a part of the nation's job to-day to keep those boys cheerful, to hold fast the bonds between camp and home, to make light hearts and smiling faces—and these things pictures can help to do—pictures of the home folks and the home doings, pictures of the neighbors, pictures that will enliven their memories of the days before the war—simple Kodak pictures, such as you can make. These can help.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Pearls of Desire

(Continued from page 97)

"She is due to pay my ticket for that trip," he answered. "I say, Kavanagh, did it ever occur to you what a consummate ass you are?"

"We all make mistakes at times," I answered, "and I must say there was every reason to believe that you were coppered this trip. How did you manage to get out of that churn?"

"Easily enough," said he. "The backwash carried me over the worst ledge and I worked my way between the rocks until I got clear and swam down to where I had left the boat. I don't say that any ordinary swimmer could have done it, but I'm rather better than that."

"Well, you evidently were born to be hanged," said I. Drake scowled.

"Stow that," he said, roughly. "If I were to pay you off as you deserve I'd run you up here and now."

"That wouldn't do you any good," I answered, "and some day it might do you a lot of harm. This is not going to do you any good, either. What do you want of me, anyhow? And what do you intend to do? You can't work the beds. You'll have Charley Dollar and his policemen potting at you from all along the cliffs."

"Not with you in the boat," Drake answered.

"Oh," I said, "so that's it."

"If you weren't a blithering fool you'd have guessed it straight off," he snapped. Your little fafiné over there wouldn't let 'em. Had a pleasant honeymoon?"

"Shut your foul mouth, you hairy ape," I snarled. "I'll get you for that, some day."

"No you won't," he growled. "You might as well know what's in store for you, Kavanagh. When I finish my job here which will be in a very few days, I hope, we put to sea. And then some accident is going to happen you. I always meant to fix you some day if I got the chance to pay you off for sticking that beak of yours into my own personal and private affairs. It's not your fault that I'm not in chokey at this minute."

"Don't be too sure," I answered. "I wasn't born to be blotted out by any big black beast like you. Here I am in irons and on your brute of a boat and I'll make you a bet of a thousand pounds right now that I'll see you triced up inside of six months. Take me on?"

His unsteady eyes shifted nervously from me to the shore and back again. I thought that he looked actually frightened for an instant. The conviction of my voice, perhaps. Besides, he was really a coward at heart. If he had not been, he would have made a quick end of me up there on the cliffs

And my bet offered him was not altogether bluff. Drake's threat did not frighten me in the least, both because I thought that he lacked the nerve to carry it out and because he was such a coarse, sodden lump that for me at least there was nothing terrifying about him. I think that my feeling for Drake must have been precisely that of Dicky for the Shanghai rooster. There was no denying but that Drake had fooled me at every move; made me silly and ridiculous and got into me for a good bit of my prospective wealth. He had outpointed me tack for tack, this gorilla person, and now he had me absolutely in his power and there was nothing whatever to prevent his making fast one of the diving weights to my ankles and slipping me over to go down and stand sentinel on my blessed beds . . . until corporal Shark came along to change the guard.

And yet I knew that he would not dare do this, and that however much of a fool I might be I stood in no great danger. And why? Simply because over there on the beach was a girl who when she desired things to happen made them come so. It sounds like a confession of weakness for me, a more or less hardened adventurer to state calmly that I was banking entirely on Enid to get me out of this coil, but such is the case. And it is not a confession of weakness; merely a confession of faith. I absolutely knew that Enid would manage it, somehow, and that with Charley Dollar and his keen joyous fighting men at her disposal Drake was at that moment in far greater danger of not eating his Christmas dinner than was I.

Nothing which had happened after my stepping on the Madcap's deck could have been seen from the shore, but the situation was due to disclose itself immediately. The diving gear was being overhauled and the black divers squatting on deck were bolting little gobbets of rice and finely chopped fish. Everybody was very busy and active and whenever any of them looked at me, sitting there handcuffed on the rail he grinned. The black boys particularly seemed to find it a tremendous joke. It had all been sort of a game played between these masterful white men and I was the loser. Still they seemed to feel that the hand was not yet played out, nor all the cards on the table; and despite the fact that I was in bonds and harmless they passed me wide.

And so did Drake's crew. The crab-like mate who had trapped me showed a marked shyness for my part of the deck. But presently, when his duties compelled it, he approached with diffidence. I was sitting on a coil of line required for the stealing of my pearls.

"Well," I said, "you are a pretty good little liar, aren't you. It's a shame to waste talents like yours at sea. You could make a tremendous hit on the stage."

I said it . . . how would you say? Not jokingly, of course, nor sneeringly. With a certain amount of sardonic appreciation for his talent, perhaps, because he really had acted his part tremendously well. A trained actor could have done no better. I told him so . . . and promptly added another interesting little human document to my collection. For it immediately appeared that this crusted little sea-spider had under his thorny carapace tremendous histrionic ambitions. He forgot his coil of line, squinted up and down the deck to locate Drake (who was below swigging at his water-monkey which contained grog or gin and limes or something) and then confided in me that his mother had been an actress and that he had always desired to go upon the stage. He produced from some part of his person a thumbed pocket copy of "As You Like It" and flashed it before my eyes as if doing some conjuring trick. "Some d'y I'll recite for you, Captain . . . " he began, but at that moment Drake came puffing up the companionway and was squeezed through the hatch as though the Madcap were trying to rid her system of him, and a few minutes later we were in the boats and pulling across to the pearling grounds.

It is very odd how some of us never appear to feel the emotions befitting a situation. There are persons (of whom I confess to be one) who have the desire to laugh when they ought to cry, and the reverse, and to get angry unreasonably and not get angry when there is just cause. At that moment the thought of the faces of Enid and Charley Dollar when they discovered me ironed to the thwart of the boat with Drake there in the stern struck me as intensely amusing. It really seems sort of a monkey trick to contort the features and cackle, but that is what I did when presently I discovered Enid and Charley Dollar examining us through the glasses from the door of the bungalow.

Drake appeared sourly surprised at my mirth. "If you had the sense of a cockroach you'd be praying instead of laughing, Kavanagh," said he. "You may not believe it, but you can take it from me that you are swinging by a mighty short scope."

"No I'm not," I answered. "You've got too much low animal cunning to take a chance on some of these beauties of yours getting a grievance and setting you aback some day. It wouldn't take a barrel of testimony to set you kicking the atmosphere."

He cursed me savagely and struck me across the mouth with the back of his hand. The blow cut my lip and loosened my teeth, but what was worse it knocked off my hat which was picked up and appropriated by a black in the following boat. This was a serious matter as it was dangerous to sit all day bareheaded in that equatorial sun, but fortunately my hair was thick and black and had not known the shears for many weeks.

But if Drake could have caught a few of the sensations seething inside me at that cowardly blow he might have regretted it. Never in my life had I been scorched by such a murderous flame.

CHAPTER XVIII

JUST as I supposed, the two boats were moored side by side, the natives going down to work on one side and the armored men the other. And they began immediately to fetch up quantities of splendid shell. Over on the shore Enid and Charley Dollar had come down to the water's edge and were watching operations, but of the other men there was no sign, and I wondered why. Enid called out to me to ask if I was hurt,



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Pearls of Desire

(Continued)

but I merely shook my head. Drake ignored her and preserved a sullen silence. He did not even inquire as to her presence there on Trocadero. Perhaps he thought that we had arranged it between us. But he was too interested in watching the potential fortune pour into his coffers to bother much about anything else. Also he kept a wary eye seaward and looking at the Madcap I saw that there was a hand up aloft. He and the cook appeared to have been the only persons left aboard. The others were all engaged in pearling.

And so the day passed, tediously and infuriating. Perhaps Drake may have been willing for me to get a sunstroke if so ordained as he would not let me wet my hair. I was forced to sit in the same strained position for hours. Enid and Charley Dollar returned to the bungalow and I caught glimpses of them moving about under the palms. Drake looked over there occasionally but made no remark. Work was knocked off at noon for an hour's rest and to eat, and then all hands turned too for the rest of the afternoon. I was rather giddy and nauseated when finally the darkness put an end to operations.

Drake billeted me that night on the bare quarter-deck with the chain of my handcuffs passed through another short piece rove into a ringbolt. Try to repose yourself with your hands clasped behind you even in bed and you can form an idea of what it was like on the hard deck with a ringbolt to rest upon.

"See here, Drake," I said, "you may be out for my head and hide and I should certainly like to tack yours up in the trophy room. But all the same, don't you think that we've been playing too big a game to warrant this sort of petty torture?

"Oh go to hell, Kavanagh," he retorted. "You've been sleeping soft enough these last few weeks to stand a little discomfort. However, if you care to send a note to your fafiné . . ."

"That'll do, swine . . ." I snarled. "Just wait . . ."

What puzzled me through these miserable hours as I sat there strained and sweltering—with little sun devils dancing before my eyes and my arms one long and torturing ache from wrist to shoulder was the peculiar apathy shown in my fate by Enid and Charley Dollar. They made no effort to communicate with Drake, which would of course have done no good, nor did they attempt to hail me from the beach. I wondered that Charley Dollar whom I knew to be a fine shot did not take a chance and have a try for Drake. The range was only four hundred yards. For my part I would have cheerfully welcomed the risk of a miss or even Drake's being slightly wounded and disposed for revenge. I tried to study out some plan for communicating with Enid, but could not devise any practical means. Of course I had made efforts to bribe the mate and such of the hands as passed my way, but it was no good. Drake had issued strict orders that I was not to be spoken or listened to, and his authority prevailed to make my tentative signs and gestures ignored. Drake at this moment did not seem to be drinking to any extent, for while he distilled alcoholic humors in the blaze of the sun he seemed always to know quite well what he was about and to be taking no chances of failure. He was as alert as a wolf pilfering a fold.

Another thing which puzzled me was the disappearance of four of Charley Dollars squad. That is to say it puzzled me at first, but on thinking a bit I understood the reason. When I had gone down to confer with the mate I had with me only Charley Dollar and another man, the rest had been told to keep out of sight. After my capture Enid and Charley had acted on this same strategic idea of concealing two-thirds of their strength. Reflecting on this I was sure that they must have some scheme afoot, though what it could possibly be was more than I could imagine in my growing exhaustion. So I sat tight . . . very tight, chained down as I was against the thwart, and after the third day of that interminable heat and glare and calm I began to slump and scarcely took the trouble to shake the hair out of my eyes. The lagoon used to get almost black at times, or rather a peculiar grey-black which was very reposeful to the vision, though not increasing its efficacy. And there was a point on the top of my head which hurt, as if somebody was pressing a sharp stick against it.

Then, one morning as I was sitting there, tightening and relaxing different muscles to take the cramp out of them and trying as best I could to keep the handcuffs from bearing on the raw, galled places and trying to catch the flash of Enid's gown under the dried and scrubby fringe of palms, Drake asked suddenly:—

"How many of there are you here, Kavanagh?"

"Enough to cook your goose, monkey man," I answered. "You will never get out of this lagoon alive, start when you like."

"I will, though," he answered. "We are going out to-night. We've licked the cream off this jug."

"You haven't digested it, though," said I.

"Oh, well," said he, "it always takes a little time for digestion. I must say, I'm rather sorry that I've had to be so strict with you, Kavanagh. Had to be done, though. I know what you wild Fenians are like."

"Though . . ." I said.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. You will be dead tomorrow morning, Drake. I see it in your eyes."

He looked horribly frightened for just about a second, then asked me roughly what I was talking about.

"You," I answered. "Some of us 'wild Fenians' that you have been spitting on can tell at times when Death is writing hell's passport in a man's eyes."

He goggled at me for a moment, then shrugged. "You're off your chump," he answered.

"I'll tell you something that may cheer you up, though. We're going after your girl, to-night."

"Are you?" I answered. "I'll bet you my new schooner against the Madcap that you don't get her."

"We'll see," he answered, and relapsed into silence.

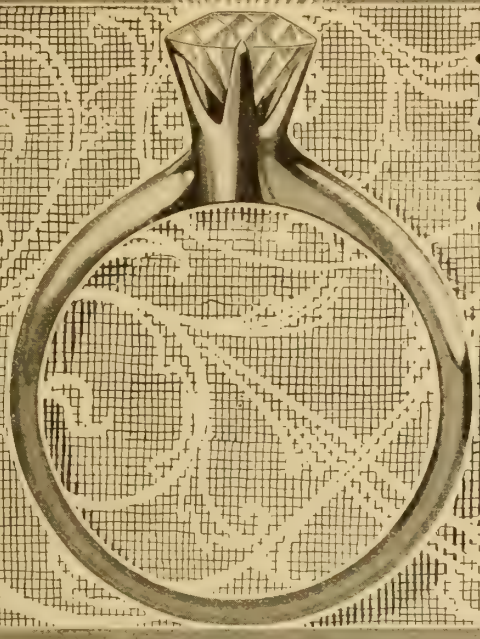
This threat of Drake's served as a stimulant, arousing me to fresh hope. It seemed also to justify Enid's passive waiting. Drake had seen only Charley Dollar and one of his men and he had no knowledge of the other five who were being kept carefully out of sight. I knew that if Drake and his scurvey crew were to land on the island at night the chances of any of them getting off alive were very small indeed.

Low as I was this ray of hope acted as a tonic, but I was careful not to let Drake guess at my encouragement. The only fear I had about the business was that Enid might be hurt in the fracas. I was also worried for fear it might be merely a bluff on Drake's part, and intended to harass me. But on turning his position in my mind I came to the conclusion that he really meant to carry out the threat, but not for the sake of any evil intention toward Enid herself. She was no pretty half-caste wife of a gin-soaked trader nor some silly and defenceless adventuress impressed by his debonair swagger. He would never dare to offer her any greater violence than that required for her forcible abduction from Trocadero, for which he would claim in extenuation that *after the accident which had happened to Captain Kavanagh* he did not feel that he ought to leave her there, even though it became necessary to resort to *force majeur* in order to restore her to her relatives.

And then of a sudden his plan was presented to my vision all nicely framed and ticketed. Here (if he were actually laid by the heels, which was by no means sure) would be his line of defence:—After taking the bishop and Mrs. Stormsby to Kialu he had returned to Trocadero with the idea of prospecting for pearls in the lagoon in order to decide whether it would be worth his while to get a concession (a highly irregular proceeding and one which would have got his vessel confiscated if caught at it, but all the same no very great crime). He did not believe that I had any concession and thought that I was merely trying to bluff him out. On his making a few tentative examinations of the bottom he had been fired on from the cliffs by me and other persons unknown, and had taken measures for his self protection while pursuing his investigations. While so employed he had sighted a smoke on the horizon and realizing that his operations were strictly speaking illegal and might land him in a German penal colony he had done what any other person would have done and got away to sea.

But twenty-four hours later on turning the situation in his mind he had come to the conclusion that there was really no reason for his having run away. He had scraped up some promising shell but taken no pearls. Still the bottom offered

(Continued to page 124)



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The Test

(Continued from page 38)

Betty, pretty as a picture, might have attracted anybody's attention. She *commanded* Vinton's, because she was the first woman with whom he had been unable to make any headway. Made him doubt his charms, I guess, and the only way he could justify himself in his own esteem was to win out, even if he had to ask Betty to marry him in order to do so. It actually came to that, in the end.

I've often thought that it must have required a tremendous amount of nerve for Betty Mason to turn down a man like Vinton, even if only for the amusement she might have gotten out of it, the relief from the terrible strain she was under. Mighty few women would have carried their devotion to a husband, especially a husband who had practically abandoned them, that far. I don't mean turning down his offer of marriage, of course. I mean his dinners, his auto rides, his invitations of every sort. One thing no doubt helped her, and in mentioning it I don't mean to detract in any way from Betty's faithfulness to her husband. She may have realized the terrible danger of it. For all she knew, Frank might be watching her, might appear at any moment, to find her, perhaps, dining with the man in whose arms she had been, in that still—the man who, from all appearances, had wrecked his home. Then it might have been a bullet for Vinton, and the electric chair for Frank.

Perhaps she found it easier to sit at home, waiting for his return, or what she feared even more, news of his death. That was what she really expected, day after day, night after night, and of course, loving him as she did, she blamed herself for all the trouble, because she hadn't told him about the test. Curious thought, isn't it; that test Betty made for the screen turned out to be another sort of test altogether—a test of her love for her husband, and in a way, of his love for her. So she waited alone, night after night, but Frank never came.

Vinton wasn't the only one who made a play for her. Brockton, the head of our scenario department, tried, too. Got her address from the office files, and went and called on her. I never learned the details of that interview, but Brockton showed up the next day with some queer looking scratches on his face, and Betty was more than usually pale and haggard. I imagine it was a good thing for her sake that Brockton had nothing to do with hiring our people. The Chief knew we had a prize in Betty, because I had told him so, and the Chief is a big man, and the right sort, like most big men.

Well, we got the picture done at last, and it had its first showing at the Regent. Betty was anxious to go, of course, and the occasion being a special one as it were, her first picture and all that, I asked her to take dinner with me.

Vinton trailed me all the afternoon, and when I left the studio he came along and suggested that we dine together. I told him about the engagement I had with Betty, and he asked me if he might come too.

I was about to make an excuse, when I remembered some gossip I had heard a few days before, to the effect that Vinton had been unable to make any headway with Betty, because *I* was the favored one. It wasn't couched in such nice language, either, and if I had been able to trace it, I would have made somebody suffer.

So, when this flashed across my mind, I decided to let Vinton come along. It might serve to stop these rumors, I thought, which were, as you can see, shamefully unjust to Betty.

She seemed surprised when she saw Vinton with me, but of course she didn't say anything, and we proceeded down town.

I had planned to have dinner at one of the Times Square restaurants, and from there walk to the theatre. Everything went along quite smoothly. Vinton was very quiet, almost sulky I thought, but Betty, with the excitement of seeing her first picture ahead of her, was brighter and livelier than she had been for weeks. We left the restaurant a little before eight, and walked up Broadway.

We had just reached the corner below the theatre when Sam Milton, of the Famous Stars Company, stopped me to say "hello". He had just blown in from the Coast, and I hadn't seen him for two years.

Sam and I gossiped for a moment, while Betty and Vinton walked on in the direction of the theatre. I got the name of his hotel, promised to look him up, and was just about to leave him when I saw an astonishing thing.

The bent and shabby figure of a man passed me, so close that he almost brushed my elbow. He wore an old overcoat, in spite of the mildness of the weather, and his right hand was plunged into one of its pockets. His hair was matted and unkempt, his face unshaven, showing deep marks of dissipation. But the thing that was most terrible about him was the expression of his eyes. Bloodshot, staring, they had in them a look of ferocity, of madness that made me shiver. And this more particularly, because the man was Betty's husband, Frank Mason, and his gaze was fastened with grim determination upon the figures of his wife and Maurice Vinton, not twenty yards ahead of him.

I left Sam talking to the empty air, for I saw there was not a moment to lose. Even as it was, I expected every instant to see Frank's right hand leap from the pocket of his coat, and to hear the shots that would mean the end of Vinton, or Betty, or both of them. So I ran, fairly ran, as far as a man can run in a Broadway theatre crowd, and just as my quarry came abreast of the theatre, I caught up with him. Betty and Vinton were standing chatting alongside the curb, waiting for me to join them.

I did some quick thinking. Then I went up to Frank and put my hand on his shoulder. He started as though he had been shot, and I thought he was going to run for it, but the sound of my voice stopped him.

"Why, Frank Mason!" I cried, as though I had had the surprise of my life. "I'm delighted to see you—simply delighted. Where have you been keeping yourself all these years? I've got something I must show you—something I wouldn't have you miss seeing for anything in the world." All the time I was speaking, I kept urging him toward the entrance of the theatre, and my hand on his shoulder was no light one. I'm pretty husky, as you know—190 stripped,—and in Frank's emaciated and run-down condition I could have handled him with one hand.

He went along as meek as a lamb, evidently figuring that he would abandon his attack for the moment, until he had gotten rid of me. He knew me, of course.

"Show me?" he muttered. "What do you want to show me?"

"Something that is going to make you the happiest man in the world," I said, fairly shoving him through the door. Luckily the ticket-taker knew me, but I saw him give a look of amazement at Frank. And no wonder. I'm surprised, even now, that they let him in at all.

By this time Frank Mason was becoming bewildered. Don't forget that he hadn't the least idea that Betty had gone into pictures, or that Vinton was an actor. All the latter meant to him was the man who had stolen his wife. He was ready to kill.

"Frank Mason," I said, "you're going to sit here with me and look at this picture. After that, you can do what you please." Then I shoved him into a seat in the last row, and sat down beside him. I saw Betty and Vinton enter the box I had reserved, looking all about for me.

I had looked forward to the evening, expecting to share Betty's joy in her success. That joy I missed, but I knew I should have a greater one.

At first Frank sat huddled in his seat, with his head bowed down, wondering how long it would be before he would be able to get away from me and my chatter, and attend to the real business of the evening. I talked to him continually about my success in screen work, trying to keep his mind diverted until the show began. Then I sat tight, and waited.

When he first saw Betty, he gave a curious hoarse sigh, like a man who has suddenly awakened from a terrible dream. Then he sat back, his hands gripping the arms of the seat, for fully half an hour, immovable. All of a sudden he collapsed again, and I saw that he was crying.

"Betty has been waiting for you very patiently, Frank," I said. "Those photographs you saw were nothing but motion picture stills. That telegram you found I sent. She is the best wife in the world."

He didn't answer me, but one of his poor thin hands clutched mine, and we sat there without another word, till the picture was done. Then I went to find Betty.

There's no need to say any more. All this happened a year ago. Frank is one of our publicity men now, and making good to the tune of a hundred a week. And Betty is going to star.

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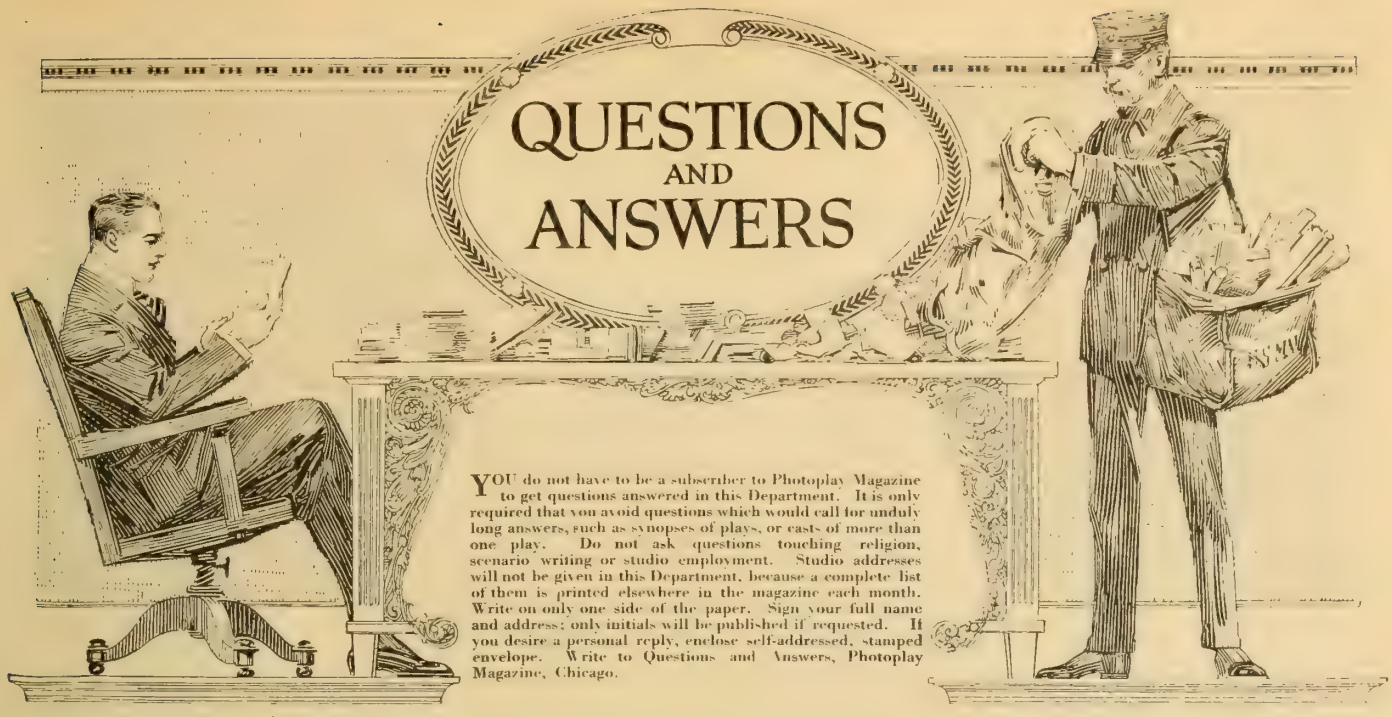
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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

L. L., Atlanta, Ga.—You'll forgive us won't you, if we sorta forget to go into details about those divorce suits. Divorce is *such* a depressing subject when it concerns people we know and like, isn't it? Anyhow, we hope that you will be satisfied with the information that in both the Forman and Blackwell cases, the wives were the plaintiffs. Now let's talk about something pleasant, like blondes and pie a la mode.

Margery, Huntington, W. Va.—William Desmond is married and has been in that identical condition for a number of years. His wife was known on the legitimate stage as Lilian (correct) Lamson and she is a sister of Nance O'Neil. He is still with Triangle.

I. S., Chicago, Ill.—Any time that you feel it is of vital importance to have an immediate answer to a query, slip a two cent engraving of G. Washington into your letter and you'll get a reply at once. You can never win anything by cussin the editor; so there!

Mattie, Winston, N. C.—Welcome Mattie to the Mystic Circle. Your favorites may be described as follows: Clara Kimball Young has brown hair and eyes, is an inch over five feet and a half and her favorite weight is 135 pounds. She is 26. Wallace Reid is a six footer, makes 185 without trouble; has fairly dark brown hair, grayish eyes and is 27 years old.

Peggy, Millburn, N. J.—Thanks, awfully. Most all of 'em like it better this way and nobody seems to miss the extra jitney. What's a nickel anyhow when you want to know the latest about your favorites? Beverly Bayne is not married. Taylor Holmes is in his thirties somewhere and his only film play thus far is "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" provided by Essanay. Billie Burke's baby girl was born a year ago, October 23, if we remember rightly, and it's her very own. Seena Owen and her husband George Walsh have a baby about two years old. Theodore Roberts *did* play with Mae Murray in "The Dream Girl."

H. D., Brooklyn.—There is very little opportunity for a boy of fifteen in the moving pictures. In fact, it may be stated that there is none at all. We cannot give home addresses. Write to your friends at their studio addresses.

C. A., Tulsa, Okla.—Sessue Hayakawa and Wallie Reid are at Lasky's and Marguerite Clark at Famous Players. You're not a reg'lar spinster until you start complaining about the way the girls dress nowadays and talk about the "chances" you used to have.

H., Haverhill, Mass.—Charles Ray is not related to Eleanor Ray. Mary Miles Minter's sister Margaret Shelby often plays with her on the screen. Mr. Hayakawa answers his mail faithfully.

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

M. C. W., Boston, Mass.—The young man who played Evelyn Nesbit's son grown up and whom you think looks like Harry Thaw, in "Redemption," was George Clarke. Yes, Harry Thaw has been in pictures. He has starred in Pathe Weekly, Selig Tribune, International Film Service Weekly, Gaumont Weekly, Universal Weekly and other film newspapers.

Grace, Fall River, Mass.—Robert Hilliard has a son but it isn't Harry. Jean Sothern is with Art Dramas. The Lee kiddies, Katherine and Jane, are being starred in their own pictures now by Fox.

B. R., Birmingham, Ala.—Can't quite get you. First we thought you were trying to kid us but finally concluded you were just a new sort of nut. If we're wrong, we'd be glad to be put right.

Pattie, Victoria, Australia.—Pauline Frederick was educated in Boston. Frank Andrews, who played in "Poor Little Rich Girl" was not her former husband. Billie Burke was educated in Washington, D. C., and France. "The Little Girl Next Door" was produced by Essanay. Evidently they were ashamed of it as the members of the cast have always gone nameless. You seem to have a fairly good size-up of the screen.

M. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—Arthur Ashley doesn't say whether he is married. Norma Talmadge's husband is Joseph Schenck. Naomi Childers is not married. She played last with Ivan Films. You're terribly welcome.

Kiddem, Callao, Peru.—*Buenas* morning *hombre*. *Como 'sta* all the genuine Peruvian doughtnuts? Juanita Hansen was born in Des Moines, Ia. It's her honest-to-goodness *como-se-llama* and she played last with Crane Wilbur in "Devil McCare." She's now comedying at Universal. Hoye you'll write much often.

Rose, Hamilton, Canada.—Mrs. Walter Crawford, of Roanoke, Va., desires to assure you that "there is a real live Bushman Club of which we are not the least ashamed. But to the contrary we are very proud of it." It's a regular club, gotta lotta officers and everything according to Roanoke advices, Mr. Bushman being honorary president and Miss Bayne, honorary vice president.

Silver Spurs, St. Paul, Minn.—Sorry Mr. Johnson omitted to mention Mr. Foxe in his annual resume of the year's doins but we haven't got a thing to do with any except this particular department. Earle is mighty lucky to have a screen friend like you.

Mildred, New York City.—Theda Bara played in "Under Two Flags" and is now doing "Du Barry." It's Pearl White's real name, we're told. Creighton Hale is now appearing in "Seven Pearls." Write to Pathe about your desire to see Pearl in other than serials and maybe they'll come through.

D. D., Northampton, Mass.—Don't think he is the same Tony Moreno who worked in that silk hosiery plant.

Alice, Detroit, Mich.—Jack Holt is still with Lasky and Earle Foxe with Goldwyn.

GYP, FORT SMITH, ARK.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are both back at Universal City but in different companies. Miss Cunard's birth year is 1893. Mrs. Castle's first name is Irene. You have the dope on the Burke plays—three of them to date Dorothy Gish is 19.

MADAMOISELLE, READING, PA.—Trying to kid us with that phoney French dialect? Try again.

JAMES, BROCKTON, N. Y.—A reel is supposed to contain not more than 1,000 feet of film. You cannot make a scenario of a story written by another person without getting the consent of the writer.

H. R., DES MOINES, IA.—Certainly enjoyed that novelette you sent us. Do it again. It's just about the newsiest epistle that's come to our rolltop this month. J. W. Johnston is now somewhere in N'Yawk. Mabel Normand is no longer a Sunkist star as she recently signed with a New York company.

V., DUPONT, IND.—Billie Burke was christened Ethel Burke. She is 31 and Anita Stewart is 20. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring, the sister of Blanche Ring.

E. C., LOUISVILLE, KY.—So Francis X. "kissed her arm and said she was the sweetest woman in the world" when he introduced Beverly Bayne? Why, girlie, you wouldn't have had him be impolite, wouldja? Wallie Reid has a son nearly six months old.

L. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mildred Harris may be said to have risen to stardom as she is the featured player in the first two independent productions from the Lois Weber studio. Her latest is "K," the Mary Roberts Rinehart novel. We're after the Williams pictures.

J. A., YOUNGSTON, O.—Douglas MacLean was the young man who played opposite Gail Kane in "The Upper Crust." He is now back on the noisy stage. He appeared in a number of World photoplays. William Parke, Jr., is with Thanhouser, New Rochelle, N. Y. He'll probably answer your letter if you do not disclose the fact that you think he is "cute."

C. B., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—You have the correct address for Miss Minter. No players are offended if written to for photos. Go right ahead.

IVY, CLEVELAND, O.—D. W. Griffith is married. He is now in Europe working on his third photoplay in which the big war is the chief theme. The Gish sisters and Bobby Harron appear in them. Mr. Griffith is about 44 years old. Yes, we like brunettes—also blondes and redheads.

A. F., NEW YORK CITY.—Charles Ray is 26 years old, married, lives in Los Angeles and his auto is a Worser, or something like that. Answer men are not familiar with autos.

R. S., SILVERTON, COLO.—Joan Sawyer was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1884, so she could scarcely be referred to as a native of New England.

V. K., LOS ANGELES.—Harry Ham is not the husband of Billie Rhodes. Billie's married name is Fulgham, but she's trying to get rid of it. Robert Walker was the minister in "The Light of Happiness." We are never bored.

FRENCHIE, KANKAKEE, ILL.—Florence Holbrook is still on the musical comedy stage. Thelma Salter is now about eight years old.

TOMMY, CHICAGO.—We'd like awfully well to help out your friend Tom Forman but Tommy has decided to be a Sammy. Anyhow he has enlisted so nothing we could say or do would help him where he is now.

RENIE, SAVANNAH, GA.—Edward T. Langford has gone away to war so he isn't available to quiz as to his private life. You are fortunate to have met so many screen notables. Write again.

E. M., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The actresses you are curious about do not smoke. Miriam Cooper has appeared in "The Honor System," "The Innocent Sinner" and other pictures for Fox. Mae Murray and Mollie King have always been blondes, so far as we know. Mrs. Castle is doing five reel features for Pathe.

"Is Broncho Billy married? I'm awfully interested because I just love to see him get the girl in the end."

This was the first question ever asked any publication about any film player. The publication was The Dramatic Mirror and the query made Frank E. Woods, now production manager of the Lasky-Famous Players western studios, the first Answer Man.

"As nearly as I can remember," said Mr. Woods, "the writer of the letter was a girl about sixteen. I published the answer in my column and that started them going. The one most important question in those days concerned the identity of 'Little Mary.' The Biograph company would not give out the names of its players, so it was a long time before the fans knew the identity of their favorite."

G. H., LAGRAND, ORE.—Why pick on us with your chain letter prayer? And we didn't send it to nine others either because we've had all the bad luck there is.

F., DORCHESTER, MASS.—We have no branch in Boston and there is no way that we can aid you in getting into the movies.

H. K., MISSOURI VALLEY, IA.—The only way to get a picture of Harry Hilliard is to write him, care William Fox, New York, and ask him for one.

E. W., NAMPA, IDA.—Mary Pickford is an inch taller than Marguerite Clark, who is an inch under five feet. Myrtle Gonzalez, William Duncan and George Holt had the chief roles in "The Chalice of Courage." Clara Kimball Young, Earl Williams, Harry Morey and L. Rogers Lytton were the chief players in "My Official Wife."

BILLY PENN, PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, that's quite a nice pen name. Bill Hart gets his mail in care of the William S. Hart Productions Company, corner Fountain and Bates, Hollywood, Cal. He answers his letters and sends photographs to his admirers.

E. O., KOKOMO, IND.—Norma Talmadge is the wife of Joseph Schenck, a well known man in theatrical circles. Olive Thomas is at Culver City, Cal.; Anita Stewart at Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Montagu Love at World, New York and Tom Forman is in the army.

DAHC, LEWISTOWN, MONT.—Miss Anita Loos may be reached by mail at Douglas Fairbanks Corporation, Hollywood, Cal.

RAYMOND, NEWARK, N. J.—Norma Talmadge was born at Jersey City, N. J., and was married last November. She is 22 Her husband, Joseph Schenck, is about 45

J. B. H., FALL RIVER, MASS.—Myrtle Stedman seems to be vacationing at this time Yes, Cecil DeMille apparently is coming along nicely. "The Little American" and "A Romance of the Redwoods" were the two Pickford pictures directed by Mr. DeMille.

TIBBY, NEW YORK CITY.—Write to Alice Joyce, care Vitagraph and we are sure you will receive an acceptance. Hope the appendix came out without much trouble.

ALICE G., QUEBEC, CANADA.—Write Harry Myers care Pathe, New York City.

M. W., CANTON, O.—Edward Earle is now with Vitagraph Louise Huff and House Peters played together, we think, only in "The Lonesome Chap."

G. G., AUGUSTA, GA.—The baptismal name of Mary Miles Minter is Juliet Shelby. Baby Marie Osborne works on a salary and percentage basis, so we can't tell you just what she puts in the little bank every week. Irene Howley has been on the screen for several years.

M. T., PT. ARTHUR, CANADA.—Katherine Sanders, a Danish actress, played the role of *Ann* in "Blind Justice," which was produced in Denmark. Irving Cumming's wife is an actress; name, Ruth Sinclair.

LOTUS, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Evelyn Dumo was the *Baroness* in "My Madonna." James Morrison was last with Ivan Films and Dorothy Kelly is still with Vitagraph.

R. M., BALTIMORE, MD.—Norma Phillips was *June* in "Runaway June." She is on the legitimate stage now.

SQUIRREL BILL, PORTLAND, ORE.—You are quite some artist, Bill. Mary Pickford is now in Hollywood, Cal. Maybe some other photoplayers will visit Portland soon. If we can do anything for you along those lines, let us know.

LEONA, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The newsboy in "A Jewel in Pawn" was Antrim Short. Earle Williams is not married and he gets his mail at the Vitagraph studio, Brooklyn.

E. W., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Charley Ray's right name is Charles Ray. Wally Reid's is the same—that is, it's Wallace Reid, with a William befront of it. Sure he'd write—at least, he'd send you a picture of hisself.

J. M., DUBLIN, GA.—You must be more specific.

POLLY PEPPERS, BOONVILLE, MO.—Welcome home, Polly. If you mean Harry Fox of "Beatrice Fairfax" fame, we can tell you that he is a native of California, a vaudeville player of considerable repute and the husband of Yansci Dolly, one of the famous Dolly sisters. Sure is "cute." We've never seen the sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky." Bessie Barriscale's son is about 8 and Valeska Suratt is not married. Fanny Ward's daughter is not a screen actress.

(Continued on page 128)

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)

APROPOS of the war, movie followers have perhaps noted the appearance on the screen of a number of new names. Some of the more timid producers have gone about changing the names of their players without even consulting the wearers thereof, through fear that some suggestion of Teutonism in those cognomens would be injurious to the success of the photoplays with which the names were associated. One of the most amusing instances of this kind was the summary rechristening of Alfred Vosburgh, of Vitagraph. Some one in the New York office of that company arrived at the astute conclusion that Vosburgh was a German name so when a photoplay arrived with that good old Scottish name in the cast, it was immediately yanked out and the name Alfred "Whitman" substituted therefor. So Al Vosburgh is now Al Whitman, though involuntarily and only officially. It might be added, postscriptically, that the name of Otto Lederer remained in the cast.

There was considerably more reason however for another recent change of patronymic. The player's name being Norman Kaiser, comment is superfluous. Norman played opposite Bessie Barriscale in "Rose of Paradise" and then went to Artcraft for an important part in "The Little Princess." He didn't wait for anyone else to switch his name but christened himself "Kerry" and as Norman Kerry he appears in the Pickford cast. Following the completion of the picture he left for the East with the view of joining the Canadian aviation corps.

METRO is now operating a multi-company studio in Los Angeles for the first time in its history. The studio used by Charley Chaplin for the last eighteen months has been taken over and at present three companies are making pictures under the general direction of Manager B. A. Rolfe. The companies are headed by Edith Storey, Viola Dana and Emmy Wehlen and Mr. Rolfe expects to add more from time to time.

IT is no longer a great mystery-secret, that Jack Pickford-Olive Thomas romance. On October 25, the former Follies star announced that just a year before on the same date, she and Jack were married, prior to Jack's departure for the Coast. Then in the spring Olive quit the bright lights for the sunlight and became a Triangle luminary. She made no secret to friends that it was on Jack's account. But news of the marriage was kept from the public because, as the beauteous Olive says, "I didn't want people to say that I'm succeeding because of the Pickford name." Now that she has "shown 'em," Miss Thomas is not averse to letting the world know that she and Jack have been one for one year. Among film folk they are regarded as the most devoted couple in movieland.

EVELYN NESBIT is in again—the films. She is doing "The Greater Love" which sounds like ready money.

MARY H. O'CONNOR, a pioneer among scenario editors, is chief aide to Frank E. Woods, Lasky's head of production. Miss O'Connor was connected with the Munsey Magazine before entering the screen studios, first with Vitagraph. Then she joined forces with D. W. Griffith and was scenario editor at Majestic-Reliance and Fine Arts until both of those companies passed into history.

THAT well known transcontinentalist, Anita King, has quit Hollywood for Long Beach, Cal. She has signed a contract with Balboa and will be starred by that company.

IN the East, Cupid also ensnared a well known filmer in Edna Payne, once the star attraction of the old Eclaire. Miss Payne became the bride of Jack Rollens, a vaudeville player, in New York.

MINA CUNARD, sister of Grace, is a war bride. Mina, who has also played under the family name of Mina Jeffries, was wedded to Stockton Quincy, a member of the Coast Artillery, just before leaving for the mobilization camp. There's another war bride at Universal City, Betty Schade, whose husband Ernie Shields, has also been called to the colors.

RUTH STONEHOUSE is also numbered among the war brides. Her husband Joe Roach, a well known scenario writer for Triangle, was among the drafted and as Ruth is fully able to make her own living, Husband Joe did not claim an exemption.

LEE MORAN and Eddie Lyons, chief comedy stars at Universal City have apparently been experimenting with leading ladies. When Edith Roberts quit them to take up more serious work, they had Rosemary Theby assigned to their company. Miss Theby also sought dramatic roles and Juanita Hansen succeeded her. Now their leading lady is Teddy Sampson, wife of Ford Sterling.

PARALTA is having more trouble launching itself than a dreadnaught. The Paralta plan, a highly technical innovation in distribution, has been a picture puzzle in the trade for nearly a year, and still, with two or three productions complete and others in the making, the public has yet to see any of them on the screen. First they were going to distribute through Triangle. Then they informed the public that they did not mean Triangle, but Stephen A. Lynch, and as Lynch was leaving Triangle they were also. Now it appears that Mr. Lynch will not leave Triangle, after all, but remains as head of the distributing system, which was all Paralta had anything to do with it anyhow. Just where this bird of passage will eventually roost is one of the things they have stopped guessing about on Longacre Square.

ROMAINE FIELDING is now a free man. His wife, Mabel Vann, recently obtained a divorce in Minneapolis.



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Petrova—Prophetess

(Continued from page 27)

ideals. I didn't write because I thought I was turning out masterpieces, but because nobody else was doing so, and I was actually forced to provide something approaching what I wanted.

"And now that I have my own company, it is still harder. Formerly there were scenario departments with several readers, constantly on the lookout for material. Now I have to do it all myself. I read, read, read—until I feel that I must go blind.

"Last summer I went to Maine for a vacation. Mrs. Clifton, my scenario writer, was with me. We thought we were going to have a fine rest, but neither of us could escape the haunting thought that soon I was to begin on my first independent production, and we had no story. That ghost followed us through the woods, across the lakes and grinned horribly at us out of the stars. Shall I tell you a fish story?"

It was a little abrupt but I recovered in time to say "Please."

"Mrs. Clifton and I were out fishing one day, with fair success, but Mrs. Clifton was determined not to go back until she had caught at least one big one. I had decided to rest on my laurels, and was leaning back in the boat, thinking again of the necessity of getting a story. An idea began to evolve in my mind, and I concentrated upon it. At last it seemed tangible enough to talk about.

"'I believe I have a plot for the story at last!' I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Clifton gave a little cry of delight, and then of dismay. In her excitement and eagerness to hear the story she had dropped her rod into the lake, and she assured me that she had just had a bite so vigorous that it could have meant nothing less than the biggest fish in the lake.

"But it did turn out to be a story after all, and perhaps the fish wouldn't have been so big when she landed it.

Perhaps the impression might be left upon some minds, from all this, that Madame Petrova is not a practical woman, she dreams her pictures and productions.

It was no dreamer that I found another day, out at her studio in the Bronx. She was garbed in a flowing white gown as an ambassador's wife at a court function, and stood at one side of an arch waiting for her entrance cue. At least I supposed she was waiting. As a matter of fact there is no blank moment in the Petrova day. The spot where she was standing was, for that moment, the executive offices of the Petrova Film Corporation. As we gossiped about this and that, a man intruded.

"Pardon me," said Madame, "this is Mr. North, my business manager," and she turned away to attend to some detail.

Again we gossiped, and again an intruder.

"Pardon me—this is Mr. Irving, my director," and they decided how a certain piece of action should be handled.

A third time.

"Pardon me—this is Baron de Witz, my technical director," and they consulted over the details of a prince's costume.

So it went. A secretary came in with checks to be signed. An electrician asked her opinion concerning the lights. And so on. Madame Petrova's thought is not confined to the dissection of theories, but with the same acute analytical faculty that has enabled her to evolve her theories of life and art, she has mastered the mechanics of the studio. She is a prophetess—but her feet are firmly planted upon the earth.

I read this over to my friend the Low Brow.

"Sure," he said, "but coming back to pictures—"

"We haven't been away from them," I quoted, chortling.

But he only scowled at me across his beer.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1917.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James R. Quirk, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice President and Business Manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editors, Alfred A. Cohn, Los Angeles, Cal., and Randolph Bartlett, New York City, N. Y. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill. Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JAMES R. QUIRK.
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1917.

[SEAL] KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.
(My commission expires June 17, 1920.)



Hazel Daley
appearing as "Dearie" Skinner in
"Skinner's Baby"
Essanay Photoplay



PHOTO BY MOFFETT

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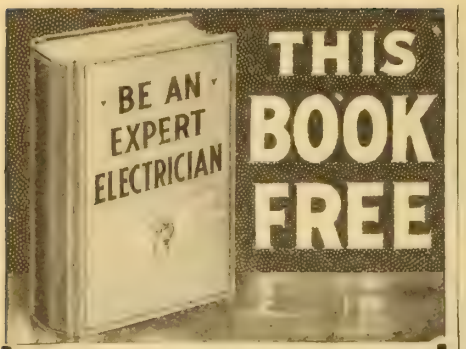
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The Unforeseen

(Continued from page 46)

"Yes," she admitted.

"But let me look at you. I can now, you know. Margaret, you're beautiful. And it's really you! If you only knew how good it is to see again—to see you!—to see the light of day—and you—to see your hands in mine—to look and look in your eyes, and look again, Margaret!"

There were a few moments of tender caresses. Then Maxwell spoke indignantly.

"But why are the curtains drawn? I can't half see you, Meg."

"I was afraid that the light might be too strong for your eyes, Walter."

"Not too strong in which to see your loveliness. I never dreamed you were half so splendid. But, ah, splendid isn't what I mean. I want a word that has splendor and softness and womanliness in it—all for you."

Margaret raised the shades. She stood for a moment before the window, her face drooping a little, as she looked at her husband under slightly lowered lids. Abruptly, Maxwell spoke, with a harsh note of command in his voice.

"Stand as you are!"

"Walter, what is it? You frighten me."

The voice that answered her was stern, unpitying.

"What have you to be afraid of?"

"But you frighten me!"

"I see you," the man answered in a level voice. "I see something else—a man and a woman watching a crowd in Paris. She is standing as you stood a moment ago. The man is dead."

"Oh, God!" Margaret's voice was a wail.

The husband's voice sounded in stern demand:

"Were you Count Gregorini's wife?"

Margaret answered:

"No."

The afflicted woman could find no word to utter in self-defense. She felt the hopelessness of any attempt toward self-justification. She caught the significance of his muttered explanation that he had accompanied Captain Haynes to the Paris hotel.

The desolation of death fell on Margaret as she looked into the accusing eyes of the husband she loved, and saw him shrink away from her—a woman he deemed outcast.

The level voice of Captain Haynes sounded in the ears of the distracted pair.

"I have seen, and I have guessed, though I could not hear." He pulled from his breast-pocket a letter, which he held out to Maxwell.

"Read that," he directed. "Count Gregorini wrote it to me, sealed with black wax, just before he killed himself. It explains everything."

Maxwell, wondering mightily, read the Italian's explanation of how he had compromised an innocent woman by declaring her to be his wife.

"I would have explained to you before," the captain said, turning toward the woman. "But you forbade me any mention of the matter."

Maxwell looked up from the letter, and his eyes were alight again.

"I should have known," he said simply.

The wife's answer was to go into the shelter of his arms.

Claire Fixes It for Violet

(Continued from page 41)

he had made the trip in a hurry, while I hung on somehow. I hadn't figured on his stopping with the emergency brake, and he pulled up so short, that he dumped me beside the railway track, not hurt much, but scared to death. So I decided to learn to ride, and be prepared for emergencies."

But riding horses is not Miss Mersereau's only outdoor accomplishment. She says she can drive any automobile made.

"Yes—into a ditch," interposed Allen Edwards, her leading man, who betrayed a secret which he should have kept, as it were, inviolate. He says that when Miss Mersereau attempted to do a stunt with his Stutz one day she put it out of commission. Miss Violet indignantly denied this, but Edwards insisted upon his story.

"I've a good notion to have the scenario changed so that I won't have to marry you in the last reel," declared Violet.

So Violet Mersereau, an old timer at eighteen, having been "in pictures" six years, is a perfect living symbol of the lusty young infant among the arts. In these days when most of the beginnings were yesterday, when alignments involving millions of dollars of capital change overnight, it is not strange after all, that among the people who were in at the springing of the barrier, are such octogenarians as Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Viola Dana, Violet Mersereau.

The dramatic fire, in reaching Miss Mersereau, jumped a generation. Violet was born in New York, and her mother, while interested in the stage, and finding in it a career for her daughters, herself made no efforts toward achievement in this direction. But *her* mother, in turn, was Mme. Luzanzie, a noted French actress. And so the light which illumined the Comedie Francaise and l'Odeon, two generations ago, has been rekindled in the petite person of Violet Mersereau for the pleasure of them who delight in the play of youthful spirits upon the magic curtain.



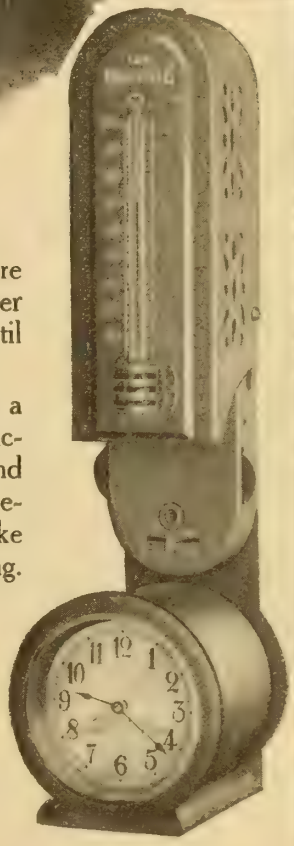
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The Shadow Stage

By Randolph Bartlett

(*Continued from page 66*)

tion with the latest Kuppenheimer creation, while a 1917 gasoline wagon slides in every now and then.

THE SUNSET TRAIL—Paramount

Yet again the western story. Vivian Martin's picture mother, tired of ranch life, elopes with an eastern millionaire and marries him after her husband divorces her. The mother comes back and tries to win her child. Vivian sees her mother in a compromising situation with a third man—the lady simply cannot keep her affections corralled. The girl lies to save her mother, but the truth is eventually revealed and the desired marriage to the man who has been destined to the purpose from the first reel, is promised. Excellent light entertainment, with unusually beautiful photography.

RASPUTIN—World

One of the risks a producer must accept when making a picture based upon historical events, or other material not protected by copyright, is that other producers have a perfect legal and moral right to parallel his work, so long as they do not utilize any fiction incidents he may create. It was inevitable that the romance of the incidents leading to the Russian revolution would attract more than one picture maker. It was likewise inevitable that some one would beat some one else in completing the film. The World Film Corporation won the race, so far as time of release was concerned. "Rasputin" was the title selected, Montague Love the player chosen for the impersonation. Unlike Brenon, Mr. Brady did not pretend to write history upon the screen. His version of the life of the greatest scoundrel of modern times is as different from the Brenon account as Mr. Love's visualization of Rasputin is different from Mr. Connelly's. That Rasputin was a real Svengali is known. Mr. Love, obsessed by this idea, consciously or unconsciously revived the figure of Trilby's *bete noir* as created by Wilton Lackaye. Were Svengali less familiar, Mr. Love's impersonation would be more effective. The picture as a whole appeals more through its timeliness than through its dramatic force.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER—A-Kay

Walt Mason, the sweet singer of Kansas, is writing scenarios with rhymed subtitles. One of the first of these, "I Remember, I Remember," is a simple tale of a country girl who goes to the city, but, pining for the old farm, returns there, dreading drudgery, but finding mother sitting beside an electric washing machine reading the latest issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, while an intercommunicating telephone brings the hired man from the barn. The whimsical humor of these one-reel comedies is in delightful contrast to much of the boisterous humor of the screen's minor fun-wagons.

THEIR COMPACT—Metro

It is so long since Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have had a good scenario that one hesitates on the threshold of theatres where their pictures are shown. A few more threadbare tales like "Their Compact" will find these popular players losing their friends. Miss Bayne devotes most of her scenes to looking scared, and Mr. Bushman to giving her something to be scared about. That the next to last scene shows an offending woman driven out into the desert to die a horrible death, is no palliative.

EXILE—Paramount

Maurice Tourneur is displaying such a genius for portrayal of Oriental scenes that it would be well for the Zukor executives to keep him on this work. Following "Barbary Sheep," comes "Exile." In many respects this is one of the best of all Petrova's pictures. It has action, it has color, it has picturesque groupings and mass movement. But with the exception of one scene, breath-taking in its daring, mentioned, Tourneur is the star.

SCANDAL—Selznick

Would you care for a little tabasco? Then see "Scandal," the first of the Selznick productions starring Constance Talmadge. It is nearly a year since Miss Talmadge made her big hit as the mountain girl in "Intolerance." You won't know her in "Scandal." Comedy situations are numerous, with a flavoring of jealousy and intrigue, and love, of course, finds a way. This Constance Talmadge is a charming girl. She has youth, high spirits, and a vigorous type of beauty with no suggestion of dolliness. Occasionally, as might be expected, her gestures and poses remind one so strongly of her brilliant sister, Norma, that she almost suggests a cartoon. But immediately again she is herself.

WEDDING BELLS AND ROARING LIONS—Fox

Mack Sennett must look to his laurels. The Fox comedies are on his trail, if not abreast of it. "Wedding Bells and Roaring Lions" is a roar from start to finish. Two lions of so active a sort that it must have required considerable courage on the part of the players, are active participants. The one point that is missing, and which Mr. Sennett has discovered of vast importance in hurly burly comedy, is the decoration of the production with a plentiful supply of pretty girls.

THE PATRIOTS—Metro

The comedies of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew always remind one of home cooking—wholesome, easily digested, and making one anticipate the next meal. "The Patriots" is one of the best of recent issues. Henry and his wife de-



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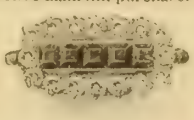
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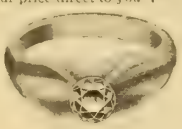


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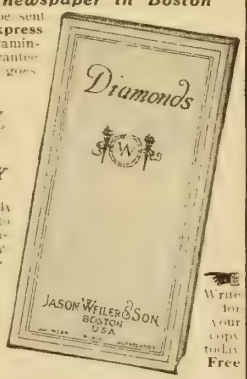
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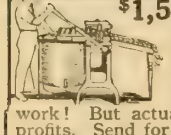
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A Merry Christmas Twelve Times

See Page 132

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

cide to out-Hoover Hoover, and take up the matter of food conservation with their colored cook. "Mandy got food conservation like she got religion," a title reads, and the little patriotic, humorous sermon ends with the prospect of Mandy entertaining all the other cooks of the neighborhood in Henry's home, to teach them their duty. A curious thing about this comedy is that it handles a serious subject, and probably will do more to impress people who see it with the force of the Hoover arguments than many columns of print.

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE—Fox

Time was when, if you had told Dustin Farnum that his acting reminded you of his brother Bill, he might have thought you were very complimentary to Bill. Those days have passed. The highest compliment that can be paid to "North of Fifty-three," is that Dustin Farnum therein reminds one of his more famous —pictorially speaking—brother. Thus does the screen transpose values that the stage establishes. The title comes from the line—quoting from memory— "There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three." However it may be with laws, they appear to have a plentiful supply of lip-sticks up there, as Miss Kingston's mouth was a perfect cupid's bow. That was also her greatest fault in her performance in "The Spy." Dustin kept himself nicely prettied up all the time as well. But then he was a-courting. There are many knotholes and extraneous incidents in this plot, but if you like romances of the snowfields, you won't mind.

THE YANKEE WAY—Fox

If you keep a firm grasp upon the fact that "The Yankee Way" is designed as sheer farce, you'll have a good time. The only difficulty in so doing is that Enid Markey, of the doll face and baby eyes, so effective in sentimental sonatas, intrudes so frequently that you are likely to lose your viewpoint. Beauty, as Mack Sennett has so profitably discovered, has a real function in farce, but sentimentality never. Miss Markey is a perfect sentimental type. George Walsh is a lively mummer. He can do most of the things that Douglas Fairbanks can, physically. Our own belief is that Mr. Walsh would be more effective in two- or three-reel farces. But there is such a fight as never was, in the last reel—nearly a thousand feet of scrapping altogether in the picture —"and that'll get 'em," as the director boys say.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY —Thanhouser

It is almost sufficient to say that the Thanhouser picture version of "A Man Without a Country" stars a woman. Here was an opportunity to give to the silversheet the first visual record of one of America's greatest prose classics, and the producers apparently did not believe they could hold the public attention without parading a woman through the scenes in a constant series of double exposures. Florence LaBadie has no more business in this celluloid than Mary Pickford would have in Sophocles' "Antigone." Edward Everett Hale's masterpiece is employed merely as a dream interlude, for the purpose of converting a peace-at-any-pricist into a naval recruit. We take second place to none in patriotic fervor, but still insist that one screen addition to the navy is too small a price to pay for the rape of this splendid fable.

THE GULF BETWEEN—Technicolor

A new color process has been devised. "The Gulf Between" is the first offering by the Technicolor Film Corporation. It is done throughout in tints that approximate at least the natural colors. But, without actual knowledge of the process, it appears that thus far the manufacturers have been compelled to translate all colors into terms of reds and greens. This, of course, includes yellows, pinks, something like blue, and other derivatives. But while it is a tremendous step forward, it is not always satisfactory. The unfortunate thing about this picture is that the story is dull, trite, and drawn out interminably. A good, tense tale would have forced one to forget occasionally the close scrutiny of the colors. Grace Darmond is the star—a beautiful subject for photography, color or plain black and white.

FIGHTING ODDS—Goldwyn

The latest event in the Goldwyn campaign to elevate the films from their degraded condition is "Fighting Odds," starring Maxine Elliott, an actress popular some years ago in the talkies. Concerning the story, there is nothing important to add to the comment of the New York Sun critic, who, referring to the fact that Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb were jointly culpable, observed that it "seems to have been written by these usually capable authors during a period when they were feeling low in their minds."

UNDER HANDICAP—Metro

Sometimes we fear that we lack in appreciation of western screen melodramas. Having enjoyed the doubtful privilege of seeing a good deal of Arizona and Texas close up, we are not always able to restrain our emotions when we encounter the romances of the lens. But passing this intrusion of personal feelings, it does seem that when the leading man is required to play a western role, he ought not to be quite so afraid to get himself a bit dusty. Now Harold Lockwood is as pleasing a leading man as there is in the business, for the most part; but in "Under Handicap" he roughs it with the best of them, and always retains his Fifth Avenue manner and make-up. Having removed that from our chest, we are able to admit that otherwise there are not many changes we would ask Metro to make in the film, except to give Anna Little more scenes. This girl is



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

one of the few actresses who are home on the plains. Her horseback feats do not prevent her from being a real dramatic actress. The story of the picture—a young easterner gets a job on a ranch and helps the owner carry out a big contract in the face of unscrupulous plots, and then marries the rancher's daughter. A pair of scissors, judiciously handled, would help considerably.

A CROOKED ROMANCE—Pathe

Gladys Hulette is clever and charming. Therefore "A Crooked Romance" is half good—Miss Hulette's half. The story of the daughter of a criminal, brought up to think wrong is right, who marries a wealthy hero in the end, is not especially diverting at this stage in the world's history. But Miss Hulette is.

AS THE SPACE RAN SHORT

"Conscience;" Fox; Gladys Brockwell as a vampire de luxe; a moral platitude as an excuse for portraying immoralities.

"The Heart of Ezra Greer;" Pathe; Frederick Warde in a character role that fits him well; a sentimental story of a wronged girl and reconciliation.

"Betrayed;" Fox; Miriam Cooper as a flirtatious senorita in a raid-infested part of northern Mexico; a tangled yarn with wonderful fights in R. A. Walsh's best manner.

"Lost in Transit;" Paramount; a comedy solo by George Beban, with a charming obligato by an unprogrammed youngster; a story of a missing heir and an exchange of children.

"Behind the Mask;" Art Dramas; the familiar fable of the daughter taking up the task of avenging her father's ruin by a business rival; in this case she gets even by marrying a lord that the villain wanted for his daughter.

"The Hostage;" Paramount; a war drama with mythical—very mythical—opposing forces; Wally Reid in serious danger most of the time; oh, very dramatic.

"Under False Colors;" Pathe; the familiar yarn of the Russian woman spy; oh hum.

"Bab's Diary;" Paramount; Marguerite Clark—why say more?

By Kitty Kelly

(Continued from page 67)

and others, under the headship of William S. P. Earle, who appears from his productions, to be a director of parts.

A small town story, with a country newspaper, and a man who came back as the main spring of it, it radiates humanness and community atmosphere. The people are so real and the houses and the streets through which they move are so real that the observer is translated straight back to wherever his own small town was. Miss Jensen, as Portia Perkins, who brings up her girls and runs the village paper, displays great womanly charm, and Marc MacDermott makes himself welcome with his whimsical expression of the "Pa" role. There are some logic lapses, but they figure as mere specks scarcely discernable on the enjoyable whole.

THE IDOLATORS—Triangle

Strong fare, this is, served by Triangle, but it has an arrestive force about it. Monte Katterjohn was part evolver of it, and Louise Glaum does the bizarreness. Were she not so bizarre, the piece would be a fine, forceful delineation of idolators—just that. As it is, it is forceful, merely discounted in degree by the weirdity of the vamping. The woman who loves the man is the real figure in the thing. In her sweetness, she is a little too sweet, but when the emotional moments call she is finely there. She is one of the slender, mobile type, but like a taut violin string, when fate strikes hard.

One's nice, respectable, grown-up fellow citizens laugh at the trimmings around Miss Glaum, picturesque though they are, as she treads her poison ivy path of self-idolation, and her end is quite too grayly obvious, but the story through which she moves is striking, and there are fine human touches in it, as for instance when the woman loses her whole self in her joy over her playwright husband's success.

THE RAINBOW GIRL—American

It is perfectly named, for it radiates rainbowism against glooming clouds of pessimism as nature does against storm clouds. Juliette Day, alert and full of tricky ways, is an admirable addition to the screen world, and this particular vehicle of hers, telling the usual story of true love through obstacles, is brightly mannered in its handling and its captions. "The Rainbow Girl" is a distinct ray of sunshine from the Mutual camp.

THE BRIDE'S SILENCE—American

Not so much sunshine as tempest, being possessed of a bride, Gail Kane, gone quite mad and doing the weirdest things. She plays about with unaffected childishness in her pajamas and negligees shocking her beloveds, until she gets a shock, the well-known lost memory returns, and the mystery and villainy are all straightened out. The photoplay has nice exteriors to recommend it.

TRIUMPH—Bluebird

Almost all the things that everybody likes—except vampires and prize fights, and there's no unanimity of likes on them—are in this picture. It has the conventional story of the stage, the girl who seeks glory and who gets it by promise of a price, and it has the way out, involving murder and suicide and all kinds of six-cylinder emotionings, and then it has the small town wholesome sweetness, and good human common sense all jumbled into a concoction de-

Now *Every* Woman Can Make Her Own Clothes

By Elizabeth June Christie

THE other day I was coming out from town with a very dear friend of mine. She was wearing such a perfectly charming dress that I simply had to express my admiration.

"Maybe if I could afford to patronize the exclusive shops just once," I ventured, and I fear just a bit enviously, "I could have a gown as wonderfully stylish and becoming as that."

And then Grace looked at me and smiled and kept on smiling, and, finally she said: "Would you really like to meet the modiste who designed and made this dress—every stitch and seam of it? Then gaze upon her. *I* made it all myself!"

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I never knew that you did any sewing at all."

"I never did until a few months ago. But in those few months I've learned to make all my own clothes, and to make them as clothes are made in the best shops. I've learned to draft from my measurements patterns that fit perfectly or to adapt any tissue pattern. I've learned really to develop style in a garment, I've learned how to copy a garment I see on the street, in a shop window, or in a fashion magazine, and yet put in those little individual touches that are meant just for me.

"Then I've learned every step of fitting, making, trimming, finishing—everything. Not a hand but mine touched this dress from the day I selected the materials until I put it on just as you see it now. And here's something more. I know you well enough to tell you that this dress, which would be priced at least $40 in a shop cost me just exactly $13.50!"

"But tell me," I said, still puzzled almost beyond belief. "Where did you go to learn it all? How did you find the time?"

"I went to school," she answered, "on my own front porch and in that sunny back sitting-room. I went whenever I had an hour or even a few minutes to spare. My teacher I have never seen, although I feel that she is one of my warmest friends. I learned it all, my dear Elizabeth, *by mail!* And let me say that if you want to give your readers some news that will win their everlasting gratitude in these days of soaring prices, tell them the story of what the Woman's Institute is doing for more than 7,000 women."

SO that is how, three days later, I happened to be sitting across the table from Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, listening to the perfectly wonderful story of this great school which is bringing happiness, and the joy of having pretty clothes, and savings almost too good to be true, into thousands of homes.

"Every woman knows," she was saying, "that she could have many more clothes for much less money if she could make them herself. But how is a busy housewife to learn if she must leave her home to become a dressmaker's apprentice or to attend a resident school? It was that problem that led us to develop our method of teaching entirely by mail. Now any woman, no matter where she may live, may learn everything about dressmaking right in her own home in spare time. Not merely the essentials, but the whole art of dressmaking, designing, cutting, fitting and the construction of garments of every kind from clothes for baby to dresses, waists, skirts, suits and lingerie for herself or others.

"The remarkable success of our students," she continued, "is due to the simplicity of our lessons. These are written in everyday words that even children understand. Then, too, every step in the



instruction is not only fully explained, but is actually shown by means of pictures—hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs—so that it is practically impossible for the student to make mistakes."

Then Mrs. Picken took me through the big Instruction Department and I watched the teachers examining lessons, inspecting students' work and dictating personal letters, and I understood why the method of teaching is so successful, for every student receives the personal and individual help of an expert on her own clothes problems.

As we came back to Mrs. Picken's office she turned to a great pile of students' letters on her desk. "They come to us like this every day," she said, and taking up a handful she read some of them.

One was from a girl only 16 who now not only makes all her own clothes, but has already earned enough sewing for others to pay for her own entire course

Another was from a woman of 63 who has opened a shop in her home. She wrote that she had already established a trade that keeps her busy and enables her to support an invalid husband and still be at home with him all day.

"YOU see," Mrs. Picken went on, "we not only teach a woman to make her own and her children's clothes, but we give her so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking that she is able to take it up as a profession if she desires. Hundreds of our students learn dressmaking in spare time while doing other work, and then, when they are fully equipped, step right into good positions as dressmakers or open their own shops, where they sometimes make two or three times as much money as formerly."

Then she read me other letters, a great many of them.

"One wonderful thing about our work," she said, "is that we can reach every one. Among our students are housewives, business women, teachers, school girls, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. And there are, oh, so many mothers who simply pour out their thanks to us for teaching them how to have dainty clothes for their little ones at a mere fraction of what their clothes cost before.

"Then, too," she said, "we have a course in millinery just as complete and fascinating and practical, by which a woman can quickly learn to make her own hats or can qualify to take up millinery as a business."

"But tell me," I asked, "how do you get your students?"

"Largely through the recommendations of our present students who send us the names of their friends," she replied. "Their enthusiasm is contagious, it seems, and as soon as their friends see what they are accomplishing they want to learn, too, and so they write us. Then we publish, for distribution to all who may be interested, two books entitled, 'Dressmaking Made Easy,' and 'Millinery Made Easy,' either of which is mailed free on request to all who ask for them."

And so, at her suggestion, I am appending below, for the convenience of my readers, a coupon, which if filled out and mailed promptly will bring in response, without any obligation, a free copy of either booklet, with much more information about the Woman's Institute and its courses than I have been able to give here.

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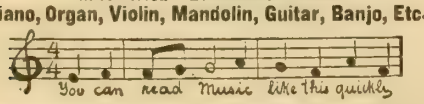
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A Christmas Suggestion that will appeal to you

See Page 132

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

cidedly different from most of the drafts brewed in the camera laboratories.

Samuel Hopkins Adams supplied the story, the photoplay hails from, and Dorothy Phillips radiates in the playing of it from the eager, unsophisticated little country girl, to the queen of tragedy, a sparkling jewel of histrionism, lighting up the dramatic, human little tale with the vividness of life.

THE DEVIL DODGER—Triangle

Transcribed by J. G. Hawks and Jack Cunningham, and put into the celluloid by Clifford Smith, this picture is handled stylistically, for all its ancient baldness of story, about the minister in the mining camp, though in this instance the color is cowboy, not mineral, the dance hall girl, and the ultimate reform. In this instance, too, the dance hall girl marries the ex-gambler, while the minister dies from the bullet intended for Silent, which is an alteration from type.

Roy Stewart, who does the ex-gambler well in his way, is hard and not exactly plump, but well padded. He plays with directness and sincerity, however, that commend him to the attention. The narration follows the straight going, unvarnished elements of its Arizona tale, but the illustrated captions which realize the poetry of picture, with lovely handlings of interpretative materials from nature herself to millinery, make the story intervals in themselves worth seeing.

SIRENS OF THE SEA—Jewel

This Universal special, promulgated as a "Jewel," has it all over the unrestrained Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. In it are more legs and more of them, not to mention whole feminine anatomies, than the Follies have ever dared to risk.

Yet the effect is not Follieesque, but fairyfied, and there isn't more than a pair of opportunities for a pale blush from even the most squeamish. Never was flesh so obvious and yet so spirituelle.

It recalls last year's highly successful "Undine"—the reason for this effort. There is a fantastic story, difficult to tie up logically, but there is no difficulty about the bands of chiffoned, seaweeded nymphs, running, playing, leaping, swimming. It's too long, but has compensations therefore. There's some summersaulting swimming by one miss not to be missed.

BETSY ROSS—World

"Betsy Ross" was finely wrought by World under the direction of George Cowl into a rich fabric of indirect patriotism and Revolutionary romance. Alice Brady, brilliant, dynamic, gives the lady of the first flag a magnetic impersonation, making her clever, bewitching, wise, brave, beautiful. The matter of the new flag is handled distinctively, though General Washington is a heavy tug on the imagination. The poetry of the explanation of its inspiration reaches across from celluloid to seer effectively. Throughout breathes a spirit of patriotism, as intangible as air itself, as enfolding.

Added to the fine matter of content is the exceptional quality of photography enclosing it. Depth, richness, softness give the scenes the nature of successive animated paintings. Really, this photoplay is something to be enthusiastic about.

THE CORNER GROCERY—World

Containing Lew Fields and Madge Evans "The Corner Grocery" is fraught with opportunities for fun as well as pathos, misses its way and drags rather wearily through the scheduled situations of the lad buncoed from his money and wrongly accused of murder by the adventuress who was guilty. This is done, instead of stress on Lew Field's nice old father and his capacities for mirth-making, so that the seer's time passes humdrumly. At that, it is a fair picture, but it fairly cries aloud with opportunities missed.

THE WOMAN BENEATH—World

"The Woman Beneath" is illuminated with the lovely person of Ethel Clayton who takes the stings from any sordid tale. Further, her stories are not too sordid, or else she successfully amputates them, for she declines to work in things that are too, too bad. She seeks always to have some real inspirational thought tucked away somewhere in her celluloid appearings.

In this instance, true love is the balancing weight of the tale, which Miss Clayton, under the direction of Travers Vale, succeeds in establishing, though she must go through murder, betrayal and intrigue to do it.

SANDS OF SACRIFICE—American

William Russell is here presented in something of a happier vein than is his customary wont. He rescues a lady and travels the desert with a dying man, but for all that, things go fairly smoothly for him, and in the end, the villain is confounded, he gets back his fortune and finds his faith in the girl. Beside the people who are agreeable and the story, which is ordinary, some of California's best scenery occupied the lens front, giving to the gaze all kinds of beauty, ranging from the austerity of the desert dunes to the high corridored intervals of the tall tree country.

FOOLS FOR LUCK—Essanay

Taylor Holmes and his variety of lucky talismans, serves to extract a deal of laughter from observers, for the story strikes a common chord of humanity. Superstition has its clutch on all of us, even though it be suppressed and submerged beneath layers of sophistication, and in the quiet darkness of the theater which doesn't reveal one's primitiveness, it is comforting to be able to tingle in sympathy with some one who has found

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

a horseshoe and has the courage to put it up over his door.

As indicated by Kenneth Harris' story, Hero Holmes is perfectly catholic in his collection of lucky omens, regardless of the distresses descending upon him in their wake. He is real funny about it, too, and the audience of which I was a part, sympathised audibly both with his behavior and the illuminative subtitles. Mr. Holmes is yet inclined to overdo a trifle in his funning, but he is a good screen subject and seems destined for one of the coming comedians.

THE MAN FROM PAINTED POST—Artcraft

Having satirized the western melodrama of commerce in "Wild and Woolly," Douglas Fairbanks now commits one of his own, "The Man From Painted Post." This is just a horsey, gunny western story, in which Fairbanks plays the part of a trailer of cattle rustlers, but it is different from all others of the type because Fairbanks is in it, with his distinct personality and suave manner of doing remarkable things. Frank Campeau is in it, too, that master of villainy. And there are bucking bronchos that would take a prize at the Cheyenne round-up.

THE GHOST HOUSE—Paramount

If any of the several hundred persons to whom we have remarked at various times that we believed the screen would eventually produce a new school of story writers, who created with the screen instead of the printed page in mind—if any of these persons desires to know more definitely what we meant, they can find out by seeing "The Ghost House," in which Jack Pickford and Louis Huff entertain just now. Here is a story that could be told as well in no other way. In a house, reputed to be haunted, an intoxicated burglar is hiding in the attic and two sisters and a baby are sleeping in a bedroom, each group unknown to the other, if the one man can be called a group. Another man enters, making considerable noise. You see a small table topple over. In a flash you see the awakened, startled, superstitious burglar. In another you see the terrified, though less superstitious women. In five seconds you understand what the writer would need many hundred words to tell. So throughout the picture. Beulah Marie Dix has done one of her best bits of work in this scenario.

POLLY ANN—Triangle

A piece of the popular orphan-slavey stuff lit up by Bessie Love's charming sincerity and simplicity. It has a nice little Cinderella story to it, with pleasant folk playing in nice fashion, most pleasant of all being Miss Love who can skin her hair back tight with perfect good grace. Just to show that she can wear frills, and curls, too, as gracefully, she comes into a little fortune at the end of her scrubbing brush row, and does, and the effect is—love-ly.



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Pearls of Desire

(Continued from page 102)

possibilities, and he decided to take a chance. So he had beaten back to Trocadero and hauling in on the island at night got flat becalmed and landed as best he could and started around to the lagoon with the idea of looking up Kavanagh and trying to make some sort of a dicker with him if Kavanagh really had got his pearling rights of the place; or if he had not to arrange for getting them as soon as might be and working to their mutual profit.

And then, on picking his way along the edge of the mole he had been suddenly set upon by a madman, as he thought, and shoved over the brink . . . and in the light of subsequent events and through consideration for the persons involved in the affair he would suggest that this part of the sitting might better be held *in camera*. There being evidently no legal means of obtaining a *habeas corpus* of captain Kavanagh, who was no longer in possession of his normal faculties he had acted according to the exigencies of the situation and put him under restraint. The young lady, who for reasons best known to herself had seen fit to deceive her uncle, Bishop Stormsby, and her aunt into thinking that she had been taken by sharks while bathing injudiciously at night in order to remain upon the island with Kavanagh (all of this *in camera* and terribly damning from the British point of view) might be able to give His Excellence more light on the subject. . . . and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Having had experience already of Drake's cleverness in a plea of injured innocence and realizing how very condemning Enid's course of conduct could be made to appear before a tribunal presided over by our straight-laced Governor to whose eyes an act of piracy in a man was far less blameworthy than open defiance of social conventions on the part of a woman, I was quite able to understand how Drake might actually win clear, once having got me safely out of the way.

Wherefore, as the case stood, it had to be fought out there on Trocadero between Enid and Drake. My part of it was purely negative. This sounds rather a shameful admission to make, but I think that if one were to search actual history, quite removed from fictional assertions one would find that the women have fished their heroes out of the soup more often than these stalwarts could be compelled to give them credit for.

Such thoughts were milling in my brain as we pulled back to the Madcap . . . and I was wondering how I could possibly stand another night handcuffed to the ringbolt without making an undignified spectacle of myself. I might be able to stand actual torture within a certain time limit, extreme, but short lived, like the rack where the pain sense gets deadened by their turning on too much of it. But the gnawing pain from the irons on my wrists was more like a neuralgia; a pain that gets one's courage by its persistence. A pain that seemed to say: "how long can you stand it?"

As we pulled along I wondered rather idly why Drake was quitting Trocadero so soon. Was it because the shell was giving out, or because his haul had been so rich that he felt able to afford retiring on what he had already gained and possibly quitting the Pacific before there was any hue or cry? It would not take many such pearls as I had given Alice to make a man a millionaire. In those days a man's misdeeds in the Pacific were less apt to catch him up in another part of the world than they would be now and by clearing out in time it was probable that Drake would be able to make some port like Fiji or Apia, sell the Madcap for what she would bring and lose himself in the wide world before ever any effort was made to lay him by the heels.

It was nearly dark and the sides of the mole were plunged in deep purple shadows while the still water of the lagoon shone as though there were a light coming up from beneath. Looking toward the bungalow I could see a white figure in one of our home-made chairs on the veranda. Drake, following my gaze, gave a short laugh.

"She won't be so lonely to-morrow night," said he.

We were then almost alongside and he was about to give the order "in oars" when from behind the bulwarks of the Madcap rose what looked to my bewildered senses like a row of big, black balls with a single white one at the end. It was most extraordinary. They popped up like puppets in a life-sized Punch and Judy show, as though impelled by some guiding force from beneath. With their amazing appearance came a scraping, slithering sound . . . and here were eight rifles shoved out at us in the same automatic precision, and stocks of them were planted against the big bare shoulders of Charley Dollar and his warriors while Enid's cheek cuddled the eighth.

So singular was this spectacle, so bizarre and utterly unexpected that it smote my tottering senses as overpoweringly humorous. Those heads poking up in that absurd, outrageous way; the rifles leveled with the precision of some silly mechanical toy; Drake's startled oath as he thrust his big bulk backward, and the smothered, astonished blasphemies from the boat's crew. It was irresistibly funny from my point of view and I burst into a wild shriek of laughter.

This hysterical spasm was checked by a sharp pain in the side of my head and looking back aslant I discovered that it was caused by the muzzle of Drake's revolver.

"You heave those rifles overboard before I count ten," he roared, "or I'll blow this fool's head off."

In startling curious contrast came Enid's limpid voice. It seemed almost to contain a lisp.

"If you do," said she, "I swear by all that's holy, Channing Drake, to hang you by the neck until you are dead . . . and may God show no mercy on your sinful soul."

I turned my head a little. "There, you swine," I muttered, "I told you that you would never live to see another sunrise."

Pearls of Desire

(Continued)

He punched the muzzle against my head, just behind the ear, viciously, so that it cut through the skin, then began to count. I was sure that he was bluffing, because I knew him for a coward and I could feel the trembling of his arm transmitted through the weapon. He had no intention whatever of throwing his life away at a moment when he had so much to make it worth living

Drake began to count, slowly. "One . . . two . . . three . . ." about two second intervals, and as she proceeded I was seized by the wild fear that Enid might weaken. Wherefore at "five" I called out, frantically:

"Don't let him bluff you, Enid. He doesn't dare shoot . . ."

And then came a sudden sharp and violent pain; a roar as though of the dissolution of the universe; wonderful flashing lights . . . and oblivion.

CHAPTER XIX

COMING back to life is far more harrowing than leaving it.

In my case the return to consciousness was reluctant to the point of violent protest until as my faculties cleared a little more I discovered Enid bending over me. She appeared to be kissing me, so far as I could ascertain in my numb condition. She had not seen me open my eyes, nor did she appear to be aware that I was quick again. I wanted to speak to her, but could not. Also I was very cold and as the chill struck deeper into me and I still found myself unable to speak or move I began to wonder if perhaps I might not be really dead.

This conviction was augmented as I looked up (for I could not move my head) and discovered from the correlation of spars and rigging that I was lying apparently on a transom alongside the main companionway, exposed to the dew and apparently uncovered. It was evident that Enid would never have left me thus exposed unless I was dead and even in that case not for very long. I remembered accurately though faintly what had occurred. It was probable, I thought, that Drake in an uncontrollable gust of bestial rage had blown my brains out. It did not occur to me that if I had been as dead as I thought I could not have opened my eyes, or having done so, shut them again.

But they were open now and strangely acute. I could see the stars more clearly and distinctly than ever before, and I was admiring the flaming and colored scintillations of a large one which was quite low and trying to identify it when it became threatened by the eclipse of some bulky, grotesque body which appeared to be mounting with considerable rapidity. Presently this sombre shape stopped mounting, and as I continued to regard it with intense curiosity it stopped heaving also, and seemed to hang very limp, just below the main cross-trees.

THE next awakening was distinctly pleasant for it came with a profound sense of peace and freedom from pain.

Continued on page 127

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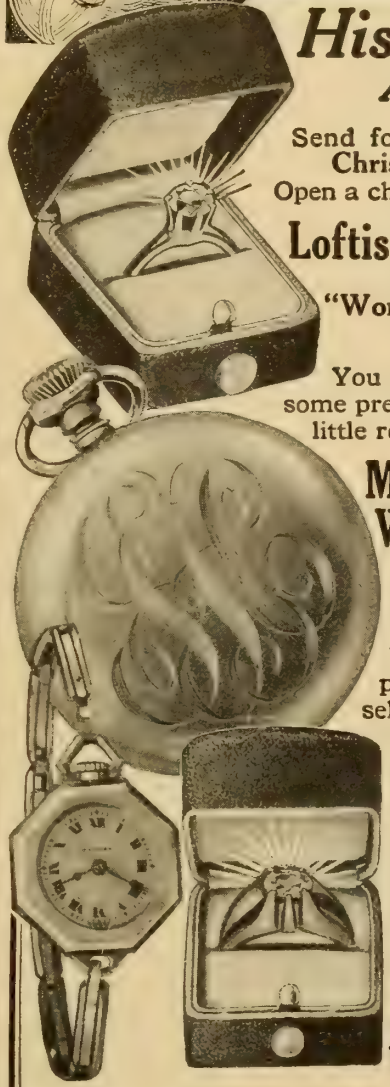
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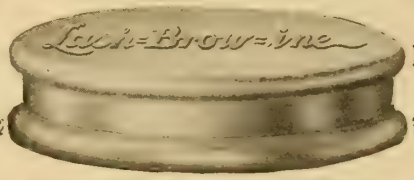
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See Page 132

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

EMPIRE ALL-STAR CORPORATION, 220 S. State St., Chicago; Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT CO., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

KALEM CO., 235 W. 23d St., New York City; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM CO., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAYS INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Los Angeles. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION CO., Times Bldg., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C. (s).

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coyetsville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Pearls of Desire

(*Continued from page 125*)

Also the realization that I was very much alive.

This time I discovered that I was lying on my bed in the bungalow at Kialu. And here was Enid again, bending over me and beside her my good friend Douglas Ames, a medical missionary of our part of Polynesia.

Later, Enid told me all that had happened. Indeed, one can almost guess at it. The fighting men of Kialu had made their way around to the other side of the lagoon, taking Enid with them, and Charley Dollar had waited until quite late, when he had placed a rough effigy of Enid in the chair on the veranda, then gone hot-foot to join the others. Charley, having previously reconnoitered the Madcap from all sides, had discovered that a certain line from her to the shore kept the lookout aloft well behind the truck when the tide was flowing into the lagoon. He decided therefore to wait as late as he dared, then swim off with his men and seize the schooner.

Then Enid had insisted on going with them, and would brook no refusal, so out she went with a body guard which held the sharks to scorn. The men had their rifles with their cartridges in cloths tied about their heads and the first intimation of the drowsy lookout that the schooner had been cut off was Charley Dollar's low toned advice to him to keep very still of voice and gesture.

When the trap was sprung and Drake had clapped his revolver to my head Enid herself did not believe that he would dare pull trigger. But Charley Dollar was not so sure, and getting an excellent bead on Drake's thick wrist against the sheen of the water at the range of about twenty yards and the heavy boat nearly motionless, he had taken a chance which came near to being my bane. Charley's aim had been true, but the contraction of the muscles at the impact of the bullet had fired the pistol. I had slumped into the bottom of the boat, dead as all believed, when Drake, completely cowed and he and his crew at the mercy of the fighting men of Kialu, had grovellingly surrendered.

"Then you've got him," I interrupted at this point. "Where is he?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Where such persons belong, I suppose. You see, Jack, as soon as I was sure that you were dead . . . and nobody for a moment thought of there being a spark of life left in you, I had him promptly hanged."

"You—what?" I gasped.

"Had him hanged," she answered. "You heard what I said to him. I said to Charley Dollar: 'hang him up there, from the cross-trees.' He begged and wallowed but the men did not waste much time about it. Could you take a little broth, dear?"

I stared at her calm, unruffled face, feeling rather dazed. Then I asked:—

"What did you do then . . . never mind the broth for a moment or two; then I'll promise to lap up a gallon."

"Drake's crew was locked up in the forecastle. We did not bother with the natives, but put them ashore where Drake had got them. I had Charley Dollar pay them off and they seemed quite contented. He forced Drake's safe and found there some splendid pearls. It was not until the next morning that I discovered you were still alive. I had bound up the terrible wound in your head. But in a day or two we began to have hopes because you moved and moaned a little and when we reached Kialu as luck would have it we found that Dr. Ames had stopped in to see you. He was on his way back to the mission on his little brig, The Consecrated Way."

"And Alice and the bishop?" I asked.

"They are still here. To-morrow you may see them if you are strong enough. Mr. Harris has taken the Madcap to Apia to report the case, but he does not think that the authorities will make me any trouble for having Drake hanged."

"And you," I asked, "how do you feel about it all?"

She laid her golden head on my chest. "Need you ask?" she murmured.

BEYOND the tedium of certain perfunctory forms of criminal procedure no trouble was made by the island authorities over the summary suppression of Drake. There is never much bother raised over a criminal who gets his deserts.

Enid and I were married at Tiapalu by the bishop, who then departed with Alice on Ames' little missionary brig. We followed them some months later, but although I have always retained a small interest in Kialu it is very doubtful if we shall ever return there for more than a short sojourn . . . to show the place to the boys, perhaps, when they finish college.

(THE END)

She Was Padded to Fame

(*Continued from page 83*)

until she came to California after several years of stock work, and joined the Fine Arts company.

More than a year ago, she transferred to the Triangle studios at Culver City where she attained stardom, after wide experience in supporting, in which she deserved and won honorable mention. She has appeared opposite William S. Hart in a half dozen "Westerns."

Miss Wilson has bagged her moose in the Canadian woods, although she got buck-fever the first time she saw the moose, and her hands shook so she let her gun fall. She has caught tuna and sea bass at Catalina, trout in Tahoe, and gone gunning for bears in the High Sierras.

She is one of the most active of motion picture actresses, and her perfect health adds to her personal attractiveness.

Another distinction she has is that she is a cousin to Dorothy Dix, the adviser of women, but it is doubtful if Dorothy Dix ever gave advice more efficacious than Miss Margery Wilson gave to herself: to wear pads and become famous.

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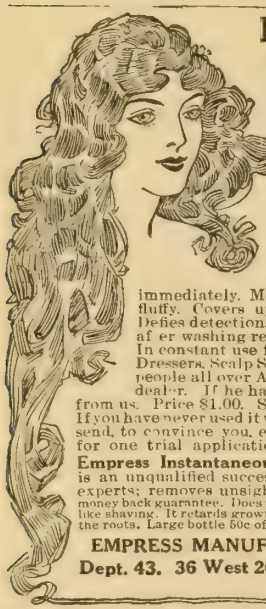
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Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 108*)

J. K., UNIONTOWN, PA.—Crauford Kent played the advertising agent in "Broadway Jones," with George Cohan. He has been in musical comedy and also played in "The Deep Purple" when it was given on the stage.

PETER PAN, OTTAWA, CANADA.—Thanks for your approbation. We will endeavor to continue to merit it. Irving Cummings had the lead in "The Whip." Elliott Dexter is now East and may appear in the near future with his wife, Marie Doro. Lou-Tellegen and Dexter are six-footers. Edwin Carewe played *Jean Corteau* in "The Snow Bird." Henry Walthall is no longer with Essanay, he's with Paralta.

J. V., STEUBENVILLE, O.—We do not take applications for positions in the movies. Write to some film company. Lots of them in the studio directory, somewhere in this magazine, and you stand as good a chance writing to one as another.

VIRGINIA, WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Paul Willis was the name of the boy who played the brother in "The Promise," with Harold Lockwood.

J. M., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Sessue Hayakawa will send you his picture if you write him at Lasky's and so will Pearl White, Pathe's Peerless Peach. Sure, write whenever you feel a question coming on.

L. R., HOUSTON, TEX.—Will be glad to send you all the magazines containing pictures and stories about Mr. Kerrigan. He has not been overlooked by us in any sense of the word. However, had we known he was your favorite, he would not have been omitted from a single issue.

D. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Yes, if you see it in PHOTOPLAY it's true, most always. We don't claim to be infallible, but we are, almost. In the instance you cite, we are right.

A. B., MEDICINE HAT, CANADA.—None of the players in "The Million Dollar Mystery" appeared in "The Black Box."

M. L., DETROIT, MICH.—Mary Miles Minter was a long time reaching her present position, as she was on the stage a half dozen years before entering the films. Sorry, if we must cause you sorrow, but Robert Leonard is not the husband of Ella Hall. He isn't even engaged to her, as he is already provided with a helpmeet, as they say, and Miss Hall is married also.

FLORENCE, ETC., OLEAN, N. Y.—Did you suppose that we were saying that Charley Ray was married just to get his goat? Antonio Moreno is still with Pathe. Margery Wilson isn't married.

L. P., WICHITA, KAN.—Probably it's because the Kansas movie enthusiasts know all they want to know about the movies that you don't see the name of your state as much as you'd like in this department. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE publishes no other magazine. It has no connection with any film concern. Earl Williams played in "Arsene Lupin" after "The Scarlet Runner." Harry Morey is married and has been in the films since 1909. Glad you saw Crane. We were afraid you'd miss him.

BLUE EYES, RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—Do you really want to know how many children Mr. Bushman has or are you merely trying to make conversation? Another would make a half dozen.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

SAMUEL, SPOKANE, WASH.—George Ovey was the hero of the comedy you describe.

PEG AND MARY, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—We are sure that Dave Powell would be delighted to answer your letters. He told us once that he thought Youngstown was just the sweetest little town he ever trouped into.

J. K., GRAND FORKS, N. D.—Paul Willis' last is "The Trouble Buster" with Vivian Martin. He is 17. Have heard nothing of Miss Pickford retiring from the screen. With the cost of living at its present apex no one can afford to be idle. Did'st think child that we'd say Niles Welch was married to Dell Boone if 'twere not true?

A. G., COMMERCE, TEX.—Neither Blanche Sweet nor Edna Mayo is employed at present. Fannie Ward's daughter lives in London and is not a film actress.

J. B., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—William Farnum's recent pictures were made at Fort Lee, N. J. He has just signed a new contract with Fox.

MERE CHILD, SLINGERLANDS, N. Y.—Olive Thomas' name is her own, and we are credibly informed that in private life she is Mrs. Jack Pickford. Suppose you saw that Pearl White story in the September issue. Bessie Barriscale is about 28 years old.

J. N., DEADWOOD, S. D.—Lottie Briscoe has retired and Romaine Fielding has gone into the patriotic film industry which is just in its infancy.

E. R., PHILADELPHIA,—Yes, it's the same Owen Moore with Famous Players who is Mary Pickford's husband, but at present he is with his wife in California and not with Famous. Miss Pickford and William Farnum send photographs to their friends.

J. B., SEATTLE, WASH.—Tom Chatterton played last in "Whither Thou Goest."

RAY, NEW YORK CITY.—Jackie Saunders is married to E. D. Horkheimer, one of the owners of the Balboa Company, and she was born in 1892. Some folks are never satisfied unless they are making our ingenues old enough to be grandmothers, just because Fanny Ward gets away with it.

R. W. GUTHRIE, OKLA.—The kid brother in "The Flirt" was Antrim Short and he is with Universal. Wilton Lackaye is with no picture company. Paul Willis is a pronounced blonde, about five feet six inches high and still growing.

POLLY, EAST PRAIRIE, MO.—Marin Sais deserves all the nice things you say about her. She has been married. True Boardman is married. You will see him next in "K?" the Rinehart story in which he is to portray the title role. Yes, we are very fond of Missouri. Being so close to Illinois it can't help being a nice state.

A. N., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Thomas Chatterton and Harold Lockwood have been married. Write the former care PHOTOPLAY and it will be forwarded. Mr. Lockwood's address is care of Metro, New York.

RUSSELL FAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Bill Russell is 32 and his last is "Sands of Sacrifice." Don't know what the "F" stands for. Charlotte Burton is his wife. Charles Ray is married. The Ivan studio is in New York. Charles Wellesley was the father of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."



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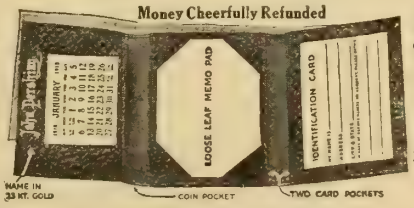
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

N. K., DETROIT, MICH.—Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' maiden name was Beth Sully, and she is the daughter of a former well known figure on Wall Street. She was never an actress. Creighton Hale's birthday is May 24.

GOULD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Can't tell whether you are talking about Eileen Percy, Arline Pretty or Elaine Hammerstein. Always write the players in care of the company.

B. S., BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—Jean Taylor had the lead in "Just Jim" and Ruth Roland is back in Los Angeles now. You know she is Mrs. Lionel Kent in private life.

MISS ERIE, ERIE, PA.—John Bowers played the part of Lottie Pickford's husband in "The Reward of Patience." He is married in real life also.

GENEVIEVE, PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Your wish is about to be granted. Jack Pickford is to play 'Bunker Bean" for the screen.

HOPE, YANKTON, S. D.—Mae Marsh is twenty years old and at present a resident of New York City. Her latest production is "Polly of the Circus."

CLAYTON FAN, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Write to her care Essanay and she'll send you a photo seeing that you hail from her own home town.

HENRY, RICHMOND, CAL.—It all depends upon the kind of information you desire. Never ask a film player a question which you would hesitate to ask any other stranger. Pauline Fredericks is of the class of 1884. Peggy Hyland apparently left her vital statistics in England but she isn't so vurry old.

BOBBIE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Robert Vaughan is with Thanhouser. Douglas MacLean is the name of the young gentleman you are so curious about. He recently appeared in your city in the stage play "Just a Suggestion" with Charles Ruggles. He has been with Mutual at Santa Barbara and appeared there in "The Man Who Found Himself," "The Boss," "The Code of the Mountains," "Love's Crucible" and other five reelers.

R. H., PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—"Snow White," played by Marguerite Clark, appeared in story form in PHOTOPLAY of February of this year. Fifteen cents will get it to you.

HARRIET, ORANGE, N. J.—The gentleman with the rolling eyes in Keystone comedies is, perhaps, Harry Gribbon. Anyhow, he seems to fit your description.

BROWN EYES, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Visitors are not permitted at the Lasky studio. If you would communicate with Miss Pickford write her care of that studio.

H. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Any cyclopedia will give you the definitions you desire, or any good dictionary. As a rule Mr. Webster and Mr. E. Brittanica have the goods.

H. A., ROCKFORD, ILL.—No Chicago studios make a practice of admitting visitors. William Garwood is back on the stage. Robert Leonard is directing Bluebirds and the others you mention are not affiliated with any company at present. Dorothy Dalton was born in 1893 and she has been on the screen for about three years.

Questions and Answers

(*Continued*)

ALICE AND ANNA, CHICAGO.—We are officially informed that Miss Minter was 15 on April 1 last. Essanay hasn't decided about any more of the "Skinner" series, we are told.

MARIE, BRONX, N. Y.—Will Grace Cunard and Francis Ford ever play together again? Well, Marie, that's a hard one, but according to present indications you are doomed to disappointment. It looks like a permanent dissolution of partnership.

DOROTHY, NEW ZEALAND.—Once more we are indebted to you for a delightful letter. And thank you once again for your kind wishes.

I. M. A., WELLESLEY, MASS.—There is a Paul Gordon and he is with Metro. Emmy Wehlen's first photoplay we think was "When a Woman Loves." Arthur Ashley played opposite.

A. B., MARKED TREE, ARK.—Gee, that's a new town on the Answer Map. It was Lillian Lorraine and not Annette Kellermann in "Neal of the Navy." Miss Kellermann has appeared only in two photoplays "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods."

N. D., THOMASVILLE, GA.—Nat Goodwin played *Fagin* in the film version of "Oliver Twist" produced about four years ago. Spottiswoode Aitkin hasn't any wooden legs at all. That's his natural gait. Marie Mills was the old nurse in "Castles for Two."

G. D., ALTOONA, PA.—Carter DeHaven is back on the stage and may be reached at the Lambs Club, New York City. Sherman Bainbridge was drafted and may be on his way to the front by this time.

SWEET 16, POMONA, N. Y.—Earle Foxe was *Silver Spurs* in "The Love Mask" and the other leading roles were taken by Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely.

PETER, DETROIT, MICH.—Ethel Barrymore and Mahlon Hamilton had the principal parts in "The Final Judgment" but the other names you mention are entirely strange to us.

B. B. B., DULUTH, MINN.—"The Bad Boy" cast was: *Jimmy Bates,* Robert Harron; *His father,* Richard Cummings; *His mother,* Josephine Crowell; *Mary,* Mildred Harris; *Clarence,* James Harrison; *Ruth,* Pauline Starke; *Town marshal,* William H. Brown; *yeggmen,* Elmo Lincoln and Harry Fischer. Max Linder and Martha Ehrlich had the leads in "Max Comes Across."

AMY, NORTH EAST, PA.—Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely receive their mail at Lasky's.

INQUIRER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Our records do not contain the name of Josephine Phillips.

JUMBO, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—All of the accomplishments in the young lady's category are unable to "put across" as a film star, a girl who is not a good photographic subject. If the camera doesn't "get her," she might as well go back to the kitchen. So, in a sense, film stars are born and not made.

MILDRED, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A letter to Cleo Madison addressed to the Wigwam Theater, San Francisco, will reach her. She is now playing in stock.

PEGGY, SUPERIOR, NEB.—Sorry, but we never answer questions for children who are naughty in school.

No. 3653, 5TH PIONEER BATTALION, SALISBURY, ENGLAND.—*Martha* in "Martha's Vindication" was Norma Talmadge. "Panthea," "The Moth" and "Poppy" are three of her latest pictures. She now has a company of her own after serving a long apprenticeship at Vitagraph and Fine Arts. Hope you're still with us, old top.

M., BALA, VA.—Douglas Fairbanks is a native of Colorado and was 34 in May. In addition to the plays you recall, he also played beyond the footlights in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," "He Comes Up Smiling," "The Show Shop" and "Officer 666." He was married in 1907 to Miss Beth Sully, a non-professional and has a son who will be eight years old in December. Your impression of him and his cheerful photoplays seems to be a unanimous one.

D. E., GRIFFIN, GA.—We have a suspicion that Anita Stewart is a brunette. Don't be afraid of worrying us too much. We've been vaccinated against worry. Go as far as you like.

TRIANGLE BOOSTER, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Something happened to Selig's "Light of Western Stars" and it was changed about some and released about six months ago as "The Heart of Texas Ryan."

HELEN, GALT, CANADA.—There is no *Beatrice Fairfax* in real life. If you refer to Grace Darling who portrayed that role drop her a line care the Evening Journal, New York City.

FRITZ, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—It may be difficult for you to grasp it, but really, condolences are out of order with respect to this department. Write Bill Hart, Los Angeles, Cal., and he'll send you a picture of Fritz, his pinto pony. Tell him we said so and he'll surely do it.

MISS F. Y., OSAKA, JAPAN.—We don't quite get you but if you mean that you want some photographs of some actors on this side of the lil ole world, just give us a hint as to whom you favor and we'll be glad to shoot em to you.

FRANK, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your question about Bill Hart is of such a personal nature that we must refer you to him. No doubt he'll be glad to tell you of any love affairs he's had.

K. N. R., INDIANAPOLIS.—Never heard of any Chaplin film titled "A Son of the Gods" even in the prehistoric Keystone days, but, of course, if you saw it, there must be one.

GRACE, BROOKLYN.—Yes, "Jennie, the Unexpected" was rechristened "A Romance of the Redwoods." Elliott Dexter is the husband of Marie Doro and he has appeared in numerous Lasky pictures. The one with Miss Pickford was his last.

J. M., PORTLAND, ME.—Pardon the tardy acknowledgment. Of course you're right, but what's the use? And many thanks for the kind appreciation. *Do* write again.

F. B., KINGSTON, CANADA.—Guess Thomas Hardy took the part in "The Wax Model" you are so curious about. No trouble a tall. Call whenever the spirit moves you.

RED TOP, RELIANCE, WYO.—Fifteen episodes to "The Iron Claw." Creighton Hale and Pearl White are accustomed to sending out photographs. Write them care Pathe. Warren Kerrigan is 27 years old.

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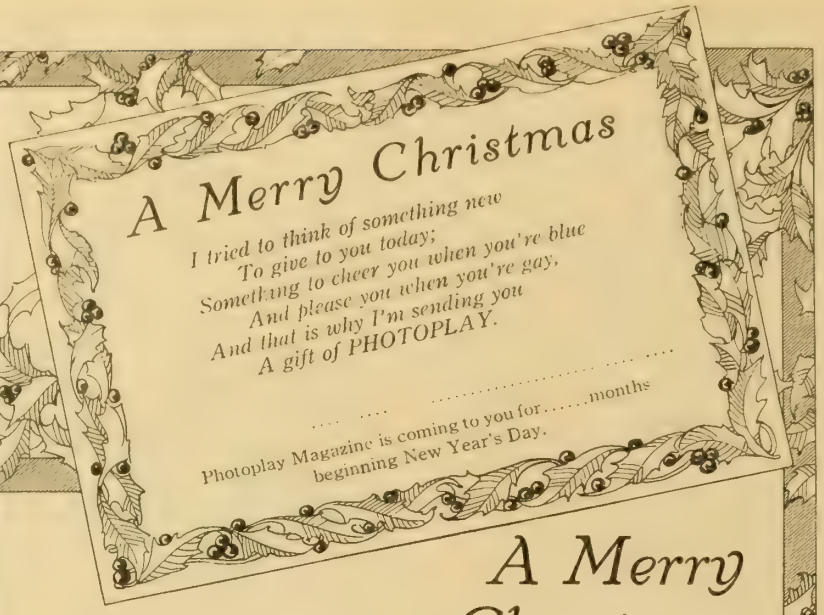
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

SEVENTEEN, BALTIMORE, MD.—No, it isn't permanent. Wallie shaved it off as soon as he could. Milton Sills is with World. Earle Foxe isn't playing opposite Mrs. Castle now.

V., LINCOLN, ILL.—Helen Holmes was born in Chicago. Leon Bary is with Pathe and Marin Sais is no longer with Kalem. Pearl White admits to having witnessed 28 summers.

M. T., WORTHINGTON, MINN.—Billie Burke's hair is a golden rather than red. Having signed the pledge for life, it is not likely that the Answer Man will ever tell his right name.

INQUISITIVE, DETROIT, MICH.—Henry Kolker was born in Germany. He has been on the stage about 20 years and is classified as a leading man, rather than a star.

POLO FAN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Eddie Polo is still with Universal and has been appearing in the serial "The Gray Ghost." George Fisher is not married. Eddie is.

J. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Marie Cahill is making comedies for Mutual. Florence Reed is to continue in pictures, we believe. Have no dope on Mr. Kellard's auto or future film plans.

H. W., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Edith Storey is now with Metro. Mail is always forwarded when a player changes affiliations. Robert Walker was the young man with Viola Dana in "The Gates of Eden."

J. CANUCK, KITCHENER, ONT., CANADA.—Jack Pickford is the tallest of the family, standing five feet, seven inches. Paul Willis is about an inch shorter and so is Doris Kenyon. No trouble a tall Johnny.

LITTLE ANN, DETROIT, MICH.—You win all the way in the Pickford controversy. Mary never went to school in Detroit and Lottie is the one with the baby. Awfully nice of you to say such nice things of the Answer Man.

W. P., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Write the players at their studio addresses. Theda Bara with Fox; Vivian Martin with Lasky; Gail Kane, American; Gladys Brockwell, Fox; Beverly Bayne, Metro, and June Caprice, Fox.

A. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Dorothy Gish is in Europe with D. W. Griffith. *The Cricket* in "The Millionaire Vagrant" was Jack Gilbert. Write Jack Pickford, care Lasky, Los Angeles; Crane Wilbur, care Horsley, Los Angeles.

E. F., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Jack Pickford was 21 in August, so missed the draft. He attended St. Francis Military Academy in New York City.

D. K., TORONTO, CANADA.—We are grieved that a person of your obvious intelligence would believe such absurd stories, particularly the one about Charley Chaplin. The girl to whom you refer in the old Biographs was Mae Marsh.

K. M., TOMAH, WIS.—We are of the opinion that most of the big music stores carry the music for "The Birth of a Nation." Madame Petrova is married and now has her own film company. Most actresses like to get letters from their admirers. Wallace Reid is the father of a boy and so is Bryant Washburn.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

S. O. S., SEATTLE, WASH.—The last Lockwood-Allison play was "The Promise." Lina Cavalieri is now with Lasky. Mollie King isn't and Gladys Brockwell is, married.

POPPY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dorothy Davenport and Juanita Hansen are the same age, 22. Juanita is now playing opposite Crane Wilbur and Dorothy is playing opposite Wally Reid, Jr. Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual at Santa Barbara, Cal.

ROMEO, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Jack Pickford is just 21 and is a native of Toronto. Violet Mersereau is with Universal at Fort Lee, N. J.

T. M., LANSING, MICH.—Pauline Bush, you may recall, became the wife of Allan Dwan and retired from the screen. Jack Richardson is with Triangle and was seen recently with Bessie Love in "The Sawdust Ring." We have no record of the others you mention.

A. CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Jack Dean was married to Fanny Ward nearly two years ago. Fritz de Lint played the role of *Dick Gordon* in "The Soul Market" and he is married. Harry Ham of Christie Comedies, now in France, is also married. Dorothy Kelly was not married when "The Law Decides" was filmed. Ed Coxen and Louise Lovely are married but not to each other.

JEAN, WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel and her hair is "naturraly curley," girlie, and she is an inch over five feet tall. George Walsh is 25, height 5-10½; eyes, brown; hair, dark brown. He lives in Hollywood, Cal., and is married to Seena Owen.

WALLY'S, MEDFORD, MASS.—No, you are not too tall to play ingenue parts. There are many stars taller than five feet four inches.

MARIAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Door's allus open; walk right in. Charley Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1891 and Jack Pickford's baptismal name was Smith. Eugene O'Brien will send you his photo, but you've gotta ask for it. No, he isn't.

J. M., FORT WORTH, TEX.—We know Herbert Standing and Forrest Stanley, but we have no record of Herbert Stanley. Blanche Sweet hales from Chicago.

PEGGY, LANCASTER, PA.—Maurice Costello, we think, is his right name. It is very likely that he visited Hagerstown during his stage career.

J. A., KANSAS CITY, MO.—No Francis Day appeared in the cast of "Hypocrites" and the dancing girl in the Lucille Love series is likewise ignored. Awfully sorry.

RUTH, MINNNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Henry King is 29 years old, a native of LaFayette, Va., and the husband of Gypsy Abbott. He played in "Little Mary Sunshine," "Pay Dirt," "The Stained Pearl," "Twin Kiddies" and other pictures. Earle Williams is American. J. Warren Kerrigan is in Los Angeles, laid up with a broken leg. Horse stepped into a gopher hole and then laid down on J. Warren's leg.

H. E. R., CLEVELAND, O.—Yes, kings and editors have the privilege of using the plural *we*. Marguerite Clark was 30 on Washington's birthday and it's her honest-to-goodness name. Viola Dana is about 18.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DIMPLES, EXETER, N. H.—Directors seldom engage people on merely photographic evidence. A good photographer can make a very ordinary looking flapper look like a million dollars and no one knows this better than the motion picture folk. Madge Evans is 5 years old, Jane Lee almost the same and Katherine Ditto is 7. Never heard of Pauline. Don't think she's an actress, but you can't always tell. "Masque of Life" cast: *Pierrette,* Rita Jolivet; *Pierrot,* Hamilton Revelle; *Evelyn Wolfson,* Evelyn Vadito; *Mr. Wolfson, Prince George,* M. Comerio; *Pete,* Pete Montebello.

E. M., HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—*Mary* with Robert Warwick in "The Argyle Case" was played by Elaine Hammerstein.

B. D., WESTON, W. VA.—If you mean the girl in "Patria" we think you mean, it is Dorothy Green. Mary Charleson is playing opposite Henry Walthall. Ed. Coxen and Frank Mayo are married.

E. F., MARSHALL, MINN.—You probably refer to Triangle's "A Daughter of the Poor" in which Carl Stockdale played the factory owner and George Beranger the leading male role.

G. W., ATHENS, O.—They say that the baby looks like Wallie, but see for yourself. Norma Talmadge was on the cover in the February issue. Mrs. Castle is no relative of Courtenay Foote. They are different Feet, as it were. Cleo Ridgely has permanently retired from the screen. Bill Hart is not engaged to marry anyone yet but—Family pictures are hard to get. It seems to be out of fashion to have them taken.

SEVENTEEN, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Unable to find out the day of the week when Richard Travers was born. Awfully sorry.

L. U., CHICAGO.—Emmy Wehlen is not married and it's her real name. Write her care Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Write Mary Pickford, care Lasky, Hollywood.

L. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sessue Hayakawa has been married about three years. Marguerite Clark has never played in a serial.

E. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Pauline Frederick has brown hair and gray eyes, is five feet four inches high and can be reached at Famous Players, New York City.

S. S., DENVER, COLO.—Your former fellow townsman, Robert Z. Leonard, is back at Universal and is directing Mae Murray in Bluebird pictures.

G. H., WORCESTER, MASS.—Write to any trade paper for the names of the exchanges in Boston.

E. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Wilton Lackaye lives at the Lambs Club, 130 West 44th St., New York City., and Jack Holt is with Lasky's in Hollywood, Cal. Always be glad to hear from you.

RUSSELL, BROOKTON, N. Y.—D. W. Griffith is making pictures in Europe and has already completed three war stories, we are informed, with the Gish sisters and Bobby Harron in the principal roles. Franklyn Farnum is no relative of Bill and Dusty. Few of the studios permit visitors.

SNOW WHITE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Your letter was a treat and we are sorry it could not have been acknowledged sooner.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARGARET, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Write to the auto department for information about tin Elizabeths. Niles Welch can be reached by long distance at the Somerset Hotel, N. Y. City. Vernon Steele is with Goldwyn; so is Mabel Normand. Antonio Moreno is with Pathe and Billie Burke with Artcraft.

SHIELA, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—It's about three years since Alice Joyce and Tom Moore played together. Tney played in "Nina of the Theater" and "The Brand." Owen Moore is about 29, we think. Come again.

E. G., ROSEBANK, N. Y.—John Bowers played opposite Miss Pickford in "The Eternal Grind." "The Little Princess" was completed by that star in mid-September. Hazel Daly who has been playing opposite Bryant Washburn, is a product of Chicago. Mary Miles Minter will send you a photograph.

E. H., DALTON, GA.—Your photograph was somewhat out of focus so we couldn't tell how you'd stack up as a photographic subject. In "Mind Over Motor," the leading part *Tish Carberry* was played by the late Camille D'Arcy. Other members of the cast were: *Charlie Sands,* Eugene Acker; *Bettina,* June Keith; *Jasper,* Edmund Cobb; *Mr. Ellis,* Grant Foreman; *Lizzie,* Louise Crolius; *Aggie,* Marion Skinner; *sheriff,* Hugh Thompson.

A. H., BOSTON, MASS.—The "feeling" that one could succeed in the movies is exceedingly prevalent and especially common among girls of from twelve to sixty-two years old in that part of the United States which lies between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The only way to ascertain definitely whether one has camera possibilities is to have a photographic test made. Training in a dramatic school will be a good thing for you even if you fail to get into the "land behind the screen."

JOHN, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Alma Rueben is still with Triangle and is now a star in her own right. J. Barney Sherry is also with the old homestead. House Peters and Blanche Sweet are not engaged at this writing.

A. L., BERKELEY, CAL.—Write Theda Bara, care William Fox, Los Angeles, Cal.

G. G., OAKMONT, PA.—Vivian Martin was the girl in "The Girl at Home." Marguerite Clark will be delighted to send you her picture.

POINT LOOKOUT, L. I.—Anita Stewart does live at Brightwaters, Long Island, but her mother, not her sister, lives with her. Jack Holt played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Little American." Charley Ray is a little over six feet high and has brown hair and eyes. Petrova is married but has no children. Her hair is red and her eyes are green but they don't look that color on the screen. Poetry, muh dear. Yes, tis; don't it rhyme?

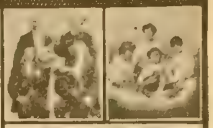
WILLIAM, PASSAIC, N. J.—Bill Hart has made several pictures since "Wolf Lowry" including "The Cold Deck" and "The Narrow Trail." He was never an actual cowpuncher.

LOLA R., PATERSON, N. J.—Grace Cunard was married before she became the wife of Joe Moore. The latter is 22 years old. William Farnum is married. His wife is Olive White of the legitimate stage.



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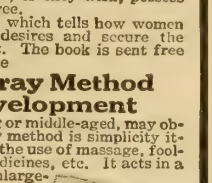
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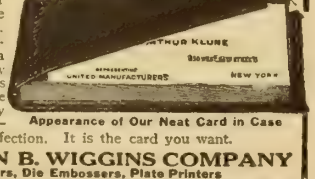
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

H. S., MARYSVILLE, O.—So would we think a lot of Pickford and Fairbanks pictures if we had to drive 28 miles in our Ford to see them, but unfortunately we have no Ford—not even a Fierce Sparrow. Gale Henry is at Universal City and Polly Moran at Mack Sennett's bonbon foundry. Perhaps Theda never received the roses you sent her.

IRENE, LOWELL, MASS.—There might be some difficulty with the government censors if Tom Forman were to be interviewed at this time. You see he is a soldier now.

J. F., MERIDIAN, MISS.—"The Red Rose," a Russian modern play, is the latest Bara vehicle. It was written by Richard Ordynski, one of Russia's foremost playwright-actors who plays opposite Miss Bara in the production. We cannot recommend any correspondence course in photoplay writing.

PEGGY 15, PHILADELPHIA.—Congratulations on acquiring another year. Gazelle Marche was the wife of *Bruce* in "The Argyle Case." Glad you like the new style magazine and that makes it unanimous. Hope all subsequent issues will meet with the same approval.

FRANCES, CHICAGO.—Florence Lawrence is retired. Her husband is Harry Solter, now a Universal director.

LOIDA, VINELAND, N. J.—We are of the impression that Mr. Ray answers his correspondence himself. "The Coward" was a photo drama produced by Triangle.

C. H., OAKLAND, CAL.—Clara Williams played in "Hell's Hinges." Margery Wilson played in "The Clodhopper." The Fairbanks twins are both of the so-called gentle sex. They are on the musical comedy stage now. Thanks for your "hope."

R. B., DAVENPORT, IA.—Roscoe Arbuckle is married. Her name is Minta Durfee and you've probably seen her in Keystone funnies.

DANDY, CHEYENNE, WYO.—Eileen Percy, Doug Fairbanks' leading lady, is a native of Ireland but she left the old sod at a very tender age. She is only 17 years old, so you are probably mistaken.

B. L., VENICE, CAL.—Gertrude Berkeley was the mother of the boys in "War Brides." It was her first screen appearance as she had been playing the same part in the vocal version with Nazimova.

F. S., LITTLE CEDAR, IOWA.—Enjoyed your poem immensely. We have informed Miss Minter that you had chosen her as your favorite and she said she was delighted.

JOHN, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Zane Grey's "Light of the Western Stars" has been produced by Selig but it was said to be a failure and was never released. We are told that Selig will do it over again. Alma Rueben is heading her own company at Triangle now. James Young with Clara K. Young in "Without a Soul," is the star's husband as you surmise. Only Frank Keenan knows whether he will return to the Shadow Stage and maybe he isn't sure.

CATERPILLAR, CHICAGO.—Hard to tell you just what sort of reception you'd get. *Gaston* in "American Methods" was Bertram Grassby, *M. Moulinet* was Willard Louis, *Betty Armstrong* was played by Florence Vidor and *Octave* by Jewel Carmen.

A. F., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—Ethel Clayton is with World. She observes her natal day yearly on November 8, not having reached the age of birthday aphasia. William Courtleigh, Jr., played with Miss Clark in "Out of the Drifts." Some of our well known players are now starring in "Out of the Drafts."

H. A., PORTLAND, ORE.—William S. Hart is an inch over six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, is a native of New York state and is of English and Irish extraction.

E. JANE, CHICAGO.—Elmer Clifton is 25 years old having been born on March 14, 1892. He is a Canadian and married.

M. P., HUDSON, N. Y.—Edward Martindell played *Robert Armstrong* and Paul Gordon was *Dick Armstrong* in "Vanity" with Emmy Wehlen.

M. E., STEVENS POINT, WIS.—No, that wasn't Douglas Fairbanks in "Seventeen." It's a long time since Doug has played "bits" and he's never done it in the movies.

C. S., KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Jack Mower was the handsome guy who made the hit with you in "Miss Jackie of the Navy" opposite Margarita Fischer. He's now with Universal.

J. YEW, BOCAS, PANAMA.—We are hardly qualified to tell you which of the two gentleman, Jack Kerrigan or Francis Bushman "know more about pugilism." Charley Chaplin is English. "Neal of the Navy" was filmed in Southern California more than a year ago. Remember us to the hat man.

K. P., ERIE, PA.—Nazimova and Petrova are natives of Russia. The former is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life, the latter the wife of Dr. Stewart of Indianapolis. Mr. Bryant is an actor.

L. K., BALMAIN, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.—If we see Francis X. we'll surely tell him that he ought to answer your letter. Stage experience is not essential to success on the screen.

B. C. D., RICHMOND, VA.—You will have to write the stars direct if you desire their photos. That's outa our line.

E. M., CLEVELAND, O.—"Can a family go to Los Angeles and make a living like in Cleveland?" Most assuredly. There are quite a few families in Los Angeles and business at the poorhouse is awfully bad just now. Mary Miles Minter is at Santa Barbara, Cal.

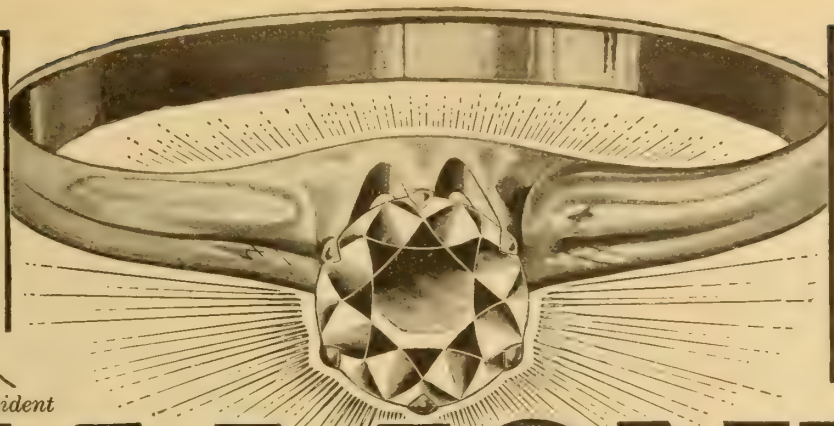
LESLIE, HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—Douglas Fairbanks is his real name and he is 34. Write him at Hollywood for a photograph. You needn't send him any money for it.

F. M., OAKLAND, CAL.—Tom Santschi is married but that won't make any difference if you want to write him as he does not make a practice of answering letters.

KATHRYN R., CINCINNATI, O.—House Peters hasn't signed any contract at this writing. He played *Stuart Kirkwood* in "The Lonesome Chap."

PHRYNETTE, NEW YORK CITY.—Donald Brian hasn't been filmed for a long time. Don't think anyone is thinking of producing "The Merry Widow" as screen entertainment.





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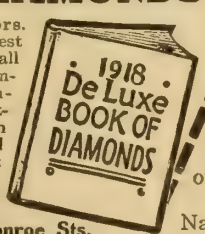
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In This Issue

Do You Really Want Better Pictures?

You can have them. It's up to you. The great picture producers of America tell you how to get them. *See page 79.*

Mary MacLane writes her Impressions of the Movies



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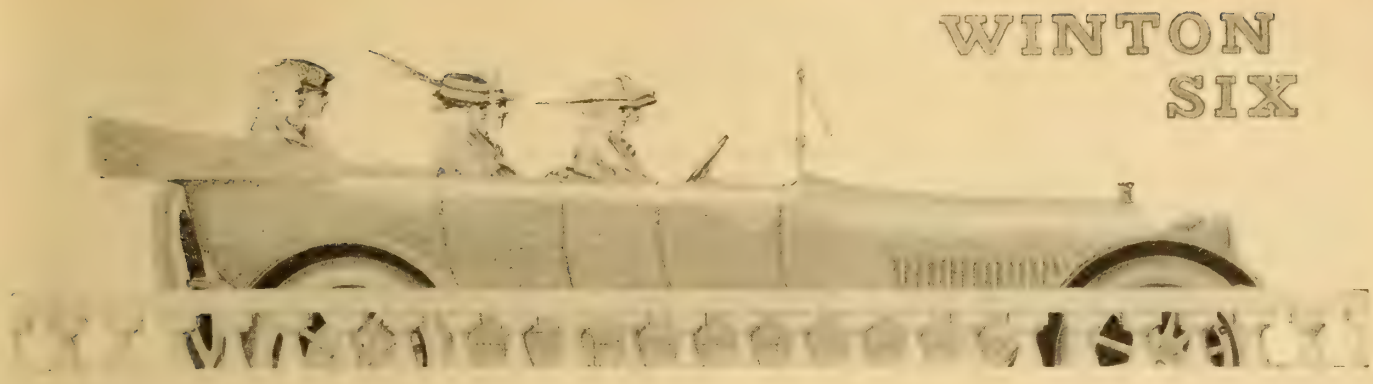
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VOL. XIII No. 2

JANUARY, 1918

No. "P-22"

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Next Month

Just a Little Tip

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has had a wonderful increase in circulation of late. The reason? Inasmuch as 95 per cent of it sells over the newsstands it must be that folks like it. We know no other reason. Be sure of getting your copy. Many people have been disappointed and have written in to us only to find we didn't have a copy left. The best way to get your copy is to order it from your newsdealer in advance. Just tell him to save you one.

Real Help for Scenario Writers!

If you are at all interested in scenario writing—and a census would show that almost every second adult person in the United States is—you will be delighted with the series of articles on that subject by Anita Loos and John Emerson, which will begin in the issue of PHOTOPLAY following this one. We feel that these articles will be the most practical ever published, for they deal, not only with the actual writing of the scenarios, but with all the other essentials such as studio conditions, adaptability of players, camera limitations, etc. They will tell you just what material they want at the studios—and what's just as important to you, what they don't want. These articles will do one of two things for you, encourage you along the right direction, or demonstrate to you the utter futility of your wasting time on this line of literary endeavor. Be sure to get the first article of the series. It appears in the February issue.

Alice's New Clothes

Alice Joyce has been spending a lot of time at the dressmakers these days. The results are worth it, however, and in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY you will be given an opportunity to see her new gowns and wraps.

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What Makes Them Emote?

That's a question the Editor has had fired at him a thousand times. How do the directors get their players worked up to the pitch where they cry real tears, where they register real emotions like fear and horror, love and affection, and a thousand other emotions? Sometimes they spend a whole day working a player to the point where they feel satisfied and give instructions to the cameraman to "shoot." Then there are other ways, let's call them artificial methods, of securing this desirable end. In the February issue you will be told all about it in a wonderfully illustrated story.

Acquitted by a Photoplay

You would regard it as fiction, wouldn't you, if some one told you a jury in a murder trial had been influenced in their verdict by a motion picture. But it is a fact. One of our largest cities has been talking about it for weeks. You will get the full details next month.

"Beating Them to It"

That's enough to say. Frederick Arnold Kummer is one of those few authors who hit the bull's eye every shot. The title of the next one is "Beating Them to It," and it's just as lively as the title.

Some Personalities

You are probably familiar with the remarkable work of Warner Oland in the Pathe Serial, "Patria." It was as consistent a piece of characterization as has been put on the film in a long time. He played the part of the Japanese spy. It is a pleasure to introduce this man to you in his real light. He is a sterling actor, a scholar, and a gentleman. He's well worth knowing about.

What kind of a chap is Harold Lockwood? And Elliott Dexter, the impetuous lover in Mary Pickford's picture, "A Romance of the Redwoods"? And, what about Monroe Salisbury who has created so many wonderful characterizations, notably in Mr. Clune's production of "Romona" and others? All in the February issue.

Eileen Percy is planning a surprise for the American boys in France—an idea all of her very own. We promised her we wouldn't tell about it in advance, and we always keep promises.

From stenographer in a Market Street commission house to a moving picture star in three years. A creditable achievement indeed. That's the record of Virginia Valli, Essanay's newest star. She is only twenty years of age, and success hasn't increased her head measurement a fraction of an inch. And here is a girl who attributes all her success to her mother. Says she would still be a stenographer if mother hadn't been right behind her every minute. Some girl. Some mother.



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They made countless experiments. Hundreds of blends were compared. It has taken as high as three years to arrive at what they called perfect flavor. For each important material they fixed the time of cooking and the degree of heat.

Some of these soups, as now perfected, require as high as 20 ingredients, and as much as 23 hours to make.

The formula for a single soup covers many pages. It specifies grade on every material. On some it fixes the analysis. It minutely directs every step of the process, so a Van Camp never varies.

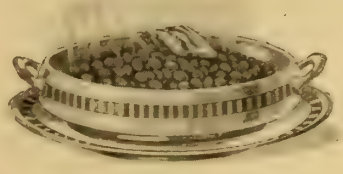
The result of these methods is soups vastly better than ever were made in the old ways. The difference will surprise you. Yet they cost no extra price.

Suggest some soup that you like best and get that kind in Van Camp's. Learn for your own sake what these methods have done. We promise you a new delight which all your folks will welcome.

VAN CAMP'S

SOUPS—18 Kinds

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Perfected by the same exacting methods. It will bring you a new conception of this familiar dish.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

An Italian dish which these expert methods have made many times as good. We value the formula at $500,000.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

The finest peanut dainty that has ever been produced. Twice the flavor of the former kinds.



Go to the theatre that shows PETROVA PICTURES!

Madame Petrova is now "on tour."

Not in person, but in personally-produced Petrova Pictures.

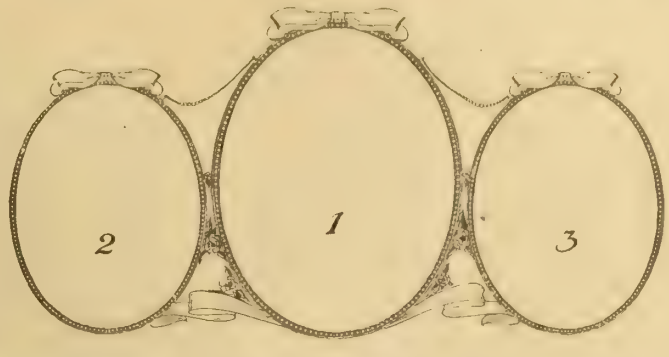
"Daughter of Destiny," the first of these dramas, is now being shown throughout the United States. It tells the story of a brave American girl whose love for a crown prince involves her in a network of European intrigue. There is a morganatic marriage; a sudden twist of destiny; a tremendous adventure in which the girl's American ideals must stand or fall. You will enjoy the exciting outcome—you will say: "Give us more Petrova Plays like the 'Daughter of Destiny.'"

The foremost theatre in your town will show Petrova Pictures

Petrova Picture Company

25 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK

Look for the sign that distinguishes these films from all others—Petrova Pictures



Who is first in your heart among these INGRAM stars?

To the most popular screen star in this Ingram list we will send, on your behalf, a charming gift of Ingram Perfume and Toilet Water. And to you, for sending us your vote, our guest room package.

Below is an alphabetical list of photoplay stars whose portraits and testimonial letters have appeared in our advertising during the past year.

We are proud of their endorsements, as this list comprises most of the famous beauties of the screen—where complexions are subject to the most trying test possible.

Each of these stars, has freely given credit to

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

and other Ingram Toilet Requisites



Now we want your expression as to *your* favorites among this list of general favorites. If you will fill in the coupon-ballot at the right, indicating your first, second and third choices among these stars, we will send you free our Guest Room Package, for which we have always charged six cents, and for which we shall in future be obliged to charge ten cents. You get the package whether your favorites get the most votes or not. And the most popular star will receive a beautiful gift of our fine perfume and toilet water.

Says Almost Every "Movie" Star—



What the Package Contains

Our Guest Room Package contains Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Altogether a very handy and useful gift, and one that will give you a good introduction to Ingram Quality. Mail coupon today to

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Windsor, Ont.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has no substitute. It is a time-proven skin-health cream. Ask for it by its full name. Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 size.

(70)

Frederick F. Ingram Co.,

102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I have marked my 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices with 1, 2 and 3, in this list of Ingram stars of 1917. Please send me the Guest Room Package FREE.

.....	Enid Bennett
.....	Ethel Clayton
.....	Marguerite Clayton
.....	Nell Craig
.....	Grace Cunard
.....	Hazel Daly
.....	Mary Fuller
.....	Dorothy Gish
.....	Louise Lovely
.....	Mary MacLaren
.....	Violet Mersereau
.....	Mabel Normand
.....	Cleo Ridgely
.....	Ruth Roland

Name .....

Address.....

Herbert Brenon
presents
Sir. Johnston Forbes-Robertson
in the
Passing of the Third Floor Back

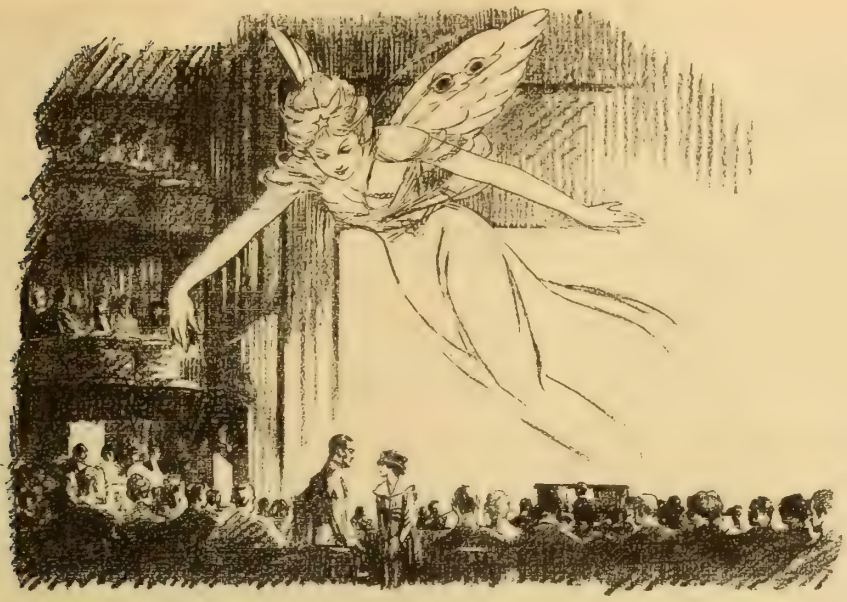


Jerome K. Jerome's famous drama carries a singular message of cheer, hope and sympathy. To a dingy and drab boarding house in the sordid section of London, comes a stranger. The house, peopled with unhappy souls fighting against circumstances, is beset with misunderstanding and rancor. Before the sad smile of the stranger, the bitterness and strife disappear. Kindliness and love come out of the chaos of trouble. Then the mysterious passer by goes on his way once more.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's splendidly drawn portrayal of the stranger, replete with a fine spirituality, stands in the gallery of great stage creations of the last decade. His playing marks one of the bigger things of the silent drama.

BRENON PRODUCTIONS HB
Personally Directed By Herbert Brenon

ADDRESS BRENON CORPORATION.
BRENON STUDIOS, HUDSON HEIGHTS, N.J. for SIR FORBES-ROBERTSON STORIES



Have you lost your Make-Believe?

Come on—let's go!
We'll see a picture-play—and a good one.
We don't even know the title of it—we don't happen to care this time.
We *do* know a theatre that advertises under the Paramount and Artcraft trademarks—and we know that means "famous stars superbly directed, in clean motion pictures."

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three ways to know

where to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

1. By seeing these trademarks or names in the newspaper advertisements of your local theatres
2. By seeing the same trademarks on the front of the theatre or in the lobby
3. By seeing them flashed on the screen inside the theatre

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

"FAMOUS STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

What an illusive thing it is you are paying for and giving your time to! Phantoms dissolving to nothing at all when the light snaps off.

Is it? It's nature, sunshine, laughter, love, life!

What do you really see as you sit there in your chair unconscious of others in their other chairs all around you?

Not the illuminated screen, not the beam of brilliance from the projection machine up above—no, not the moving lights and shadows of the photograph itself—*not the picture at all,* but the *story* the picture tells.

You live it.

For that one hour or two you live a different soul—likely in a different land, quite possibly a thousand years ago. Maybe you half realize after a while that your tongue is dry. Sometimes your eyes grow moist—with sympathy or mirth, no matter. You don't know it. You've lost yourself—and good riddance for a bit.

You are *living* the romance that makes this work-a-day world well worth while after all. You are adventuring, struggling, overcoming, avenging, forgiving, laughing, hating, loving.

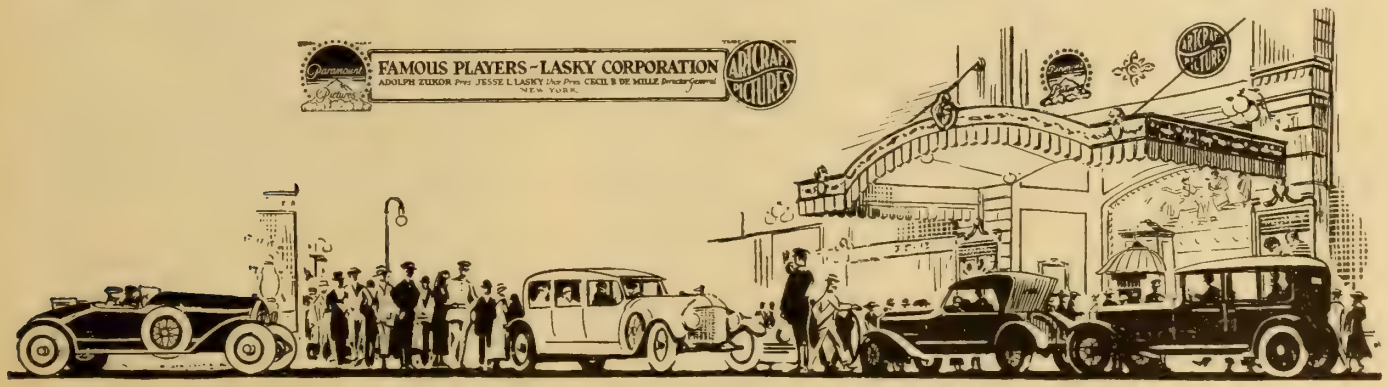
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And when the story ends, you walk out into the blazing *real* world—but you are for quite a while a good deal younger and a sight more human!

That's you, isn't it? There are ten million others just like you in that one thing.

But there are twenty million others who are missing. Some of them are your own friends. Why not tell them?

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



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from
Norma Talmadge

ONE HUNDRED ART PORTRAITS

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Your Money Back if Not Delighted

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An Ideal Christmas Gift

for the friend who is interested in moving pictures.

Send fifty cents—money order, check or stamps—for your copy and it will be sent parcel post, charges prepaid, to any point in the U. S. or Canada. If it does not come up to your expectations send it back and your money will be cheerfully refunded, also mailing charge.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 8F, 350 North Clark Street, CHICAGO

He is going over the top! and he needs a smoke to cheer him up!



Americans, our fighting men in France need tobacco. They are giving their lives to defend you. Do your part to make them comfortable during the dreary hours in the trenches.

Twenty-five cents provides enough tobacco to make one of our gallant defenders happy for a week. $1.00 sends a month's supply.

Prominent magazines and newspapers stand back of this movement. The War and Navy Departments endorse it.

A War Souvenir for You

In each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If these come back they will be war souvenirs much treasured.

Mail Coupon Today

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"

25 W. 44th St. New York

GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. If tobacco will do it—I'm for tobacco.

(Check below how you desire to contribute)

I send you herewith_____, my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

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ADDRESS _____



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. We were *both* discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and I decided to let the I. C. S. help me. When I marked the coupon I asked you to sign with me. You said, 'Aw, forget it!'

"I made the most of my opportunity and have been climbing ever since. You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over one hundred thousand men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6480, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6480, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

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☐ Electric Lighting	☐ ADVERTISING
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☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Sign Painter
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ Commercial Law
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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Here is a thorough, complete, simplified High School Course that you can complete in *two years*. Meets college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading professors in universities and academies.

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Keep on *going!* Train your brain! Broaden your mental vision! A high school education multiplies your chances for success in business or social life.
Study this intensely interesting course in idle hours at home without interfering with your regular work. "Cash in" on your *natural ability.*

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Men and women who were denied a high school training can "catch up" by taking this simplified course at home. Hundreds have profited by this remarkable opportunity.

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We have helped 50,000 men and women to *win!* Let us help *you*, too.

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....Steam Engineer	....Automobile Engineer

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



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—only an ordinary record. Thousands of successful members. Even greater opportunities are yours as a City or Traveling Salesman. Increased prosperity, enlistments and the "Draft" have created **thousands of good positions. Experience unnecessary.** Write for large list of lines in which **good positions are open** and how to obtain them. Address nearest office, Dept. 21-A

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TR. ASSN.
Chicago San Francisco NewYork

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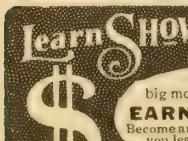
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KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS 165 Gaiety Theatre Building NEW YORK CITY

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MANUSCRIPTS TYPED AND CORRECTED FIVE cents hundred words. Holland, 2026 No. 12th Street, Philadelphia.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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The Christmas Spirit

is best expressed through a gift that shows you thought of what the recipient would really want.

Your friend will appreciate PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for a whole year. They will remember that you thought of what would really appeal to them.

Each and every month a better magazine and each and every month a reminder of your thoughtfulness.

That Boy in France

You are going to send him something. Why not a subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. He will need something to cheer him up when off duty. Every issue will be a reminder that you are the thoughtful provider of several hours of good reading and interesting news.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check. Better hurry.

Photoplay Magazine
352 North Clark Street
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

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Photoplay Magazine, 352 N. Clark St., Chicago

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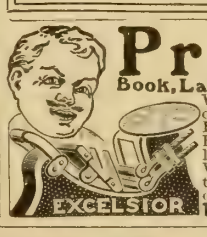
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Photoplay Magazine
Chicago, Illinois







What has he said to her?

Does your glowing face cause an exclamation of pleasure?

Brilliant lights revealing every grace and every flaw; eyes fixed upon you ready to admire—can you face them unembarrassed?

Don't spoil your evening wondering about your complexion. Descend the stairs to meet your friends radiant and blooming—thrilled by the knowledge that you are looking your best.

You can have this confidence

You can make your skin what you will. Nature does her part. You can do the rest. Every day the old skin dies and new skin forms in its place. What this new skin is depends on the care you give it.



Skin specialists say that the best way to build up a clear, beautiful complexion, to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap was prepared by a skin specialist after 30 years of experience with the skin and its needs.

Let this treatment give you the charm of a flawless skin

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment every night and watch your skin lose every flaw; watch it take on a smooth texture, a soft glowing color.

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry your skin well.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at druggists and toilet counters everywhere in the United States and Canada. Watch your skin gradually improve so you can face the most glaring light, the most critical eyes—confident of its smoothness and freshness.

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For 4c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last a week. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 501 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



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WHY do Vivian Martin and Fido look so especially happy? It must be that they've just dined and that Vivian cooked the dinner. But her fame as a cook is old stuff; just now we want to know whether she's an economical one.



BLANCHE SWEET, where are you? Several thousand admirers want to know. The lenses of a thousand projecting machines are dim with mournful moisture at your absence. We need you and your art upon the screen. Come back!



WE don't want to hurt Mr. Sidney Drew's feelings by insinuating that this lady is his better half—so meet Mrs. Sidney Drew, the charming partner of a perfect 50-50 combination, whose business it is to give us smiles without regrets.

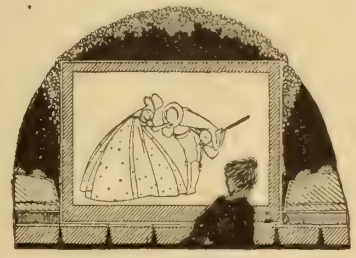


MIRIAM COOPER is a southerner, but it wasn't her southern accent that made her one of the stars in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." Miss Cooper was without stage experience, too. She is now starring for William Fox.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIII JANUARY, 1918 NO. 2



The Land of Make-Believe

A LITTLE child amuses itself alone. A chair in one corner is the home of a mythical neighbor, the pantry a den of ravening lions from whose onslaughts the neighbor must be saved. The child's imagination creates these things to lend color to its own peaceful, tenderly-mothered existence.

Little girls caper down a street, beplumed hats grotesquely teetering on their heads, "grown-up" skirts trailing behind them. There's a fire in the middle of a vacant lot; around it leap painted and feathered Indians — small fourth-graders in other hours.

They are living in the wonderful Land of Make-Believe.

For the Land of Make-Believe is the only land in which one is always given his heart's desire. The precious gift of fancy is Heaven-sent, it is ours at our first wailing breath and it stays with us till we die: the solace of Make-Beheve which enables so many of us to walk our stony, bruising paths of reality straight and bravely to the end.

Every woman would be loved and lovely, every man would be a hero. This is not vanity; that we cannot all accomplish our desires is of no moment. For it is this inborn instinct for betterment and the striving that goes with it that has made this world of ours a fit place in which to dwell.

So on the stage where dreams are born to pictures, we visualize our dreams. We do not need to confess; no one knows our secret yearnings; we can see ourselves what we will.

The settled and level-headed business man is a lithe and care-free youth, recklessly plunging down a mountain side, a shower of stones and gravel in his wake. He is virile, young, and his pulse sings an accompaniment to the swift-rushing prairie wind at night.

The tired scrubwoman rests her weary frame on a luxurious, satin-covered bed; she draws a long, relaxing breath and is a pleasant idler for an hour, her day sunny and servants at her call. It is a glimpse of Heaven.

The matron, who in her secret heart rebels that silver has crowned her head so soon, sees herself a belle with dimpled shoulders; the lovers she never had crowd round her. She is young again.

Alas for the soul that finds no solace in its dreams!
Alas, indeed, for a world without its pictured dreams!



Director Arthur Berthelet, explaining the 'script to Miss MacLane, at the Essanay Studio.

The Movies—*and* Me

By Mary MacLane

MARY MacLANE, of Butte, Montana, has become a movie star. The same Mary MacLane who at the age of seventeen made the world at large sit up and take notice, with "The Story of Mary MacLane," in which she registered some astonishingly frank truths about herself and her emotions. A late book, "I, Mary MacLane," a matured continuation of the introspective analysis in the first, has aroused recent interest, and a third product of her pen, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me," is being immortalized upon the screen at the Essanay Studio, in Chicago.

ANY time I write my opinions and impressions of this moving picture thing in its varied phases and components, it is not in the least as a critic who carps, but purely as an ardent film fan who eats up the whole game relishingly from soup to nuts.

Everybody knows it is not the critics who keep that multicolored ball rolling, but "us fans" who pay our fifteen cents and go in at the front door prepared to like every possible thing we see that's likeable and eat up every possible morsel of romance that slides Lillian-Gishfully across the screen.

Many a critic, if we are to credit their interesting dope sheets, has come away from a picture show sickened, nauseated to his hard heart's core by the tragic want of art, logic, continuity and all those juggled-up things to be found in the whole film idea as is.

But nothing like that ever happens to me. In the first place, I don't attend picture shows in order to get nauseated. And in the second place, I usually grow so delightfully fussed up with charm, thrill, appreciation and the general sense of human emotion and color that the demon art seems quite all out of it.

It is one of my theories that the true expression of the human equation never can be pure art, and pure logic and pure continuity. Human beings are not formed to that end—not while kaisers and cabarets still go on and beds continue to sag in the middle. And since—which is another of my theories—the cinematograph really does mirror human life as it really does daily happen, it can't possibly be pure art and pure logic and still be good moving picture stuff.

Charlie Chaplin is, in my opinion, the nearest thing to a perfect artist in the long gamut of film stars, and he is by that token a case in point: Charlie Chaplin does not in

any way express any form of human life as it is lived in this present state of civilization.

He falls down flights of stairs nine times with the utmost abandon and runs around tables with surprising velocity and precision, but, strictly speaking, those things are unlikely to happen in most average households. The cook would leave too often, and besides it would wear out the rugs, and prove otherwise inconvenient.



No, the nonchalant Charles, though I hand it to him as an artist and a very good one, is not a favorite of mine. Nor is Mister Fairbanks, remarkable though he is for his ready mirth and his ability to jump over things. For, again, the foregoing reasons: though indubitably great stuff it is not true to life. I have not yet known the host in any menage I've been in to go from room to room in leaps and bounds. It's all very intriguing to those who relish the bizarre and the highly improbable in pictures.

But for myself, I am the tamest, the least fiery, the most equable type of film fan. I like dramas where young people marry with lacy clothes, and a mob in the last few feet; romances where I can sit open-eyed and pensive, forgetful of passing time; and everydayish stories where I can watch Alice Brady walk and Robert Warwick frown and Valeska Suratt's back and Louise Glaum look balefully at her leading man.

Mary MacLane, in two scenes from "Men Who Have Made Love to Me," a picturization of her own experiences.



Sometimes the mere look of a country hillside with the sunshine sparkling upon it, and leaves and grasses and wild flowers blowing in the breeze, to a gaze too long inured to farthest Butte or darkest Chicago, is plaisance and paradise enow.

Since nineteen-eleven when most of the stars who now bloom madly in electric lights were not even names and were in fact working humbly and anonymously for Biograph, the picture theater has been my main stand-by in moods of relaxation.

I spotted the lyric-looking Blanche Sweet as a coming star when I was totally unable to discover her name, so reticent was the screen in those days. And the famous Pickford was known but by her curls. And the artistic Walthall peered at the camera merely as a hard-working lead. And "legits" shied like frightened steeds at the mere mention of the films. And Theda Bara in her sleek darkling pride existed not.

I have trailed stars from their dawn to their be-limousined present. I have paid fifteen cents on several thousand afternoons in the far wilds of my native Butte in order to translate me from the somber colors of myself to the passionful prisms of life as presented by Mister Selig, Mister Fox, Mister World, Mister Essanay, Mister Blue Bird, Mister Paramount, Mister Triangle, et al. And I have never been disappointed.

There has always been something in every picture I have ever seen, though it might be but the single expression of some warmly-sexed lips or eyes, that registered at rather more than fifteen cents' value. I maintain there is more of sheer beauty—world beauty, life beauty, human beauty—in moving pictures than in any other popular expression of everyday life. If there's much that is crude in it all as yet, there is much more that is lovely.

And speaking of Mister Essanay reminds me of the most astonishing thing that ever happened to me. Without effort, without volition, without, in short, wanting to, I—I have become a "film star."

Such is fame.

Nay, more, a vampire.

I had thought that it required a devilish lot of energy and pep and punch and stunningness to become one of those things. But not so. It requires languor and clothes and ease and loads of astonishingly yellow make-up. And a kindofa, sort-ofa vampish way with men. I have thought of myself, when it came to self-expression, purely and simply as a lit'ry woman.

But being gently induced to play the lead in a picturization of some of my own stuff I found I had all the requisites of the little old screen vampire.

I shall have a lot to write about the making of my picture when all is over. But just at present my days are a wild maze of directors, camera men, extra people, heroes, sets, props, electricians, luncheon hours and tumblings out of bed at six o'clock in the morning.

And they tell me I have a screen personality.

Still I remain in my own accounting not a film actor, but a lit'ry lady. I am still deeply unused to grease paint. I may look like a vampire, but I continue to feel singularly unlike one. I am a fan and not a critic, and my secret hankering is to be an extra person, ad-lib-ing in a mob. Voila.



The Villain

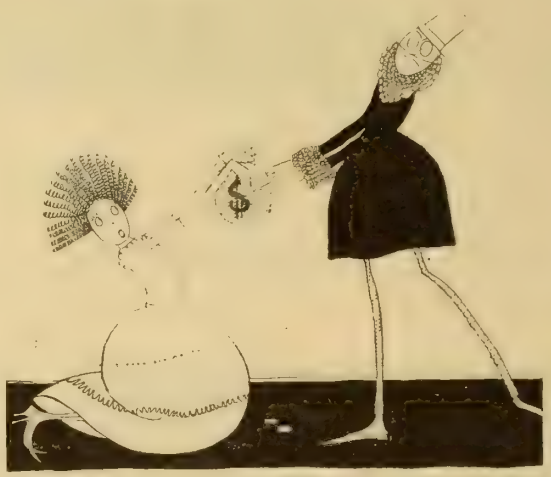
By
Delight Evans

VILLAINS!
But are they?

You've seen
These Pepful Percies.
What Sense-of-Humor they Have
Is Over-developed.
One of them
Is always In Hiding
In the Village.
He is Dressed
Like a Lily-of-the-Field; and
He Dazzles the Sexton's Daughter,
Who Never Knew a Man Before
There are Love-Scenes
In the Hayloft,
Over the Fence,
Down by the Spring,
By the Old Stile,
In the Hayloft,
Over the —
And the Last Time
He Kisses her.
It all Ends
With a Wedding—
Rice-and-old-shoes,
Merry Villagers, and
All the Rest of it.
But Just then
The director Decides
That Things have been Peaceful
Long Enough;
So he Sends For
The Other-woman,
Who Wrings her Hands
And Spoils
A Few Blank-Cartridges.

There's
The Straight Heavy.
He has a Full-Grown-Grouch,
And no one can Say
He's Selfish.
He Simply Breaks Up the Atmosphere
With the Heavy Stuff he Pulls.
When they Want someone
To Hurt the Mahogany,
Or Worry the Heroine,
They Call him In.
And Father Says:
"He Oughta Be Shot."
And Mother Says:
"The Brute!"
And Sister Says:
"He Wears his clothes
SO Well!"
While Brother
Wants to be Just Like That Man
When he Grows Up.

And then
The Commonhorde.

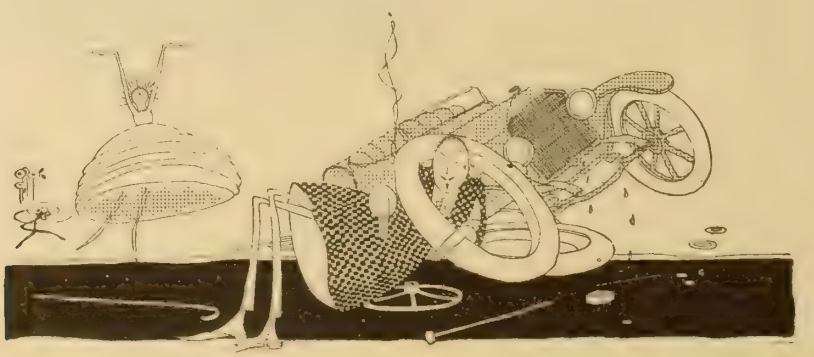


They are Always
Accomplices; and
They do—ssh!—
The Dirty-work.
They are Charter-Members
Of the Great-Unshaved.
No Self-respecting Matinee-girl
Ever Writes to one.
So
We won't waste Any More Time
On them.

And here is
The Baron.

(Dear Editor:
We Can't
Make that
Alliterative;
Because
He Isn't
Boastful or Bashful,
And we never did Know
The Meaning Of
Bi-furcated).
He'll do
Anything.
He has been Known
To Gamble, Murder,
Abduct, or Poison;
And Sometimes
He's Real Wicked, and
Wrecks Trains, or
Fights the Hero.
He Twirls his Mustache.
He Slides Home
Around Corners.
He Shadows.
He Watches the Heroine
Through Half-closed Eyes.
He is
The Foreign Spy, and
The Gentleman Burglar.
He is
Awfully Sensible:
He makes it a Point
To be Far Away from Home
When they Search his Apartments.
He Always
Escapes; and there is
The Pursuing Motor, and
The Officers-of-the-Law.
The Baron
Catapults his car
Over the Highest Cliff in the County;
And the Scene Fades-Out
On the Smouldering Ruins
Of what was Once
A Perfectly Good Villain.

Villains!
But *are* they?





Some little girls only read fairy tales — the big, kind genie of the camera permits Virginia Lee Corbin to live them.

Where Childish Dreams Come True

Think of the rapture of being able to live a fairy tale

By Elizabeth Peltret

FORMING a semicircle around an urn filled with incense, a group of Japanese children sat on their heels, their heads bent low, and prayer beads in their hands. Little streams of smoke curled from innumerable joss sticks in a jar in front of an ancient altar. There was no sound except the slow, steady ringing of a gong and the voice of a yellow-robed Japanese priest monotonously intoning a chant for the dead. The children looked very dejected and sat very still, because they knew that all this was a matter of business as well as of make-believe. This was a game and they were naturally playing it with childish thoroughness. The Fox kiddies were making a scene for "The Mikado."

With the exception of little Virginia Lee Corbin, the

leading lady, and Violet Radcliffe, the "heavy," the children in this scene were all really Japanese. Violet, who was supposed to be The Lord High Executioner, was made up with a man-sized mustache and goatee, but not one of the children even smiled. So far as they were concerned, there was nothing funny about it. For all practical purposes, Violet *really was* the Lord High Executioner, they *really were* in Japan, and *Yum Yum's* father *really had* just died.

Have you ever noticed children "playing show" in a corner of the back yard? The "curtain" made out of an old sheet—the near-green tree painted on that same sheet with a combination of liquid bluing and prepared mustard which represents a dark and dismal forest—the white night gown, the old lace curtain, and the cover of somebody's "sanitary couch" that go to make up the "gorgeous" costumes—and, behind it all, the longing every child has to do big, spectacular things? For generations, countless thousands of children have so longed to live their fairy tales, it seems like a fairy tale come true that these little children of the pictures can at last realize that longing.

There was another scene in "The Mikado" where *Yum Yum* — little Virginia — left alone next to the room in which lies the body of her father, realizes for the first time how utterly alone in the world she is. She has been separated from *Nanki Poo*—Francis Carpenter—and there is nobody near who loves her—nobody at all. It was explained to Virginia that under these circumstances *Yum Yum* would naturally feel very sad.

"And when people feel sad," said this little five-year-old baby, "they always cry."

She sat for a while with her face turned away from the camera, her head bent, her shoulders drooping. *Yum Yum* was feeling sad. Then Virginia began to swallow back and seemed to be





Above: Carmen De Rue as Katisha, and Violet Radcliffe, the famous kid "heavy," as Ko Ko. Center—taking a scene for "The Mikado." Below: The children in their private school at the Fox Studio are given five hours of class work every day.



Witzel

trying with all her might to keep *from* crying. (Of course, being grown up, *Yum Yum* wouldn't want to cry, but she just couldn't help it.) As the baby turned her face to the camera the tears were streaming down her cheeks. She looked so utterly miserable that nearly everyone around cried with her. A minute later, she and *The Lord High Executioner* were playing tag. It was such acting as very few grown people in the world can achieve and those few are great because they have learned the technic of their business in order that they may forget it and go on living in the land of make-believe.

While Virginia and Violet were working, Francis Carpenter, the "leading man," and Carmen De Rue, the comedienne, were at school. The children are given five hours a day in school but it never seems that long to them. Naturally, the time must be broken, an hour or two in school, off to the set for the making of a scene and then back to lessons again. They never sit still long enough to become restless, and so give all the attention to the occupation of the moment. The teacher has only a few children in the room at a time and, as these belong to all different grades, she is able to give them an amount of individual attention they could never receive in a public school. Francis has been going only a very short time. He has just passed his sixth birthday.



Stagg

The famous leading lady, Miss Virginia Lee Corbin, is not too proud to help dry the dishes 'specially if mama has promised to take her to the movies.

Mr. Francis Carpenter, the noted leading man, is made up at home by his mama before he goes to the studio.



Stagg

"Francis," said Miss Wilcox, the teacher of the Fox Kiddie school, "show our visitors how well you can add."

"Sure," said Francis; "Five and two are nine."

Francis began his screen career at the old Fine Arts studio where he played with the Gish sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. While there, he worked under the same direction he has at present, that of the Franklin brothers,—"Chet" and "Syd." Later, he went to Culver City, where he "worked," as he says, with "Bill" Hart. One of his most cherished possessions is a silver cup inscribed to him "In remembrance of his friends, Thomas H. Ince and W. S. Hart."

Since joining the Fox company, Francis has had all of the experiences of Jack, the Giant Killer; has known Long John Silver and discovered Treasure Island; has tested the powers of Aladdin's wonderful lamp and found them real, has been left in the woods to starve, and has been *Naki Poo*, the Crown Prince of Japan. Certainly, it would seem that if Francis needs anything to make him the ideal hero of Everygirl's dreams, that thing would be a romantic sorrow that has

nothing to do with the pictures. But Francis doesn't need a thing to make him an ideal hero. He has even had the romantic sorrow.

Just as a hero should do, he "stands within a mist, far off, alone," friendly with everybody, but determined never, never, to marry. By which it may be seen that this romantic sorrow of his is the direct consequence of a disappointment in love. His heart has been made desolate by the perfidy of a woman. This fickle one is no other than Norma Talmadge.

They met at the Fine Arts. Francis was three years old then, and had not yet risen to the dignity of a leading man. Norma was in her teens and a great star; but love bridges all chasms, and these two loved at first sight. It was only a little while until Norma promised faithfully that she would always be his sweetheart. Until a year or so ago she remained true to that promise. Then she went to New York and in her case absence did not make the heart grow fonder. Instead she met and fell in love with another.

"Oh, the years we waste,
and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head
and hand,
That belong to the woman
who did not know,
(And now we know that
she never could know)
And did not understand."

"And now," said Francis, concluding this sad story which he told to show just why he was not in love with his beautiful leading lady, Virginia Corbin, "Now, Norma's married and I'm offa women forever!"



If you see "Aladdin," watch for the Lady-in-waiting to the Princess. You will recognize this little charmer, Gertrude Messenger.

"Are you conceited, Francis—stuck up?" he was asked.

He considered an instant, two little wrinkles appearing between his eyes. At length: "I don't know," he answered gravely, "Honest, I don't know."

Then, apropos of nothing at all, he said suddenly:

"I wonder if a person's stomach could really swell up and burst? And if it did— (He was assuming that such a thing was not only possible but probable)—I bet it would make a lot of noise."

Francis is really not in the least "stuck up," but just as wholesome and natural as any little boy in the world. He and his mother live in a little flat on Western Avenue (Hollywood), near neighbors to Mary Pickford, whom Francis loves. Only as a friend, however—understand that clearly. Not even "little Mary" can take the place of the gone-but-not-forgotten Norma.

When he is not working, Francis wears overalls and goes barefooted just like any other kid, and he is friends with everybody on the street. More than anything else he likes to write numbers with a typewriter that has a red ribbon. Francis is very particular about the ribbon—he thinks he can do so much better work with a red one. He writes remarkably well both in long hand and on the typewriter.

As if to make up for never having had a romantic sorrow, little Virginia has had an almost incredible number of romantic joys. Unlike Francis Carpenter, she has been on the screen only a very short time. When she started playing the *Princess* in "Jack and the Beanstalk," she was little more than an extra. The picture was half finished before she was offered her first contract; since then, her contract has been changed three times, and at its last writing little Virginia was "signed up" for five long years.

Not the least remarkable thing about this rapid rise of Virginia's is the large amount of it which is due to chance. Virginia was a very, very frail baby, so frail, in fact, that she caught all the childish diseases she possibly could. She was unable to walk a step until she was two years old. Right after she had had a long hard siege with the whooping cough her parents took her to Long Beach, California, where they rented an apartment next door to Baby Marie Osborne. "Little Mary Sunshine" and Virginia soon became great friends. It was Mr. Osborne who was responsible for Virginia's first appearance. He took her on a visit to the Balboa studio where she was given a small part in a picture and played it very well. Still Mrs. Corbin made no effort to make Virginia a member of the company. Then followed the unusual circumstances which made her a leading lady in her second picture. Baby Marie Osborne was kidnaped and was absent from the screen for a long time. During this time Mrs. Corbin took Virginia to the studio and happened to get there on a day when the little girl taking Marie's place was particularly unmanageable. The director saw Virginia.

"Has this little girl ever been in a picture?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Corbin. "She worked here, once."

"All right," said the director. "I'll use her."

At the end of her Balboa engagement, Virginia went to Universal City and worked under the direction of "Mother" Lule Warrenton. After that came "Jack and the Beanstalk," with the Franklins.

If Virginia has no troubles in life, she has a trouble—a very serious one. On the q. t., it's a false tooth.

One morning Virginia came to work and everyone noticed that a certain front tooth was missing. No one, least of all Virginia, knew what had become of the tooth, but anyway, it was not there. What to do? *Yum Yum* was supposed to be grown up, the tooth had been registered in previous scenes and who could imagine a heroine without a front tooth? The Franklin brothers delivered their ultimatum. Virginia must have a tooth. She did not have time to grow one, so she went to a dentist and had one made. But this did not end the trouble, no indeed. That tooth has been disappearing with a frequency which would make dizzy the most accomplished magician. "Virginia,

where is your tooth?" is the sentence that young lady hears more often than any other.

One day out on location Mrs. Corbin put the tooth in the corner of her lunch basket while Virginia was eating. After lunch both of them went away and forgot the tooth.

"Virginia," said Director Chester Franklin, seeing his cue, "where's your tooth?"

Virginia didn't know, neither did Mrs. Corbin. There followed a long wait while the members of the company searched desperately through countless lunch boxes and much garbage until the missing tooth was found.

Carmen De Rue, the *Katisha* of The Mikado, and Violet Radcliffe, who is *Ko Ko,* have had their little tragedies. Both have played leading parts and now, because the years have overtaken them, they have to play character parts. (Violet is ten and Carmen nine years old.) This does not seem to bother Carmen very much, but it *does* worry Violet. She keenly regrets the time when she used to wear long curls and always look beautiful. One feels that she gets little comfort from the fact that she is a splendid actress whose work as a villain is comparable to that of many an actor who has specialized on heavies for years. She was *Count Rudolpho* in "Jack and the Beanstalk," *The Black Prince* in "Babes in the Woods," *The Magician* in "Aladdin," and *Long John Silver* in "Treasure Island."

Both of these little girls have been on the stage and both come from theatrical families. Violet made her debut in Pueblo, Colorado, when she was seventeen days old. She was the child of Nero in "Quo Vadis." In the pictures, she has been with Pathe, Keystone, Universal, Fine Arts and Fox. Carmen, too, was with the Franklin brothers at Fine Arts, and also worked at Universal.

In a few more years these little girls will be old enough to play leading parts again and perhaps the training they are getting now will make them so accomplished that they will never have to dread the approach of the character part.

Little Georgie Stone, once leading man with the Fine Arts kiddies company, recently rejoined his old colleague, Francis, at the Fox studio. He has been engaged to play leads in a second company which is in charge of Sidney A. Franklin, the younger of the Franklin brothers, while Chester retains the Carpenter-Corbin-Radcliffe-De Rue company. Georgie is a more virile type than Francis—one of those caveman heroes—and he has as his leading lady Miss Gertrude Messinger, another clever tot, who has two more sisters in the company.

The kiddies have a building to themselves at the Fox studio. Next to the school room is a double row of dressing rooms and it is the ambition of every Fox kiddie to have a private dressing room. The building adjoins a big glass stage, with a separate street entrance, which is used only for kiddie pictures, so that the kiddie companies are virtually isolated from their grown-up fellow players.

"YOU'RE ALL WRONG, LILL—ALL WRONG"

Scene: A Photodrome.

Any Time.

(Enter Two Young Things, ycelpt Lillie and Vashti, who teter down the center aisle, making various dives into those rows where there is only one seat vacant. Finally they stop at the second row, where there are two seats at the other end.)

Vashti: "You knocked over that hen's umbrella!"

Lillie, giggling: "I should smile—Gosh—here comes that swell young organist. *Look* at that chin! And that forehead! He's the grandest player I ever—"

Vashti: "Pearl told me that Grace told her that Sara said he was married to that fresh thing in the ticket-office."

Lill: "I don't like these seats. Let's change."

Vashti: "You knocked over that umbrella again!"

Lill, giggling: "I should— Say! Look over there! If there ain't Maybelle and Harold together; and she was going with Alfred only last week!"

Vashti: "What *is* this picture, anyway?"

Lill: "That looks like Francis Bushman, but where's his leading lady, Blanche Sweet, that always plays with him? They was married last month."

Vashti: "You poor simp—that's Jack Kerrigan! Say, I heard him speak, and he was— — *No,* it aint! That's Harold Lockwood—I'll never forget him after I seen him in 'Broadway Jones.' His wife's Kathlyn Williams—the one that always plays in Keystone comedies.

Lill: "Oh no—you're thinking of Clara Williams."

Vashti: "Well, it was one of them Williamses, anyhow. They're all related."

Lill: "I seen Lillian and Dorothy Gish last night in 'Conscience.' "

Vashti: "It couldn't have been them. They're over in Egypt now taking scenes for 'Cleopatra.' That oughta make a swell fillum."

Lill: "Yeah—can't you just see Earle Williams as 'Romeo?' He'll be simply wonderful in that balcony scene."

Vashti: "I love his eye-brows, don't you?"

Lill: "And the way his hair grows."

Vashti: "And that dimple! Oh— Say, *will* you look at that girl? If *she* could get a job in a studio,—we're Movie Queens! Look at her! I ask you—"

Lill: "There's that *grand* villain, Taylor Holmes! Did you see him in 'Skinner's Dress Suit?' He's married to Virginia Pearson,—her that played 'The Littlest Rebel' on the stage."

Vashti: "But I tell you who is my fav-or-ite. Eugene O'Brien; he's got such handsome eyes. He used to play with Mary Miles Minter."

Lill: "Yes—I remember. And I seen him just the other day in 'Polly of the Circus.' Mae Murray is great in that."

Vashti: "I seen Grace George in it on the stage."

Lill: "I read that Mary Garden is in the movies now. Her first picture is going to be 'The Men Who Have Loved Me.' I know a girl that used to use Mary Garden Perfume once."

Vashti: "Did you see Fannie Ward in 'Joan of Arc?' I went, but there wasn't a thing to it. All she did was show off her beautiful gowns. But her husband—"

Lill: "Fannie Ward aint married!"

Vashti: "She is, too! To Wallace Reid; and I can prove it. I got a friend lives in Los Angeles; he's a shoe-clerk, and—"

Lill: "I know a girl that saw Douglas Fairbanks on the stage once. It was in 'Hamlet,' with Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Vashti: "Billy Sunday—that actor that Billy Burke was named after—he's in the movies now."

Lill: "He's supporting Douglas Fairbanks now, ain't he?"

Vashti: "Yeah."

Lill: "I love Douglas Fairbanks, don't you?"

Vashti: "Yeah."

Lill: "Well, I can't see what on earth this picture is about!"

Vashti: "It's the silliest thing *I* ever saw!"

Lill: "Well, *com*mon. Let's go."

Vashti: "All right. Say, let's tell the usher on our way out that he's gotta lotta nerve running a fillum like this."

EXIT.



. . . And the joy with which she and Becky

The Little

The story of a brave little girl drudgery with her dreams—and

By Frances

A TIRED little girl dragged herself up a flight of interminable stairs, and threw herself, exhausted, upon her grimy bed. It was nearing Christmas and the spirit of "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men" was being indicated, or rather counterfeited, in the usual way, at Miss Minchin's School for Select Young Ladies, in London, England. There was the rush of shopping, planning gifts, decorating the great, high-ceilinged rooms of the school with holly wreaths and ivy and mistletoe, the joyous preparations for the holidays.

But the joyous preparations took no heed of blistered little feet, aching little backs, and hungry, wistful little stomachs and hearts. The joyous preparations were all to gladden the hearts of the Select Young Ladies of Miss Minchin's school, whose indulgent, wealthy papas sent fat, crispy checks—or cheques as they spell it in England—for Miss Minchin's endorsing. The preparations meant nothing to Sara Crewe, wearily climbing the stairs to her attic chamber, but more scolding, more fatigue and more heartache.

To Becky, Miss Minchin's little slavey and drudge-of-all work, the joyous preparations meant that the cook's temper was shorter than usual, owing to the cakes and plum puddings and holiday dainties which must be prepared, and so Becky's head was continually sore from the more-than-usual number of thumpings it received, her feet were swollen from the extra miles they were obliged to travel, and her back had an ache that no amount of rubbing nor liniment would subdue. Becky had to sleep in the cold attic, too; she was not even as fortunate as Sara, for she had no golden memories to come at night and brighten her dreams.

Tonight, as Sara's numb little fingers fumbled with the pins and buttons of her clothes, she began her favorite game, the pastime that took her mind from her sorrows. She began to "pretend."

"Now, let's pretend that I am really a princess and that this is my room and I am going to bed. I will go over and warm myself by my beautiful red fire—" she moved over to the cold, cheerless grate. Down its chimney the wind moaned like a person in pain.

"I'll slip on my satin, fur-lined slippers and wrap myself up in my velvet dressing gown and my maid will bring me my dinner because I don't care to go down to the dining room this chilly night. There'll be—let me see, I'll have a slice of nice, juicy brown turkey and some cranberry sauce, and I'll have some little cakes and ice cream and—"

The wind screamed down the chimney and drowned her voice. On the dead ashes in the grate fell a few flakes of snow.

Sara's lips quivered. It was hard to keep up her illusions. But she shook herself, determinedly screwing her eyes tight shut to keep from seeing the squalor of the room.

"I—I guess I'm not very hungry tonight, Nora. You may bring me my gown and I'll go to bed." She slipped into a ragged night dress. "Just turn the sheets back, Nora. That will be all; good night."

She slipped in between the clammy sheets and their chill seemed to penetrate to her heart. "What a fine thing it is to have a nice—warm—b-bed," she whispered, with chattering teeth. "W-when so m-many poor children—Oh, I can't, I can't! I'm too tired to pretend tonight. I want my father; I want my father!"

For a long time the wind down the chimney had



handed gifts to those less fortunate children.

Princess

who tried to lighten her life of
how happily her dreams came true

Denton

for an accompaniment a brave child's broken sobbing.

But after a while she slept. And after a while came the dreams, the beautiful dreams of the time when she wasn't Miss Minchin's ill-fed slave, of the time when she was Sara Crewe, the petted little daughter of Captain Crewe, a multi-millionaire of Bombay, India.

She saw the wide, clean-swept courtyard, where as a baby she had played, attended always by a dusky ayah and cherished by a troop of her father's turbaned servants. She breathed the spicy incense of the East at prayer, saw the slow-moving bullock carts, and heard the sweet tinkle of many little bells.

Then came the long voyage to England. She stood on shipboard holding tight to her father's hand, the salt spray stinging her face as she looked out over a green waste of water to a dim blue line which her father said was England.

Now she was at Miss Minchin's school, indulged, dressed in satin and fur and velvet, with every luxury lavished upon her that her father could buy. Her father's judgment in such matters had not been wise, but he was young, and heart-broken at having to leave his motherless little girl so far behind him. All he could do was to buy for her everything he could think of. There are no good schools in India for children of English parentage, and so, as Sara, there are many little eight-year-olds who must spend their childish days, with an ocean between them and the ones who love them best of all the world.

So wildly extravagant had been Sara's clothes, and so toadying the attitude of Miss Minchin and her snobbish pupils then, that they had dubbed Sara "The Little Princess," in flattery. And they still called her that, though now the words were but cruel mockery.

Sara had been a silent, thoughtful child and so homesick and hungry for her father that at first she had refused to eat, although Miss Minchin, as a mark of special favor had permitted Sara to dine with her alone, and not at the big tables in the school dining room. Now, the little girl was glad to get what scraps were left when the plates came back to the kitchen; and sometimes, if she were on an errand, she got no dinner at all, for the cook would not be bothered saving anything.

Sara stirred restlessly in her sleep. She was dreaming now of her twelfth birthday; she had been the favored pupil until that dreadful day. Miss Minchin had given her an extravagant party, and it was when the fun was at its highest that the news arrived which tumbled Sara from her high estate and made her a partner with little Becky, the kitchen slavey. A gentleman was announced who wished to see Miss Minchin, and a few minutes later Miss Minchin sent for Sara. And there was no oily kindness in her voice when she greeted the little girl.

The gentleman was Captain Crewe's solicitor from India, and he brought word that little Sara was not only a pauper, but an orphan as well. Captain Crewe, upon the advice of an intimate friend, had invested his money in a diamond mine. The friend, Captain Carrisford, had controlled the stock of the company in which Captain Crewe had invested. The mine had proved worthless, the company had collapsed, and worst of all, Captain Carrisford had disappeared. The shock of finding that he was penniless, as he supposed through the perfidy of his friend, had caused the death of Sara's father. He had never been strong and he had died of heart failure before he could give any directions for the future of his daughter.



Sara had been so homesick at first that she had refused to eat.

Sara awoke. Her dreams always ended right here and her dreary day began. From the night of her twelfth birthday she had been the despised little servant of the school, no longer the little princess, but a caricature in her old and outgrown finery which she was still obliged to wear. The ermine trimmed dress had been baptised with many an immersion into greasy dishwater, and came barely to her knees. Her other clothes were worn threadbare and Miss Minchin would not buy her anything new.

Miss Minchin, however, gave her grudging shelter for two reasons: one, that she did not want tales circulated about herself and her callousness which might hurt the reputation of the school, and the other was the fact that Sara was more than ordinarily clever and spoke French well. In another year, Miss Minchin foresaw, Sara would be able to take the place of a teacher with the younger scholars, and save Miss Minchin the hire of one. For that reason, Sara was compelled to study at night to keep up with her classes.

Sara put on her ragged clothes and descended to the kitchen. On the way she passed a group of chattering girls, up thus early because of the excitement of Christmas week and the hurry of finishing gifts, half done. The school snob, Lavinia, who now occupied Sara's former throne of favoritism, called out, tauntingly:

"Oh, there's the 'Little Princess' in her ermine trimmed gown! What do you want for Christmas, 'Princess?'—a pair of my old shoes?"

Sara stood still and looked at her. When people spoke to her rudely she never answered, only looked at them; and her gaze gave them the impression that she was looking through them at something far away. It was as if she drew a barrier between them and her real self, and it gave her tormentors a feeling of discomfort and uncertainty.

Lavinia drew back a little; there was something about the poise of Sara's head and the steadiness of her eyes that made the little parvenue feel at a disadvantage. The child's quiet ignoring of her insolence was far more potent in its influence than any uttered words of retaliation could have been.

Then one of the girls, a chunky little plebeian named Ermengarde, stepped forward in Sara's defense.

"Shame on you, Lavinina! When Sara was parlor boarder she was kind to everyone. Never mind, Sara; I'm *sure* you'll get something for Christmas better than old shoes!"

Sara slipped past them without a word. Ermengarde was a stupid, good-natured girl who was the despair of her father, an exceedingly well-educated man. Finding her in tears over her books one day, Sara had discovered that Ermengarde's grief was because she could not comprehend the things her father

The Little Princess

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel "Sara Crewe," produced by Artcraft. Cast given as in the photoplay.

Sara Crewe.....Mary Pickford
Captain Crewe.....Norman Kaiser
Miss Minchin.....Katherine Griffith
Amelia Minchin.....Ann Schaefer
Becky.....Zasu Pitts
Ali-Baba.....Wm. E. Lawrence
Cassin.....Theo. Roberts
Ermengarde.....Gertrude Short
Mr. Carrisford...Gustav von Seiffertitz
Lavinia.....Loretta Blake
Ram Dass.....Geo. McDaniel

wished her to learn. Sara had offered to help her and the two had made a bargain: Sara would read the wonderful books that Ermengarde's father sent and afterward tell the stories to Ermengarde in such a way that she would remember them. The scheme worked beautifully and the slow-witted Ermengarde, listening to Sara's vivid tales, acquired a knowledge of her books that delighted her father and puzzled Miss Minchin. And Sara's eager mind reveled in the tales of romance and history, all of which helped to weave the mantle of aloofness with which she protected herself from the sordidness and grime of her daily existence.

But this week there was no time to spare for tales, and try as she would, the fatigue of Sara's days made it impossible for her to summon her protecting mantle of "make believe" at will. Added to the drudgery of herself and Becky was another torment: the sight and smell of the good things being prepared in the kitchen, of pies and tarts, candies and huge, frosted cakes. It was almost more than flesh could bear to be obliged to seed raisins and chop citron, to be surrounded by a maddening aroma and to be half fed and not permitted as much as a taste of all this delectableness.

The two girls stood watching the cook spread chocolate over a huge cake, one afternoon. Sara had been out on an errand at luncheon time, and had had nothing to eat but crackers and tea, when she returned. As she watched the delicious black chocolate slowly drip from the edges of the cake, she turned faint with desire.

Cook carried the cake to a shelf in the pantry and stepped out into the area way a minute. Arm in arm, Sara and Becky stole into the pantry and stood gazing at the cake as if hypnotized. The chocolate was still oozing a little and had run down the sides of the cake onto the shelf. One of Sara's small forefingers went out—and a little chocolate puddle found its way into her mouth. Then Becky's forefinger—until there were no chocolate puddles left.

There were crumbs in the pantry, too; flaky ones where some mince tarts had been cooling. The chocolate was intoxicating; the two reckless adventurers descended on the crumbs—and then looked up to cringe beneath the cook's menacing voice and frown.

"Ouch!" cried Becky in agony, for her head was still sore and Cook's hand was heavy. Sara she did not cuff, but ordered supperless to her attic room, and poor Becky was banished to a like fate in the dismal cellar.

Some hours later, as Sara, faint with hunger and one throbbing ache from head to foot, sat in her chilly attic dreaming of sunny India, she thought she heard a scratching at her window. She opened it a crack and in popped a tiny Indian monkey.

Sara rubbed her eyes and wondered if she were dreaming. She opened them and the little creature was still there. It climbed upon her bed and scrambled to the headboard, where it stood regarding her gravely.

Then another miracle happened. The door of her attic opened softly and a servant, beetle brown, his head wrapped in a gorgeous turban, entered. He was exactly like the servants of her babyhood, whom she saw so often in her dreams. With a low salaam, he picked up the monkey and went out. Sara watched him with popping eyes as he vanished across the roof of the Minchin school.

Sara's heart throbbed with wonder and excitement. Then a feeling of apprehension crept over her. She had read so many stories, she had "made believe" so much, and she knew she was light-headed from want of food. Undoubtedly the monkey and the servant were but creatures of her imagination. Perhaps she was going to lose her mind. Considerably frightened she went in search of Becky and confided to her what she thought she had seen.

Greatly concerned, Becky felt of her head and hands, and pronounced them " 'ot." It was her personal opinion that Sara was getting "balmy" from her flights of imagina-



No longer the little princess, but a caricature in her outgrown clothes.

tion and the ill treatment, combined; and she divided with her a piece of bread which she had managed to steal while the cook's back was turned. Then, with motherly protection, she went up to Sara's room and stayed with her until she had fallen asleep.

Next day, being the day before Christmas, was hardest of all. To hear the peals of the door bell and the excited squeals which followed in its wake, to hear the "Merry Christmas" greetings, to know that the hour was almost at hand when all the joyous expectation would be realized, and that they, the two little drudges, would have no share in the merry making, was enough to break older hearts than Sara's and Becky's. And when they climbed their stairs on Christmas Eve, the "Little Princess" and the cockney drudge clung tight to each other, trying to gather some crumb of comfort from their mutual misery.



With eyes starting out of their heads the girls clung to each other and tiptoed around the table.

Sara opened the door to her attic, entered, gave a wild exclamation, dashed out and dragged in the wondering Becky.

Then they both stood transfixed. A cheerful fire burned in the grate; Sara's little table had been pulled out from the wall and a white cloth covered it. And on that cloth was set a full dinner service of silver and china for two, and in the middle—Oh, wonder of wonders! —a beautiful, glistening brown turkey reposed serenely upon a platter!

With eyes starting out of their heads, the girls clung to each other and tiptoed around the table. There was a mound of creamy mashed potatoes, there were squash and celery and olives and nuts and everything that goes to make a bountiful Christmas dinner. Tantalizingly delicious odors rose from the steaming food.

"Do you see it, too?" whispered Sara, as trembling with excitement she pinched Becky's arm.

"I not only sees it, but I smells it!" announced the valiant Becky.

Then, for the first time, the children noticed that the attic had been transformed. Indian tapestries covered the cobwebbed walls and cheerful pictures were hung here and there. It was too much to try to understand. The food was enough for immediate comprehension, and Sara, remembering her training, served herself and Becky; and though famishing, began to eat daintily, tears of joy in her eyes.

There was a heavy step upon the attic stairs. The children sprang to their feet and looked at each other in alarm. The door was thrust rudely open and Miss Minchin entered. She had chanced to smell a savory odor where savory odors did not belong, and she had traced it to its lair.

"So you've been stealing from me, have you?" she cried, her face thunderous with rage. "I'll teach you! I'll send you where little thieves belong!" And she pounced upon the terrified Sara like a hawk upon a helpless fledgling.

But someone had been watching and there was a swift interruption. The attic window flew open and in stepped a tall man with the pallor of India's heat upon his face. He was followed by the brown servant whom Sara thought she had dreamed.

"Oh, *he* must have brought us the dinner!" cried Sara, and breathlessly she addressed the servant in Hindustani.

Then the man spoke sternly: "I had my man prepare the dinner for these two children and decorate their attic as a Christmas surprise. He has told me how they are mistreated and abused." Then, to Sara, eagerly: "But tell me where you learned Hindustani, my child. It seems strange to hear it, here in England."

"My father and I always spoke it to our servants in India," she answered.

"Who are you—who was your father?" he cried excitedly.

"I am Sara Crewe—my father was Captain Crewe, of Bombay."

"Then at last my search is ended! I have looked for Captain Crewe's little girl all over the world. And to think that I should find her in an attic, next door! I am John Carrisford, your father's friend, my dear."

Slowly the light left Sara's eyes. John Carrisford? The man whom the solicitor had said was responsible for the loss of her father's fortune and his death?

Carrisford saw the doubt that was creeping into her face.

"No, no," he cried eagerly. "I was not to blame. Don't judge me, my child, until you hear. I knew nothing of your father's death nor what caused it, until afterward. I was ill, stricken with tropical fever, and not expected to live, when it all happened. It was not until I returned to Bombay that I heard of the supposed failure of the mine—and the consequences. I was not to blame."

(Continued on page 132)



Out Where

OUT where the Archies and Puff-balls soar high,
Out where the shrapnel and shell fragments fly,
Machine guns may rattle and fish-tails may rave,
While deep in a funk-hole that's ready to cave
I sit with a "Photoplay" captured by chance,
And forget for a while that I'm somewhere in France.

I see the sweet faces of Jackie and Mary,
And Marguerite's graces, (she's cute as a fairy)
Why here's Charlie Chaplin (the light's getting dim)
Hello! here's the Sub. What's the matter with him.
There must be some news, it's excited one freddy,
"Barrage in ten minutes? Correct, sir, we're ready!"

#91175 7 P 6 -A. J. Anderson,
46th Canadian, France.

The Editors of PHOTOPLAY consider this poem, written with all the ruggedness, sincerity and fire of a Kipling, a Serviss, or an Empey, one of the most splendid tributes paid a publication in recent years.

You May Prefer Skating or Ice Boating,



Betty Compton, of the Christie Comedies, doesn't care how chilly the water gets. If there's a water scene to be done- why she's just the little girl to do it.



These Keystone girls care not if their gondola is submarined. They're all ready.



Copyright, Evans Studio, Los Angeles

Marie Provost, the shapely little water witch of Paramount Comedies. Marie isn't merely a posing either. She would rather swim than dance.

Below: Here's where Florida gets in. Ann Pennington, Famous Players' baby Venus, about to entertain the innocent bystanders with some aquatics in the "Antics of Ann."





Keystone Mermaids at Santa Monica.

But We Favor This Midwinter Sport

It doesn't seem like Christmas without snow for Santa Claus' sleigh, but these poor movie folks who are obliged to spend the winter in Southern California have their compensations. A drop of a few degrees in the temperature, and a slight chilling of the water, does not prevent them from doing water scenes out there.



Texas Guinan, a new adornment of the Triangle Studios, always gets her oar in.



At the right:--No record of natatorial pulchritude would be complete without Mary Thurman of Keystone fame.



Here, going to sea in a tub, is Myrtle Lind, and in the natty stripes we have Marie Provost again, while to our right "eight little Keystoners sitting in a row" await the signal to plunge in.





"When I earned $150 a week I spent $100 for clothes. I was like a child suddenly let loose in a vast garden of toys. I liked whatever I looked at and my looks went everywhere."



Every important event in the career of Miss Elvidge has happened in June. She was born in June, came to New York in June, and it was in June she made her first picture for World Films.

The Clothes *of a* Perfect Day

Being an authentic record of the rise of June Elvidge, choir singer, to sartorial fame

By

Harriette Underhill

Photographs by White



"I buy everything I see for two reasons. One is because I can't help it and the other is that I don't want to help it."

THREE years ago June Elvidge came to New York with just enough money to last a week, if she lived at the Y. W. C. A. Now, she goes shopping to buy a hat and comes home with twelve.

The signs of the Zodiac and two stern parents decreed that June Elvidge must earn what little money was necessary for personal adornment by singing in a choir.

Miss Elvidge told us all about it herself, and she never realized that to our impressionistic mind the real story lay, not in what she was telling, but in the fact that during the recital she was garbed in a gold brocade gown which cost $500; that in her hair was a jewelled osprey and around her perfect throat a chain of seed pearls finished off with a diamond and opal placque. Her stockings were hand embroidered gauze; her shoes were gold and on her fingers sparkled fine gems. She was exotic, gorgeous, langorous, opulent and wonderful. One little bit of the brocade in her gown was of sufficient value to have bought a whole outfit in the days when June sang "Lead Kindly Light" in the village choir.

"I am a fatalist you know," said Miss Elvidge. "Perhaps that is why I never worry about anything. You may wish with all your might and main to be an aviator but if fate says that you have to be a tailor or a baker, why you might as well go ahead and be a good one, for that you will have to be. You see it was not decreed that I should be a piano teacher or a choir singer, although I was afraid I was going to have to fill one of those niches, in the early days before I even heard of motion pictures.

"The first five dollars I ever earned was for singing at a funeral and it looked so big to me that I wondered what I should spend it for. Yes it is true, I was a wife, a mother and a widow before I was twenty years old. Until that time my life had been very quiet. I had few clothes, and it never seemed to make any difference to me until one day I read something of the money that moving picture people made, and I decided to try it. How true it is that 'Fools rush in' and so forth. I knew so little about it that I fancied it would be easy.

"Well, to New York I came to seek my fortune. I knew just one person in this town, and to him I went for advice, telling him that I intended to devote the remainder of my life to making pictures. Oh the glorious egotism! I did not say 'hoped to' or 'wished to' but 'intended to.' This man knew a man who was a friend of Jake Shubert, so next day I duly presented myself, armed with colossal assurance and a letter of introduction.

"'Well, what can you do?' Mr. Shubert asked, as he looked me over with an appraising eye.

"I think I said that I could play the piano and lead the choir or words to that effect, for he said sternly, 'Stand up!' I stood up. 'Take off your hat!' I did so. 'Take off your coat.' Horrors! So the dreadful things I had heard of theatrical managers were true. But I needed the money so badly that I resolved to make this last concession. I took off my coat, and all he said was, 'You can go to work as a show girl in the Winter Garden tomorrow if you like. Now how much money do you expect to get?'

"I thought quickly. I needed money, that was certain, but I feared to make it prohibitive and so with finger on his pulse, figuratively speaking, I murmured, 'Eighteen



"I am a fatalist, you know. Perhaps that is why I never worry about anything."

dollars,' abashed at my own temerity. Mr. Shubert laughed and said he would give me thirty to start, and do you know, within six months I was making $150 a week.

"I think the virus must have been injected into my veins that first week I lived in the Metropolis, for I remember that my first pay envelope was emptied to buy a new hat. When I earned $150 a week I spent $100 for clothes. I was like a child suddenly let loose in a vast garden of toys. I liked whatever I looked at, and my looks went everywhere.

"My entrance into pictures was an accident, too. I visited the World Studio one day with a friend, and there

they asked me if I would care to have a test made. I said that I should if it was not painful, and I never saw nor heard again of any test. What I did see, was Mr. World, himself, offering me a contract to sign, and the stipulated stipend made me gasp. But even this vast sum I managed very nicely, and soon I found that having your income doubled over night does not necessarily mean that you need have any uneasiness about being able to dispose of it.

"It was fortunate at that time that I had to work as hard as I did; otherwise I should have had more time for shopping and in that case I probably would have spent more than I made. I have no head for figures. I'm like the woman who wouldn't believe that she had overdrawn her account because she had so many unused checks.

Every important event in the career of Miss Elvidge has happened in June. She came into the world in June, she came to New York in June and it was in June that she made her first picture for the World Films.

" 'The Lure of Woman' was my first picture. It sounds lurid, doesn't it? Of course my first part was small, for my greatest asset was my voice and that never was of any particular value to one wishing to win laurels on the screen. So really all I had was an unflinching determination to get there."

Miss Elvidge's remark was not intentionally provocative but we could not help retorting, "Yes, but you had the open sesame to the door of success—perfect beauty." It did not seem right for anyone to ignore that greatest of all gifts as Miss Elvidge seemed to do. She smiled as she said:

"Well, that never took anyone very far if she hadn't something more. People like to look at you once. Then they want to see what you can do. For two years now I have been making pictures. They have gone all the way from the 'Butterfly on the Wheel' to 'Rasputin, the Black Monk.' That, I think, is the only picture I ever have made where I was not called upon to furnish my own costumes.

"Oh, what a joy are motion pictures! In one of my recent ones I wore twenty-two different frocks, hats and sets of furs, and selecting them was one of the most pleasurable things I ever did. I eased my conscience by saying 'Of course I need these things in my work. It is not for self-gratification that I buy them but merely because my art demands it.' "

"Do you convince yourself that you really are a martyr to the cause?" we asked, when Miss Elvidge paused.

"No, I don't," she replied. "I may as well be frank about it. I know perfectly well that I buy everything that I see for two reasons. One is because I can't help it and the other is that I don't want to help it.

"Why, compare this," and Miss Elvidge flipped a blank check contemptuously, "with this?" And she caressed a parti-colored peignoir. "Just think, by writing out a few figures on one of these little pieces of paper you can own any hat or gown in New York. Isn't it wonderful!"

"Do you find motion picture work hard?"

"Well, hardly. Who could find it hard work changing from one glorious creation to another? From nine o'clock until six is not a bit too long for me. Of course you can't wear a gown more than once, on the screen, and you can't wear it in public, for everyone will recognize it if you do; so I have mine all made over. My evening coats are reversible and my frocks are ripped up and fashioned over again. A piece of brocade like this, for instance, has infinite possibilities. It *is* lovely, isn't it?" and Miss Elvidge smoothed the shining stuff.

"No, they do not approve of me at all back home—back home being a suburb of Pittsburg; but it is difficult to persuade a person who wears $500 gowns that she would be just as happy if she had only $200 a year to spend on her wardrobe. Mother's favorite saying used to be 'train up your children in the way they should go and when they are old they will not depart from it,' but now I think she leaves out the 'not.' "



William P. Earle, Vitagraph producer, directing a scene in "Mary Jane's Pa." The players in the foreground are: Marc MacDermott, Eulalie Jensen, William Dunn and Mildred Manning. These comprise the star members of the cast.



"I was on the point of striking the beggar but she whispered that the fellow had doubtless made a mistake."

Signing Up Cynthia

Cynthia, herself, was a "find," but when she went to the city she took a blank contract with her and found $2,000 a week

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

AS I went into the club, I saw Jerome Kurtz, of the Metagraph, sitting at a table with Victor Ellis, the playwright. Jerome looked as dejected as though he'd just bet his last dollar on the wrong horse. I nodded.

"Sit down and have something," Ellis said to me with a smile.

I drew up a chair. Jerome tried his best to look pleasant, but the only result was a sickly grin.

"Hear you've signed up that English chap, Horace Atherton," he remarked. "We turned him down, last month."

"So he tells me, Jerome," I replied. "Says you people couldn't meet his figure."

"*Wouldn't*, you mean. We decided he wasn't worth it. And he ain't. You'll find out."

"Jerome," I said with a smile, "Atherton has already earned his year's salary, so far as we are concerned, and he hasn't begun his first picture yet."

"How do you figure that out?" he asked.

"He dug us up a new star."

Jerome grunted. I could see he thought I was stringing him.

"New stars don't get you any money," he said. "You spend a couple of years making 'em, press-agenting 'em, giving 'em a million dollars' worth of publicity, and the first thing you know they sign up with somebody else, and all you get is the gate. Believe me, boys, it would be a whole heap better for the fillums if there wasn't no stars. Excuse me"—he rose—"there's a fellow I gotta see. Hey! Abe! I been looking for you." He hurriedly left us.

"Sort of nervous, isn't he?" I said to Ellis.

"Been having trouble with Cynthia Love," the playwright replied.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know as I ought to tell you, but Jerome didn't put me under any bonds of secrecy. Last month the Metagraph asked me to write a special picture for her. Six or seven reel production. I got a synopsis—corking idea—read it to Jerome tonight—now he won't close. You see, Cynthia's contract with the Metagraph expired a couple of weeks ago, and there's been some trouble about renewing it. And they've *got* to renew it, of course, for Cynthia's the biggest attraction they have. As near as I can make out, Jerome told her the star system was on its last legs, and refused to increase her salary."

"H-m. Lots of concerns would like to have her," I said.

"Sure. Jerome knows that. And she knows it. And he knows she knows it. And she knows he knows she knows it. Sounds like a puzzle game, I'll admit, but you get me. Jerome tried to run in a little bluff, and it didn't work. He told Cynthia to think the matter over, and come back the next day."



"Polly was waiting for me at the station, wearing the same little gingham dress and a really fetching hat with flowers and things on it."

"Well?"

"Well—she didn't come back. She just disappeared, and the Metagraph haven't seen hide nor hair of her since. Nobody knows where she is. Jerome is half crazy. Benton, of the World, swears she's in California. Jim Woods says she's bought a camp out in the country somewhere, and is taking a rest. *I* believe she's right here in town. But wherever she is, she's got the Metagraph's goat and then some. And all because of Jerome's little bluff."

"Jerome's a great bluffer," I said. "I used to play stud poker with him a lot, in the old Bioscope days. But he usually overplays his hand."

Ellis smoked for a time in silence.

"What's this stuff you were giving him about Harold Atherton?" he presently asked. "Nice chap. I met him in London last year. Good actor, too, but thick—awful thick, even for an Englishman, you know. The kind that sees the joke you've told with the soup in time to laugh with the coffee and cigars. But a nice chap, just the same. Did he really dig you up a star?"

"He sure did," I said, laughing.

"Never should have believed it of him."

"What's more, she's an ace. Our Chief hasn't got through thanking him yet. Harold is the little bright-eyed boy over at our shop right now."

Ellis leaned forward and looked at me with a laugh.

"You're bursting to tell me about it," he said, "so you might as well shoot."

"All right," I replied, "I will, and believe me, it's some story.

"Harold signed up to make four pictures for us this year. It was all arranged by cable. No—he couldn't go into the army—some trouble with his eyes, I believe. We are to start shooting the first one next month. Naturally I didn't expect to see him much before then, but about ten days ago he walked into the office, very ceremonious and correct in his cutaway and spats, and said he was ready to go to work. The Chief threw up his hands, and turned him over to me.

"I was terribly busy on our latest Betty Mason picture —*'The Verdict,'* released next month—and hadn't any time for Harold, so I put him up, here at the club, introduced him to a couple of chaps, and advised him on account of the ungodly heat, to beat it for the seashore or the mountains for a couple of weeks, and enjoy himself until I was ready for him.

"He did. Ran into a man he'd met in London last season—Eddie Greenwood, the comedian—you know him—and got an invitation to spend a week or two at Greenwood's camp up in Maine. I was delighted when he told me about it, for I was too busy to have him on my hands just then. He was tickled to death at the idea of roughing it for a 'fortnight,' as he expressed it, and laid in a stock of flannel shirts, boots and the like—regular frontiersman's outfit. He didn't realize Greenwood's idea of a camp—breakfast, with cocktails at noon, poker till midnight, and the heaviest work anybody has to do is to shove his chips into the pot and say, 'I call!'

"I didn't hear anything more of Harold until yesterday morning, when he burst into my office with a look on his face that told me at once something was up. I asked him what I could for him.

" 'Business of the utmost importance, old chap,' " he exclaimed, mopping the beads of perspiration from his forehead. " 'I've had no end of adventures, up in the woods, and I've brought you down a little girl that's a wonder. I want to introduce her to you, and to Mr. Goldheimer, this morning. You see I—I've promised her a berth.'

" 'You don't mean it,' I said, laying aside the scenario I was reading. 'Quick work. What is she—little village maiden, anxious to see life in the big city? I shouldn't have thought it of you.'

" 'I say, old chap, don't spoof me,' he replied. 'I'm in earnest. Of course she hasn't had any experience, and all that, but she's a rippin', positively rippin', and I know you're going to like her.'

" 'How did you run across her?' " I asked, smiling at his earnestness.

"Quite an adventure, I assure you. You see, I found things at Greenwood's place a bit different from what I had expected. Hospitality no end, and all that, but I had expected to rough it—do my ten miles a day, up with the sun and to bed with the rooks, you know, getting myself fit for the work ahead. Greenwood has different ideas—not what you would call athletic—doesn't go in for the out-of-door thing—awfully nice chap—don't mean to criticize him, you know—but not what I had expected.

"The first day I put on my walking things, boots, puttees, knickers, flannel shirt, ready for a bit of mountain climbing, and went down stairs. It was about six in the morning. The house was as silent as a tomb. After looking about I found one of the domestics, who seemed quite alarmed to see me. Thought I must be ill. I said something about breakfast, but she told me it wouldn't be ready for hours—somewhere around noon, she said. However, I got her to make me a cup of tea, and managed with some biscuit and an apple I found in the dining room. Then I set out.

"I walked for a matter of five or six miles, I fancy, although I couldn't be at all certain, for the country was rough and wild, and covered with underbrush, so that one found difficulty in making progress. Presently I came to a bit of a stream, with a point of rock jutting out, awfully picturesque and romantic and all that. So I went down to the river bank, and feeling a bit warm, decided to refresh myself by taking a dip in the water.

"I had removed my shirt, and was just taking off my—ah—knickers, you know, when I had a beastly shock. Even now I shudder when I think of it. From the bank behind me I heard a voice, and some one said, 'Would you mind putting off your swim until I finish my lunch?'

"I looked up, and there was the rippin'est little girl you ever saw, in a blue gingham dress and sunbonnet, sitting on a flat rock and smiling down at me as friendly as you please. I almost lost my head. Just fancy. There I stood, with my shirt off, and my knickers,—well—if she hadn't spoken just when she did, I don't know what I should have done, really. Never was in such an awkward position in my life.

"I got back into my things as quickly as I could, and went up on the bank. The young woman had some sandwiches, and fruit, and a bottle of milk set out on the rock beside her. She was sunburned, and her hair hung in a braid down to her waist, and she smiled at me in such a friendly way that it quite put me at my ease.

"Awfully sorry to have disturbed you," I said.

"Rather the other way about, isn't it?" she laughed. "I interrupted your swim. In return for your goodness in waiting, I'm going to give you a sandwich." She pointed to the napkin she had spread out on the rock.

"Her suggestion sounded awfully good to me, you can imagine, for it was now close to ten o'clock, and all I'd had was the tea and biscuit hours before. So I thanked her, and sat down.

"Of course I could see that she was just a little country girl, awfully young, and naturally I knew she was impressed by my appearance and all that, so I considered it the proper thing to introduce myself.

"I'm Harold Atherton," I said.

"Really," she answered, smiling at me. "I'm Polly Green."

"Do you live hereabouts?" I asked.

"About a mile away. How about you? At a guess I'd say you were at least three thousand miles off your beat."

"I couldn't quite make out what she meant by this, so I up and told her more about myself. "I'm from New York," I said, "but I don't live there. I'm English."

"Not really," she said, as though it was quite a surprise, my being an Englishman.

"Honor bright," I told her, and went on to explain about my work. "I'm an actor, and I've come over to make some pictures for the International. Don't suppose you've ever heard of them, but they're a big motion picture concern in New York."

"I love motion pictures," she said, with the jolliest sort of a smile. "Did you ever see *The Fatal Wedding?* It was down in Rockville last week."

"I told her I never had. Then I took another look at her.

"Do you know, Polly," I said, "you'd look rippin' in pictures yourself."

"Oh—do you really think so?" she gasped, and I saw I'd made a hit. "I'm dying to try."

"Come along down to New York with me," I said, feeling quite like a gay Lothario, don't you know, "and I daresay I can manage to get you some sort of a berth."



"There I stood with my shirt off and—Well, if she hadn't spoken just when she did "

"She looked at me in the queerest way for quite a long time, and I came to the conclusion that I'd offended her.

"I know of a rippin' hotel for women down there," I said. "Friend of mine in London, Mary Graham, went there last year. And I'd do my best to get you a berth—really."

"With the International?" she said, with her jolly little smile.

"Of course. Then we could see something of each other. And I might be able to give you a pointer or two, now and then."

"It's awfully kind of you," she said. "I'll ask my mother. It would be lots of fun, wouldn't it?"

"No end," I agreed. "Of course you couldn't expect much in the way of salary, to begin with, but I'd do my best for you."

"Do you think they'd give me twenty dollars a week?" she asked me.

"I told her I thought so, that I understood beginners in the States got as much as that, although of course they don't, with us.

"By that time we had finished the sandwiches, and Polly threw the paper in which they had been wrapped into the stream, took up the bottle and went down to the edge of the bank. I thought she'd gone to wash the bottle, and you can imagine my amazement when I heard her calling to me, and looking up, saw her in a canoe in the middle of the stream. It must have been tied close under the bank, where I couldn't see it. She waved her paddle.

"See you to-morrow, old dear," she called to me, and before I could struggle to my feet she was gone.

"When I got back to the camp I found the whole party playing poker. I told them of my encounter with the young woman. Greenwood yawned.

"Don't get gay with these country maidens, old top," he said. "They all read the Sunday supplements, and are wise. Let 'em alone, or you'll get into trouble."

"I said I thought I could take care of myself. Greenwood is a nice fellow, but he thinks women are devils. So I didn't say anything more about the matter, but made up my mind to go back to where I'd met the girl, the next day. I had an idea she'd be there.

"And she was. Sitting on the same rock waiting for me. She had lunch ready, too, and I noticed she'd brought an extra lot, so I knew she expected me. Jolly nice of her, wasn't it?

"Hello," she said, when she saw me, "I've spoken to mother, and she says she's sure you must be a gentleman, so it's all right."

"You mean to say you'll go?" I asked.

"I certainly do. Whenever you are ready."

"I was a bit surprised, of course, for I hadn't thought her mother would let her do it. I wondered if she meant to bring the mother along.

"Will you be going alone?" I asked.

"She laughed, in the jolliest sort of a way.

"Certainly not," she said. "I'm going with you."

"I saw I was in for it, and all that, and to tell you the truth I began to feel a bit queer. She's such a rippin' little thing, sort of helpless, don't you know, and I knew I'd have to look out for her, and see that she *did* get a berth, and I wondered what would happen if she didn't. But I'd given my word, so we began to make our arrangements for the journey.

"She was to drive over to the station on the following Thursday, which was two days off, and I was to meet her there, and we'd go on to Boston. She had a cousin there, she explained, who would put her up for the night, and the following day we would proceed to New York. When everything was arranged, she left me, explaining that she had a lot to do, getting ready and all that, and I went back to the camp feeling almost as though I'd become engaged to be married, or something serious like that.

"I didn't say anything to Greenwood about it except that I had an aching tooth, and should have to run down to New York to have it attended to. I don't believe he was sorry. Greenwood's an awfully nice chap, wouldn't say a word against him for the world, but I saw that I didn't fit in his party at all. I'm a duffer at poker, and while I like a Scotch and soda at times, I find if I drink it all day, in this climate, it gives me a touch of liver. So I got my luggage together and drove over to the station the next morning before any of the others were up. I'd said good-by to them the evening before.

"Polly was waiting for me at the station, wearing the same little gingham dress, although this one was pink, and a really fetching hat, big, with flowers and things on it. I must say, old chap, your country girls here in the States know how to dress. Simply, of course, but with taste. And her satchel and parasol were quite correct, so I knew I shouldn't feel any embarrassment, bringing her here to New York. In fact, a lot of chaps on the train looked as though they'd jolly well liked to have been in my boots. And I daresay they would have, too. Polly is rippin'—positively rippin', and some day she is going to make a hit.

"We had a bully trip down to Boston, and, do you know, Polly wouldn't let me pay for a thing. Her mother had given her the money for the journey, she said, and she preferred to be independent. Awfully decent of her, I thought.

"When we got to Boston we had dinner, and I took her to the theater. She was delighted with everything, but I told her to wait until we got to New York, and then she *would* open her eyes. You see, Boston was no surprise to her, for she'd been there once before, she told me, on a visit to her cousin. She left me, after the show, asked me to put her in a taxi, and said she would drive out to her cousin's alone; that it was a long journey out into the suburbs, and she wouldn't think of asking me to go along. It was arranged that we were to meet at my hotel for a late breakfast the next day, and then go on to New York.

"Well, to make a long story short, we got here last night, and I took Polly to the hotel I'd told her about, the one where my friend Mary Graham had been, and then I went and got into evening kit, and took her to dinner. She was bowled over by New York, I can tell you. The buildings, the restaurant where we dined, the whole thing simply stupefied her. All she could say was 'Amazing—perfectly amazing!'

"She'd fixed herself up for the evening, just a simple little white dress, one her mother had made, I fancy, but she looked rippin'—positively rippin'. A lot of people stared at her most offensively, I thought, as we went in to dinner, and one bounder actually tried to speak. I was on the point of striking the beggar, but she put her hand on my arm and whispered that the fellow had doubtless made a mistake.

"I never had such a pleasant evening in my life. Polly is just the rippin'est—"

"'Look here, Atherton,' I said, 'are you in love with the girl?'

"'By Jove!' he said. 'I more than half believe I am. Can I bring her in to see Mr. Goldheimer today?'

"'I'll ask him,' I said, and went in and had a talk with the Chief.

"He wasn't overjoyed, to put it mildly, but I pointed out to him that Atherton was a man we expected great things of, and that it wouldn't do any harm to give his little country friend the once over.

"'She may be of some use to us as an extra woman in that rural thing we start next week,' I said. 'We need some local color.'

"The upshot of the matter was, that Goldheimer arranged to see Atherton and Miss Green at three o'clock that afternoon, and he asked me to be on hand as well. I told Atherton what I had done, and he went away delighted, to

(*Continued on page 132*)



"I stuck my hand down and she caught it, and I held her hand—I have that hand yet. I'll carry it with me to my grave."

"She Says *to* Me, Says She—"

A famous author visits a famous actress at the Famous Studio

By Edward S. O'Reilly

"THE last time I was talking to Marguerite Clark, she says to me, says she,—"

Yes it is true. Why I should be the fortunate one to be selected by the gods, is past understanding, but it happened. After searching the dictionaries and Poet's Own Guide for words to describe her winsome sweetness, I have despaired. Miss Marguerite in person is like Miss Clark on the screen, only she really talks. You who have seen her pictures know that there is nothing more to be said.

It all happened because an editor had a bright idea.

"Tex," said he, speaking casually, "I have a job for you."

"Fine," said I. "What is it?" But I had misgivings.



"You are to interview Marguerite Clark." He said it just as calmly as if he was talking about interviewing an ordinary queen or princess. I flatly refused.

"Why pick on me," I argued. "In the first place I don't know anything about the pictures, and in the second place the writer who could do that subject justice would have to know more words than Shakespeare. In the third place I simply won't do it in the first place."

But Editor Simon Legree insisted and threw out a hint about stopping my pay checks. Now there is a peculiar trait in my character. Whenever the boss stops the checks I always refuse to work. I've always been that way. So just to avoid a misunderstanding I agreed to tackle the job.

"I am tired of doing all the thinking for you writers," said Editor Simon. "You must do it all yourself."

Then for fifteen minutes he told me how to do it.

"Find out something about her home life. Does she live with her mother? Can she cook and does she, and can she sew?"



Only a "still" photograph from one of Miss Clark's "Sub-Deb" pictures. And whisper—Miss Clark has plenty of clothes on.

Without any effort I could think of about a thousand things I would rather do than interview Miss Marguerite. For a long time I have worshiped her from afar, and it seemed kind of sacrilegious to bust right in and ask her if she could cook.

At last the fatal summons came and I reported in a new necktie to Randolph Bartlett, who was supposed to fix things. He escorted me to the Paramount office. A man from the office, who seemed to know all about Marguerite, came with us, and we hiked for the studio.

Three seconds after we entered I was seized by four husky persons and thrown into the street. It seems that I was smoking a cigarette, which is against the constitution and by-laws of the studio. This act of hospitality made me suffer with satisfaction. It was an excuse to escape, but the man from the office brushed me off and hauled me back into the studio.

I have been in several battles and free-for-all riots, and once attended a peace meeting, but never in my life have I been in the midst of such a unanimous pandemonium. In one corner a gang of rough necks was throwing an Englishman out of an office, forty-seven carpenters were pounding and sawing, and a gang of I. W. W.'s were running madly around trying to wreck the place.

Emulating Bartlett I began to hop, skip and jump, hither and yon, trying to dodge the enemy. He succeeded fairly well but I was wounded several times. One outspoken individual with a yellow shirt, yelled,—

"Hey, you big longhorn, get out of the set."

Now I never met that fellow before in my life, so how did he know me. Anyway the joke was on him, because I wasn't setting at all but was leaping hither and thither.

All at once I happened to glance down, and there She was, right under my left elbow. Dazed, I heard the man from the office intoning an introduction. Then I realized that Miss Clark was actually going to shake hands with me. I stuck my hand down, and she caught it, and I held her hand, and she smiled and I grinned, and she held my hand, and—

I have that hand yet I will carry it with me to the grave.

After the first shock I knew that I must say something. So I mumbled something about the editor and his plots.

"But you know I have never consented to an interview," said Miss Clark.

There it was. With my usual skill I had said exactly





the wrong thing at the right moment. I was about to mumble an apology and dive for the door when Bartlett came to the rescue and took me gently by the hand.

That man is a wonder. He talks just as easy, and every once and awhile says something pat and to the point. In a moment I found myself seated as one corner of a triangle, while he was talking fluently and well, apparently without any embarrassment.

The man from the office had given me quite a large collection of information on our way to the studio. One of the things he had told me was that Miss Clark was playing in one of a series of pictures called "The Sub-Deb." I had thought it was a war picture and that Miss Clark went down in a submarine or something. Fortunately I did not speak and betray my ignorance. After we were in the studio it was easy to see the story was about a riot in the subway.

For a few minutes after Miss Clark had shaken hands with me I was in a trance. When I recovered my poise she was talking, and I listened.

"The reason I never consent to an interview about the pictures is because I really have nothing new to say," she was saying. "People who know the subject have dealt with the question so much better than I could. Now what I think about the pictures is that there should be more out of door scenes.



Marguerite helps an extra lady, (a cold statuesque person) with her make-up.

"Directors lately seem partial to elaborate indoor sets. There is nothing in an indoor set that cannot be done as well or better on the stage. A photoplay is not handicapped by stage limitations. It has a field all its own and should exploit that field.

"Take my picture 'Wildfire' for instance. It was a light little story but the setting was enchanting. Beautiful out door scenery. That picture is still popular."

After listening to what she had to say I don't see why Miss Clark should refuse to talk about pictures.

Then I heard Mr. Bartlett talking about "The Amazons," one of Miss Marguerite's latest pictures. He was remarking how delightfully at ease she appeared in boy's clothes. I never would have had the nerve to say that.

"Well, you see I am rather accustomed to them," she replied. "On the stage I played several parts that demanded boy's clothes, 'Peter Pan' for instance. So it was really not a new experience."

The man from the office had mentioned, nine or ten times, the fact that Miss Clark had recently purchased a $100,000 Liberty Bond. In the stress of listening I had forgotten the bond, but Bartlett remembered, and mentioned it. She admitted that she had gone on the government's bond to the extent of the sum mentioned.

By this time I thought that it was up to me to horn in on this conversation some place, so I said,—

"Where did you get the money?"

"Why, my admirers think I earned it," she answered naively.

There it was again. It isn't possible that a greater admirer of hers lives today, than myself, yet I had not thought of that. Deciding that conversation was not my forte I subsided and let Bartlett do it.

For some time I had noticed a quiet little gray haired lady wandering about the studio, talking to the directors and occasionally making a note on a sheet of paper.

"That is my sister," confided Miss Marguerite, waving





"The last I saw of her she was standing, tip-toed, on a chair peeping through a big field gun of a camera."

her hand. "She is the official family spanker and makes me behave. We live together."

That started it, and we learned some interesting facts about her home life. It seems that Marguerite is a serious minded person who loves her home and has little time or inclination for play.

"My work at the studio requires so much of my time that there are really few hours left for social life," she said. "We live very quietly, my sister and I. Usually I spend my evenings reading. When I get a little vacation there is always something to be attended to—the dentist or the dress maker. Sometimes I run out to Chicago and visit my relatives.

"Of late I am trying to do some serious reading. The old classics I neglected in school days. I have no time for the lighter modern fiction. The magazines for instance."

This last remark pleased me very much. I wish the editor could have heard it. Thought of the editor reminded me of my duties. He wanted certain information and I was there to get it.

"Do you cook?" I asked.

"No," she said. So that was one point settled.

"Do you sew?" I persisted.

"Sometimes, but I am afraid I am a failure," she confided. "Lately I have been doing some war work. Tried rolling bandages, but after several hours' work I only finished two. I tried to make them too neat. So now I am knitting socks for the soldiers."

Sherman was wrong.

Speaking of soldiers reminded me of a little story and I told it. General Pancho Villa is a photoplay fan. At the time he captured Mexico City he attended the theatre frequently to see the pictures. One night Miss Clark's picture, "The Seven Sisters," was shown.

Villa, the boss of the bandits was highly delighted and extravagant in his praise of Marguerite's beauty.

"What did he say about me?" she queried.

There I was up against it again. If I told her the truth I would be thrown out, for Pancho ever was an untutored savage. So I told a polite little lie, hiding my embarrassment behind my hat. I hate to lie, and the only reason I do it is because of force of habit.

Miss Clark talked on a little while and I gleaned some more facts. She has two homes; a flat in Manhattan and a country place in Westchester County. She likes the country home best, and rides a horse and raises flowers.

My impression of Miss Clark, formed by viewing her in pictures, was that she was a happy hearted little elf smiling her way through the sour old world. She is all of that and something more. She is a serious minded little person intent on doing her work well. Even the directors say that she is less trouble than anyone in the cast, and obeys orders like a little soldier.

For the last few minutes of our conversation a discontented looking man had been hovering in the back ground. For some reason I took a dislike to him. He proved that my hunch was right when he interrupted to say that time was up, and Miss Clark had to get on the job of Sub-Debbing.

"I wish you would take a look at this here set," he says.

Some of these things the actors say about the directors may be right after all.

So we shook hands again—that makes twice.

The last I saw of her she was standing, tip-toed, on a chair peeping through the range finder of a big field gun of a camera.

Then I was led out into the open air. As I was towed down the street I was babbling superlatives of little Bab the Sub-Deb. That editor is not such a bad fellow after all.

So that is why I haunt the theatres where Marguerite Clark's pictures are being shown. When I catch a friend I impale him against the wall with my finger, throw out my chest and begin,—

"The last time I was talking to Marguerite Clark, she says to me, says she—"

If You Have Any Friends

who are not acquainted with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, don't permit them to live in the darkness any longer. Throw a ray of sunshine into their lives. How? Easy! Just send their names and addresses in to us and we'll turn on the sunshine. How'll we do it? We'll just send them a sample copy. That's all. DO IT NOW.



"MOTHER-O'-MINE"

When a fellow starts out to climb he's wise if he picks out the right kind of a mother. Herbert Brenon did—and just see where he is today! Past sixty-six years old, Mrs. Brenon is still helping her gifted son. She wrote the sketch in which he appeared for three years in vaudeville—a long time ago. And now she is his sternest critic and most valued adviser. At the left she is shown at his side while he is directing a scene for "Empty Pockets," watching every detail, and checking up on costumes and scenery.

Barker—

When Reginala Barker wanted to be a motion picture director, he offered his services for nothing. That's one sure and certain way to get your "chance"

FIVE years ago Reginald Barker, fresh from a series of Broadway triumphs as a stage director went out to the studios of the New York Motion Picture Company, walked up to Thos. H. Ince and offered to work for nothing. Ince was so astonished that he accepted the offer on the spot. Since that day Barker has risen from the lowest salaried director in the industry to a position in which he is generally credited as being the highest paid man in his profession excepting, of course, those directors who have also become great producers.

Reginald Barker direct-

Stagg

"Faster, faster! Like this!"

"Picture! Everybody tense, waiting, expectant—shoot."

His First Name is Reginald—But He's Lived it Down

By E. V. Durling

ing a motion picture, for real action, energy and the old time "pep," makes Billy Sunday look like a one-legged Egyptian mummy with the gout. In fact there is a great suspicion in motion picture circles that Billy stole his stuff from Reggie. For a long time the extras at Inceville thought Barker was a nickname. No doubt there will be a legend among the good folk of the countryside in years to come not unlike that of Washington Irving's immortal tale of Rip Van Winkle. Hearing the thunder they will say to the little ones "That is Reginald Barker directing a picture in the hills of Inceville."

It was either Nat Goodwin or Kipling who said "A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke." A good cigar is more than a smoke to Reginald Barker, it is an absolute necessity. Barker without a cigar is like Ty Cobb without a bat, Barney Oldfield without an automobile or Doug Fairbanks without a smile.

The wily actor working under Barker knows that when the cigar remains dormant and the director chews vigorously on the end, it is better to remain silent. Also that when the cigar is puffed violently, the time is ripe for a quick touch or a plea for a part in the next picture. When the Barker cigar is removed from the mouth and thrown upon the stage the wise actor ducks under the nearest table. Nobody has ever seen Reggie entirely without a cigar so it cannot be definitely stated just what his state of mind would be on such an occasion.

Reginald Barker knew when he came to Inceville and made the rather unique proposition aforementioned, that while he knew the legitimate stage he did not know motion picture technique. Fortunately for Barker this was firmly impressed upon his mind. Therefore when he met Raymond West, who is now also a very successful director, he immediately began an exchange of ideas. West was an expert on motion picture technique but never had had any stage experience. Therefore he was very willing to advise Barker in return for some instruction in dramatic technique. The result was that from two average directors came two of the very best producers in the industry.

An incident which illustrates the Barker way of doing things, and one which accounts for his success, is the story of his introducing Japanese actors to the screen. Before the time Mr. Ince assigned the direction of a series of Japanese pictures to Barker, Caucasian actors had always played the Japanese parts. This arrangement was not satisfactory to Barker and he immediately began a search for real Japanese actors and actresses. The first one he found was Tsuru Aoki. He asked this young lady if she knew any more Japanese who might be persuaded to act before the camera. She said she knew of a young man who might be able to do something. Tsuru brought him around the next day. His name was Sessue Hayakawa, the same young man who is now a Paramount star and who, by the way, later became Miss Aoki's husband.

With Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki and the other Japanese actors and actresses, Barker made such screen classics as "The Wrath of the Gods" and "The Typhoon." Since that time when there is a Japanese part to play the companies secure a Japanese actor. It seems simple enough but like all great discoveries, this simplicity is most noticeable after some pioneer has tried it.

Somebody has been hiding Reginald Barker's light under a bushel, as with the exception of those on the very inside of the industry few people know of his many real achievements. It was Barker who directed that first Bill Hart success "On the Night Stage." It was Barker who first gave Sessue Hayakawa the great opportunity with "The Wrath of the Gods." It was Barker who directed the very first pictures released on the Triangle program, "The Coward" and "The Iron Strain." The former picture raised Charlie Ray from the ranks. It was Barker who directed the sensational "War's Women" and it was he who was responsible for "The Criminal" which picture skyrocketted Clara Williams to stardom.

Reginald Barker believes in his profession



"No, no! That isn't the way. Slower."

"Fine, fine! Now you're getting it."

and believes it to be as dignified a one and as worth while as any other. He has an interesting word for those young men who are undecided in their choice of a career.

"I believe," he says, "that no other industry in the world offers better opportunities just now to the college and university trained man than that of the motion picture. This is a young man's game and it pays well. Five thousand dollar a year salaries are common; $10,000 a year is not extraordinary, many men make $25,000 and not a few $50,000. Fortunes are to be made by men of unusual ability and strong character just as in any other manufacturing business. It is not a question of stage experience or the possession of peculiar talents but merely a matter of energy, education and intelligence."

Biographically speaking, as it were, Reginald Barker was born in Winnipeg, Canada, in 1886. His mother died when he was two years of age and he was sent to Scotland where he lived until he was eight. From Scotland he went to England to meet his father who took him to America. They settled in California.

Young Barker decided upon a stage career after seeing Charles Dalton in "The Sign of the Cross." This was when he was nine years of age. At fifteen years of age he wrote, produced and played the leading part in a play called "Granna Uile" which was shown in Los Angeles. At eighteen he became leading man and played in various stock companies. After that he was associated with Robert Hilliard in the production of the daddy of all vampire plays "A Fool There Was." This was his first New York experience and during the time he was on Broadway he was associated with Walker Whiteside, Mrs. Fiske and Henry Miller. All of his motion picture experience until very recently has been with Thos. H. Ince. Mr. Barker is now with the Paralta Company.



Hoover

Stars *of the* Screen *and* Their Stars *in the* Sky

By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Wallace Reid, Born April 15th.

WALLACE REID was born April 15th, at 1:12 a. m. Again we find the Cardinal sign Aries. These are infallible signs that the person so born will enjoy public distinction which is lasting. We find the evidence of the actor, viz: Venus in good aspect to Mars, but Mr. Reid has other talents which balance the actor. Mercury is in good aspect to Venus, Moon, Jupiter and Saturn, which all indicates that if he had devoted as much time to music as he has to acting, he would be one of the greatest musicians in the world. Mr. Reid's memory is of the best, and he is very truthful, sober, just, humane and sympathetic. Inclined to melancholy if left alone too much, he should be with cheerful and optimistic people The position of Lord of the ascendant in the sign Vigo, indicates that he should not eat much meat nor take strong coffee or narcotics. Uranus located in the ninth house in the sign Libra, gives him a great inclination for the study of philosophical and progressive subjects, and I have known many inventors to have the same position. Mr. Reid is counted one of the handsomest men on the screen, and it is easy to see why this is so, for we observe that Venus, the little goddess of love and beauty, beholds the ascending degree. Mars, the god of strength, also beholds the ascendant, which gives Mr. Reid courage and the desire for all outdoor sports, and to become the victor over all.

Nativity of Miss Kathlyn Williams, Born May 31st.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS was born May 31st, at thirty-seven minutes after ten o'clock at night. When I saw her on the screen playing with lions and tigers, I thought she was an Amazon, but upon casting her nativity, I found her shy, timid and very retiring. The twenty-second degree of the sign Capricorn was ascending at the hour of her birth, with the lord Saturn in the intellectual sign Gemini, Moon in conjunction and just rising with the ascending degree, all of which gives her an inclination to travel or to be on the go, most of the time. Mercury, lord of the nativity, is located in the sign Taurus in conjunction with the war god Mars, which indicates that she would have power over large animals if she wished to use it. We find three planets in the fifth house, the home of the theatres, viz: the Sun, Venus, and the lord of the rising sign, Saturn. Jupiter is located in the house of marriage, the seventh, and I would say that Miss Williams should have a happy married life. The platic conjunction and parallel of the Sun and Venus alone would insure happiness in marriage, but we find the Sun in aspect to Saturn, with Venus conjoined also, which shows delays or grief, but Jupiter, in the seventh sextile to Saturn, predominates. If Miss Williams ever wishes to change her vocation she should deal in real estate, which would increase in value, viz: Jupiter in sextile to Saturn, with Sun. Venus and lord of the horoscope in the fifth.

A Branded Soul

Conchita's surpreme sacrifice quenches the evil flame in the heart of John Rannie

By

Isabel Ostrander



"Conchita mia! It has seemed long without thee, but it is over. I will gamble no more."

THE bell of the old mission church of San Miguelito tolled its last paternal call to early mass and its overtone still vibrated on the shimmering, torrid air as a group of horsemen rode across the village plaza and halted beside the graveyard wall, their accoutrements jingling a discordant note in the echo of its mellow symphony.

The leader, a broad shouldered, bronzed, young man swung himself from his horse with a lithe quickness of movement in sharp contrast to the lazy slouch of his padrones and issued a curt order.

"Get busy, all of you, and tear down the wall pronto! Those old grave stones must be carted away by tomorrow morning—"

A protesting murmur in liquid Spanish like the ripple of disturbed waters passed from man to man and they averted their furtive eyes from this desecrating Americano.

The murmur grew and John Rannie had taken a hasty, threatening step forward when from the church behind him there poured forth such a flood of melody that he paused spellbound. Clear and golden as the Mexican sunlight, rich and rounded yet quivering with reverential awe the exquisite timbre of the woman's voice rose upon the still air, but as the last lingering note pulsed into silence, Rannie roused himself and turned with a muttered imprecation to the padrones.

"On the job now! Tear down this wall!"

Surlily the men slid from their horses and with pick and crowbar approached their task. Within the church the huddled worshippers had lowered their rapt gaze from the girl who sat alone in the choir loft and the fat padre's intoned prayer droned sleepily about their ears when all at once the deafening ring of pick on masonry and crash of dislodged stones brought them, terrified, to their feet.

With the padre in advance, they swarmed out into the sunlight and met the cool insolent glance of the Americano.

"Senor!" The priest raised his hands in expostulation. "Senor Rannie! What is this unholy thing that you would do?"

"Only what I warned you of, Padre." Rannie spoke with crisp finality. "This church property, the village and all the land about is mine! I mean to spud out a well—"

"But my children!" the priest wailed. "My sleeping children! They have rested here for centuries, Senor! You would not despoil them—?"

"Wait, my father!" A clear young voice broke in upon his protestations, and the girl who had sat in the choir loft sprang forward, her dark eyes blazing, and confronted the intruder.

"Senor!" she began passionately. "You who with your gold have bought the ground from beneath our feet, the good earth which has been ours since the coming of the conqueror, you shall not invade the sanctuary of our dead! Their curse and that of the Holy Church will be upon you!"

Rannie's eyes swept her slender form in a swift appraising glance and he bowed with ironic humility.

"The Senorita will pardon, but curses do not impede the development of oil wells."

"Conchita!" A woman murmured warningly in the group, but the girl gave no heed.

"In your thirst for the oil which means riches to you, you have taken from us all that we have, but the dead you shall leave in peace! You shall not desecrate this holy ground!"

For a long moment their eyes met and battled, then the American shrugged and a sharp order to the padrones sent them scurrying back to the horses.

Rannie turned again to the girl.

"It was you who sang just now." There was a new, quickened note in his voice. "The churchyard shall not be molested, Senorita, since it is you who ask it. Sometime you shall sing for me. Hasta la vista!"

He swung himself into his saddle and clattered off down the white, sun-baked road, his padrones following in a cloud of dust.

With a sudden flame leaping beneath the clear olive of her cheeks the girl watched until they had vanished across the plaza. Then her smoldering eyes dropped and she followed the others into the church.

All during the service and later, when in the cool of a moonless, starry night she sat in her father's patio, Conchita pondered with a vague stirring of fear in her heart.

Hasta la vista—"Until we meet again." A caress that was at once a menace had lurked in the Americano's bold, avid, confident eyes. Passionate hatred surged up within her. He had prophesied that sometime she should sing for him! Then before that day came, might the good God take from her her voice and leave her dumb forever!

If Juan had only been there beside her, at the church doors! But Juan—? The girl sighed.

Her lover, whose passion for gambling had scandalized the good padre and led him to forbid their banns until Juan forswore the dice, had not since taken communion and heavy were the penances awaiting his tardy contrition.

At their last meeting, Juan had passionately reavowed his love for her, and assured her that within a week he would give the required promise to the padre, but first he must try his luck once more. He had boasted of a change of fortune, hinting at a hacienda for their future home, with broad orchards of grape-fruit and limas instead of the adobe village dwelling they had planned. Why had Juan been so confident, so sure?

The Americano was forgotten in the troubled thoughts which assailed her. She had seen Juan frequently with a stranger who spoke in odd guttural tones, of whom it had been whispered in San Miguelito that he was a spy, an enemy of that great country north of the Rio Grande. Could the luck of which Juan had spoken be connected with that man and his despicable calling?

Two days longer she waited in feverish anxiety and then Juan appeared at her father's casa.

"Conchita mia! It has seemed long without thee but it is over! I gamble no more!"

There was exultation in his tone but as he embraced her he averted his ardent brown eyes and a curious flush spread beneath the tawny pallor of his cheeks.

"Ah, Juan, but my heart sings!" Her own eyes were luminous with joy as they sought his. "And tomorrow thou wilt go to the good padre and confess—"

His arms dropped from about her and he turned away with an uneasy laugh.

"How like a woman! You do not even ask, Carita, if I have lost or won!"

"Had you lost every peso, Juan, what matter? So that you play no more with cards or dice!"

"It is done. But I have won, Conchita, won! See!" He drew a wadded handkerchief from his pocket and spread it out upon the table showing the coins heaped within it. "Gold! Gold for the hacienda and for you, my beloved! For a necklace of opals and silk dresses and a mantilla from Old Spain! For the padre's fee and the wedding feast—"

But Conchita was scarcely listening. She was staring at the money piled before her and her breath came in a little frightened gasp.

"So much!" she whispered. "It is wealth, but what game is this in which the stakes are so high? Juan, tell me!"

He shrugged.

"What matter, since I won? All is fair—"

Juan paused and wheeled about suddenly, his face paling. The door had opened silently and upon the threshold two men stood regarding them. One was short and swarthy, the other tall and immaculately clad in white flannels with a straw hat which he removed as he bowed in ironic greeting.

Conchita gave a little cry and then stood as if turned to stone. It was the Americano, John Rannie!

"Your pardon, Senorita, for invading your home and intruding upon this happy reunion, but I have business with Juan Mendoza, here." He drew a folded paper from his pocket and held it out to the man who confronted him in half-shrinking bravado. "You recognize this document?"

Mechanically Juan took the proffered paper and glanced at it.

"No, Senor." He spoke through set teeth. "I have not seen this before."

"It was brought by a spy, disguised as a tamale vendor, from the army encampment across the border. The traitor there has been apprehended and has confessed." There was a hard ring in the Americano's tones. "This spy was suspected before he started on his journey and followed by my agent. Pedro, is this the man?"

He turned to his swarthy companion who nodded and stepping forward laid his hand upon Juan's arm. The latter shook him off with an oath.

"It is a lie!" he snarled. "A trick of this pig of an Americano! Conchita, you will believe—?"

Rannie pointed to the little heap of gold upon the table.

"There is the price the German paid you for your despicable job. You delivered the other documents to your master, but this one fell into my hands. The game is up, Mendoza."

"Juan!" Conchita's lips barely framed the word. "Is this true? Is this the luck of which you spoke?"

"Quien sabe?" He shrugged but his eyes blazed with sudden passion. "The Americanos are not our people! If I am employed to buy what one of them is willing to sell, have I not the right?"

Conchita shrank as if he had struck her a blow.

"A spy!" she faltered. "You—a spy! Madre de Dios!"

"It was for thee, carita mia!" Juan's voice broke. "The cursed dice—I was ruined, I would have lost thee! The German offered me good pay and there was little risk—my last gamble! For thee, Conchita!"

He held out his hands but the girl stood as if stunned, staring straight before her with unseeing eyes. After a moment Juan's hands dropped to his sides and he squared his shoulders with the old reckless despairing gesture.

"My last gamble," he repeated, "and I have lost once more! Come, I am ready to pay!"

Rannie motioned peremptorily toward the door and unresisting, Juan turned and left the house with Pedro at his heels.

Slowly Conchita roused herself and turned dazed eyes upon the Americano.

"What will you do to Juan?" she asked.

"Need you ask, Senorita?" Rannie made a significant gesture. "You have seen other traitors shot, there in the plaza."

A sudden wail issued from her pale lips.

"Ah, no! Por Dios, not that! You will not, Senor, you cannot! If it is true that he did this thing for me I am equally guilty! Punish me, but spare him! You granted me a favor in the churchyard on Sunday, hear me now! He is so young to die! Senor, see! I will beg you on my knees."

He stepped quickly toward her and into his narrowed eyes there came again that eager, avid gleam which had

"A Branded Soul"

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name, written by E. Lloyd Sheldon and produced by Fox. Cast as given in the picture.

Conchita Cordova....Gladys Brockwell
John Rannie.....Lewis J. Cody
Juan Mendoza.....Colin Chase
Dona Sartoris.....Vivian Rich
Dolores Mendoza.....Gloria Payton
Neil Mathews.....Fred Whitman
Adolf Uylie.....Barney Furey

sent the blood leaping into her cheeks on their first meeting.

"You need not beg, Conchita! Juan has not yet been delivered to the soldiers. Pedro will watch him until I give the word and that word depends on you. The life of your amigo is in your hands."

"In mine, Senor? I will do anything, anything—"

"Will you come to my house tonight?" Rannie's tones were thick with sudden passion. "I love you, Conchita! I have wanted you from the moment you defied me, there before the church, and I made up my mind that you should come to me! An hour against the life of Juan Mendoza! You alone can save him, Conchita, if you will!"

The girl put out her hands instinctively as if warding off a blow and backed slowly from him, her eyes dark and wide with horror.

"Senor!" She whispered hoarsely. "You mean that you—you will have Juan shot unless—? You cannot! The bueno Dios would not permit that you could be so cruel, so merciless!"

"All's fair in love!" he reminded her. "That is what Mendoza himself was saying when I came. Will you send him to face the firing squad at dawn or will you come to me? It is for you to choose!"

Conchita bowed her head and he waited, his quickened breath the only sound within the silent room. At last she looked up and in her eyes shone the exaltation of a supreme sacrifice.

"I will come, Senor."

An hour later, through the fragrant darkness, Conchita crept to the casa of John Rannie, to keep her promise. He welcomed her with a return of his well-poised self-control, but she scarcely seemed aware of his presence. Sinking submissively into the chair he proffered, the girl gazed about her with the air of a trapped animal, helpless, mute before the black fear which assailed her.

"A toast, Conchita!" Rannie bent over her a wine glass in his hand. "To love!"

"Love?" She shrank uncontrollably from him. "What have I to do with love, Senor? I have come to buy the life of Juan Mendoza. I have kept my word; I trust you to keep yours. But love one cannot sell."

She raised her eyes timidly to his, the prayer for mercy which she would not utter shining from their soft depths.

John Rannie put down his glass.

"You love him so much, then, this spy?" he asked, averting his own eyes from hers.

"But yes, Senor." Conchita replied simply, ignoring the contempt in his tone. "It is a great wrong that Juan has done, but he did it for my sake, and then it may be that he did not understand. He is a man and I think men do not always comprehend the wrong they do."

"Perhaps not." Rannie's tone was low and constrained. "Do you think that he will understand your having saved him?"

"He shall never know, Senor. I will never see him again." She closed her eyes in a swift spasm of pain. "But he will live, and be a good man. Nothing else matters now."

For a time silence fell between them as Rannie paced the floor moodily. Had she glanced at him, Conchita might have divined the struggle that was taking place be-



"What have I to do with love, Senor? I have come to buy the life of Juan Mendoza. I have kept my word; I trust you to keep yours."



"It is a lie," he snarled. "A trick of this pig of an Americano! Conchita, you will believe—"

tween his passion for her and the better self she had all unconsciously awakened.

The greatness of her sacrifice, sublime in its abnegation had wrought a miracle in the selfish predatory soul of the Americano and when at length he halted before her there was a look of reverence on his face which purged it of all grossness.

"Juan will be free," he said gently. "You have kept your word, child, you have bought his life. Now you may go."

"Senor!" Transfigured with swift, half-incredulous hope Conchita raised her eyes and what she read at last in his brought to her face a radiance almost divine. "You mean that I, too, am free! You will forgive Juan for the wrong he has done to your countrymen and I—I may return now to my father's casa?"

"As you came." He nodded gravely. "It is still two hours before the dawn. No one will see you, no one will ever know that you have been here. You can slip home through the darkness—"

"The dawn? Is not that the dawn?" A sharp cry from Conchita broke in upon his words and following her gesture he saw the eastern windows lighted by a ruddy, angry glow.

"My oil wells!" The bitterness of overwhelming calamity shook his voice. "San Miguelito has risen against me at last! I must save what I can—!"

Turning he dashed from the room, but Conchita stood as if rooted to the spot gazing with horrified fascination at the towers of smoke which leaped in crimson effulgence against the sable sky. Two ruddy columns—three—they were setting all his wells ablaze, ruining him—

"Conchita!"

She turned. Juan stood in the doorway.

"Ah! It is thou!" Conchita ran toward him joyously. "You are free, Juan, free! Senor Rannie has promised—"

"Has he?" Juan's face was contorted with passion. "And you, what are you doing here? Dios, I need not ask! While I risk my life for you, you take this Americano for your lover! You would even have had me shot to rid yourself of me!"

"Juan, you are mad! You do not know what you are saying—"

"Mad, am I?" He laughed stridently and advanced upon her. "I will show you how mad I am, you—!"

At the name he uttered, Conchita shrank as from some loathsome thing and turning fled swiftly through the low French window and instinctively toward the nearest of the burning wells. She was conscious only of overwhelming horror and an anger that tugged at her heart as if it would uproot something which had flourished there.

The scaffolding of the well was burning and she halted, held back by the waves of heat which rolled out upon her, her eyes searching the crowd all unconsciously for the tall white-clad figure of John Rannie.

Suddenly a rough hand seized her and she found herself confronting Juan Mendoza once more.

(Continued on page 130)

Getting Right Down to Brass Tacks

Some facts about Earle R. Williams which reveal what manner of man he really is.

By Cameron Pike



His Winton doesn't require repairs, but he likes to fuss with the machinery.

AS my friend Owen Hatteras, a writer of biography and philosophy, has observed, you can tell more about a woman by the way she eats an artichoke than by knowing where she was educated. Biographies are usually dull, partly because they tell too much, and partly because they do not tell enough. I could give you the history of Earle Williams from the day of his birth to his latest Vitagraph release, but that would tell you nothing except his relations with the world. What is much more interesting is Mr. Williams' relations with himself. And as such relations have to do with fragments, hobbies, habits, incidents, preferences, prejudices, and so on, so let the truly important things about Mr. Williams be related:

HIS favorite pastime is running a moving picture camera, but he never has succeeded in turning out a good strip of film.

He can drive an automobile with one hand, and can make minor repairs, but he doesn't like to, and never does when there is a chauffeur or garage handy.

His favorite type of woman is a medium sized brunette.

He once won a prize in a long distance bicycle race in California.

The most curious present he ever received from an admirer was a pipe made from a mocha nut, sent to him by a picture nut named Nutt.

The most useless present he ever received was a box of flowers from a woman living near Boston. The flowers were withered when they reached him. The same woman has sent these bouquets to him many times, and they are always faded when they arrive.

He keeps his collars in a velvet-lined case.

He shaves himself every morning, immediately after rising, using an old-fashioned razor. His beard grows so fast that he often has to shave twice a day when he is working.

He smokes cigars by choice, usually four or five a day, the two-for-a-quarter kind and always the same brand.

Nearly every prominent actress that has ever worked for Vitagraph has been his leading woman at one time or another, among them being Lillian Walker, Helen Gardner, Dot Kelly, Anita Stewart, Leah Baird, Corinne Griffith, Miriam Fouche Miles, Grace Darmond, Edith Storey, Clara Kimball Young, and Mary Charleson.

The only players who were with Vitagraph when he began work with the company, and who are still there, are Harry Morey, Julia Swayne Gordon and "Mother" Maurice.

He has appeared in two serials, "The Goddess," and "The Scarlet Runner."

When working he drinks vast quantities of water, and always has a big pitcher of it handy.

He is a Native Son of the Golden West, born in Sacramento.

His dressing room looks more like a business office than the official home of an actor, the principal articles of furniture being two roll-top desks, his own and his secretary's.

He does not come from a theatrical family, only one known relative ever having appeared on the stage. He was James Paget, a favorite player of the previous generation.

He says: "I would rather be a mediocre actor and sane, than a great actor and crazy." He is sane, but I wouldn't call him a merely mediocre actor.

His first love affair came when he was only twelve years old. It ended unhappily, and he has avoided subsequent ones as far as possible.

A correspondent once wrote that she heard he was a woman-hater. He isn't. He likes women but he is afraid of them.

He is five feet, eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

The biggest fight he ever had in picture work was with Harry Northrup in "Two Women." He refuses to say



When working he drinks vast quantities of water, and always has a big pitcher of it handy.

He receives an average of two hundred letters a day, all of which are first opened by his secretary, who selects the most important and interesting ones for him to read.

His favorite actor is William S. Hart.

He is fond of the best literature, but doesn't get time to read any. He reads hundreds of scenarios every month.

He doesn't know how many suits of clothes he owns; his valet keeps track of them, however.

He regards "The Christian" as his best picture.

When he was telling me these things, he wore a silk shirt with red, green and black stripes. He has his shirts made to order.

He is never sick. The only time he was ever laid up was last summer, when his right foot was injured while he was working in a picture, and blood poisoning set in, keeping him away from the Vitagraph studio for two months.

He has never played anything but leading roles in pictures.

He has been impersonated in Chicago by a man who does not look in the least like him, but who had used his name in making love to an aged and wealthy widow. In Toronto a woman gained local fame by claiming to be his mother. His mother never has been in Toronto.

He lives in a bachelor apartment in Brooklyn, and is driven to the Vitagraph studio by his chauffeur. He does not drive his own car when he can help it.

He wears his watch in the upper left breast pocket of his vest, with a finely woven chain connecting to the opposite pocket, where he carries a gold knife, pencil and cigar cutter.

The most costly present ever sent to him by a stranger is a monogrammed cigarette case of hammered silver, gold lined. He seldom smokes cigarettes, except when his parts demand it. He has often used this cigarette case in his pictures.

He usually gets to sleep about 1 o'clock a. m. If he is in bed at that time and finds he cannot sleep, he reads William Dean Howells.

His parents wanted him to take a course at a Polytechnic College in California, but he obtained an engagement with a stock company in New Orleans instead.

what was the biggest fight he ever had in real life.

He is not superstitious, and has worn a fine black opal ring for a long time, but the stone is cracked and he is going to discard it.

He has worked in the jewelry business, wholesale hardware and bicycles, usually as a salesman, but he never liked any of them.

Sacramento, California, his birthplace, served the same purpose for Mary Anderson, Sibyl Sanderson, Mabel Gilman, Bob Warwick and Eva Dennison.

He found his way into pictures through a letter of introduction to Fred Thompson of Vitagraph, from a theatrical agency, and has worked for Vitagraph ever since. Helen Case was his leading woman in his first picture, "The Thumb Print." That was six and a half years ago.

His favorite woman among actresses is "Mother" Maurice. His favorite actresses among actresses are Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick and Anita Stewart.

In 1906 he played in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," other members of the company being Herbert Brenon, John Adolfi and Edward Dillon, all of whom are now directors of moving pictures.



His beard grows so fast he often has to shave twice a day when he is working.

His father was Augustus P. Williams, a California pioneer; his mother was Eva M. Paget, of the Cincinnati Pagets.

His studio chum is Bobby Connelly, whom he always consults about his scenarios.

His greatest antipathy is being called a matinee idol.

His secretary's name is Sam.

Miss Miles, who has been his leading woman in several recent pictures, became an actress through a determination to be his leading woman, after seeing some of his films in her home town, Shreveport, Louisiana.

His favorite director is Paul Scardon. Mr. Scardon is now directing his pictures.

His favorite food is anything that is well prepared.

He cannot write on a typewriter, and dislikes having one around. His secretary has to answer most of his letters in handwriting, and if any have to be typewritten he takes them over to the Vitagraph office.

He never wears loud clothes. Everything he wears except his shoes and socks is made to order.

He never exercises, finding that the active life of making pictures keeps him in good physical condition.

His dressing room is on the third floor of the north wing of the Vitagraph plant. There is no elevator. It is impossible to find it without a guide.

His first important stage engagement was with the Alcazar Stock, San Francisco, operated by Frederic Belasco, a brother of David. Later he played with James Neill, Henry E. Dixey, Rose Stahl, Mary Mannering and Helen Ware. His last stage appearance was with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose."

His entire name is Earle Rafael Williams. He is thirty-seven years old.

Next to "The Christian" his best pictures have been "My Official Wife," "Juggernaut," "The Vengeance of Durand," "The Scarlet Runner," "My Lady's Slipper," "The Love Doctor," "Transgression," "Maelstrom," "The Soul Master," "The Hawk," "Arsene Lupin."



He has a valet to keep track of such things as how many suits of clothes he owns.



His studio chum is Bobby Connelly, whom he always consults about his scenarios.

His hair is black, his eyes blue.

He is a mighty fine chap.

He wears ordinary round "no metal can touch you" garters.

He likes to wear dinner and evening clothes—but he's no snob.

His teeth are white and perfect and he has a "regular fellow" smile.

He is exceedingly good natured and not afflicted with "temperament."

He has a fixed appointment every month with his dentist.

He is especially fond of corned beef and cabbage, with French mustard.

He sleeps with his windows open—but he doesn't like chilly baths.

He likes lots of cream and sugar in his coffee.

His handkerchiefs are monogrammed with a plain "E. R. W."

He wears a size 8 shoe, and a size 15 collar.

He writes with a stub pen and



Some leading women who have worked with Earle Williams — around the circle, beginning at his right elbow: Dorothy Kelly, Miriam Miles, Clara Kimball Young, Lillian Walker, Anita Stewart, Grace Darmond and Edith Storey.

he uses military hairbrushes.

He has his fingernails manicured by an old maid in a barber shop in Brooklyn.

He has been known to wear suspenders—but he doesn't do it very often.

He has never had his fortune told, never kept a diary, and has no use for women who bleach their hair.

Once he started to do systematic exercising, but he took on ten pounds and quit.

He is not a very good dancer, but once a year he spends an evening doing all the stunts at Coney Island.

When he was a boy he read Nick Carter, and went to Sunday School—for three weeks.

He is never late at the studio. He never kicks when he has to work late. Once he worked 48 hours on a stretch, and then he said, "Well, I'll be here at the usual time in the morning."

Although he prefers to play straight leads, roles of upright, noble young men. He doesn't insist on reading scenarios in advance to see if the part is suited to him, and all that sort of thing.

He hates to sit in a barber shop waiting for the call of "Next." His pet peeve is to have his hair cut, but it's part of his business, so he tries to go to sleep in the chair while the barber wields the scissors.

In real life he has had only two fights. Once when a thug tried to relieve him of his pocketbook, and once when he stopped a longshoreman from beating his wife. The first time he beat up the thug so badly they carried him to the hospital. The second time the longshoreman hit him with a chair, and knocked him out.

He isn't especially religious. But he likes to hear good speakers deliver good sermons.

He has few intimates, but a horde of friends.

He has been given all kinds of tests for temperament, but none of them have re-acted.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett
and
Kitty Kelly

In "Cleopatra" (Fox) Theda Bara rises to heights of tragic expression hitherto unsuspected.

By Mr. Bartlett

SPECTACLES were invented as aids to defective vision. Moving picture spectacles serve much the same purpose. Through the medium of these elaborate and costly productions, producers of photoplays, one by one, are beginning to see clearly this great basic truth:

Public interest in a story, whether told in poem, story, painting, drama or photoplay, is in direct ratio to the recognizable human qualities portrayed therein. Similarly, public interest in a star is in direct ratio to that star's ability to portray recognizable human emotions.

Before pictures had found themselves, when everyone was experimenting, a certain passing interest could be aroused by informing the public that a production cost a million dollars. After viewing a few of these gorgeous affairs (most of which cost not more than one-fourth what was claimed for them) the public ceased to care whether a production cost a million dollars or a plugged nickel. As photoplays began to take their place as a big factor in the social life of the world, the world began to demand that the photoplays reflect life itself.

"Cabiria" was a huge success, in spite of the absence of personal interest in the story, because in its day it was a novelty. "The Birth of a Nation" was a success, not because it was spectacular, but because its theme came right out of the heart of America's greatest crisis. "Intolerance" fell short of great success because it was too darned educational. "A Daughter of the Gods," despite its marvels of beauty, fell short, because the tale was purely artificial. "Joan the Woman" related an epic fable, but fell just a little short of the intimate, human touch.

Meanwhile the comedy of life was progressing. A Pickford story took in dollars where the spectacles accumulated dimes. The Fairbanks-Emerson-Loos satires leaped into favor. Such mirrors of contemporary life and character as "The Pinch Hitter," "Skinner's Dress Suit," and their counterparts, swept the public to their celluloid hearts.



In "A Daughter of Maryland" (Mutual) Edna Goodrich, lithe, petite, sustains her reputation.

Yet the producers were not satisfied. They wanted to command the admiration, rather than appeal to the affection of their public. So they continue spending vast sums upon magnificent creations, in the sincere belief that they are serving Art with a capital A, not realizing that this elusive goddess has built her altar in the temple of life itself. Not yet have the spectacles served their purpose.

THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT—Artcraft

This is not adverse criticism. It is an attempt to place the spectacle in its own particular niche. "The Woman God Forgot" is a creation of magnificent vis-



After a rather unsatisfactory dip into comedy, Sessue Hayakawa returns to the serious drama in "The Call of the East." (Paramount.)



"The Woman God Forgot" (Artcraft) joins the list of splendid spectacles, a thing to be admired for its art, a feast for the ocular senses.



Miss Young returns after many managerial adventures, in "Magda," (Select) a version of Sudermann's drama of the same name.

tas, of barbaric splendor, of sweeping movement, of towering crags and heaven-piercing pyramids. It amazes the eye without bewildering the mind. It pleases, but it does not fascinate. It is classic, but for one who reads Homer, unwhipped by scholastic command, thousands read O. Henry.

The story more than suggests that the author is familiar with Lew Wallace's "The Fair God," which, in turn, more than suggests that its author was familiar with Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." A Spanish captain, Alvarado, is captured by the Aztecs. He escapes into the private apartments of a princess, the daughter of Montezuma, where his wounds are healed, and the two learn to love each other. He is discovered, and condemned to die upon the sacrificial altar on the day of the princess' forced wedding to an Aztec chieftain. To save him, the princess admits the Spaniards into the otherwise impregnable citadel, the general promising to depart as soon as Alvarado is rescued. The Spaniards break faith, overthrow the Aztecs, and the princess escapes to a hut in the wilderness.

De Mille has conducted the story in epic spirit. He has achieved real splendor by the adoption of greatest simplicity, the absence of which made another spectacle of the month, to be commented upon later, a garish thing. He went into the Yosemite Valley for his final scenes, and brought back gorgeous records of America's great, natural cathedral. But with all this, he could not make his story live. A woman risks her life and betrays her people for love, but the heart does not beat one whit the faster.

Geraldine Farrar, as the princess, is—Geraldine Farrar. She is never the savage, never the fierce woman of an untamed race. She thinks too much. In another costume, the same actions would have answered for a scheming courtesan of the court of one of the later Louises. So with Wallace Reid, as Alvarado, who, of necessity, played in the same key as his partner in the plot. But far different the Russian dancer, Kosloff, who enacted the role of the Aztec chieftain, suitor for the hand of the princess. Here is real spontaneity of action—thought and deed in perfect synchronism. Theatrical—yes. But it is a theatrical story, and Kosloff comes as near to making it live as any man could possibly do. Raymond Hatton as Montezuma is also barbaric, though it is difficult at times not to smile at the similarity of his makeup to that of Joe Weber or Ford Sterling.

So "The Woman God Forgot" joins the list of splendid spectacles. It is a thing to be admired for its art, a feast for the ocular senses, a visit to a mammoth, animated museum. But through the huge lenses of this spectacle we see, more clearly than ever, the highest function of the photoplay.

CLEOPATRA—Fox

"Cleopatra" should have been a magnificent spectacle; the Fox picture is merely garish. Cleopatra herself was an irresistible little siren; Theda Bara is merely brazen in a ponderous manner. J. Gordon Edwards, the producer of this big film, has crowded his settings with bewildering heaps of fabrics and properties, and thereby has lost his great opportunity and wasted a large amount of money. True magnificence is simple, dignified, not a clutter of expensive decorations. The eye is impressed most strongly, not by multitudinous detail, but by vast spaces—a long vista with a collonade of pillars would express Egypt much better than all Mr. Edwards' rugs, divans, tapestries, hangings, and what not. Moreover, historically the picture is incorrect almost without a single exception. Yet there is one inspired moment which redeems the entire production. Cleopatra, returning from the defeat at Actium, believing Antony dead, is bowed with grief. Several of the scenes in this episode are classics. They might be animated paintings by Alma Tadema. Miss Bara rises to heights of tragic expression hitherto unsuspected, not by ravings and

hysteria, but by the sheer grace of despair. Had the entire picture been done in this spirit, "Cleopatra" would be a thing of joy.

A SLEEPING MEMORY—Metro

For those who have a taste for the bizarre in plot, there could be nothing better than "A Sleeping Memory," made from the E. Phillips Oppenheim novel by Scenarioist Albert Shelby Le Vino for a Metro production, starring Miss Emily Stevens. A millionaire scientist persuades a young woman who is without funds or friends, to submit to an operation to test a certain theory of his, that the memory cell in the brain can be destroyed. The operation is a success, and the young woman becomes a beautiful, soulless creature. Two former friends suspect something is wrong. One loves the girl, the other tries to blackmail the millionaire. Meanwhile, another scientist gains hypnotic control over the girl for experimental purposes. She lives in deadly fear of this man, and the lover from former years drags him off a cliff, both being drowned. A third brain specialist is called in, restores the girl's memory, and she and the original scientist find happiness together. It is an absorbing plot, with curious flash-backs into previous existences of the helpless subject of the scientific investigation. Miss Stevens is called upon to play a role of intricate difficulty, but as the interest is intellectual rather than sympathetic, she will not receive the full credit due her, except from the most discriminating critics. Frank Mills plays the part of the young millionaire scientist in his best style, completely redeeming himself for his dull performance in "Today." Altogether this is one of the most interesting of the month's novelties.

ARMS AND THE GIRL—Paramount

A war comedy? Impossible! No, a wonderful fact. It is "Arms and the Girl" with the onliest Billie Burke doing her bit. Not forgetting the fact that Thomas Meighan, the dependable, was present at all times to help. In these days it is well to remember that there are jolly dogs among the Germans. If this be treason, make the most of it. "Arms and the Girl" is the story of a young woman who was traveling in Belgium when war was declared. The German troops occupied the village where she was marooned, and she was in danger of being arrested as a Russian spy, until she recognized one of the officers as a former head waiter at the Ritz. Then an American engineer comes under the general's suspicion, and circumstantial evidence being strongly against him, he is ordered shot. The American girl saves him by saying he is her fiance. So the German commander, a portly, sentimental soul, orders them married on the spot. The girl's real fiance appears, and there is heaps and heaps of fun. Again, as always, Miss Burke is enchanting. You realize immediately that her smile would wheedle any German officer out of his senses. And Meighan, than whom few actors can more deftly shift from grave to gay, is a perfect team mate.

HIS FATHER'S SON—Paramount

In a Chaplin farce one might expect a young man to be thrown off a train for getting into a fight with a professional gambler, but, while one cannot fairly demand thorough consistency of a comedy, this is stretching things a little too far. And when, added to this, the spot where the young man is thrown off happens to be the very place where his railroad-owning father is engaged in an important deal, the elasticity of credulity begins to fail. But when, further, this young man, who has been his father's secretary, even though in a desultory way, for several years, does not recognize either the name or the person of



"The Beautiful Adventure" (Empire Mutual) has many lovely settings; the outdoor scenes are exquisite. Ann Murdock is featured.



Miss Barrymore in "Life's Whirlpool," (Metro) is superb throughout. The entire cast seems inspired by her splendid acting.



"The Corespondent" (Jewel) is pretty heavy work for a young actress. But Elaine Hammerstein is equal to the demand.



"The Princess Virtue" (Bluebird) with Mae Murray, is extremely well dressed, directorially effective, and wonderfully photographed.



"The Adopted Son" (Metro) a Bushman-Bayne picture, is one of the best feud stories the screen has recorded.



"The Firefly of Tough Luck" (Triangle) starring Alma Reuben, is a vivid, colorful tale inoculated with a nice sense of humanity.

the parent's chief land agent, common sense revolts. And when, still further, such silly, trivial blunders occur as printing a received telegram on a sending blank, one wonders if Thomas Ince really directed this picture, as stated, or whether there is to be a repetition of the old system of "supervision" which fails to supervise. Charles Ray made a reputation as a portrayer of awkward country boys, surrounded with delicious human comedy. His "Pinch Hitter" and "Clodhopper" were—and are—excellent entertainment. "His Father's Son" is not such a picture.

THE CORESPONDENT—Jewel

Elaine Hammerstein, who made her screen debut with Robert Warwick in "The Argyle Case," returns after too long a delay, in "The Corespondent," made from the play of the same name by Ralph Ince. Miss Hammerstein is young and pretty and the same inexperience which causes her work to lack the polish of a veteran, lends to it a freshness and charm that is distinctly pleasing in a world of sophisticated ingenues. An innocent girl, led into a compromising position by a wealthy man, becomes a newspaper reporter, and a romance develops between her and the editor. She is assigned to a divorce story, and discovers that she herself is to be named as the corespondent in a suit brought by the wife of the man who tried to betray her. The man believes this situation saves him from exposure, but the girl and the editor surprise him by printing the story as it actually happened. It is pretty heavy work for a young actress. Yet she is charming.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL"—Fox

The title of this picture is pure camouflage. You would expect "Thou Shalt Not Steal" to be a highly moralistic affair by Ivan. Instead, it is a rollicking melodrama by Fox, a fascinating mystery story, Virginia Pearson at her best, and modest William Nigh in a delicious serio-comic role without permitting his name on the program, which is remarkable self-restraint for a director. A large sum of money is placed in a safe, in circumstances permissible only in melodrama, and stolen. Five persons might logically be suspected of stealing it—at least that many have motives. Into the turmoil comes a chipper little doctor—the role assumed by Nigh—who deftly plays one element against the other, until the whole affair comes to its logical conclusion with a double wedding. Miss Pearson is one of the best screen types of the vigorous, typically American girl of good family. She does not simper, she does not indulge in mock heroics—she is just courageous and straightforward. In "Thou Shalt Not Steal," she is at her physical best. As the story starts the critical gaze is offended by a great deal of the chest and eyebrow style of acting, but as soon as you realize that this is melodrama, you enjoy it. Eric Mayne, being the worst offender, is by that same token, one of the most effective players. But it's a disastrous habit in anything but melodrama or farce.

THE PRICE MARK—Paramount

One of the cleanest producing families in picturedom is and always has been, Paramount. "The Price Mark," a Thomas H. Ince production starring Dorothy Dalton, is a lewd, pointless story. Such productions as this furnish heavy artillery for the friends of censorship. It is doubtful if Paramount would have permitted a less noted producer than Ince to foist such a picture upon it. It is doubtful if Paramount will permit even Ince to repeat the offence.

THIS IS THE LIFE—Fox

George Walsh may not be the greatest comedian in the world—but he is by all odds the swiftest. In "This is the

(Continued on page 122)

By Miss Kelly

AFTER all, we have something to be thankful for, millions and millions of miles of it, in fact.

In these wheatless, meatless days, when it is easy to credit the bossy with having jumped over the moon, to the utter elevatingly unsettling of her lacteal gift to mankind; when the coal man, and the muslin man, and the shoe man, and every other blessed man engaged in life maintaining, seems to have followed in her acrobatic lead; when in fact it is almost more of a luxury to live, than the living warrants, there is one favor to be thankful for. The movie man has kept on terra firma, and so far, it is cheaper to be entertained than to be fed.

Nor is this done by scrimping on the entertainment. Not as the shrewd baker has done, are sly crimps taken in the celluloid product, nor is the sugar of romance sanded with too much superfluous padding. Contrariwise, reputable producers are all seeking toward improvement of their wares, more value for the money received.

That may sound over altruistic, but it isn't done from the kindness of their hearts, but from sound business sense. A good picture made is ensured a much longer life than a poor one—it can endure seeing and re-seeing and thus be sought for "repeat" engagements; it can stand up against a several days' run and profit from word of mouth advertising. It is an investment for the producer that returns real income.

This is not saying there are not quantities of poor films, for there are—yet. A lot of misguided people are making just any kind of pictures, and a misguided public is paying to see just anything. So the world is fairly full of film traps, just as it is of food falsities.

But, if one be a good marketer, with an eye to trade marks, and a consciousness of past things well done, one is competent to go a-shopping amongst the entertainment counters and pick up real bargains.

Even with the added mite of war tax, which gives everyone a grateful opportunity to do a tiny bit for liberty, here is an embarrassment of riches. For a dime, plus the war's penny, here is laughter and sweet tears, and brave battle, and tender love, and romance and history, and travel, and science and beauty and art. One cannot list impersonally all the imaginative wealth the whirling celluloid pours through the little eye of the projecting machine into the big eyes of the wondering world. The magnitude and the far-reachingness of it transcends even the best typewriting machine—even the most vivid vocabulary.

If the public follows the picture world, if it sees and remembers and patronizes those players who are good, those directors who are effective, those writers who put something into their stories, the public will be holding the picture industry within bounds by guiding it toward the kind of productions worthy of being paid a price to be seen. And producers, taking the box office tip, instead of wasting money and space on undesirables, will devote themselves to photoplays with quality in them—and we will still have the most expensive form of amusement for the lease expensive rate of tariff.

In the past month's seeing, there have been no particular whirlwinds of photoplay accomplishment, but there have been many sterling tales enhanced by nice mannered production which should serve to take some of the drab out of life, as the sands run now.

Thus, there is much to be thankful for.

A DAUGHTER OF MARYLAND—American-Mutual

Edna Goodrich sustains her reputation in this pleasant tale of peppery father and tyrannical daughter staged among some of our best people on a Maryland estate. Lithe and petite, she is almost Norma Talmadge.

(Continued on page 126)



In "The Adventurer" (Mutual) Chaplin does many clever stunts and a few very new ones, furnishing material for side-shaking laughter.

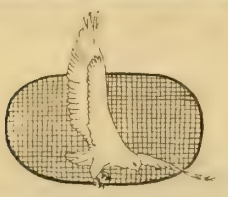


"Bondage" (Bluebird) exploits the talents of Dorothy Phillips. An interesting story, very well acted by the star and her supporting cast.



"The Burglar," (World) has force as well as entertaining value, and both qualities are augmented by good photography.









She Earns *Every* Penny

One of Irene Castle's most daring dives, filming "The Flower of Bohemia," at Marblehead, Mass.

"The wild and rock-bound coast," that we used to recite about, was the scene of another kind of pilgrimage, when the summer colony heard that Irene Castle would make a fifty-foot dive from a rocky promontory.

PHOTOPLAY possesses documentary proof, in the form of statements by witnesses, that the flying figure shown in this picture is the slim form of Irene Castle, diving across death-menacing rocks, into the water, fifty feet below.



KITTY GORDON, the "English Lillian Russell," who can afford to be unselfish and let others face the camera. She even turns her back to it with perfect equanimity. Do you blame her? And she has a fifteen-year-old beautiful daughter!

ANTONIO MORENO



WILLIAM DESMOND





ROBERT HARRON

"Quick, Genevieve—*the* Scissors!"

Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, of Madrid, Spain. Oh, you r-r-romance! "Tony's" had a corner on the market ever since he was born.

William Desmond, from the "bright little, tight little isle." Born in Dublin; educated in New York. Otherwise known as "Bill."

"Bobby" Harron's home again. He's been in the war zone making a Griffith picture. A few years ago he was a Biograph office boy.

Montague Love is an Englishman, but the kind that doesn't wear spats, a monocle, or carry a cane. He fought in the Boer War and he's one of their "finest."

Harold Lockwood hails from Brooklyn although he's been spending so much time in Hollywood, Cal., that they talk of running him for constable. Can you imagine a "constabule" named Harold?

When people go to see a Billie Burke-Tom Meighan picture, they go to see Tom just as much as they go to see Billie. Which is going some.

And here's Owen Moore, who doesn't appear in enough pictures to satisfy thousands of us. Where was he born? Three guesses! Right the first time. He and Bill Desmond came over in the Mayflower together.

MONTAGUE LOVE



©Photo by Lumiere

HAROLD LOCKWOOD





THOMAS MEIGHAN



OWEN MOORE



DORIS KENYON harmonizes with the background of blossoms just as well as with one of icicles and snow. But at that, she's a crack shot, can walk on snowshoes run on skiis, and has handled a team of eight Alaskan dogs.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Slander. We would like to see a photoplay in which organizations and institutions formed for the purpose of taking care of orphaned and destitute children, are not portrayed as being composed of cruel, selfish men and women. In isolated instances, there is failure to understand child psychology, and as in all matters where the human judgment must govern, occasional blunders are made. But there is no money in this business of taking care of helpless children, and the men and women who undertake the work would not do so unless they had the interests of the children at heart. Can we not have at least one picture showing the good that is done by child welfare societies?

Cleaning Up The Advertising. The press agent is a much abused person. So many tyros in the business of procuring publicity for stars have employed silly, fake stories, to get into print, that the profession as a whole has suffered. Now the condition is in a fair way to be redeemed, so far as moving picture publicity men are concerned, through the agency of the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. This body, organized more than a year ago, is composed of men who take their work seriously. Among other things that they have undertaken is the tracking down of exhibitors who indulge in sensational advertising. A film which may be clean in purpose, may have a scene which is capable of being interpreted as salacious by evil minded persons. Exhibitors here and there advertise this element, to attract sensation seekers. The A. M. P. A. is endeavoring to deal with the problem, and has accomplished a great deal in this direction. It was the A. M. P. A. also which originated the now nation-wide movement for co-operation of the film industry with the Government in its war measures. There is not a more earnest group of men in the industry than this. The association is a real power in the establishment of the art upon a dignified plane.

The Golden Year. This sad old year has been the greatest that the moving picture ever knew. Not that the productions themselves have been so much better than before, though there has been a steady improvement. Not that financial conditions have been more stable in the industry, though organizations do seem to be finding their level.

Vastly more important than these circumstances is the fact that never before has the moving picture received such recognition as a powerful agency in reaching the public. The Government has welcomed its co-operation in stimulating enlistment. The flotation of the Liberty Loans has been assisted immeasureably by the campaign carried on upon the screens. The food conservation movement has been aided, the Red Cross helped.

In brief, when America found herself face to face with a crisis, and it was necessary to reach the people instantly and forcefully, the men who were at the helm of the ship of state recognized in the moving picture as valuable an aid as the newspaper itself.

And the companies have come to the front with open hands. "Take what you need, that we can give," they have said. And when the history of America's swift mobilization of men and resources is written—an achievement that has struck terror to the heart of Germany, who sneered at "unprepared America"—no small part of that history will be the record of the part played by the toy of yesterday—the moving picture.

Acting Not One Round of Pleasure. On a recent visit to the New York studios Kitty Kelly, motion picture editor of the Chicago Examiner, found that the popular belief that a film player's life is one round of pleasure was a fallacy.

"I have been about to a number of theaters, both screen and stage, and about the streets a great deal and around in the hotels quite a lot," she writes, "but so far I have seen only two people out of their make-up and their studio, except at places of appointment. These two were Alice Joyce and Tom Moore detected at the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, dancing together very domestically.

"One reason you don't see so many about, so they say, is because they have to work so hard. They all tell harrowing tales about getting home at 6 or 7 o'clock, 'just so tired,' and being obliged to be on their way again in the morning between 8 and 9 o'clock."

No More "Count" Burlesque. The blessings of pain have been recounted all too often by the pollyanna philosophers, yet their maunderings carry a grain of truth. The end of the war is going to bring other profits than peace. It is going to bring, among other things, international understanding and sympathy—brotherhood, even—which will end forever the provincial absurdities which not only we, but the French, and the English, and other peoples, manifest especially in the arts of literature and drama.

Many years ago, when the late Charles Frohman was emerging from peanut-selling and program-passing, the "foreign count" was the

glorious prop of dull plays. Any laugh could be hung on him, any rag-and-bone heroine was applauded for snapping her fingers under his nose, papa and mamma cajoled him in, and the toil-hardened leading man usually knocked him out.

When the drama, like Jonah's whale, spewed this unlifelike and disgusting creature from its maw, the motion picture took him up. Intermittently, he has offended upon the screens for years. The war is going to end this stuff. We are learning that the Count and the Earl and the Marquis are just as common and dirty and glorious in the Champagne trenches as their brothers Tommy Atkins and Jean Poilu: men, no more and no less. For one, we are going to hiss the next time we have the "foreign count" flub-dub thrust at us in any American show, but we don't believe we will have the chance to hiss!

❦

The Perils of Walking Across the Street.

A man, walking across Broadway, New York, one day in March, 1916, was struck by an automobile driven by an intoxicated chauffeur, and instantly killed. It is obvious, therefore, that no person should walk across any street in any city in the world, for fear of being killed. This is the bland and childlike form of argument employed by a more or less obscure person signing himself "Willis J. Abbot," in an article in Metropolitan Magazine, entitled "The Perils of Writing for the Movies." Occasional scenarios are pirated, therefore all picture producers are pirates. How Mr. Abbot became established in the minds of the editors of the Metropolitan as an authority on anything concerning pictures, it would be interesting to know, for Mr. Abbot is unknown to the cinema world so far as can be learned. In a very lengthy article he accuses moving picture officials, directly and by innuendo, of every form of thievery possible in connection with scenarios. Mr. Abbot writes like a disappointed scenario peddler. The main indictment for stupidity, however, must be filed against the editors of the magazine, who are responsible for the dissemination of this misinformation, the libelous nature of which is manifest from the fact that the author studiously avoids naming persons and companies. If Metropolitan is going in for this sort of thing, why not have an essay by a prominent Oshkosh blacksmith on the prevalence of murder among university students.

❦

A Few Things Still "Wrong With the Movies."

Several things still stand in the way of "perfect," or even nearly perfect motion pictures.

One by one new literary factors are entering the industry, but their vigorous outcry against the weekness of plots and stories is merely a protest, not backed up by a capacity for a correction of the evils against which they complain.

For, to put it bluntly, the literary factors cannot themselves produce and direct pictures because of their utter lack of the technical essentials; while the greater number of directors now making pictures lack the literary, or cultural, or even dramatic training that any and all really good directors should possess.

So there you are.

The literary factors have refused to be "technical," in much the same spirit as that of the old-time editor, who avoided contamination by never inquiring how many dollars' worth of advertising came into his business office.

The technical factors, who know the mechanics and craftsmanship of picture-making, having attained maturity and a salary of several hundred dollars every seven days, have declined to acquire more refinement and the cultural niceties.

The author complains that no story is ever produced as he wrote and devised it. The director counters by saying that no author in the ranks of contemporary literature was ever able to write a story that could be produced as written.

Both are right.

When will this art-industry produce men combining these varied essential qualifications—men who know story values, dramatic requirements and possibilities, and the ability to translate this knowledge into film without interference or conflict?

When such men appear the greatest of screen problems will have been solved.

❦

What is the Secret of Success?

Plaintively a sick, tired, little girl writes, asking why it is that lucky chances make stars of some young women, while others with perhaps as much talent, working just as hard, passing, as she says, "through fire and brimstone" in their efforts to reach the top, get nowhere.

It is the eternal, unanswerable question. The pages of PHOTOPLAY record from month to month, the experiences of men and women who have succeeded, and who have, indeed, in many instances, owed that success to a bit of luck. But if that luck had not come their way, is it not probable that the genius for success would still have won its place, though perhaps by a longer road?

After all, the first element in success is to know what one can do. Perhaps the plaintive little girl is headed toward the wrong goal. And then, too, there are so many who mistake the envy of success for the talent to succeed. Yet we believe that the history of achievements for all time ring with the inspiration to fight on, so long as the fire of aspiration burns, and to cherish that altar fire so long as life itself endures. For there is a fierce, passionate joy, in going down to death among the fighters, that the coward, running away to safety, can never know.

GRIFFITH MYSTERY SOLVED

Ever since David Wark Griffith sailed for Europe, friends and competitors have been wondering what he was up to. Here is the answer. His next creation, in making which he has had the co-operation of the American, British and French governments, will show, not merely actual war scenes, but the social regeneration of England brought about by war conditions. All this will be woven into a drama, and shown on the screen.



In a trench, a Tommy explains to Griffith the mechanism of a Lewis Machine Gun.



Griffith and a group of ladies of British aristocracy at a social function near London. At Mr. Griffith's left is Lady Diana Manners, one of England's famous beauties; at his extreme right, Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the former Prime Minister.



Another group of notables on nurse duty at a London hospital, showing what society leaders are doing in the way of war service.



David Lloyd-George and Griffith on the terrace of the Prime Minister's house, No. 10 Downing Street, London.

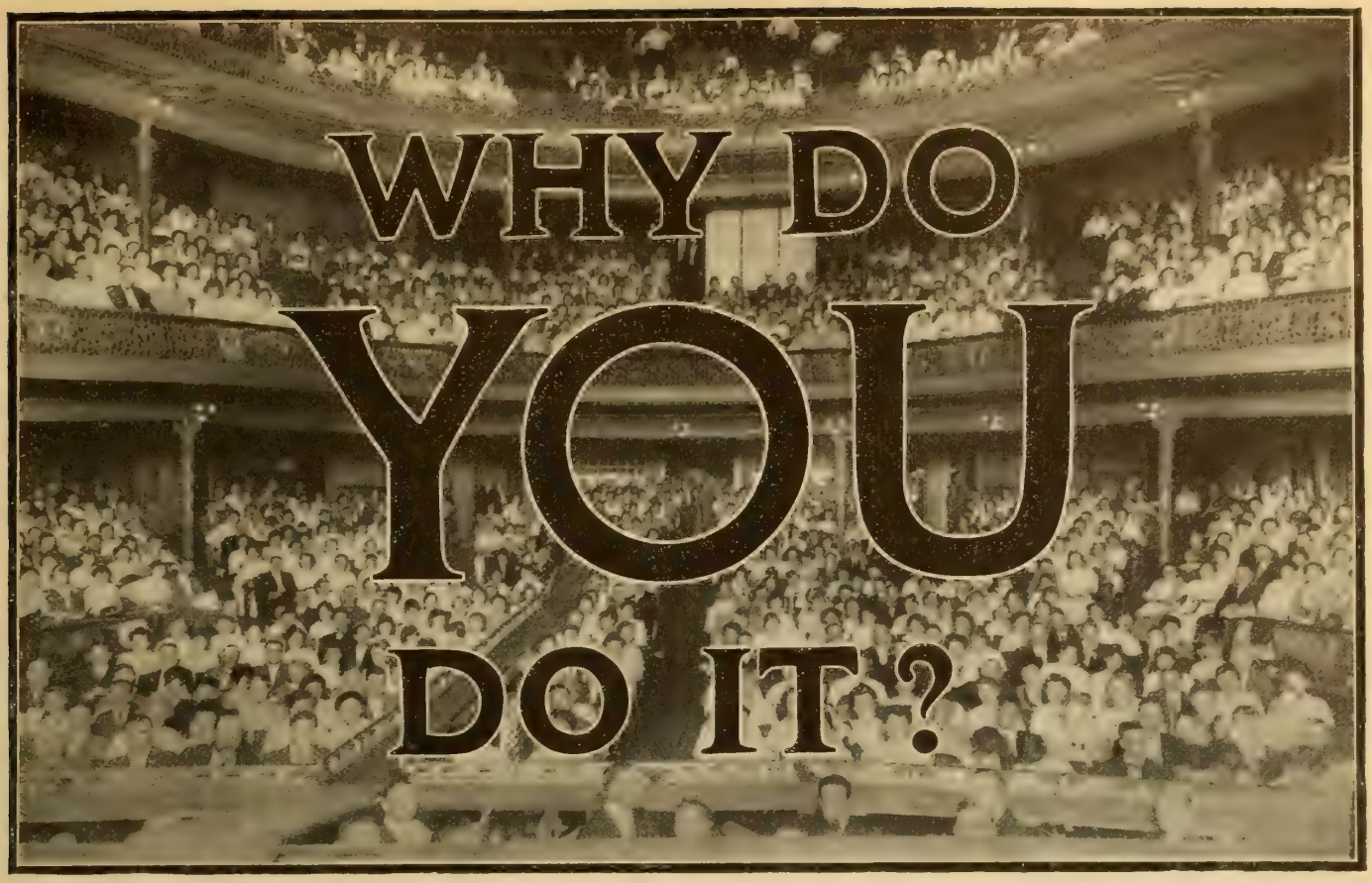


This Is What You Will See on the Screen—

Take a piece of paper about six inches square and cut out a hole the size of this diagram. Place it directly over the men in costume in the picture above, and you will see just what the camera registers

This Is What You Would See at the Studio

The above is a photograph of Arthur Ashley directing a scene for a World picture at the Fort Lee studio. Seated at the table are two villains plotting against Alexander Hamilton, one of the most romantic figures of American history. Director Ashley is urging Mr. Righthand Villain to pound the table with more emphasis. All you have to do is to imagine the din of a boiler factory: five directors shouting orders through megaphones, at players and cameramen; carpenters and property men at their favorite pastime of imitating an artillery duel with their hammers, and you are right there. It's a gay life — if your nerves are in condition.



BY THE MEN WHO MAKE MOVING PICTURES

Do you—you who pay your nickel, or dime, or quarter—want better pictures? It's up to you, and only you. If you continue to patronize prurient, sensational, "sex" pictures, pictures that are offensive to good taste, you must accept the responsibility for them. PHOTOPLAY *thinks the producers of America, as a class, are as high a type as can be found in any business. The writers of the following statements, are the chief executives of the six largest film companies—men with ideals, brains, business acumen, who have faith in their productions, and prove it by trade-marking their goods.*

By Adolph Zukor—*Paramount*

GIVE the public a chance and in the long run it will learn to discriminate. Five or six years ago when the photodrama was a "jitney" show, the public's sense of discrimination was at low tide. It has been rising steadily since those days, aided in no small part by the establishment of the feature picture, until now the day of atrocious "sets," "cheap" actors, puerile stories and "truck-driver" direction is almost a thing of the past.

The public can help the producer by letting him know that it *does* discriminate. No housewife will go to the grocery store and buy "a good scouring soap." She discriminates when she comes to pay her five cents and she asks for a particular brand that she knows is good because her mother found it good before her, because it has always lived up to its advertisements and because she has found it good herself.

No man will go to the drug store and ask for "a good safety razor." He knows a particular brand by its advertising, by what his friends have told him and by his own experience. Modern shopping is all done by particular brands, by the exercise of due discrimination, whether the price be a nickel for a cigar or $20,000 for an automobile.

So when people saunter to a moving picture show let them not forget there is a brand on the goods they are about to purchase. Here is where they can help the producer—in fact here is where they are helping the producer every day. When a big producing firm is striving honestly to provide the absolute best in the art, in stars, in direction in stories, in photography, in scenic equipment, in everything that enters into the production of the very best in moving pictures, the public can render a service by acknowledging the brand, by proving its sense of discrimination, by letting the exhibitor know that they "know."



Apeda

"The public can render a service by proving its sense of discrimination—by letting the exhibitor know it knows."

ADOLPH ZUKOR

Paramount

Honest criticism is good for the soul of the producer. I believe in your "Why Do They Do It?" department and I have given instructions that each just criticism of any Paramount picture shall be brought to the attention of those responsible.

I am happy to say that Paramount has figured least of all the big producing firms in the "Why Do They Do It?" column.

But this straightforward criticism of concrete points in production can only be a drop in the bucket after all. The criticism that hits the producer hardest is the criticism that means patronage or loss of patronage. The public can have an immense influence on the exhibitor by making known its appreciation of what is good, by its strong condemnation of what is bad, by its insistent demand for good pictures and for a theater whose surroundings will do the good pictures justice.

By Carl Laemmle—*Universal*

WHAT'S all this discussion about who is entitled to credit and who is entitled to blame for the movies? Why discuss a question when the answer is as plain as the nose on your face?

Let's play Frank Tinney for a few minutes. You ask me some questions and then I'll answer them. Then you ask me some more and I'll answer some more. Let's go:

First you must ask me if the actor is to blame for what's what in the movies.

Then I'll answer and say, "Bless your heart, no! He only does what the director tells him to do."

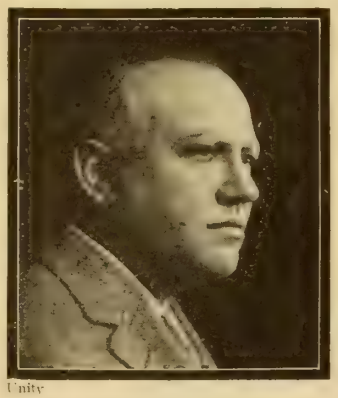
Then you ask me, "Is the director to blame?"

And I'll answer and say, "God bless you, no! He only puts on the picture the scenario department gives him to put on." (Ahem!)

Then your next question is whether the scenario department is to blame.

And I'll answer and say, "Certainly not. That department only carries out the orders given by the producers."

Then you ask me if the producer is to blame and I quickly reply, "I should say not! He only makes the kind



Unity

"The public is entitled to all the credit for all that's good in pictures —and all that's bad."

CARL LAEMMLE

Universal

of pictures the theatre owner demands."

"Aha," you must then say, "then the theatre owner is the fellow I've been looking for."

And I foil you by saying, "No, you're wrong, because the theatre owner only shows the kind of pictures that the public will pay money to see."

And with that, my secret is out. It is the public. The ultimate goat, the ultimate consumer, the ultimate kicker, the ultimate applauder, the ultimate maker or breaker, the very ultimost ultimate ult is the public.

Nobody else and nothing else. Argue as you will, the public is entitled to all the credit for all that's good in pictures. And by the same token he is entitled to all the blame for all that's bad.

He can MAKE the producer who produces the right sort of pictures and he can BREAK the producer who doesn't.

If the dear old ultimate goat—the public—wants baby dolls to smirk and grin all over the screen, then the theatre owner who shows the smirky and grinny pictures will wallow in wealth.

If the public wants vampires to vamp hither and yon in the studio, the producer who has the vamps will pile up coin of the realm.

If the public wants the leading man to throw custard pies into the heroine's face, the leading man who can throw the greatest number of custard pies will bring home the bacon, even if I mix my ingredients or metaphors in telling you about it.

Producers don't make pictures to please themselves. They make 'em to please the public, and if they guess what

"The faults of pictures are merely the bad manners of a young giant."

R. A. ROWLAND

Metro



White

the public wants today, they're lucky. To-morrow they may guess wrong. Yesterday and today and to-morrow are not twenty-four or forty-eight hours apart in this business. There is a chasm between them as deep as hell itself, and it's all because the dear old public is fickle, and has a perfect right to be. And knowing that it has a perfect right to be, it exercises its right some twenty-five hours out of every twenty-four.

For example (and incidentally to slip over a little publicity stuff on the entirely unsuspecting editor), we've just finished the first Mae Murray-Bob Leonard production for the Bluebird. It is stamped all over with class. It is the best thing of its kind I've seen in years. It represents the climax of the efforts of our whole staff. We think it's great —but the public, for all we know, may say it's rotten. And the dearly beloved public has the final guess. All the film critics in the world may say that "The Princess Virtue" is one grand and glorious picture; all the exhibitors may say so; you may say so. But whether we continue to make this kind of picture will depend entirely upon old Mister Pro Bono Publico, Mr. Veritas, Mr. Hoi Polloi, Mr. Proletariat, E. Pluribus Unum and Erin Go Bragh.

Hand the laurels for all that's good to the ultimate consumer.

But while you're doing that, give him a good swift kick for all that's bad.

He's responsible for both.

By Richard A. Rowland—*Metro*

OUR well known friend, the law of supply and demand, applies to motion pictures in what might be called "reverse English." Demand comes before supply, and supply is regulated absolutely by the demand of the motion picture public.

In the first place the public demanded nothing but cowboys and Indians, and the supply was forthcoming. Then



"Tell your theatre manager what you like and what you do not like— and tell him why, if you know."

J. R. FREULER

Mutual

came the more cultivated taste, cultivated by the pictures themselves, and our art rose to a position of genuine rivalry with the stage. Now, despite all the mistakes and all the crudities, the motion picture has so far surpassed the stage as an influence that we of the pictures no longer discuss it.

In our new art, for as arts go it is brand fire, spic and span new, it is inevitable that there should be a percentage of bad taste, of indifferent drama, of inferior staging and dressing of productions, but these are merely the bad manners of a young giant that has entered the arena against all contenders and who stands strong, conquering and magnificent as the ally of the human race.

Its culture will improve, its technique will advance, but remember always that the strength of the motion picture is its real claim to the crown.

"I do not expect the public taste to change for many, many years."

J. A. BERST

Pathe



© Underwood & Underwood

By John R. Freuler—*Mutual*

THE progress of the motion picture as a form of expression for art and thought is seriously hampered by the apathy and inertia of the public.

Most serious of all is the public indifference to the menace of censorship. The public apparently refuses to realize that it is very much more concerned in the freedom of the motion picture than are the picture makers—just as it is true that the public has much more at stake in the freedom of the press than the publishers have. Censorship is giving the people of many communities emasculated, mutilated picture productions, which have been subjected to the imbecilic editorship of censors who seek to enforce upon others their own narrow biggoted views of life and art. The public stands idly by and lets these miscrocopic souled censor-cranks dictate their picture diet. Any community which will stand for picture censorship needs a missionary.

The public also neglects its own rights and powers when it fails to give expression to its likes and dislikes in motion pictures. Applause is too infrequent in picture theatres, and expressions from the patrons to the management are too hard to get. If picture patrons would have more to say at the box office, if they would write letters to theatre managers as freely as they do to newspaper editors, if they would, in short, do their knocking and praising where it could be heard by those really interested, the picture producer would get the benefit, and the pictures would improve in line with the public expression more rapidly.

When the public merely stays away from a picture the producer's information is all negative. It may mean that the picture was not well presented or well advertised. Pictures which offered particular merit have failed for this reason. Poor pictures have made big profits on strong advertising, and yet have failed to please their audiences. This is particularly true of the flagrant type of "sex pictures."

Many excellent dramas of historic and foreign setting are now being refused by producers because most theatre managers have an impression that "costume stuff won't go with the public." This is probably not true, as repeated successes on the speaking stage indicate, yet the photoplay art will suffer from this restriction until the public supports some worthy producer in an effort to demonstrate the truth.

My advice to the public is "Look for the truth in film advertising and buy your amusement with just as much thought and care as you buy clothes and food. Above all, tell your theatre manager what you like and what you do not like—and tell him why, if you know."

By J. A. Berst—*Pathe*

JUST as the literature of a nation reflects its thought and tastes so does its drama. And if this is true, as everyone must admit that it is, it is true to an even higher degree of motion pictures for motion pictures are closer to the thoughts and tastes of the average man, woman and child than are most of the productions of the stage, the book and magazine publisher.

A moment's reflection will satisfy anyone as to the truth of this statement.

Dickens' "The Tale of Two Cities," George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and works of that character are representative of English fiction at its best, but are they really popular in the true meaning of the word?

They are not, and if one stopped a hundred persons at random on the street and asked them one after another if they had read these works he would be fortunate indeed to find five who could answer in the affirmative.

Some of the plays of Shakespeare are compulsory reading in the public schools. If they were not compulsory reading only two or three persons out of a thousand would be able to honestly say they had read them. In other words they are "too deep" for the popular taste. The biggest sellers, as everyone knows, are the kind of books that before the day of the popular magazine could be found in paper covers on every newsstand marked at a price of from ten to twenty-five cents. And the list of authors represented did not show Dickens, George Eliot, Shakespeare, et al., but Laura Jean Libby and Bertha Clay.

Sam Brown works in a foundry all day. When he reads, if he reads at all, he selects a newspaper or the lurid fiction of a cheap magazine. His own life lacks romance—it is only natural that he should seek it in Gargantuan heroes, and beautiful and daring heroines. He also likes plenty of pep, the rattle of gunplay and the galloping of horses. Gertie Green, who sells women's wear behind the counter all day, likes the same sort of literature. Tom White in his fine offices in the financial section, from morning to night wrestles with big schemes and thinks big figures. Does he want to read Ibsen to remove the taste of dollars from his lips? Not he. He has a fellow feeling with the late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts who was wont to refresh his mind with the wildest kind of detective stories.

Mrs. Thomas White bears out the truth of Kipling's verse that "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin." She is apt to have a sneaking fondness for literary "trash" however much she may talk in public about Browning and the rest of the high brow crew. Who can blame them? Recreation is the doing of that thing which is farthest removed from one's daily toil.

In such literature they are living in an atmosphere which is very different from that in which they really dwell. That is why that certain elements of adventure, romance, mystery and villainy are demanded and received by motion picture audiences. Psychological studies do not go. The motion picture audience doesn't want to think too deeply. The persons who compose it are too wearied with the daily struggle of life to wish to do that.

They prefer to be carried along by the strong current of

(Continued on page 131)

Mothers Plus

When the ugly duckling turns out to be a beautiful swan, most mothers are satisfied to sit back and say, "Isn't my child the most wonderful child in the world, and am I not, therefore, a wonderful person?" Here are a few mothers whose children have won real laurel wreaths, but who are real partners, and do not waste time merely crowing.



It was Mrs. Mersereau who introduced Violet to films in the first place, and she has never relaxed her interest, even now that Miss Violet is a star. She especially supervises the handling of the flood of mail received by her sunny daughter.





Mrs. Flugrath, as a child, wanted to go on the stage. Her parents wouldn't let her. She got even with her parents by having three daughters of her own, and putting them all on the stage as soon as they could toddle, and later she put them into pictures. One of these girls is Viola Flugrath, better known as Viola Dana.

Alice Joyce's mother used to be a considerable help in the matter of wardrobe and other intimate details. That was before Alice Joyce, Jr. arrived upon the scene. "Mother isn't a bit of use to me any more," says Alice, "she's so crazy about the baby." But if mother is any more crazy about the baby than Alice herself, Mattea-wan yawns for her.



Mrs. Connelly's function in the career of Bobby is almost that of a policeman. Bobby gets all fixed up for a scene, and then he slips out for a minute or two, and when he comes back he needs an entirely new makeup. So his mother is kept very busy preventing Bobby from spoiling his camera togs.





Gladys Brockwell calls her mother "Billy." They are more like sisters than mother and daughter, and often are mistaken for such. Mrs. Brockwell is especially clever in the designing of costumes, and supervises the extensive wardrobe of Miss Gladys. She is also secretary to the popular Fox star, "And so I manage to keep her out of mischief," says Gladys.

Norma Talmadge's mother is one of the best business women in the world of moving pictures. She has scrutinized every contract the petite Norma ever made—save perhaps the personal contract with Mr. Joseph Schenck. She is as much at home in the studio as is her clever daughter. Now that Norma is married, she devotes most of her time to her other daughter, Constance.

Clothes Do Not

Concerning a new-
A "Lady" Whose

By Kenneth



Above—Bill Eltinge. The cowboys put him up against a bad actor horse, but Eltinge subdued the horse; then he offered to lick any three of the cow gentlemen.

At right—They're both Eltinge. How was the "lady" made shorter? Ask the photographer.

NO re-fined gent would call a "poifect" lady *Bill*. Yet what can a guy do when that's the lady's monacker? Bill is a perfect lady, yet he is a regular fellow to boot. To the wide, wide world he is known as Julian Eltinge, but "the fellers call him Bill," as Bill Dalton is his real honest-to-goodness name.

Percy Hammond, the famous dramatic critic, once called Julian the ambi-sextrous comedian and that neat and nifty appellation has clung to him ever since.

Julian, being a husky, two-fisted man, didn't care much for this impersonation of women stuff at first and only did it at amateur theatricals when he was at school in Boston. Then someone offered him a job in vaudeville and managers kept crowding more money on him as his popularity increased, so Julian decided to make it a regular job and be a perfect lady. If you don't believe being a perfect lady is some job just spend a few days with Julian-Bill.

In the first place, Bill likes to go out with the crowd, conceal himself behind a dipper of brew and pass the time of day until they come in to scrub out. Too much amber is liable to cause a slipping of the chest, so Bill, while his playmates were pounding the ear or ringing for ice water, had to be up bright and snappy in the gym trifling with the rowing machine or medicine ball. Then there are a lot of little tricks that the fair sex puts over on the masculine



Make the Woman

comer in "Cinemania,"
Name Is "Bill"

McGaffey

gender that are done so quietly that the m. g. don't notice them. Bill had to figure these all out and learn them himself. Pretty soon the women had to admit the best dressed and best looking representative of their sex wasn't.

After becoming a sensation in vaudeville, Bill was starred at the head of his own company and, in the language of the theatre, "mopped up" to such an extent they even named a big New York theatre after him.

Bill has gone after the silent drama with the same "wim and wigor" that he went after the "talkies." He likes working in pictures and wants to stay with them. Judging from the success he has made in his first two he probably will. At first, getting up early in the morning was something new in Bill's life. The time he had to arise to get to the studio at the scheduled hour was just two hours after his usual bed time and it was a week or more before he could get over the surprise of seeing so many prominent people up before noon.

Jesse L. Lasky went to Bill several years ago and came away with a contract for Eltinge's appearance in the photo-drama, so when Bill shut up his theatrical season this past Spring, he came out to the Lasky studio to take a stab at the capering chromos.



Photograph copyrighted by Strauss-Peyton



Photograph copyrighted by Strauss-Peyton

Above—Julian Eltinge in one of his vaudeville make-ups. He's often been the most beautiful "woman" on the program. At left—as his friends know him. A "regular guy," and one of the best hosts in New York or Southern California.



"Huh—you think you're a grand lady, don't you?" said Mary Pickford to Julian Eltinge.
"What if I told them I saw you smoking a pipe in your dressing room this morning."

For a while—until everyone got used to him—Bill was the studio sensation and the Hollywood scandal, and it was not until the fellows got so they could go up to him and borrow a cigarette without tipping their hats that the studio began really to know him.

Some twenty trunks heralded Bill's arrival, and the first day he went to work all other toil was suspended. Bill has a habit of forgetting he is a lady in going to and from his dressing room and the stage; consequently, the display of hosiery is well worth while. So when a handsomely gowned young woman crossed the stage with her beautiful evening gown hiked up so as not to interfere with her knees, traffic stopped, one property boy dropped a perfectly good vase so he could signal with both hands to his mates, a carpenter paused to look, but not in hammering, so took a smashed thumb to the doctor; three juveniles nearly swallowed their cigarettes, and "gossips' row" gave three cheers, because there was somebody new on the lot to talk about. Everyone ran towards the Eltinge set as if it was on fire, took a good eyefull, discovered who it was and dashed away to entice others to fall, so "a pleasant time was had by all."

The studio wasn't the only place that suffered severely from shock. One fine noon the Ladies' Auxiliary, or some other organization, adjourned their meeting and passed out onto the sidewalk to discuss hats and other vital topics overlooked in regular session. At the same time Bill, who had been up since six, dressed in a big picture hat and a

low-and-behold evening gown since nine, let his appetite get the best of him, stuck a pre-luncheon cigar in his mouth, leaped into a raceabout and started up the boulevard on high search of food.

The members of the Ladies' Auxiliary took one look at the painted, shameless huzzy, who, in the broad light of high noon, clad in a bold evening gown and smoking a cigar drove a racing car up the main thoroughfare. They turned around, went back to the place of assemblage, took a rising vote that the Photodrama was immoral, and went to work to find the correct grammar with which to draw up a set of resolutions to be presented to the city council demanding that the entire picture profession be shot at once, and not to wait for sunrise.

A lot of the men folks of the village got a glimpse of Bill going by, so when he came back from the hotel to the studio, a distance of over a mile, the curb was lined with people until the scene looked like a circus parade-day in Dubuque, or the departure of the first draft for the training camps.

A lot of Wally Reid's cow gentlemen "allowed" they didn't think much of a man that would parade around in woman's clothes, so when the day came for Bill to do a little Western stuff, assisted by the cow hands, said cowhands worked far into the night to find a horse, sore enough at the world to toss Bill into the distance.

To remind the horse that life was not all it seemed, they carefully inserted a small but ambitious fragment of California cactus between the horse's cuticle and the saddle blanket. Bill, unsuspecting, boarded the horse and for ten minutes had a very busy time, but he never "pulled leather" and the horse was ready to quit before Bill was. Then when Bill dismounted and offered to lick any three of the cowhands, they unanimously agreed that the clothes do not necessarily make the woman and that Bill was a sure-enough he-man.

The world is "agin" so-called female impersonators at the start and Bill had hardly climbed into his first petticoat before he knew that he was up against a battle. He couldn't be a near impersonator. If he wanted to succeed he would have to make the women themselves admit he was the most graceful, most beautiful and the best dressed representative of their sex. He did this and it was some hard job, for you can imagine the gyrations of the feminine angora when the fair sex was forced to admit that a mere man could wear their own clothes better than they could.



White

Bill had to be "considerable" bluffer to get what he wanted from the dressmakers. When he started in he didn't know the difference between chiffon and a bias tuck.

So far the star has done three pictures and has now hiked back to New York to buy some new gowns and that is "something else again." When he started in, Bill didn't know the difference between chiffon and a bias tuck or whether a lavalliere was worn about the neck or carried in the hand, like a vanity bag. He had to get up on all that dope—which is a life work in itself, so he could tell the dressmakers how to make women's clothes, which is about as easy as to tell a barber how to cut hair. When Bill told some Parisian modiste he wanted to get an alpaca effect with a stein of tulle, or wanted a dash of bitters in the guimp, or some similar technical point, he had to know what he was talking about, or bluff them into thinking he did, and as there is probably more bluff used in dressmaking than there is thread, Bill had to be "considerable" bluffer in order to get what he wanted. *(Continued on page 135)*

Hydrant-Headed Reform

By Edward S. O'Reilly

Author of "Temperamental Tim" and "A Whack at the Muse."

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

THERE'S no use in talkin', unless old man Skidmore fattens my pay envelope, I'm goin' to quit. When I took this job at Celestial City as corral boss and general trouble man around the lot, there was nothin' said about mental anguish. Since that Tim Todhunter person came here to act them bad man parts, I've had a chronic case of mental anguish.

Now I stood for old Tim when he thought he was in love with the leadin' lady, and I nursed him through a severe attack of higher aspirations, but there's one place I draw the line. If he ever reforms again I'm goin' to Flanders.

Tessie Truelove was partly to blame for this last trouble, although the poor little kid meant well and was tryin' to help. That's the worst of this old man eatin' bandit; you can never tell how advice is goin' to take on him.

You see we were about knee deep in the middle of one of these western pictures and Tim was the villain. He sure does make a sweet villain, with that concrete face and that battered nose. He just naturally registers the intent to murder.

One day Skidmore comes to me with a worried look.

"Slim," says he, "I want you to round up that old fool Todhunter. He's delayin' the game. Been on a forty-eight hour drunk and this afternoon, just when I need him for that hangin' scene, he has gone down town. The last report I had he'd pried up hell and put a chunk under it and the native sons are takin' to the redwoods. Just go down and beat some sense in his head."

That there suggestion gave me pause, as the fellow says. Tim is one of these kind of inebriates that always believes in doin' his winter drinkin' before the fall round up and he's seventeen years ahead of his schedule. It takes him about three days to get properly drunk. When he gets to the yellin' stage he ain't fit company for man or beast.

I don't know whether I've rightly impressed on you the fact that this Tim Todhunter is a real bad man. Down on the Rio Grande the she wolves and wild cats used to point to him as a shinin' example for their young cubs.

The idea of me goin' down there and mixin' it with him failed to fill me with glee. I'm not exactly a novice in assault and battery or mayhem, but I ain't goin' to match a fight with him unless there's absolutely no other way out. So I called on Tessie Truelove for help.

"Tessie," I pleads, "it's up to you to lead him back to the lot. He sets a powerful store by you and you can make him do anything you says."

So Tessie says she will. She seems to enjoy makin' old Tim jump through the hoops.

Well in a little while she brings him back and the old man shoots that hangin' scene. That scene was mostly fightin' and the old man was just tickled to death. He was the only one in that scene that was pleased, unless Tim might have takin' a kind of morbid satisfaction in beatin' up them extras.

For the next few days things seemed to be goin' smooth. Tessie had old Tim in tow most of the time and they seemed to be gettin' right confidential. Two or three times she takes him to town to some meetin' but I didn't know what they were until it was too late. I had noticed that Tim was on the water wagon, but just set it down to Tessie's good influence. One day he comes into the bunk house and starts one of them confidential talks.

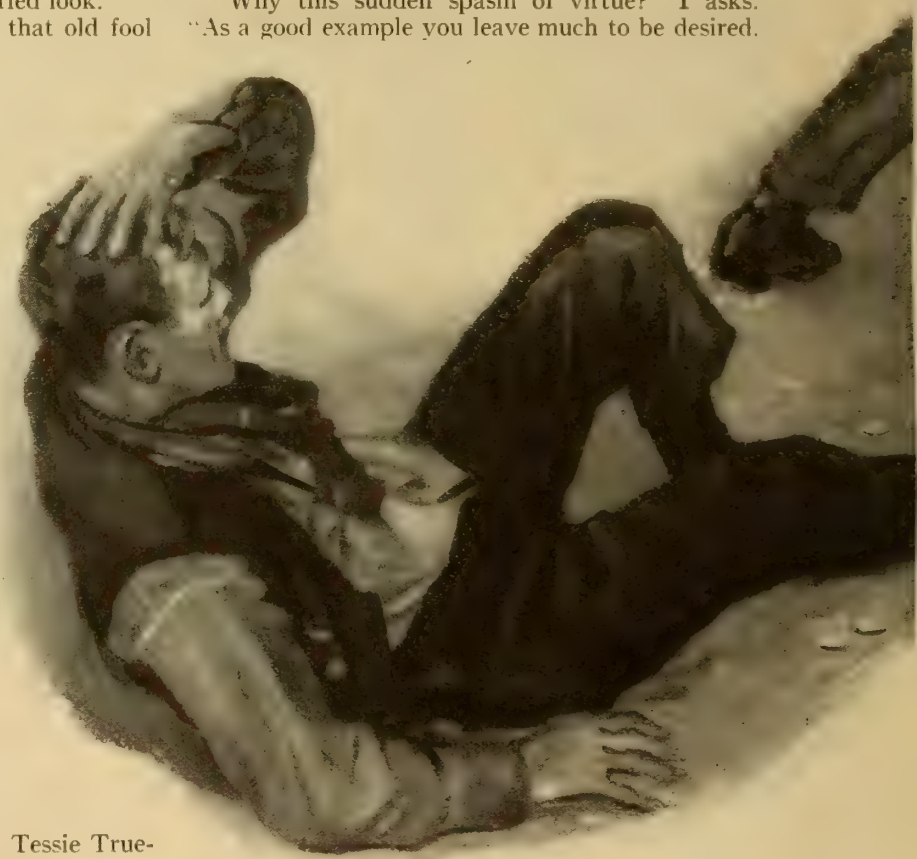
"Slim, I want to ask you to cut out that demon strong drink," says he. "It ruins your brains, if you had any, rots your insides and plays hell with your moral fibre."

"You ain't got no call to go castin' aspersions on me," I declares with some heat. "Of course I may take a little snifter now and anon, but I know when to draw the line. I ain't paid a fine now in five months."

"Yes, but think of the example you set the young men under you," he argues.

You couldn't be expected to catch the pithiness of this remark unless you knowed the wild eyed bunch of human hyenas that I have to look after. All them extra cow punchers and stunt men.

"Why this sudden spasm of virtue?" I asks. "As a good example you leave much to be desired.



You're the best catch as catch can, left handed drinker, that ever licked a bartender, bar none."

"Don't Slim, please don't," he begs. "I don't like to hear them references to my wayward past. I used to be a moderate drinker, but all that is gone. I've joined the Law and Order League."

"Why in Sam Hill did you do a thing like that?" I yells. Law and order is two things old Tim has consistently neglected to practice.



"I started projectin' up and down the street thinnin' out these rum inhalers, and if the police had let me alone I'd have been through before sundown."

"Well I don't mind tellin' you that it was Tessie Truelove that made me see the error of my ways," he admits. "Slim that is sure one grand little woman. Slim, you wouldn't believe what high ideals and horse sense that little lady has concealed in her bosom. She told me a lot about it herself.

"'Tim,' says she, 'you don't know what ruin the demon rum is wroughting to the manhood of our fair land. It's a damn shame,' she says, 'the way these gilded dens cater to the unsuspecting thirst of the youth of our country. Why,' she says, 'I've seen many a man carryin' home a bottle of whiskey when he didn't have a thing to eat in the house.'

"That hit me all of a heap, because many's the time, in the old days, I did that very thing. So I go with her to a few of these Law and Order meetin's and now I've joined the bunch and also the Anti-Liquer League and the W. C. T. and U. Why the night I joined I was so full of enthusiasm, not havin' anything else for five days, that I made a little speech.

"From now on," I told them, "I'm agin' this demon rum hoof, horn and hide. Any man that I catches defendin' the devilish traffic I'm goin' to bust him wide open. Before you, Slim, you see a reformed bein'. With regret I look at my past, but with grim determination I gaze forward at a cold water future."

When the old fool gets that way there ain't any manner of hope of changin' him, so I shut up and let him rave. In fact, I was rather pleased at Tessie's work, because I figured that old Tim on the water wagon would be easy to handle. Right there is where I reckoned without my hostages, as the poet says.

It was along about noon the next day when I got a wild bleat for help from Skidmore. I rushed down to the office and this is what he told me.

"The dad blamed old catamount is down town runnin' completely wild. He must be crazy. The last report I had he's cleaned out four saloons and whipped the police force. They've got him backed up in a blind alley now, and are buildin' barbed wire entanglements around him. For the love of Mike get down there and see if you can stop the slaughter."

It was all over when I got there. The chief of police had called out the night shift and fire department and they'd overpowered poor Tim by sheer weight of numbers. He was in a cell and that face of his hadn't been a bit improved by the foot prints they'd made on it. But old Tim was still feelin' fit and rearin' to go.

"Thought you was on the water wagon," I sneered, through the bars, which is the best way to sneer at Tim.

"So I am," he yells, "and you just wait until I get out of here and every other rum hound in this town will be ridin' it with me. I've cleaned up four of them dens of vice already but I've only finished one side of Main Street. Wait till I start and work back."

"Oh, that's it," says I. "You was just enforcin' law and order. It's that dad blamed reformation that's been workin' in your system. How did it start?"

"Well, I was takin' a little sashay down the street, droppin' in to them saloons and tellin' the boys that this demon rum was rottin' the fabric of their souls. Then one of these booze peddlers told me to shut up because I was takin' the shingles off his roof.

"So I up and told him that he was a panderous debaucher of the fair fame of our country, and should be rid on a rail. At that he spoke right impudent to me so I combed his hair with a chair. That's the way it started.

"Havin' begun it I thought there was no better time to finish, so I started projectin' up and down the street, thinnin' out these rum inhalers. I did right well too, and if the police had let me alone I'd have been through before sun down. The way them police acted proves what Tessie Truelove told me. They're in cahoots with the liquer traffikers.

"Slim you just bail me out and let me resume operations right where I left off. I think it was the third door from the corner of Olive and Main Streets."

Right there I did some hasty figuerin'. I knew that Tim would do just what he said he would. So I beat it down to the desk sergeant and called up Tessie Truelove.

"You've started somethin' you've got to help finish," I told her. "Come down here and help control this fire eatin' pacifist before he makes this town a howlin' wilderness."

She was game all right and came right down. When I told her all about it she laughed right merrily and says:

"Oh that's easy. Let him out and I'll take care of him."

So I bailed him out and Tessie nails him at the door and off they went arguin' down the street. After he'd calmed down a little bit Tessie archly asked him if he'd buy her a little glass of beer.

"What," roars Tim, with the light of hope in his eyes. "Don't us fellows who's enlisted in the war against rum have to stay on the water wagon?"

"Now Timmy, dear," she coos. "Tell me, did you ever drink much rum?"

"Well no, Miss Tessie," admits Tim, "I usually drink corn whiskey or mescal."

"Well then," Tessie explains, "as long as you show your attitude toward the rum traffic and vote for prohibition and woman's suffrage, there isn't any harm in an occasional glass of the milder grades of whiskey."

"The saints be praised," says Tim. "I'll vote the prohibition ticket, and I've shown my attitude toward the rum traffic all down the north side of Main Street. Let's cross over to the south side and have a drink."

So they did. Tim orders a seidel of whiskey and when Tessie leads him back to the lot that evenin' he was lookin' more normal and actin' more natural than he had at any time since he got this law and order disease.

I slipped Tessie a ten spot for her trouble and everybody seemed satisfied. But I was still uneasy. Tim was just wandering around by himself, kind of singin' a song under his breath. Tim is like a volcano; he usually rumbles that way before he explodes. I was afraid he might break out in some new kind of uplift.

So I called on Archie Warrigan. Archie is a cow-eyed perfect thirty-six who plays them he hero roles in the love pictures. He always goes around recommendin' himself very high to everybody he meets.

"Archie, here's a chance to do me a good turn and also make a little money," I told him. "You know I want to keep Tim Todhunter out of town tonight until he kind of simmers down. There's one thing he just can't resist and that's a game of poker. Now you take him down to the bunk house and keep him busy playin' cards until the saloons are closed. Don't take his money too fast. Let him last through the evenin'."

"Will I?" agrees Archie. "I'm just the boy to clean up the rube. Lead me to him."

It was maybe two or three hours later when one of the stable boys sneaks up and hands me a note. This is what it said:

"Dear Slim,—

Please come quick. I want to go home. Come to the shack back of the corral. Bring a pair of pants, a coat, a pair of shoes and a shirt. I have a hat.

"Archie."

When I read that note I felt a load roll off my mind. I knew that old Tim was normal again. Archie's hat is too small for him anyway.



"I've shown my attitude toward the rum traffic all down the north side of Main Street. Let's cross over to the south side and have a drink."

LADY GUNMEN

Out at Culver City the girls are growing militant and several of them are quick on the trigger, and not one of them is afraid of the smell of powder—they're used to various kinds.



Louise Glaum started it. She handles her six-gun with all the sincerity of Douglas Fairbanks himself, though she is still lacking in some of his more subtle technique.



Margery Wilson prefers the old-fashioned shotgun for her private feuds, a habit she acquired in the filming of "Mountain Dew."



The desperate character at the left is Ruth Stonehouse. She shoots as well without a gun as with one.



Olive Thomas didn't know the difference between a blank cartridge and a safety catch, when she came to Culver City not long ago. Now she has all the cowboys cowed.



Alma Rueben would strike greater terror to the heart of the individual looking into the business end of the revolver, if the smiling lips did not belie the piercing glance.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

HERBERT BRENON is definitely "on his own," as forecasted in this chronicle of current and prospective events, two months ago. In other words, he is going to make his pictures first, without entangling alliances, and sell them afterwards. The practical advantage of this is that Mr. Brenon is not hampered by the ideas of any one distributor of photoplays. He does not have to cut his cloth to fit anyone. He has already completed "Empty Pockets," from Rupert Hughes' novel, has begun "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," from Hall Caine's novel, and about the first of the year will begin a *magnum opus,* "Kismet," from Edward Knobloch's play, with Otis Skinner in his great role of Hajj.

THE death of Jack Standing recently in Los Angeles came at the end of a long illness. He was born in London, the youngest of the seven sons—all actors—of Herbert Standing, the English player. Jack Standing's early education had as its goal the Navy, but though he graduated from an English naval school and was appointed a second lieutenant, the love of the theatre was too strong an inheritance to be resisted. He left the Navy and joined the stage, playing a succession of engagements in England, coming to America with Olga Nethersole. Some time later he joined the Lubin forces, at Philadelphia, where he remained for five years. Standing was 31 years old, unmarried, and had played with nearly every company on the Coast.

IF the talkies had carried out their idea of several years ago, and barred from the stage any players who appeared in pictures, here are a few of the notables now appearing in Broadway productions who would be missed by this season's playgoers: Marie Doro, Billie Burke, Maclyn Arbuckle, William Gillette, Marjorie Rambeau, Ernest Truex, Jane Cowl, Juliette Day, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Constance Collier, Julia Sanderson, Barney Bernard, Willard Mack, Vincent Serrano, Irene Castle, and dozens of other stars, to say nothing of the hundreds of secondary players. The productions which would be robbed of their principal attractions are "Misalliance," "A Successful Calamity," "Eyes of Youth," "De Luxe Annie," "The Very Idea," "The Riviera Girl," "Peter Ibbetson," "Anthony in Wonderland," "Rambler Rose," "Business Before Pleasure," "Tiger Rose," and the big show at the Century.

PATRIOTIC note: Clara Kimball Young presented Liberty Bonds to the members of the New York Giants who made home runs during the recent altercation with the Chicago White Sox. She sustained no financial loss.

ANITA STEWART has lost in her attempt to leave Vitagraph before her contract expired. It is probable that she will appeal to the supreme court of New York state against the injunction holding her to her agreement, but meanwhile her plans, whatever they may have been, have been interrupted. And if she eventually loses, it will mean that she will have to work just that much longer for Vitagraph, as her contract calls upon her to make up for any lost time.

FILM followers all over the world will mourn the recent death of Florence La Badie, one of the first screen stars to attain international prominence. Miss La Badie died at the Ossining, N. Y., hospital on the night of October 13 after a six weeks' illness following a nervous breakdown. She was 23 years old, a native of Canada and one of the noted stars who began her career with the old Biograph. For years she was with Thanhouser at New Rochelle, N. Y., where she resided, and it was with this company in "The Million Dollar Mystery" that she became known wherever pictures are thrown on a screen. Another of her early portrayals of note was that of Mary in "The Star of Bethlehem." Her last work was done in "The Man Without a Country," which was released the week of her death. Miss La Badie was a fine athlete, an accomplished linguist and among film players one of the best loved members of the profession.

LOUISE G. EDWARDS has asked the superior court of Los Angeles county to free her from the so-called bonds of wedlock. Which would be of no particular interest were it not for the fact that Mrs. Edwards happens to be the "peacock siren," likewise the "vampire de luxe," Louise Glaum. The other party to the matrimonial contract is Harry Ed-



Recently Mary Pickford paid a visit to the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. It was a great day in the lives of those tots. Mary sincerely loves children. That's the secret of her charm, perhaps. She really likes folks. So they must like her.



Campbell

Florence LaBadie, whose untimely death robs filmdom of one of its best loved and most talented players.

wards, a director of comedy, until recently with Universal. Almost simultaneously Miss Glaum announced that she had terminated her Triangle contract, though without the consent of that company, so that she may encounter some legal difficulties in that direction also.

JULIAN ELTINGE quit the Lasky lot after completing his third photoplay. The well known impersonator of beautiful woman has definitely decided to forsake the stage for at least two years and devote his time and energy to the screen.

TRIANGLE is making a warm fight on the stars who have quit that company following the break with Tom Ince. The first action was instituted to prevent the release of the first Hart picture on the Artcraft program, "The Narrow Trail." A temporary injunction was awarded Triangle, whereupon both sides prepared for a strenuous court battle. Triangle alleges that the scenario was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who at the time was under contract to that company. Hart alleges that he wrote the story himself and has submitted numerous affidavits to prove his authorship. Triangle also promises to prevent any showing of photoplays in which Bessie Love is to be starred. Miss Love signed a contract with Pathe after hurdling her Triangle contract.

NELL SHIPMAN is back with Vitagraph after something like a year in retirement, a year spent in traveling and writing screen and magazine yarns.

WHEELER OAKMAN, who may be remembered for his portrayal of *Kirk Anthony* in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," is now with Bluebird and will be seen opposite Mae Murray. Casson Ferguson, a well known stage player, is in the same company.



Though "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," still the camera demands a certain amount of make-up, and an accommodating Vitagraph property man rigged up this dressing table to fit into Miss Joyce's automobile

EVER hear of Patrick Fitzgerald, film star? 'Course not, but girls, if you promise to keep it quiet, we'll tell you who it is. Well, it's Creighton Hale, that delightful young gentleman of the serials you've all been writing the Answer Man about to find out if his hair is really blond and if he is married and what kind of a collar he wears. If it hadn't been for a lawsuit which Creighton filed recently, we would have remained in ignorance, probably for years, that he's Patrick, rather than Creighton and Fitzgerald instead of Hale. Anyhow, what's in a name? as Carl Laemmle, or somebody, said.



Don't scold Vivian Martin for getting her nice clothes all muddy. The director made her do it. And Paramount can afford to buy her a newdress, anyhow.



In "Rasputin, the Black Monk," there is a scene where the Russian enemies of the monk chop a hole in the ice and throw his body into the water. To create realism a section of the floor of the World Studio was removed and a large tank installed. Large blocks of ice totalling two tons in weight, were laid upon the surface of the water, then sprayed and frozen together by apparatus such as is used in making artificial ice. Eight tons of salt was distributed about the floor to give the impression of snow, and a freezing temperature was maintained. The night effect was obtained by a skillful arrangement of lights.

CLIFFORD BRUCE was badly injured recently when his automobile dropped down an elevator shaft on the second floor of a New York garage. Bruce was backing the machine to the elevator when someone started it down and he was unable to stop the car. He was thrown out and sustained a broken nose, wrenched back and lacerated face. Bruce was playing in "Blue Jeans" with Viola Dana at the time of the accident.

EARLE FOXE has been acquired as Constance Talmadge's new leading man and will make his first appearance

with the younger Talmadge in "The Honeymoon." As the name would imply, most of the scenes were made at Niagara Falls.

UNIVERSAL made a revolutionary move recently when all comedy companies and all others not engaged on feature pictures and serials were summarily dismissed. For many years Universal was noted for its miles of short length films and the discontinuance in the manufacture of these pictures is taken in some quarters as marking the passing of the nickel theater. The ostensible reason assigned is the increased tax on films. Even the old reliable firm of Lyons and Moran ceased operations at Universal City, although both these comedians are retained on the payroll by virtue of a long term contract. In the general upheaval, nearly a score of writers and others connected with the scenario department were dismissed, while about 200 players of varying degrees of importance were handed the much dreaded blue envelopes. More than forty companies have been active at one time on the big Universal "lot" where an even dozen now work.

THERE are now two "kiddie" companies working at the Fox West Coast studio. The new one is headed by Georgie Stone, one of the famous Fine Arts kiddies of another day, and the director is Sidney Franklin, of the firm of Franklin Brothers, kid play specialists. Georgie went to Culver City from Fine Arts and played in a number of productions. He was the first leading man in the Fine Arts kiddie company which was directed by the Franklin brothers, so must be regarded as a pioneer in the "game." (He is six years old.) The first production with Master Stone will be "Ala Baba and the Forty Thieves."

CHARLEY CHAPLIN made a trip to Honolulu prior to beginning work at his new Hollywood studio. He was accompanied on the trip by Rob Wagner, a well known author, who it is said, is writing Charley's autobiography. It will be Charley's second "story of my life." The first one, which ran serially in a newspaper syndicate, was summarily stopped by the famous comedian because the writer who was autobiogging him interpolated some incidents that Charley said had never happened. It was the stop order on this autobiography that led to the feud between Charley and Lord Northcliffe, the London publisher who was running the serial story in one of his newspapers. The publisher retaliated with charges that the comedian was a slacker and for a time he made things very disagreeable for the funny fellow.

DOROTHY BERNARD is back under the Fox colors after a lengthy absence from the screen. She "comes back" in "Les Miserables" with William Farnum and Jewel Carmen. Miss Carmen is to be starred by Fox in the near future.

CONWAY TEARLE is now an accredited citizen of Cinemania. He became a full-fledged Cinemaniac by journeying from "the only city in the world" to Los Angeles and remaining in Hollywood long enough to play the male lead in "Stella Maris" with Mary Pickford. Like others who have done the same, Conway speaks very highly of Hollywood.



Well, well, it wasn't enough to have Mary in the business, but sister Katherine must come in too. The MacLarens are doing well. And she's Jack Pickford's leading woman too.



One day recently Douglas Fairbanks caught Antonio Moreno looking glum and blue. "Cheer up," said Fairbanks. "Can't," answered Tony. "Got a toothache." "Well, listen to the new story I just heard."



Was it a good story? It made Tony forget his toothache so it must have been.

HENRY B. WALTHALL has completed his first Paralta photoplay, "His Robe of Honor," and is now employed on his second with Mary Charleson playing opposite. Rex Ingram, maker of many Bluebirds, is the Walthall director.

MARY MacLAREN has almost fully recovered from the effects of a bad auto accident in Los Angeles several months ago. No operation was performed, although it was thought for a time that one would be necessitated by an injury to the young actress' head. During her convalescence, Miss MacLaren appeared in court to testify in her suit against Universal for that company's alleged "blacklisting" of her with other producers.

LLOYD LONERGAN, dean of scenario writers, has retired, perhaps permanently. Mr. Lonergan was with Thanhouser for eight years and first attained prominence as a writer of photoplays by the authorship of "The Million Dollar Mystery." He has prepared the scripts for hundreds of film plays since then.

FAY TINCHER didn't go to work for Pathe after all. Although arrangements had been made for her to produce her own comedies, the youthful comedienne alleged that the company did not "come through" as she expected.

THEODORE ROBERTS, veteran character man of the Lasky studio, is Hollywood's latest bridegroom. The new Mrs. Roberts is Florence Smythe, who has played in a number of DeMille-made photodramas.

EVEN famous beauties are not immune from the ills which the common herd is heir to. Olive Thomas, whom an enthusiastic Coast exhibitor bills as "The Raving Beauty of the Follies," was away from the Triangle studio for nearly two weeks with an ulcerated tooth. She returned without it. Miss Thomas will be seen in "Betty Takes a Hand," the second prize winner in the Photoplay-Triangle scenario contest, the first of the prize winning stories to be filmed.

MACISTE, the husky hero of "Cabiria," was not killed in action on the Italian front, as reported. The big fellow got a lot of widespread publicity on his supposed death from an Austrian bullet, but just about the time film folks were discussing plans for a monument, along came a cable from Rome which read: "Maciste enjoying his usual appetite." Maciste's right name is Ernesto Pagani and he was a dock roustabout before someone discovered his wonderful physique and tremendous strength. An American tour is being planned for him after the war.

MRS. LILIAN DESMOND, wife of William Desmond, the Triangle star, died last month after an illness of years following an accident which happened in Australia. Mrs. Desmond was a sister of Nance O'Neil and was known on the stage as Lilian Lamson.

(Continued on page 120)

"Stars *or* No Stars" —That Is *the* Question

Mr. Davis believes that the public prefers a good story that's starless, to a star that is storyless

By Alfred A. Cohn

"EFFICIENCY is not saving money; it is making good pictures in which every dollar expended is reflected on the screen."

During the last two years the name of H. O. Davis has become almost synonomous with motion picture efficiency. Early in his film career he was alternately hailed as a genius and a joke. He has always disclaimed the former distinction; the latter has been definitely disproved. The opening paragraph is Mr. Davis' definition of efficiency as applied to the making of photoplays. It has a place in motion picture annals because of the previously mentioned fact that "H. O." is a part of every argument on studio or production efficiency.

Something over two years ago, the writer, under a *nom de plume,* told in this magazine something of the tremendous sums of money wasted in the making of moving pictures. The title was "Waste" and in the article mention was made of the cry for efficiency and the conflict between "art" and business methods. Since that time the entire manufacture of motion pictures has been revolutionized and perhaps to Harry O. Davis belongs much of the credit.

They laughed at him when he first went to Universal City with no cinema experience other than that gained by a survey of the Universal producing plant for President Carl Laemmle. Other producing executives joined in the laughter. They said it couldn't be done—combining art and efficiency. Mr. Davis said it could be done and pretty soon a lot of stars collided with his theory—now become actual condition—and found themselves summarily without employment. He does not believe in temporizing.

But all that is extraneous matter. What the writer started out to relate in this particular part of this story was that during the last two years practically every producing concern in the country has gone on an efficiency basis. Even in the ateliers where the meringue farceurs work at their art, they keep tally on the pies that are hurled. Art and efficiency have been effectively welded with no apparent injury to either.

The joke, however, is on some of the rival producers who were among the first laughers. They have gone "Efficiency" Davis one, or more, better and walloped art all over the lot with the punch clock. In one studio, even the directors and actors are compelled to punch the clock when they come to work in the morning and when they leave for the day.

As showing the advance of the business system theory, when Mr. Davis went to Triangle several months ago as vice president and general manager of that concern, he mitigated some of the more stringent regulations which had been prescribed by the former boss of the great Culver City studio. One of these rules provided that all members of the stock company had to remain on the grounds until 4:30 p. m. whether actually employed or not. Now, they go home when there's nothing for them to do.

"True efficiency," adds Mr. Davis, "is making good pictures, and this cannot be done unless there is a spirit of loyalty among those in the studio. This spirit is impossible where oppressive rules are laid down for their conduct on the mistaken theory that because persons are being paid, they must remain at their place of employment whether actually engaged or not. Our writers and actors do not punch a clock; only those are required to do so who are employed by the hour, such as carpenters and painters. Many a writer or player can do a fine day's work in fifteen minutes."



"True efficiency," says H. O. Davis, "is making good pictures."

But the public in general is not tremendously interested in film production machinery. It *is* interested in good film plays and in efficiency as it affects the quality of the product. This really started out to be a personal story about Harry O. Davis, one of the outstanding personalities of the motion picture industry, but it is next to impossible to write of Mr. Davis without getting into some of the more or less controversial issues and problems of this kaleidoscopic industry.

It was Mr. Davis who first attacked the star system. He is firmly of the opinion that starlight is largely moonshine, so to say, and is endeavoring to prove it by actual experience. As a matter of fact, he insists that he has already proven it in the making of Bluebird photoplays for Universal when he first applied the Shakespearean slogan: "The play's the thing," to the film industry. He cites the fact that Bluebird photoplays, in which the leading players are "featured," not "starred," have been among the most consistent financial successes of the industry since he created that brand of film stories a year and a half ago.

So just now, through the powerful medium of Triangle,

the manufacturing concern founded by the three then leaders of the industry, Griffith, Sennett and Ince, this crusader of the celluloid is continuing the battle against the star system, with its tremendous salaries, in the belief that the public eventually will line up solidly for "the story, not the star."

But let us allow Mr. Davis to state to the jury his case against the star system:

"Our policy is based upon the well founded belief that the general public favors a good, interesting story that is starless, in preference to a star that is storyless. So we are trying to produce plays, according to our conception of the prime requisites for a good photoplay. These, in my belief, are: First, an interesting, properly constructed story; second, a well balanced cast, each player selected for an ability to portray the character to which he is assigned; third, proper staging; fourth, good direction. Neglect of any one essential and a good play is impossible. Then let us take the subdivisions beginning with the first requisite, AN ADEQUATE STORY:

"The word 'story' is used liberally. We say now that the story is good if the action is interesting and holds attention, provides suspense and creates emotion. Analyzed in a cold-blooded manner, this is not literally true. The best laid plot in the world, with interesting action and good situations becomes commonplace unless it deals with interesting persons. There is no story, or type of story, that has a universal appeal. Our tastes differ vastly. A photoplay which we of the studio have voted a good one may bring in a flood of sarcastic comment from public and exhibitor after its release. So we must vary our product, but there is one rule which must be adhered to—that no matter what other qualities a story may possess, it must provide a vehicle for interesting characterization. Interesting people have a universal appeal but few writers seem to appreciate that fact.

"The majority of writers submit stories of love, action, thrills, punch, humor; piling one incident atop another without any regard for consistency, or real humaness. And the average star play is generally written in this manner. All characters other than the star, are merely incidental and subordinated to the star role. Unnatural situations are developed so that the spotlight may be kept on the leading player and many times, a good play or story, is ruined by allowing the star to dominate every situation.

"Under the star policy there can be no well balanced cast, another reason for our opposition to that policy. I believe that it is just as important to have a talented actress play the part of a maid as it is to have a capable player in a leading role. And if the maid's character in the story is such that her actions have an important bearing on the development of the action, I believe in giving her part its natural course without considering whether she is 'taking anything away' from the lead.

"Often it happens that there are characters in a play who appear in only a few dozen scenes out of a total of approximately 300 in a five-reel play. If one of our prominent players is best fitted to portray that role, he or she is cast for it. No part will be rewritten to the detriment of the story, merely to give greater prominence to the player. A good actor can make a 'bit' stand out as the predominant feature of a photoplay in which he is only on the screen long enough to be noticed.

"So it is our effort to build up an organization of talented players, any of whom, backed by modern advertising methods under a different system, might be a potential star. But we are making good see-able film plays, rather than individual notables. Above all, the characters of a film drama must be firmly established as human beings. Otherwise it will be merely a motion picture.

"Everyone realizes the necessity of proper staging in which attention to detail is of first importance. The settings for the various scenes are only important in that they enable the spectators to see the action in the proper atmosphere, but a single mistake in some slight detail may easily and effectively ruin an otherwise excellent production.

"In placing direction last on the list of requisites, I am incurring the risk of much adverse criticism. There has never been a time in the history of the industry when the director has been paid so lavishly as now. There are cases in which the director draws more salary than the aggregate of the entire cast working under his direction. Where everything is left to the director, as is the practice of some of the producing companies, even the preparation of the story, the casting and the proper investiture of the scenes, the salary does not seem so inflated; but in the final sifting down, the director will only be called upon, as under our system, only to execute the plans laid down for the production. Of course, a poor director can easily wreck a well cast, well staged photoplay."

Mr. Davis' withdrawal from the Universal Film Company early last summer was one of the sensations of celluloid circles and, according to his version of the affair, it was due to the insistence of the company controllers to return to the star system after he had proven the "play's the thing" to be sound financial doctrine.

At any rate he stepped right into the control of Triangle with its great producing plant covering twenty-six acres of buildings, and an annual payroll of $3,000,000. Since then he has attained even more prominence by his war on contract-breaking players and his overturning of an occasional pet theory or fetish of filmdom. He is the recognized chief protagonist of the anti-star faction of the producing world and as such the chief opponent of the recognized master of the star-controllers, Adolf Zukor. It is going to be a nice gentlemanly little war, this fight against a system which has developed salaries undreamed of in any profession a few years ago; with the public, the ultimate consumer, in the usual role of jury. Whatever its outcome, H. O. Davis has already put the permanent stamp of a militant, thoughtful personality on an industry that will always occupy a dominant place in the public attention.

None With Limousines Need Apply

Next time Director Tom Terriss of Vitagraph wants an extra girl, he will engage one that needs the money. When he was making "A Woman Between Friends" he fell into the fatal error of employing for an unimportant, but necessary "bit," a young woman who came seeking admission to the movies in a limousine. She was handsome and Tom fell. Incidentally, he convinced her that extra girls owning limousines were required to take the director to his home after the day's work was done. This young woman's ignorance of conditions was divulged by one of her first questions.

"Does Miss Joyce get paid, or does she do it for fun?"

All went well for several days, and Terriss was congratulating himself upon having such a de luxe addition to his company, until a rainy Saturday arrived, but the extra girl did not. They waited an hour, then Terriss telephoned to her home.

"Why, I couldn't possibly come today," she told him. "It's raining."

"You can come in your car."

"Oh, I don't want to get it all wet and muddy. I've just had it cleaned," the extra girl replied.

"But you can't do that," Terriss pleaded. "We must finish the picture today."

"Well, anyhow, I can't come just now. I'm having breakfast." (It was 10:30).

After more expostulation she finally agreed to sacrifice herself and her car, upon Terriss' guarantee that she would get to New York by 1 o'clock, as she had a luncheon engagement at the Ritz.

The Savage

A tale of the Canadian Northwest.

By Jerome Shorey



There were scores to be evened up with Julio: one was the two hundred dollars he had won from Bedotte.

JOE BEDOTTE and his gang came swinging down out of the Caribous, eager for a frolic, and scarcely less eager for a fight. It would be a lively night in Cheval Blanc, one might guess from the nature of the sinister jests. Joe, leader of the gang because he was just a little greater bully, just a little more reckless than any of the rest, was the silent one. There was business to be done in Cheval Blanc. First of all, there was the matter of another deal in whiskey, to be sold later at great profit to Indians, in disregard of the law. Then there was the question of Lizette, which naturally brought up the companion question of Julio Sandoval. On two distinct counts, there were scores to be evened up with Julio. One was the two hundred dollars Julio had won from him the last time he came down to Cheval Blanc. The other was that Lizette had spurned him for the gambler. Not that he cared so much for Lizette, but that the girl should prefer the half-breed was intolerable. For was not Joe pure French, with the white man's contempt for a "breed?" Assuredly, it would be a lively night in Cheval Blanc.

From different directions, two other persons, destined to play important roles in the career of the whiskey-runner, were on their way to the little trading post. Marie Louise, daughter of the factor, Michael Montague, was coming home from school—coming home a woman, who had gone away a child. And Captain McKeever, of the Northwest Mounted, was coming under instructions from headquarters to arrest Bedotte himself, for there had been sufficient proof of his illicit traffic in whiskey to send him to the penitentiary. But like Bedotte, McKeever had a double mission. He had met and won the heart of Marie Louise while she was at school in Calgary, and he hoped to take her back with him, as well as his other prisoner, a more willing captive.

So the fateful lines converged upon Julio, the half-breed, the gambler, the savage, to whom life was interesting in direct ration to the adventures it brought to him. In truth, things seemed a little dull, that brilliant summer day, as he roamed aimlessly through the woods. Even gambling was monotonous when you almost always won, and then there was Lizette—always following him around with her big, pleading, doglike eyes. She was well enough in her way, but what was a woman after all? Nothing but a nuisance when she became so devoted.

The rattle of a light wagon interrupted his musings. Down the winding road came the mail stage, but the driver was not alone. Julio stared at a pretty shimmer of white that framed a prettier face. Who was this lovely creature, coming to the wilderness of Cheval Blanc?

"Why hello, there's Julio Sandoval," a musical voice called out, as the wagon drew nearer.

Wonderingly, Julio approached. Who could this be, who knew his name? He looked closer, and then remembered. Across his memory there flashed a picture of a child struggling in the water, where she had fallen from the slippery rocks—his own swift rush to save her. This was the same Marie Louise, the same, but a blossom where there had been a mere bud.

"You're so beeg lady, it mak me to forget you," said Julio with a smile and a bow, but behind the grace of his French parentage, the heart of the savage beat faster, and there was a gleam in the eyes that stared at Marie Louise.

And when he returned to Cheval Blanc, Julio found Lizette no longer even to be tolerated. He told her so, plainly. He informed her that she was a bold hussy.

"You don' drop da beeg blue eye an' look down on da blouse," he explained, and went on to sing the praises of Marie Louise. "Her skeen, she white lak da milk, her hair, she lak da gold. Your hair—" Julio paused, his silence scornful. But Lizette would have it all.

"My hair—"

"She lak da tail of my horse."

Julio did not understand that in all creation there is no fury like a woman scorned or perhaps he might have been more diplomatic. But he would have been sufficiently punished could he have known what was going on in the house of the factor. Captain McKeever had put pleasure before business, and lost no time in making his betrothal to Marie Louise official. Much as it grieved Montague to lose this daughter who had just returned to him, he understood more than ever that Cheval Blanc was no place for her. The same mail stage that had brought her, had brought orders for him to go to Montreal. She would be alone. It could not be helped. So it was agreed that Captain McKeever should take her back to Calgary.

Perhaps love had raised the captain's spirits to a pitch too high for caution. Perhaps he counted too much upon the respect in which the uniform of the Northwest Mounted was usually held. At least, he did a foolish thing. Entering the crowded saloon he demanded:

"Which of you is Joe Bedotte?"

Half of the men crowded around the bar were friends of the outlaw. The others were not anxious to have a quarrel with his cut-throat crew. So McKeever found himself in the center of a jostling mob, while Bedotte slipped quietly away by the back door. McKeever was for making a fight of it, even against such odds, but Julio sprang quickly to his side.

"You play da beeg fool," he whispered, and then, in general invitation, "I buy leetle drink."

The danger was averted, at least for the moment. Joe's gangsters slipped away one at a time, to follow their chief back into the fastnesses of the Caribous. McKeever cursed himself for his blunder. There was only one thing to do. He had instructions to arrest Bedotte. He had failed in that. The course that remained was to locate his hiding place and bring back a force adequate to round up the entire gang. At least he knew now the perils he was facing, and would be cautious accordingly. The following morning he dispatched a courier to the post with the information that he was following Bedotte into the Caribous, and asked that a force be sent after him if he did not return in five days.

With deep misgivings, Marie Louise watched him ride away. He made light of her fears, promised to be careful, and gayly kissed her "au revoir."

Bedotte was an old campaigner. He knew that merely to retreat was only to postpone the issue. So as he withdrew into the mountains he left watchers along the trails. The first fruit of this caution was the capture of McKeever's courier. The dispatch was confiscated, and the man sent back with a warning that his life would pay for a betrayal. Then an ambush was set for the captain. But McKeever had become more cautious, and did not keep to the trail. As he approached the hiding place of the gang, a sixth sense warned him of danger. Dismounting, he reconnoitered on foot. A horse neighed, and he dodged behind a tree just as a long knife flashed past, missing him by inches. Bedotte's men never used the noisy rifle except as a last resort.

Then the fight began. His back to a big tree, McKeever watched for his foes to show themselves. He fired at a moving bush, and a yell of rage answered him. Again the knives sped toward him, but the men who threw them could not stop to aim, and although they pinned his coat to the trunk, his gun hand was free. The outcome was inevitable, however. Circling around, while his attention was engaged from in front, several of the gang came upon him from behind, and McKeever was soon helpless. Then back into the mountains Bedotte rode with his captive. When they had reached their camp, the outlaws flung him into a hut, with the cheerful assurance that he had wounded one of their number seriously.

"We keep you here a while," Bedotte informed him, "so eef Pierre, he die, then you die too."

Glumly, McKeever considered his second failure. It was so humiliating, that he did not much care what they did with him. But at least he had forseen such a possibility, and there was always the chance that his comrades from the post would be able to find the trail. He took it for granted that his courier had made the trip safely. But the courier had returned to Cheval Blanc, so terrified by the threat of the gang that he said nothing of what had happened. So the days passed, and at the end of a week McKeever gave up all hope. And then they told him that Pierre had died, and he was to be taken out and shot. Bedotte and his men stood there and grinned at him, but he gave them nothing to gloat over. It was part of his business to face death, and he would, please God, face it like a man. This was not to their liking. Perhaps if this captain had time to think about dying, he might not be so calm about it.

"We geev you two hour to say your prayers," said Bedotte, and they left him again, leaving a sentinel guarding the barred door. There was no escape.

* * *

After her betrothed had left, Marie Louise was lonely. To escape the sordid surroundings of Cheval Blanc, she went up into the hills. It was all beautiful and peaceful, just as she recalled it. The little, tumbling stream, in which she nearly had been drowned, fascinated her. It was a warm day and the brook was invitingly cool. So, stripping off shoes and stockings, she waded in the crystal water, and played with the ripples.

It was thus that Julio found her, and watched from behind a screen of bushes. The savage was aroused again. He stared with hungry eyes, and a cruel smile came over his face. He waited until she was tired of her play and had put on her stockings and shoes. Then he came to where she stood. She greeted him with a friendly smile, but as she looked into his eyes, her intuition told her that this was not the Julio who had saved her life, so many years ago. She drew away, but he stopped her, a heavy hand on her arm.

"Geev me da leetle kees," he said, with a leer.

She pulled herself away and ran, but it was a hopeless flight.

"See," he shouted after her, " 'way up dere, my leetle cabane w'ere da mountain scrape da sky. We go up dere, you an' me."

Prostrated with fright and exhaustion, the girl fell headlong. The powerful half-breed caught her up in his arms as if she had been a child, and started up the mountain.

"They'll kill you for this," Marie Louise gasped.

"I get keel some day, jus' same—no diff'rent what for."

The burden was a light one when they started, but it was a steep climb, with here and there a mountain marsh in which the man sank almost to his hips. And Marie never ceased struggling as her strength returned, but he gripped her until she screamed for pain, and promised to lie still in his arms. When they reached the little cabin, Julio was exhausted. He could barely stagger the last few steps. Weariness, utter and complete, enveloped him with the swiftness of a violent blow. Like the breaking of a steel wire, something snapped in his brain. His herculean

The Savage

NARRATED from the Bluebird photoplay, based upon a story by Elliott J. Clawson, directed by Rupert Julian, and produced with the following cast:

Marie Louise .....Ruth Clifford
Lizette.....Colleen Moore
Julio Sandoval.....Monroe Salisbury
Captain McKeever.....Allen Sears
Michael Montague...W. H. Bainbridge
Joe Bedotte.....Arthur Tavares

effort had broken down the savage in him. With physical weakness, the white man's mind returned to its own. The fiend in him had died of its own venom.

Marie Louise cowered in a corner, terrified. Julio approached her with a reassuring gesture.

"Don' cry no more—Julio don' hurt you," he said softly.

"Then take me back home," the girl pleaded.

"Too dark now—da trail not safe. You sleep in dere," and he opened the door to an inner room. "Tomorrow I take you home."

With that he turned and left her, and building a big fire on the hearth, flung himself beside it.

But Marie Louise could not sleep. She no longer feared for her safety, but the excitement drove away all possibility of slumber. Toward morning she heard Julio mumbling in his sleep. The sound grew louder, and at last he began to shout and rave in delirium. She hurried out to wake him from what she believed was a nightmare, but as she bent over him she recognized from his flushed face and burning hands that he was stricken with mountain fever. From childhood she had been familiar with the symptoms and the simple remedies, for the malady was not dangerous under proper care. So she forgot the incidents of the previous day, remembering only that once he had saved her life, and flung herself into the task of curing him.



"Geev me da leetle kees," said Julio with a leer.

So several days passed. The cabin was well stocked with provisions, for Julio was always prepared to be cut off from Cheval Blanc by bad weather. Down in the settlement, it was noticed that Marie Louise was missing, and searching parties were sent out. They scoured the mountains, and finally keen eyes found the trail—the place where Julio had pursued her, and the spot where the two trails became one—where the man's feet had sunk deep into the earth because of some heavy burden. And grim men, heavily armed, made their way to the little cabin.

Julio's mother had heard the mutterings, and took a short cut to warn her son. She it was who had given him his Indian blood, and despite her age she outstripped the armed searchers.

"It's all right," Marie Louise assured the mother and son. "I'll explain it to them."

She led the Indian woman out into the clearing, and when the posse arrived, told them that she had wandered on the mountain until she was lost, and had been brought to the cabin by the Indian woman. They accepted her explanation, as a matter of course, and started back to the town.

Then, to her dismay, Marie Louise learned that no word had come from Captain McKeever. As soon as she reached Cheval Blanc she hurried to find the courier who had started with the message to the post, and forced from him an admission of his failure to perform the task. Then she went among the men of the town with a plea for a rescue party, but they shook their heads. They wanted no feud with Bedotte's gang. The girl was frantic. Bedotte himself had secretly visited Cheval Blanc to discover if he was in danger. He had taken occasion also to pay a visit to Lizette, who, knowing of the simultaneous absence of Julio and Marie Louise, had drawn conclusions characteristic of her kind. But still to Bedotte she was cold and distant. At last, in response to his wooing, she said:

"You keel Julio Sandoval—then, maybe, I lak you."

Another score to be settled. Bedotte slipped away into the Caribous again, to deal with McKeever as might be necessary. And then—Julio.

Julio himself, recovered from his illness, and all unsuspecting of the danger which now pointed directly toward himself, came down the mountain. To him Marie Louise went with her appeal for assistance for McKeever. What the men of Cheval Blanc had feared to do in a body, he undertook to do single-handed, but Marie Louise refused to let him go. She would not wait in suspense, alone. Together they rode up the Caribou trail.

"We keep you here a while," Bedotte informed him, "so eef Pierre, he die, you die too."



Captain McKeever had finished his prayers. He was ready to pay the outlaw penalty for having killed one of their band. He had only two regrets—one that he had failed in his mission—but that was not so bad. He had gone against long odds, as the men of the Northwest Mounted were expected to do. Where he had failed, another would succeed. In fact, because of his very failure, the next time the law reached out for Bedotte, it would be more strongly armed. His greater regret was for Marie Louise. He knew she loved him, and that she would mourn for him, mourn too long and too deeply. She would stay in the sordid little settlement in the mountains, and lose the best years of her youth in vain sorrow. If he could only send her a last message—but he knew it would never be delivered.

There was but one thing left for him to do, and that was to die like an officer and a gentleman. At least he could do that, and he would. As he steeled himself for the ordeal, he heard a muffled curse, and a struggle. Hurrying to the window he looked out. The gang had gone back to the main building of the camp, and Julio, creeping up unobserved, had taken the sentinel by surprise. In a few seconds the guard was lying motionless. There was a soft sliding back of the wooden bar which fastened the door on the outside, and Julio was in the doorway, one hand on his lips for silence, the other beckoning. And in another instant they were running through the woods to where Marie Louise was waiting with the horses.

They had a few minutes head start—all they could have hoped for. A woman had witnessed the struggle at the hut, and warned Bedotte and his men. With hue and cry they started after the fugitives.

Julio and McKeever dodged behind trees at the first shot from their pursuers, and answered the challenge with lead. It gave the outlaws a fair warning that there would be no easy capture. They halted for a council of war, and their quarry took advantage of this to gain a still longer lead. But the move was observed, and the battle resumed. So the fight went on, the outlaws closing in at every opportunity, and the captain and his rescuer dodging from tree to tree in their flight.

Bedotte had shrewdly chosen for his hiding place, a spot which could be reached only through a single narrow gulch. It served his purpose perfectly for purposes of defence, but now it served McKeever and Julio as well in holding the pursuers at bay. Yet, in the end, they knew that numbers must count. Given sufficient time, some of Bedotte's men could climb the sides of the gully, and from a point of safety above, have them at their mercy. It was at the farther end of this gully that Marie Louise waited with the horses—but there were only two horses, and the horse which carried a double burden soon would be overtaken. And Julio knew there were but two horses. He had not troubled to inform McKeever of the fact. In a lull in the firing, he suddenly turned to McKeever, and said:

"We're in ver' tight peench. Ever' man for hees self. Au 'voir," and he ran toward the entrance of the gully.

McKeever was astounded at the move. It seemed that Julio was deserting him, even at the risk of being shot as he bounded across an open spot in the canyon. McKeever knew he had no chance alone against the gang, and followed. Julio suddenly dropped down on his knees behind a big log. McKeever supposed this was only a momentary pause in his flight, and sped onward, the

(Continued on page 128)



Why-Do-*They*-Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Strange Indeed

ONE thing that I noticed in Maxine Elliott's first picture, "Fighting Odds" was the presentation to her of a black band bracelet by one of the members of the cast. This bracelet she wore in the same scene before it was given to her. Rather strange, I think, to receive a present one already has.

Very truly yours,
LOUIS ELLEFSEN, Brooklyn, New York.

Some We Know Do

NO one can dispute the educational value of the cinema. In "Open Places," I learned that chickens keep late hours. The villain had killed a man, and returned the same night to his little cottage. The scene following the sub-title "That Night," shows a cottage in the darkness, and chickens running all about the place.

FRANCIS ZIESSE, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fatty Would Reduce

IN "Your Boy and Mine," a Universal comedy, the thin boy whistles to the fat boy, and is shown a few feet away from the window where Fatty is sitting. Later on when Fatty joins him he crosses an alley, climbs a fence, and runs fast and far in the wrong direction to get to him.

In "The Red Ace," a secret service man opens a note book which is bound at the top. In the close-up to show his notations the notebook opens at the side.

MRS. W. M. PHELPS, Minneapolis, Minn.

Stranger Things Have Happened

In "The Hawk," Earl Williams was so unused to calling up his wife that he was obliged to look in the 'phone book for his number.

RITA REILLY, Wayne, Penn.

One of the Oldest, But Still Going Strong

THE new Fairbanks film "Down to Earth" contained one of the oldest inconsistencies known to the film world. Staying away from civilization two months, the men would have done credit to any barber shop, and the women's clothes and hair were immaculate. The villain's trousers even had a crease in them when he came back to the hotel after his two months ala Robinson Crusoe.

JNO. BULLINGTON, Dallas, Texas.

They'll Drown Poor Mary Yet

A LITTLE late perhaps to remark on "The Pride of the Clan," but here it is. The water was even with the decks, the boat about to sink, and yet when we are shown the interior of the old boat, the water is just coming in, with "Our Mary" in water up to her knees. How did they keep the interior from filling up, while the boat was nearly submerged?

AN OBSERVER.

A Spirited Steed

RECENTLY in the Universal production entitled, "The Soul Herder," I discovered a very obvious fault on the part of the director. After the text which reads: "After a long night's ride," we see the hero dashing madly along a mountain trail in pursuit of the villains, but strange to say the horse which he is riding looks as fresh as though he had just been taken from the stables. I know from experience that if you ride a horse for quite a period of time with any degree of speed, he becomes lathered and drooping, but not in this picture.

R. M. S., Jr., New Haven, Conn.

Hard to Explain

CAN you explain why the funny little general with the long white mustaches in "The Spy," when telling an important piece of news to a group of patriots, stands with his back to them and his face to the camera? While watching the scene I was expecting the men behind the general to stretch out into a double line, and go through at least one verse and chorus of an opera number.

ARTHUR TURNER, Brooklyn.

They Should Teach 'em Esperanto

IN "The Man of Mystery," a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature starring E. H. Sothern, I was informed by the sub-title that the action was laid in Rome. The geography tells us that Rome is in Italy and that the people there speak Italian. Mr. Sothern said, "Show him in," to his butler, so plainly that anyone could tell by his lips that he had spoken English. Directors should remember that moving pictures have made most of us proficient in the art of lip-reading.

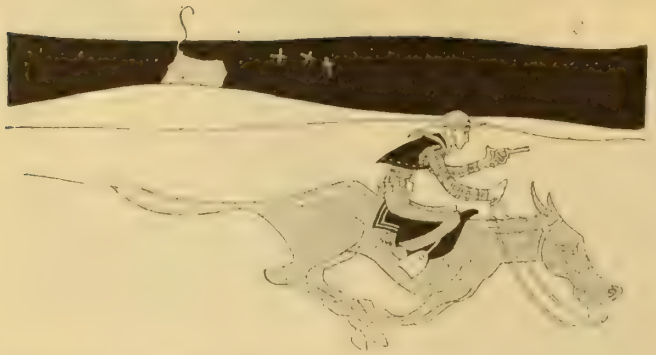
N. BREWSTER MORSE, New York City.



Too Chic, Those Movie Menials

RATHER odd that one never sees servants attired in the musical comedy outfits they wear in the movies. Maids, even in millionaires' homes do not wear silk hose, calf-length dresses, yard-long streamers on impossible caps, and tea-plate size aprons.

D. C. DODD, Chicago, Ill.



While We Trembled for Her Safety

IN "Wolf Lowrie" Bill Hart leans against his bunk house every eve until the light in his sweetheart's window is blown out. One evening he detects her in danger, and instead of running over to her cabin which must be only a short distance away, he mounts his horse and rides for miles over hill and dale. This is done, no doubt, to give the villain time to half strangle Bill's girl, or else Bill has awfully good eyesight.

H. W. A., Tacoma, Wash.

Dumb Show

THE old Romans, consistently pursuing the Hellenic ideal of absolute perfection within a limited field, found in the dumb shows of their masked actors an excellent vehicle for the exposition of that ideal. And the difficult art of pantomime has come down to us through the ages, in more or less pure form, until the miracle of the two-dimension drama appeared, ready to assimilate it and bring it into its own.

But motion picture directors have apparently ignored this precious heritage, and instead of restrained expression of thought or emotion—actual transcription of the way we have seen people conduct themselves—what do they give us? Posing, gesticulation and facial contortion. The painstaking efforts of our screen players to "act out" each bit of business, is an insult to the intelligence of motion picture audiences.

The Elizabethans disapproved of elaborate stage scenery because they thought it did not stimulate the imagination. What chance have our poor imaginations?

H. M.

Another Equine Wonder

IN the Goldwyn picture, "Polly of the Circus," one cannot help but marvel at "Bingo," the circus horse. Polly rode him rapidly over hill and dale for, approximately, three or four miles. Resting, only long enough for Polly to enter him, he joined the horses that were waiting for the gong, and easily won the race. Any other horse would have had the thumps, but "Bingo" came down the home-stretch as fresh as a rose.

Ethelyn Fay, Tulsa, Okla.

Faults A-plenty

In "The Little American" where did Mary Pickford make the raid of the smart looking and perfectly fitting little dress which she immediately donned after arriving at the old chateau in France. She lost all her clothes on the submarined boat and landed at the Chateau in the dancing frock she wore when the boat was attacked.

In a recent picture I saw a bride stand up with her guests and drink with them while she was being toasted.

How do the movie people get married without a license? They do it every day. For instance in "The Little Terror" Violet Mersereau and her fiance left her grandfather's house and paid an impromptu visit to the minister without ever concerning themselves with such an important trifle as a marriage license. Olive Thomas did the same thing in "Madcap Madge."

Bryn Mawr, '16.

Earle, the Gallant, Suffers a Relapse

EARLE WILLIAMS, the star of "The Stolen Treaty," completely overlooks the trivial courtesy of doffing his cocked-hat to say nothing of sweeping the ground with it, as we have heard was the custom during the period of George and Martha W., when a gentleman of old met his lady love.

J. W. N. D., Galveston, Texas.

Modern Innovations in the '60's

I DON'T often complain, but I don't see why those directors are not careful about details. Dorothy Gish was fine in "The Little Yank," and it was a good Civil war story; but when the close-up of the house of that old Confederate "villyun" was shown, I was very much astonished to notice a modern electric push-button on the frame of the door.

H. C. P., San Antonio, Texas.

And He Never Knew

I SAW "Their Compact" with Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman. In one scene F. X. B. pulled on his gloves thus wasting much effort, for when he got outside they were tucked in his belt.

Also: In the "Ten O'Diamonds," Dorothy Dalton and the butler were soaking up the wine supposedly, but the butler happened to turn the bottle around and showed the brand, "Applju." Now I've drank Applju and I never knew till I saw that play what it does to one. They acted "puffectly scan'lous." I wish somebody'd atold me.

Victor S. Hudson, Sacramento, Calif.



Pearl Does a Lightning Change

AT the close of episode XII of "The Fatal Ring," Pearl White is seen balancing in mid-air on a steel girder, clad in trousers and a sweater. In the following episode Pearl still struggles on the girder, now wearing a tailored suit.

Laurence Cohn,
New York City.

A Prosperous Penny-Pincher

IN "The Gentle Intruder" featuring Mary Miles Minter, one of the titles introduced an old gentleman as "a well-to-do lawyer." In the next title his wife and daughter complain that they have not a decent dress between them.

C. J. Hanilston,
Boston, Mass.

Some Transformation

WHY do they do it? That's the question. The director of the picture "Christus" should be given a vacation. The mother of the sick girl who was healed wore the latest of high heels. Also Joseph started out in the desert with a mule and when he reached his goal his mule had grown into a camel. Strange!

Francis J. Guinan, Baltimore, Md.

Will It Be Ever Thus?

IN "A Son of the Hills," Antonio Moreno is rescued by Mary Anderson from a watery grave, and immediately after a scene is flashed on in which Mr. Moreno appears wearing dry, clean clothing, and there are creases in his trousers. Producers have been criticized for this innumerable times. When will they learn the error of their ways?

Verona Uhl, Rochester, N. Y.



Mrs. Kate Corbaley, winner of the first prize, and her four children. Stagg

The Winners *of* the Contest

The four prize-takers in the Photoplay-Triangle Scenario Contest tell something about themselves and how they did it.

WE promised, last month, some little stories from the prize winners themselves, and here they are:

Mrs. Kate Corbaley, winner of the first prize, who is the wife of Charles Corbaley, a well-known construction engineer of Los Angeles, Calif., doesn't like to write about herself, but she has given us the picture of her four beautiful children, which tells a volume about her success in combining the occupations of mother and writer.

Katherine Kavanaugh, winner of the second prize, hasn't added much to her original statement, but the recounting of her experience will encourage many aspirants.

Mabel Richards' letter is surely inspirational; enough to encourage the most feebly pulsing of faint hearts, and Mrs. Byrd Weyler Kellogg's article shows us how the picture play has become standardized in the Great American Family.

"Real Folks," Mrs. Corbaley's play, is now being filmed; so also is Miss Kavanaugh's "Betty Takes a Hand," with Olive Thomas, of Follies' fame, in the title role.

Next month we will publish the scenario of "Real Folks," —the thousand-dollar prize winner.

The "honorable mentions" need not feel discouraged.



Miss Katherine Kavanaugh.



Miss Mabel Richards.



Mrs. Byrd Weyler Kellogg.

They were selected from over 7,000 submitted stories, and in a contest like this the sieve must necessarily be extraordinarily fine. They are: "His Brother's Keeper," by Frances E. Russell, Marquette, Mich.; "The Panther," by Clara McCorkle, Seattle, Wash.; "Cupid Picks a Lock," by W. Russell Cole, San Francisco, Calif.; "The Doctor," by Sophie W. Newmeyer, Cleveland, Ohio; "A Man of Resources," by Madeline Rice, Holliston, Mass.; "Tempering Justice," by Gizelle Wohlberg, Waco, Texas, and "The Alien Strain," by Katherine Kavanaugh, winner of the second prize.

KATE CORBALEY

Winner of First Prize — **$1,000**

Scenario: *"Real Folks"*

To some people life is narrative; to others it is drama. To me life is dramatic; it is never just a story, and to me scenario writing is the easiest form of expression.

A year ago I saw an item in a local paper stating that Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew wanted stories for their comedies. I tried and failed. I tried again and succeeded, and the encouragement I received from Mrs. Drew is what led me to take up scenario writing. She told me I had the ability to create real people.

My first five-reel play is still journeying.

My second five-reel play won the first prize in the PHOTOPLAY contest. That it did is far more than a mere personal satisfaction, for it proves what I so earnestly believe, that the day has come when people want plays of character and not plays in which exciting plots are hung on wooden automatons.

There are no new stories. They have all been told over and over again ever since the world was young. Even Shakespeare took his plots where he found them, but our lives are infinitely richer because of the men and women he created.

Because the kaleidoscope of humanity is infinitely nervous, and because man is of eternal significance in a world of temporal things I believe the scenarios of the future will show us real men and women who love and hate, suffer and rejoice, sin, endure, and conquer as we do ourselves, and that the plots of these scenarios will develop logically from the inter-play of characters.

KATHERINE KAVANAUGH

Winner of Second Prize — **$500**

Scenario: *"Betty Takes a Hand"*

I've spent a good part of my life on the stage; a number of seasons in stock, and seven consecutive seasons in vaudeville, playing dramatic roles.

Have written a number of sketches for the vaudeville stage, and this time last year I wrote my first photoplay, in synopsis form, and sent it out, never dreaming that it would be accepted. After what seemed a long time, I got a letter from Mr. Harry Hoyt, Scenario Editor of the Metro Company, accepting the story for the use of Miss Emily Stevens.

I was surprised and delighted, of course, and a few months later had a new sensation in seeing my story on the screen. It is only fair to say that there was a great deal more story and much more gotten out of the idea than I had put into it, but it was my story just the same, and the company gave me full credit for it. A short time after that I sold "The Will o' the Wisp" to the same company. This was played by Mabel Taliaferro.

These are the only two plays that have been produced so far, but others have been sold, and I am still writing and learning. I keep in touch with the moving picture trade papers, and go several times a week to see the late pictures, in order to see what the different companies are doing.

I firmly believe that to write successfully for the screen one must have a dramatic sense—whether one is born with it or acquires it by training; and that secondarily, a great deal of study and application is necessary.

It is like everything else in life; if success is worth having, it is worth working for. There is no "royal road."

MABEL A. RICHARDS

Winner of Third Prize — **$300**

Scenario: *"The Tree of Life"*

Has it ever been your experience to reach, with a sickening sense of dismay, the apparent end of all your resources, physical and mental, when lo! suddenly the whole world changes, and a new and vibrant energy sweeps through you?

Do you personally believe in that one last "try," although you feel in your inmost heart that you're headed straight for failure, and that the only sane and logical course would be to give up gracefully while you have the chance?

Well, I do believe this with all my heart.

A thin, gawky girl who grew too fast, I had to be kept from school for a while. Later, when I did enter school, I won first honors, the class valedictory, the gold medal our school gave for continuous highest averages, etc. This was not, however, because of any brilliance or special aptness on my part, but was because I had to study hard to get anywhere at all. It has always been so with me. After one year in high school, my plans for a broader education came to an end, for my help was needed. I took up stenography.

Meanwhile, fostered by all my teachers and friends, the idea had grown within me that I could write. When 11 years old, I had written a story, which was to be the first of a long series of "hopefuls." It didn't win the prize offered, but it did get "Honorable Mention." I kept on, but nothing came of it. I remember so well the efforts of those years, wistful, inadequate little stories, groping out for the verities of life from my narrow little window. No wonder they didn't sell! Day by day, I ground out dictation at so much per, and in my spare moments wrote and dreamed and planned and studied—always under the handicap of poor health. During all that time, I believe my only dissipation was postage stamps to and fro with special stress on the *fro*, if you please. Was success never coming to me?

A year ago, I learned of this Scenario Contest. I had never written a scenario, knew nothing about how to go about it, but I felt like trying anyway. There was a chance that it might succeed better than my stories had. Besides, the prizes beckoned alluringly, for my mother and I are making payments on a little home.

I sat down and wrote my best little story. I read it over and over, but I felt only profound contempt for it. This child of my brain was a weakling, puny and knock-kneed It wasn't worth its salt. In disgust, I threw it aside.

A week went by, a month, two months. The contest drew rapidly to a close, but my customary enthusiasm simply wouldn't enthuse. I persuaded myself that I was now forever through with writing, but I was abjectly miserable about it. But wait! Don't you hate a quitter, too? Suddenly I knew I just couldn't give up that easily. All my lost courage surged back, bringing in fresh reserves with it, until I felt like an Amazon. I fairly shook that little old scrawny skeleton of a story of mine by its bony shoulders, and laid down the law to it. It dare not fail me in this pinch! It had to win one of the prizes! It must! At breakneck speed I went at it again, until, finally, there was but one day of grace left before the contest closed. Then I put on the finishing touches, and, with many a misgiving, sent my scenario away on its eventful journey. And now, just for that, I think I'll still have to keep on trying.

(Continued on page 129)

An All-Around King

Raymond I, of Everywhere, Has Lost More Thrones than Anyone in the Sovereign Business

By ALLEN CORLISS

ALL this news of the European kingdoms crumbling, Czar Nicholas out of a job, King Constantine of Greece in search of employment, and the Kaiser on skids, is viewed with fear and trembling by Raymond Hatton, who makes a specialty of film monarchs.

If kings become too unpopular in real life, they are liable to become unpopular on the screen and Hatton may be shy employment in one of his most important lines of endeavor.

Hatton is the official king of the Lasky studio and has ruled over more photodrama nations than anyone else in Celluloid Land.

Ray's debut as a monarch was as the old king in support of Ina Claire in "The Puppet Crown," and so well did he rule this mythical kingdom, that Cecil De Mille selected him to be the *Dauphin* in support of Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman." Hatton's impersonation as the weakling King of France in this famous production is a classic, and firmly established him as one of the leading character actors of the screen.



Above: Raymond Hatton as Charles, VII in "Joan the Woman."





Hatton is the official king of the Lasky Studio.

At the right: Ina Claire and Raymond Hatton in "The Puppet Crown." In this film Mr. Hatton made his debut as a monarch.



As President Cavillo in "The American Consul."

From "Joan the Woman" Hatton was delegated to rule over a South American province in support of Theodore Roberts in "The American Consul." He was seen on the screen only for a few brief moments, but the scenes of the monarch strutting majestically over the slippery cobble stones is one of the most humorous incidents in the picture.

From South America he was transported to a European kingdom in support of Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in "What Money Can't Buy."

Hatton's last portrayal of a monarch was as Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, in "The Woman God Forgot," a magnificent production featuring Geraldine Farrar.

FIFTEEN FEET AWAY THEY'LL PASS FOR THE REAL THING

From Aztec Palaces to Rembrandt copies is a long, long jump.



But Arthur Sheppard's brush leaps through many centuries.

FROM painting a street in Timbucktoo to reproducing an old master in ten minutes is too much to ask of any artist, but it is all in the day's work for Arthur Sheppard, the artist at the Lasky Studio.

If there is anything to be done that has to do with paint, Sheppard and his assistants do it.

Outside the window of every set that is filmed on the stage there must be what is known as a backing. This backing must be painted to represent just what one would see looking out of the windows of the particular room in which the scenes are taken.

Sometimes it is a tenement street. At other times the housetops of upper New York, or, in the case of offices, it may be the skyline of New York itself, or of the buildings across the street.

These backings are rarely shown, but if the scene should be taken and the windows shown, there must be something in back to harmonize with the setting and lend atmosphere.

For some ancestral hall or rich man's home, the walls are naturally hung with paintings. In some cases the paintings must be old masters, and they must look the part. If it was actually necessary to show the real old master, the directors would try to secure it, but merely for wall decorations to create the proper atmosphere, the Sheppard copies defy the detection of anyone but an expert.

Sheppard may be peacefully decorating a vase for a hallway when his phone will ring, and some excited interior decorator will inform him that he must have a Rembrandt or a Van Dyke in half an hour.

From his excellent library Sheppard selects a print of the painting desired. His canvasses are all stretched—he starts out and in twenty minutes he will have a copy that when fifteen feet away could not be detected from the original.



Louis Leo, artist of the Morosco studios at work on a glass panel to be used in an interior church setting.



Mr. Sheppard and one of his assistants plotting to deceive the camera, in their workroom above the studio.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

"WHEN you say to a friend, 'Happy New Year,' put a real wish behind it. Make your friend feel that you mean it."

"Doug" Fairbanks

THE hardest thing about the writing game is getting anything started. I've tried every opening attack in the correspondence course, with the result that I could discover no nice, pleasant, entertaining way of beginning this chapter. I know a lot of things to write about and they sound good as a monologue, but the minute I put them down on paper they seem flat and flabby. And there's no use in writing things for clever people to read unless you can interest them. Anyhow, I finally appealed to the editor for a "lead" and he said, "Oh, write something about Christmas, or New Year's, or something." Just like that!

Now I had thought about that myself—nothing so terribly original about it either. What suggests itself more readily at this season of the year than a little Christmas sermon? Given a typewriter that can stand hard punishment, some copy paper, a certain space to fill and immunity from blue pencil ambuscades, the impulse to launch into preachment is almost compelling. Now that I think of it, I should have started this page:

"Well, here we are again with another Christmas and another New Year staring us in the face." Clear, succinct and punchful—and seasonal! And with this cue, I should have gone on to tell you to do your Christmas shopping and shipping early, make some good New Year resolutions, and all the old stuff we know by heart and of which to a great degree, familiarity has rendered us contemptuous and cynical.

While resisting the temptation to Christmas sermonize, there is one thought I'd like to get over. The Holiday spirit is a great deal like Sabbath observation. Most of us are extremely well satisfied with our spiritual welfare if we go to church once on Sunday and make our kids sit around in stiffly starched clothes feeling that they are being punished. It's worse and more of it around Holiday time.

Men and women who live ingrowing lives fifty-one weeks of the year, round it off with the fifty-second week spent in distributing largess, or their old clothes to the less fortunate, and in the thought that they are making hundreds glad by wishing them a Happy New Year.

The idea I want to get over is this: When you say to a friend, "Happy New Year," put a real wish behind it, mentally if not audibly. And make your friend feel that you mean it. Sincerity is one of the greatest—well, here we are preaching after all. Anyhow, when you wish some one a "Happy New Year" this year, think what it will mean to the person you are "wishing it on"—perhaps better health, or a higher position, or a happier lot than offered by the previous year. Put a real wish behind it—it can't do any harm and it might help a lot.

The other day I received a letter from Japan that had unusual interest for me because of the oft repeated statement that our little brown allies have no sense of humor. With the assumed permission of my friend, Hidemi Takata, here it is:

Koishihawaku,
Tokyo, Nippon.

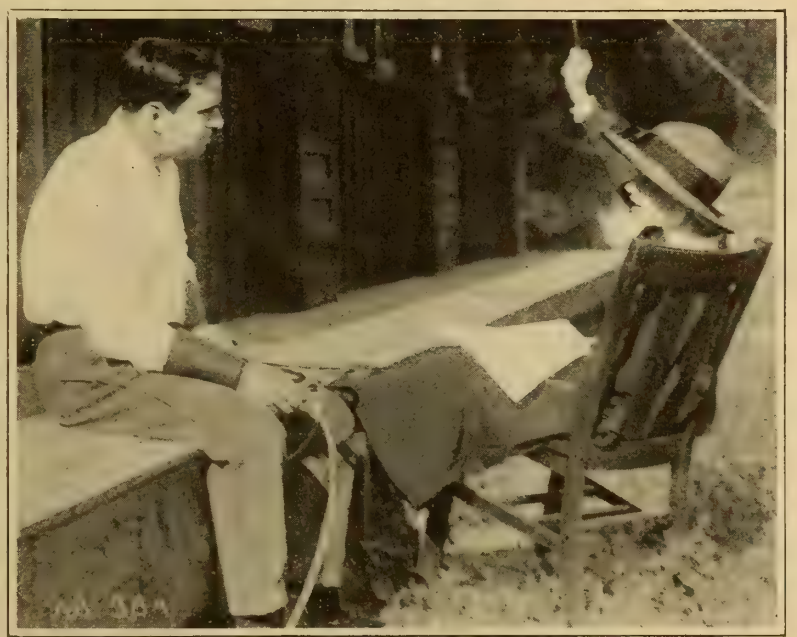
Dear Sir,

Please pardon this hasty writing. I was perfectly charmed by your excellenting acting which is full of humore.

I was a gloomy boy. But since I saw your cheerful acting my gloomy heart has become very cheerful like you.

Therefore I am writing this letter with thankful heart for you. And I am anxious to receive your photograph. If you favor me with your photograph, I shall be much pleased and able to pride myself upon keeping the great actor's photograph like you.

Dear Sir,
Your very obliged friend,
HIDEMI TAKATA.



Douglas Fairbanks and his scenarioist, Miss Anita Loos, going over a 'script, just outside "Doug's" dressing room.

I have reproduced this letter just to show that a suggestion of happiness, even on the screen, will have its effect. Hidemi was depressed—"a gloomy boy" as he says—and something of the spirit of cheerfulness that was flickering before him penetrated the gloom, made him smile, and gave him a normal view of life.

And now something tells me that my allotted space is nearly filled, so I take this opportunity to wish all of my friends—and everybody else — a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—and it's a *regular wish* too.



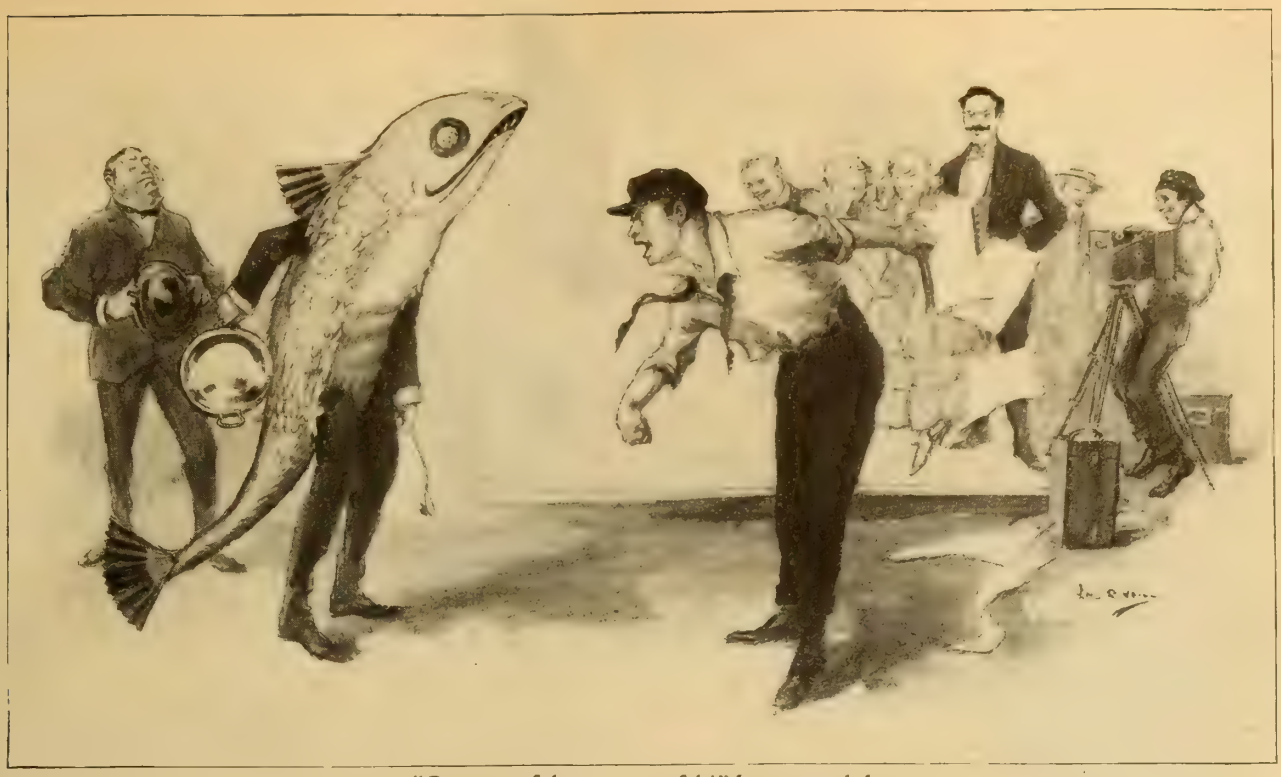
Over *the* Top *at* Ft. Lee

The "Seventy-first" enjoys a fight and a frolic with Bill Farnum in Fox's "Les Miserables"



All ready to go to France, via Ft. Wadsworth, S. C., these recruits to democracy's legion accepted the invitation to make a bit of tobacco money and mix it up with "Fighting Bill." The orb of joy in the middle of the picture is Farnum's off-stage countenance.

After the Sammies had garbed themselves in the fashion of National Guardsmen of old France, it may have been "Les Miserables" they were playing in, but there was nothing miserable about the way they flung themselves into the fight on the barricade in the streets of this transplanted Paris.



"Come out of that, you poor fish!" he commanded.

Lionel *of the* Cinemas

By Roy Somerville

Illustrated by John R. Neill

Miss Hortense Beverly,
Beverly Court, Coldston Road,
Hammersmith, West.

My dear Hortense:

My man Bowles wrote you of the outrageous treatment I received at the hands of the Lord Mayor of New York, U. S. A. Quite so.

I placed the matter in the hands of the British Consul, who informs me that the rotters introducing themselves as Mary Pickford and Art Craft were rank imposters. Their charging a fee for filing the contract was a bally swindle. Fancy!

The Lord Mayor expressed regret that he had me sent to the dotty ward of the hospital, but contends he was justified. He claims I burst into his office like a madman, demanding a contract with Mary Pickford at two thousand pounds a week. Perhaps I was a bit excited, but then how was one to know what these American politicians will do in trade? Eh, what? He is now convinced that I am only a bit hard-headed—as hard as ivory, he said. Perhaps he is right, you know. It is a Glendenning trait. I have accepted his apology. The blighter!

I trust you succeeded in exchanging my I. O. U. for fifty quid with your cousin, Lord Percy. The manager of this hotel asks me repeatedly to pay my account. I have told him that, in England, it is considered extremely bad taste to dun a gentleman, but he replied in a most insolent manner that some English gentlemen were like bad medicine which always leaves a bad taste. Fancy that from an inn-keeper!

Bowles is highly indignant, and insists that I leave the hotel immediately. I wish I could.

With constant affection and all that, your

LIONEL.

The Previous Adventure of Lionel

THE younger son of a baronet, Lionel found learning to be a soldier a bally nuisance, so he came to the States to make his fortune. The idea of going into trade made him shudder, he disliked the notion of marrying for a living, so the only thing left was to enter the cinema business. He wrote to Mary Pickford, offering his services as leading man, but much to his annoyance, received no reply. Fortunately, however, he chanced to stumble over a young woman in a hotel lobby, whom he knew must be Mary Pickford because she was so familiar with the cinema business, or "movies" as it was ridiculously called in the States. The young woman admitted that her name was Pickford and introduced Lionel to Mr. Art Craft, who offered Lionel a contract.

Dear Hortense:

The lad at the cigar-stand informs Bowles that I am a celebrity—that the newspapers teem with my exploits in the Lord Mayor's office, and the neat way I handled the swindlers. Quite so. I feared at first he might be spoofing, but Bowles has brought me copies of all the bally publications in the city and I find he is quite correct. It is most extraordinary the way the facts are twisted, but through it all one may trace the dominant note that a Briton fears no foe. I am enclosing the clippings. The one in which the editor comments on my generous acceptance of the Lord Mayor's apology, and thanking me on behalf of the people of the United States for averting a grave international crisis, should be sent to the Times. Quite decent of me, don't you think?

I am so busy being interviewed by the bally reporters that I shall have very little time to write a long letter. I refused to see the blighters at first, but it was quite useless, you know. Bowles found them most impossible. They pushed past him into my room, where I was taking my tub. Fancy!

I quite forgave them, as they proved to be such a jolly lot, and with such a keen appreciation of my remarkable personality, as one beggar put it. You will notice his flattering account of an interview with me. I consider it quite a compliment that he should try to imitate my English manner of speaking. A sorry mess to be sure, but nevertheless, the poor blighter meant well. Quite so.

Another press chap is at the door, so I must close this letter and receive him.

With love, and all that sort of thing, I remain, your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

I am forced to work in the cinemas!

This is slavery in a most outrageous form. I shall complain to the British Consul at the first possible moment.

It came about in the most amazing manner, you know. That person at the door, whom I mentioned in my last letter, was no reporter. Not at all. It was a fat, little bounder named Spink, the proprietor of the Alibi Film Corporation, or some such bally rot. And with him came that obnoxious manager person who has developed a most impertinent interest in my personal affairs. The cinema person advanced upon me with the most annoying familiarity, and declared:

"Well, old top, you win!"

"Win what, may I ask?" I replied with hauteur, hoping to shame the little bounder.

"A job with the famous Alibi Films," he replied, not the



With love and all that sort of thing,
I remain, your
Lionel.

least bit abashed. "Who's your press-agent? He's sure some pippin."

"I beg pardon," I vouchsafed coldly.

"Oh, all right," with a gesture of impatience—the rotter. "Keep it up if you want to. Maybe that's the best play after all."

"Are you trying to rage me, or is this another swindle?" I queried, with a suspicion that all was not right.

The little bounder studied me for several minutes before making an answer—the insolent beggar. Then he turned to that obnoxious manager person and remarked, as though I was not in the room at all: "Heavens, Joe! I think it's on the level! What a find! The good looks of Harold Lockwood, the drawing-room manners of John Drew, and the head of Francis X. Bushman." He regarded me doubtfully, and added: "I'll sign you up, but I'll put a clause in the contract to cut your salary if this turns out to be a publicity gag. Now, what salary do you want?"

"Two thousand pounds a week—not a shilling less," I responded firmly, having in mind, you know, that I was once more in trade. One would think that the bounder had been struck between the eyes by a cricket-ball. He fell on the lounge and begged for air until I began to feel a bit alarmed. Then he opened his eyes again, and asked the obnoxious manager person if he had heard aright. Upon receiving the proper assurances, he recovered and looked at me so abjectly, I felt quite sorry for him, until he asked in a hopeless sort of voice: "How about two quid—ten bucks a day during the life of the picture?"

Fancy! A Glendenning at two quid a day! I ignored him completely, and turned to faithful old Bowles.

"Call the porter, and have this bounder thrown out of the hotel," I ordered.

And then the conspiracy was revealed! That obnoxious manager person stepped forward, and countermanded my orders in rather angry tones. He came close to me and thrust out his jaw in that vulgar way the costers do in civilized countries.

"He's not going to be thrown out," he snarled, "but you are, if you turn down this chance to go to work and make enough to settle your bill."

I am still living at the hotel—a peon. You see the consequences of not hastening that loan from Lord Percy? Now I am forced into trade, willy-nilly, and at a slave's wage. I am having Bowles read Uncle Tom's Cabin, or some such bally rot, as I am ignorant of the laws against peonage, and I am quite certain the black found a means of escape.

As you are to blame for my predicament, you should agitate my bondage in the news sheets, and interest members of Parliament. In the meantime, I remain, your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

I received your letter containing the fifty quid from your cousin, Lord Percy. Too late! I am bound out to the galleys of trade. Lionel Glendenning is legally a serf—a Briton in chains! Quite so!

Bowles is heart-broken over my horrid fate. He found that Uncle Tom escaped his shackles only by a cruel death. I do not wish to escape that way. The contract only calls for six weeks—then for freedom and revenge. Righto!

I went out to the thing they call the "lot" today. Such a bally crowd, you know. And the pretty girls—fluffs as the lad at the cigar-stand called them. Perhaps my term will not be so unpleasant, as you know, old dear, the feminine influence lightens all of a man's troubles. Suffering has made me quite sentimental, don't you think?

But what a sickly lot of people to be sure. Most of them have pasty, yellow complexions, with deep blue shadows around the eyes, and slender bodies that are quite anemic. I shall have an interesting letter to write to the Times on conditions here at the expiration of my six weeks' service. Righto! (A pun, by jove! Write—righto—don't you know. Nothing can affect a Glendenning's sense of humor.)

The little bounder, Spink, introduced me to a pleasant sort of chap he called a director. I shall report the interview in their own jargon, for most of it was unintelligible to an educated mind. Perhaps you will be able to interpret it.

"Lord Caccywax," said Spink, referring to me, "meet your director, Mr. Schmidt." (A Boche! My humiliation was complete.) "He is just casting up for the greatest melodrama you ever saw. Lots of punch, and all that, with two falls over the cliff. And get the title: 'The City of Sin.' Ain't that a knockout? Now, you—" He stopped as he noticed the cold glare in my eye. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like it?"

"Whether I like it or not is matter of small consideration. I am not Lord Caccywax; in fact, I doubt whether such a title is mentioned in Burke's peerage. I shall have

Bowles look it up, however, before I make a positive assertion. Believe me," I continued addressing Mr. Schmidt, "I am no swanker. I am simply an English gentleman, the second son of Lord Horace Glendenning, of Battersly."

The director person extended his hand and cried impulsively, "Thank heavens! We'll have one foreigner on the lot who is not a duke or an earl or a count in disguise." I ignored the extended hand, and the Schmidt person looked toward the little bounder inquiringly.

"You don't mind my little jokes, do you, old top?" he apologized with offensive familiarity. Addressing Schmidt, he added: "The old top doesn't mind anything I say. He's dead from the neck up."

I disdained to contradict the rotter. I gave him the lie direct by moving my head rapidly in all directions. It was not too subtle for the little bounder, as one might suppose. Instantly, he became effusively polite, and begged me to withdraw into an adjoining room that he might discuss me more freely with this Schmidt person. Eventually, I shall teach these commoners their places. Nevertheless, I remained close to the partly open door and made a few notes of the conversation. The Spink thing was talking:

"I can't make out yet whether he is a simp or a wise guy; but either way I've coppered the ace. If he's a simp, those good looks and good manners will make him the biggest kick in the pictures for drawing-room leads. And if he's a wise guy, he's a damned good actor. And publicity! Say, he's had more space than the President. All we have to do is the follow up stuff. I just landed him about a half hour ahead of the Shox Film bunch."

I shall have Bowles take my notes to the lad at the cigar-stand for interpretation. I have already had him ask what a simp might mean. He came back with the surprising information that it meant a boob. I am not susceptible to flattery, but one does not like to miss the meaning of a compliment, does one? Eh, what?

As I was leaving the bally lot, the Boche director gave me final instructions in this impertinent manner: "Report at nine o'clock tomorrow morning unless it rains. Make up for soup and fish."

Quite so. I have turned the entire matter over to Bowles for a solution. You will have to excuse a longer letter at this time, Old Pollywogs, as I am jolly well exhausted.

Your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

My first day in the cinemas! What an extraordinary title for a written heirloom to my posterity! Some day, when Bowles is not too busy, I shall have him transcribe an account of my peonage. I would attend to the matter now, but these literary efforts tire one so, and I shall need all of my energy for the frightful days to come on the lot.

This day was a series of shocks, you know, and so wearing on the nerves. Bowles awakened me at the beastly hour of half after seven. Fancy! I offered the beggar a sovereign to tell me it was raining, but he could not be bribed, and I was quite too drowsy to insist. Unfortunately, the sun was shining brightly; so I had my tub, and lingered a bit over my personal appearance. I would not have the "fluffs" see me at a disadvantage. Not that I care for their bally opinions, old dear, but I have heard that one should dress well in trade circles.

As we started out for the studio or lot, Bowles made a sudden dash back to the lodgings, and returned with an oddly-shaped bundle. In response to my natural query as to what the bally thing contained, Bowles became mysterious:

"I shan't tell yet, sir. It is a surprise for you—at the studio, sir. Thank you, sir."

The beggar's manner was most amusing, but when Bowles behaves that way, one is always certain of a pleasant surprise, you know. Righto!



Perhaps I was a bit excited—

The insolence of these bally tradesmen! We arrived at the studio but an hour late, and this Boche director was tearing up and down the stage like a dilly person.

"For the love of Mike!" he bellowed coarsely. "Who do you think you are—Dave Griffith? Get on your make-up—pronto!"

The most part of his tirade was unintelligible, as I have no acquaintance with the persons mentioned; but the make-up—I had quite forgotten it, you know! Indeed, I had not learned the meaning of the expression,—"make up for soup and fish."

Faithful old Bowles! As I hesitated uncertainly, I caught his eye. It was half-closed—a signal I had taught him when he had something of a private nature to communicate. I turned sharply and went to the little lodge pointed out as my dressing-room. Once inside, the rascal began to unwrap the mysterious bundle he carried.

"You see, sir," he explained. "I was quite hard put to discover what was meant by soup and fish, sir and make-up, sir. Not wishing to betray your secrets, sir, I questioned the lad at the cigar-stand about make-up alone, sir. He told me—costume, sir. I had no need to inquire further, sir. A costume for soup and fish. Here it is, sir."

Righto! Bowles is becoming deucedly clever, you know. His former master must have been a stupid ass. While I was in deep thought on this subject, he uncovered the costume. The faithful beggar had sat up all the night preparing it.

Really! It was most artistic. The main piece represented a bally fish with a papier mache head, and silver spangles were worked into the satin body, for all the world like scales. A series of small fans supplied the fins, while a larger one, the tail. Extraordinary, don't you think? He had borrowed a soup-tureen and ladle from the chef at the hotel for the fish to carry. Soup and fish, don't you see? Clever! Eh, what?

I am ordinarily quite sparing in my praise, having no wish to spoil a good servant, but I was quite carried away by his cleverness, and complimented him several times. He fairly glowed with pleasure, until I asked how one got into the bally thing. He looked so blank, you know, that I realized at once he had forgotten to leave an opening. The stupid ass! He had to rip the seams, and sew them up again, after I was safely inside.

Meantime, the Boche director was sending messengers every few moments, commanding us to hurry. The rotter! Eventually, Bowles led me to him. Through the eyes in the fish-head, I could perceive the astonishment of the players; so their attempt to vent their jealousy in ridicule and laughter was quite lost upon me. I was most interested in the expression on the director person's face—a mixture of surprise and speechless admiration. He could only gasp: "What the —" but could not finish the sentence. Finally, he asked Bowles: "What is it?"

"It's my master, sir—Mr. Lionel Glendenning, sir. I designed the costume, sir. Thank you, sir."

My departure from the rule against praising servants was having its effect. Bowles was fairly bubbling over with conceit. He designed it, did he? Who gave him the idea? The beggar had never heard of a soup and fish costume before I mentioned it to him. Only gentlemen have a sense of honor in these matters. That conceited ass, Bowles, was speaking again.

"They'll never guess the answer—do you think so, sir?"

"The answer to what?" The director looked a bit puzzled.

"The answer to the charade, sir. Soup and fish, sir. If they should guess it, you could turn it off with a laugh, sir, and say, 'No—Jonah and the whale.' Quite a tricky one, don't you think, sir?"

One would think that the Boche director had been struck a sudden blow in back of the neck. His head scrunched down into his shoulders, and he shrieked "ouch! ouch!" so loudly and repeatedly, that everyone was attracted—including that little bounder, Spink.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, betraying alarm. The matter was explained to him and he fairly choked with coarse laughter. I was quite disappointed when he recovered his breath.

"Come out of that—you poor fish!" he commanded.

"I regret, I cannot—you poor soup!" I was a bit sharp, though muffled. "You see, I am jolly well sewed up in the bally thing."

A clever retort! Eh, what? The players were howling with laughter at the little bounder's discomfiture, as Bowles led me back to the dressing-room.

I have learned since that the costume for "soup and fish" is evening dress. And in the day-time, too! Fancy! Anyone but a stupid ass like Bowles would know that. Quite so.

Love, and all that sort of thing, from your

LIONEL.

Dear Hortense:

The most appalling thing has happened to me. Today, I was carried away from the lot in a swoon, and am lying in my bed at the hotel, expecting death at any moment. The grim monster will soon release you from your troth to me, and then I presume you will marry Hugh Baxter. The rotter! Tell father I forgive his harsh treatment of me. I have arranged with Bowles to take over the balance of that fifty quid loaned by Lord Percy, which will pay his passage back to Briton's shores. That obnoxious manager person may whistle for the money—one cannot collect from the dead, can one? I am quite prepared to die.

It is all so sudden, you know. It was raining on the lot today, and I wandered into a large building from which a most mysterious greenish light was issuing.

The interior of the building was divided into a number of small rooms made of the most flimsy material. Evidently some of the players live on the lot. Quite handy, you know, and all that, but not the sort of thing for people of refinement.

Chancing to pass a drawing-room that was vacant, and noting a large mirror—well, you know, my habits, old dear. I stopped to arrange my tie. No one will ever know the horror that surged over me as I saw my face. It had turned a purplish-green that extended down my neck!

Bowles insists that it must have been an illusion, that my head and neck are quite normal, and makes a pretence of forcing a * * * mirror into my hand that I may judge for myself. Faithful * * * ar! I appreciate his good intent, but I have no wish to * * * horrid death-head again. It is the bubonic plague—the * * * death. The mortification has, as yet, extended no further than the head and neck. That little bounder, Spink, recognized the symptoms that first day at the studio—I am dead from the neck up!

Good-bye forever, from your loved and lost

LIONEL.



Tabloid Scenarios

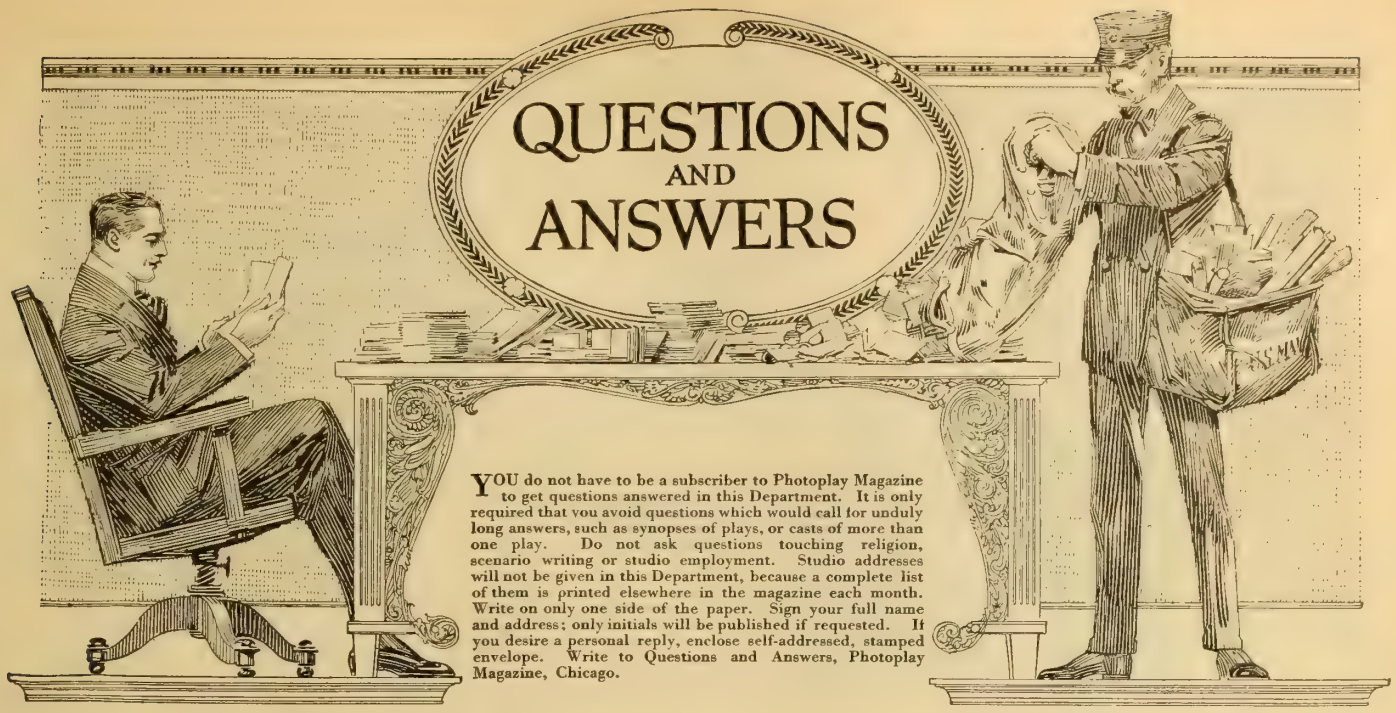
DISSIPATED eastern youth disowned by wealthy dad—
Punches cattle—meets a girl pursued by outlaws bad;
Climbs a building—makes a raid—swings to safety with the maid—
This would make a bully script for Fairbanks!



NOBLE, grave young minister who comes of fighting stock,
Cleans up western mining town and saves his little flock;
Loves a girl whose father's bad—
Wins the maid—converts her dad—
Just the sort of stuff Bill Hart can handle!



WIFE invites young sister for a visit—husband's glad;
Sis makes eyes at husband—really things look bad!
Sister makes an awful scene—
Puts a bullet through his bean—
What a lovely part for Theda Bara!



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

KRAY Z., ITHICA, N. Y.—Just called up Marguerite Clark about your rumor that she was killed. She is positive, she says, that there's no truth in it. Blanche Sweet and Marguerite Courtot are temporarily off the screen. It is about a year since Miss Sweet has appeared before the camera. The "X" it not an unknown quantity; it stands for Xavier. Artcraft and Paramount are owned by the Zukor interests. Glad you like the new size. Most everybody does.

L. M., CHICAGO.—Your kick received and placed on file. Mr. William S. Hart tells us that he "don't give a whoop" if the whole world calls him "Bill," so there you are. We can't think of anything more manly than that vurry monacker even if it isn't so gosh-hanged dignified. Wot's dignity between friends?

MARGARET, PHILADELPHIA.—Now that we know what you do with the pictures, we'll ask the editor to print more of them in the art section. Would like to advise you about the display of your favorites, but when it comes to art, we're an awful dub.

YVONNE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—We regret to state that Jack Mulhall is reported to be married. Write him at Universal City, Cal., and Mary Pickford, just Hollywood, Cal.

READER, NEW STRAITSVILLE, O.—Yep, Julian Eltinge is now a movie. Good one, too, if his first picture is any criterion. No, he isn't married. Mr. Fellowes is. Eugene O'Brien is back on the stage playing in "Cousin Lucy." All of your old favorites are in retirement, some permanent and the others hoping it isn't. You almost called the turn on us, especially that Greek god stuff.

WOOD NYMPH, LAKE DELAWARE, N. Y.—Theda Bara played in "Camille," "Cleopatra," "The Red Rose" and "DuBarry," after "Heart and Soul." Mlle. Valkyrien may be addressed at 416 Longacre Building, New York City. She reads English; writes it, too. Haven't heard anything about Mary Garden losing her voice.

EVELYN, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—Bryant Washburn has been signed by Pathe. Antonio Moreno is with the same company. Write Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks and Vivian Martin at Hollywood, Cal.; Gail Kane at Los Angeles, and Marie Walcamp at Universal City.

HAROLD'S, TOLEDO, O.—Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford in "Butterfly." Write him, care Lasky's, Hollywood. Roscoe Arbuckle's address is Long Beach, Cal.

CLARA, CHICAGO.—Herbert Rawlinson is the husband of Roberta Arnold, who is on the stage. Alice Joyce is still the wife of Tom Moore. Write us often.

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

JEAN, DETROIT, MICH.—That's a very cute knickname. When you don't know the address just send it care PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, and it will be forwarded.

MILDRED, BATON ROUGE, LA.—Only that which you recognize as regular advertising in this magazine is paid matter. The editor selects the material and pictures and there is no charge to the players. The reason why you see more pictures of certain prominent players than others is that they are more in the public eye. Naturally the high salaried players spend more money for photographs, so that there is always a supply of them coming in. House Peters is not engaged, at this writing. He was a successful actor on the speaking stage and has played with Lubin, Famous Players, Lasky and most of the other big companies. He is married, has a son nearly two years old, and will be glad to get that letter you tell about if you address him at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal.

E. P., NEWPORT, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Charles Chaplin was born of English parents in France and is still, like you, a subject of King George.

V. S. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.—It *was* kinda silli, as Richard Carle says, to see Robert Warwick playing a college man; yet a short time ago, we saw Dusty Farnum in a football suit. Your letter with its resume of past stars and plays was like a whiff of old lavender. Anna Nilsson played last with George Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Jack Drumeer was the willan in "The After Glow."

L. Q., SHELDRAKE, N. Y.—Don't know Henry. The only Russells on our books are Bill, Dan and Thaw.

DUCHESS, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Never heard of "The Forest Nymph." It sure is strange that the girls fall in love with screen stars; can't understand why they do it. Is Mrs. Bushman jealous? That's a very personal question, but if we were she, we wouldn't be.

RUTH, RACINE, WIS.—Some companies believe it is bad policy for husband and wife to play together. Actresses assume stage names because they do not like their own for that purpose. Of course, this is merely our assumption.

G. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.—"The Raiders," with H. B. Warner in the leading role, was released March 5, 1916. Dorothy Dalton played opposite. "Mickey" is now the property of Triangle unless it has been sold within the last month.

D. AND J., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Who do we consider the most beautiful girl in screenland? Gee, if we told you that, it would take up a whole page. Mary Thurman is 23 years old. She's married, too; pity 't is true.

R. S., WINNEBAGO, MINN.—Dorothy Dalton is the divorced wife of Lew Cody, also of the screen, and she is a native of Chicago, American descent, and gray eyes. Chaplin's last picture, "The Adventurer." Howard Hickman is now with Paralta.

W. C., NEW YORK CITY.—If it hadn't been for your note we would have remained in ignorance as to Miss Nielson. If she is "the greatest of European film stars," no doubt she'll soon get a situation.

B., Spring Valley, N. Y.—Elliott Dexter played opposite Miss Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods." Joseph Schenck, the husband of Norma Talmadge, is manager of the Marcus Lowe interests. Judging from your handwriting, we would state, *ex cathedra*, as it were, that you would be successful in the movies, as you write a great deal like Mary Pickford.

E. B., Greenville, S. C.—Montague Love is 40 years old. He was on the legitimate stage for many years. It is much more difficult for a mature actress to "get away with it" in ingenue roles on the screen than on the stage. Alice Brady is 22 and the daughter of the Brady of World. Arthur Ashley doesn't say whether he is or not, so the inference is that he isn't—single. Mary Pickford has been married about seven years.

E. V., San Jose, Cal.—Your Mersereau information is all contained in the December issue. Violet and her sister Claire are still filmers.

Margaret, Vancouver, B. C.—Mae Marsh is said to get a salary of $2,500 weekly, while Miss Pickford gets at least four times that amount. Can't understand where you people get the idea that we are making guesses on handwriting. All we know about chirography is that some of it's easier to read than others.

M. G. C., Des Moines, Ia.—Here are the "opposites" you want: Robert Vaughn, with Marguerite Clark in "Still Waters"; Mahlon Hamilton, in "Molly-Make-Believe"; William Sorelle, in "Fortunes of Fifi"; Richard Barthelmess, in "The Valentine Girl"; Thomas Meighan, with Laura Hope Crews in "Blackbirds"; Owen Moore, with his wife in "Cinderella"; Sylvia Bremer, with Charley Ray in "The Millionaire Vagrant"; Charlotte Burton, with William Russell in "Soul Mates"; Charles Richman, with Norma Talmadge in "Battlecry of Peace." You're entirely welcome.

Betty, Waterbury, Conn.—The only way to find out is to write them. Don't cost much to try, anyhow.

R. J., Atlanta, Ga.—Musta been some other magazine. We don't like to advise girls about going into the movies, except to advise them not to.

A. R. T., Seattle, Wash.—David Powell may be reached care Mutual. Charley Chaplin is not married. He isn't quite certain that two can live as cheaply as one, and it costs something to live these days. The sample of your art is excellent.

N. W., Enid, Okla.—Mary Pickford has several autos and she drives them herself occasionally. She is a five-footer. Edward Earle is married; Kerrigan isn't. Mr. Walthall is 39 years old. His wife is Isabel Fenton, once of the stage.

A. G. G., Biddeford, Me.—It certainly is a shame—a million sestercias for eight comedies; and besides, the money virtually goes out of circulation, they tell us, after it's paid over to him. Kenneth Harlan hasn't enlisted, as he is now with Universal. Cheer up; they wont get the Answer Man until the last possible draft.

Blanche Admirer, Sanger, Cal.—Blanche Sweet is only temporarily off the screen, and we expect to see her back soon. She is a native of Chicago but her adopted state is California, which ought to tickle you.

J. S., Providence, R. I.—Antonio Moreno is with Pathe, George Cohan with Artcraft, and Charley Ray is married, but childless.

Kuriosity, Minneapolis, Minn.—"Wooden Shoes," in which Bessie Barriscale appeared, was filmed at the Triangle studio, Culver City, Cal. Jack Livingston provided most of the support. Emmy Wehlen didn't play in "The Slacker;" it was Emily Stevens. What do you mean by a "fit education for a moving actress?"

R. F., Norfolk, Va.—No, her right name is not Pauline Frederick; it's Mrs. Willard Mack. But it only happened a few months ago.

L. S., Jersey City Hfights, N. J.—Ella Hall wasn't born in Hoboken, but almost. New York City has the honor. Pearl White was on the stage a half dozen years before taking to the shadows. All the persons you mention are Americans. Pathe and Universal are the most serious offenders, as they commit more serials than all the rest of them combined.

Wene, San Antonio, Tex.—It costs more to make magazines now, and besides, don't you get more for your money? Confidentially, we can tell you that more Photoplay Magazines have been sold at the increased price than ever before. "Pearl of the Army" ended happily. Earle Foxe is *Nicholas Knox* in "The Fatal Ring." It was in "Redeeming Love" that Kathlyn Williams vamped Tom Holding.

Clematis, Wellington, New Zealand.—John W. Dean, who played with Fannie Ward in "Fanny and the Servant Problem," in 1908, and in "Madame President," in 1914, is the same Jack Dean who is now her husband and screen partner.

L. L., New Kensington, Pa.—Beverly Griffith is now with Sunshine Comedies, the Fox comedy subsidiary, as a sort of assistant manager. Edna Maison is no longer with Universal. Don't know your other friends.

Olive, Chicago.—Mighty nice of Mr. Hilliard to allow you to name your club after him. If he hadn't you might have had to fall back on Francis X. Yes, a picture of the bunch would be a nice present.

Sherrill Fan, Apple Creek, O.—Almost sure we answered you. Whenever you are neglected on an address send your letter care of Photoplay, Chicago. George Soule Spencer was the son in "Bluegrass" with Thomas Wise. Write him at the Screen Club, New York. Gladden James at the Screen Club, Owen Moore at Famous; Harrison Ford at Lasky, and Victor Sutherland, Goldwyn. "God's Man" was Jack Sherrill's last. Write him, care Frohman Amusement Co.

F. T., Paterson, N. J.—The names of all the photoplayers who were called to the colors have been printed elsewhere in previous issues of this magazine, although exemptions are still pending in a number of cases. Earle Williams is still playing and right now Corinne Griffith is playing opposite him. Chaplin's latest is "The Adventurer."

R. D., Savannah, Ga.—Eugene O'Brien's last screen appearance was in "Rebecca," with Mary Pickford, and he is now back on the noisy stage. Charles Ray may be addressed at corner Pico and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles. Pauline Frederick is at Famous in New York.

L., Revere, Mass.—Your youth would be against anything like steady employment. You'll have to wait a while.

Steve, Nelson, British Columbia.—Nell Shipman is again with Vitagraph. Yes, she played in "The Barrier" on the stage.

Jay Dee See, Chicago.—You're right; some of those Chaplin imitations are pretty fierce! Adda Gleason is again with Mutual at Santa Barbara, Cal. Write whenever the spirit moves you.

L. R., Sacramento, Cal.—Mary MacLaren is just recovering from a serious automobile accident. It is easy to hide ordinary facial blemishes with make-up, but not pronounced ones. Myrtle Stedman is not employed at present. Your picture is very well done. It looks just like Vivian.

J. and D., Ft. San Jacinto, Tex.—Gee, but we'd like to help you out, old tops, but we fear it's hopeless, as Miss Stewart seems determined to join the Cameron clan. When it comes to suggesting shadow affinities at long range, we must confess our utter utterness. You'll have to struggle along with only our best wishes.

A. F., Bridgeport, Conn.—No, Miss Kellermann did not cut off her own hair in "Neptune's Daughter." Is George Walsh a good batter behind the scenes? Darned if we know—never saw a ball game behind the scenes, but George used to be quite a nifty sticker when he went to Georgetown University, they tell us.

Peggy, New York City.—Afraid we cannot advise you in the matter. The young lady should either send you a photograph or send back the various two-bit pieces, in our opinion. Very often, players entrust their mail to secretaries, so they can only be blamed indirectly.

Helen, Pontiac, Ill.—Norma Talmadge's latest is "The Moth;" Constance Talmadge's "Scandal." Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph and Violet Mersereau with Universal. Helen Holmes is with Mutual but is expected to form a new affiliation before the end of the year.

Lotta Nerve, Philadelphia.—We don't mind you lecturing us; some of the best people in the country have done it. Fanny Ward was born in St. Louis. Reel whisky is consumed in the drinking scenes, to be sure. Martha Erlich played with Max Linder. Lillian Walker is with a film company operating at Ogden, Utah.

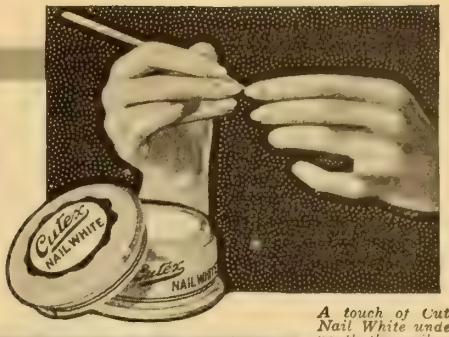
L. S., N. S. W., Australia.—"From the Valley of the Missing" was an awful long time getting over there. The twins were Genevieve and George Tobin; *Scroggy* was Arleen Hackett; *Floyd Vandecar*, Clifford Bruce; *Mrs. Vandecar*, Katherine Calhoun; *Anne Shellington*, Jane Miller; *Horace Shellington*, Harry Spingler; *Mr. Brimecomb*, Frank Powell; *Mrs. Ditto*, Gladys Peck; *Everett the same*, William Bailey; *Lon Cronk*, Wm. Riley Hatch; *Lem Crabbe*, Robert Cummings. It was Rockliffe Fellowes in "Regeneration" and J. W. Johnston in "God's Half Acre."

James the 3rd, Philadelphia.—Why, you poor little thing; that picture you saw, "Her Condoned Sin," was really "Judith of Bethulia," which is regarded as one of the best photoplays ever directed by D. W. Griffiths. We haven't seen it since its name was changed, but the same policy which would prescribe that change would also jazz up the picture. Mary Pickford has never had but a single husband, Owen Moore. Willard Mack, now the husband of Pauline Frederick, was the fellow you mean in "The Conqueror." Your "Merry Christmas" was no joke after all.

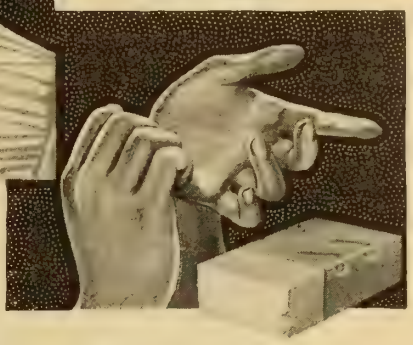
M. H., Louisville, Ky.—Pedro de Cordoba is married—has been for about six months. Mollie King will be twenty next year.



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A. P., San Francisco.—Helen Jerome Eddy was the girl with George Beban in "His Sweetheart." They are playing together again, this time for Lasky. William Farnum's birthday is July Fourth and he is two years younger than Dustin, who is about 44. "Bella Donna" has been shown in your city.

Katherine, Indianapolis.—Grace Cunard's hair is red and she drives a white car, which, according to a revision of ancient standards, ought to signify good luck. She was until recently with Universal. Tom Forman was recently divorced by his wife, Ruth King, and he is now a soldier in the Coast Artillery. He is a *went*, not a *sent*. Eddie Polo is married and lives in Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles. Francis Ford, while with the Universal Company, made his pictures at another studio for a year. He, also, is again out of Universal.

E. L., Boone, Ia.—Even if you failed, you were probably glad to see that all of the scenario contest prize winners were members of your well known sex. Robert McKim is still at one of the Los Angeles studios. His wife is Dorcas Mathews, for a long time with Triangle. Your album suggestion has been slipped to the editor with our O. K.

Elaine, Calais, Me.—House Peters played with Mary Pickford in "The Bishop's Carriage," and with Blanche Sweet in "The Captive," among others. Walthall now with Paralta.

Dot, Fort Worth, Tex.—Jack Mulhall gets his letters at Universal City, Cal., and Sessue Hayakawa, care of Lasky's. Richard Barthelmess was the opposite to Miss Clark in "The Valentine Girl." Write him care Famous Players.

K. O., Madison, Wis.—Wallie Reid and George Walsh will send photos to you if you write them. You may write us as often as possible. We've been vaccinated and a mule kicked us in the head when we were small.

E. R., Hemstead, N. Y.—Edward Hugh Sothern is his full name and his present wife is Julia Marlowe.

L. M. P., Wheatland, Wis.—Jane Gail was *Captain Nemo's* daughter in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Lucille, Indianapolis, Ind.—So far as we know, Mary Pickford does not wear a wig as a regular practice, although she has in certain photoplays. She and Alice Joyce married Owen and Tom Moore, respectively, and the Moores are brothers. Douglas Fairbanks has had the same leading lady, Eileen Percy, for nearly a year.

R. S., Racine, Wis.—So you heard recently that Harold Lockwood was married? So did we—quite a coincidence, isn't it? No, it isn't May Allison. Mrs. Bryant Washburn's stage name is Mabel Forrest. Don't ever ask us if any star has got fatter. You've the same look at them that we have. Sometimes, though, it's the fault of the projecting machine, or the camera.

Stenog, Indianapolis, Ind.—Dorothy Gish and Wallie Reid played the leads in "Heidelburg," which was filmed at the old Griffith studio. We are of the impression that Mutual has it. Your letter was highly interesting. Wish we had space to print some of those good ones.

M. F., Devil's Lake, N. D.—Kenneth Harlan played opposite in "Betty's Burglar." Yes, Tom Forman is a soldier now.

Rosalie, Minneapolis, Minn.—Write Mary Miles Minter at Santa Barbara, Cal., and Viola Dana, care Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

W. P. N., Burlington, Ia.—So far as we know there have never been any actors in the Kerrigan family. Sydney Eyres died in a sanitarium in California. He was married. Madam Petrova has never confided her age to us. Carlyle Blackwell is above the draft age; born in Troy, Pa.

S. H., Terra Bella, Cal.—A negative film can be made from a positive. A negative registers the reverse of the colors; white is black and black is white. The positive registers them correctly. Griffith is credited with inventing the closeup, and G. W. Bitzer, his cameraman, the fadeout. Artcraft is a releasing organization.

Virginia, Oak Park, Ill.—Kitty Gordon is not related to Alice Brady. Miss Gordon is Mrs. Beresford in private life. Her husband is an Englishman. Grace George's husband is William A .Brady, the father of Alice Brady. H. B. Warner's wife is Rita Stanwood, an actress.

M. M., Boston, Mass.—We quite agree with everything you say, but we do not believe it possible for an actor to freeze to death playing opposite Petrova, even in the winter. We are of the hunch that Cleo Ridgely will be coming back soon. Ormi Hawley has been with Famous and Ruth Stonehouse is with Triangle. We dare you to write again.

F. J. W., Dallas, Tex.—Elsie Ferguson was born in 1883 and is the wife of Fred Hoey. Her first Artcraft was "Barbary Sheep" and her next "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." You may accept our personal assurance that Mary Pickford is one of the cleverest and most intelligent persons in the film business—of either sex.

L. S., San Francisco.—Write Miss Turner at Hepworth studio, New York City. Thomas Holding is married. His wife is not in pictures. There has been no divorce in the Moore family and none contemplated so far as we know.

Helen, Hancock, Mich.—"The swell guy that was always gambling" in "The Inner Shrine" with Margaret Illington was Jack Holt. Corinne Griffith is the wife of Webster Campbell and no relative of D. W. Griffith. Sure, tell all the girls to write.

Mother, Purcell, Okla.—Yes, Mr. Fielding was divorced, as stated in this magazine. "In the Hour of Disaster" was the last picture in which he played. Recently he directed for World but at this writing is not engaged. Write him care Screen Club, New York City. Many things have happened, Mother, since them good old Lubin days.

F. G., Abington, Mass.—Tom Moore played opposite Mae Murray in "The Primrose Ring." In the Neilan story in the September Photoplay, the small figures on the table opposite Director "Mickey" were Mary Pickford and Henry Woodward, a member of her company.

M. S., Philadelphia.—Alan Forrest was *Ira* in "Periwinkle" with Mary Miles Minter. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' maiden name was Beth Sully. Charles Clary is about 37 years old.

R. S., Dunkirk, N. Y.—Carmel Myers is now a Universal star. Yes, she is the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Don't think there are any rabbis in Gail Kane's family.

J. F., New York City.—Evart Overton is married. Turribly sorry.

U. E. L., Norfolk, Va.—Cecil B. DeMille pronounces his first name *Sess ill*, accent on the *sess*. If he were a girl it would be *Cease ill*. Dorothy Bernard was born in South Africa and in private life she is Mrs. A. H. Van Buren.

Ibon, Havana, Cuba.—"The Voice of the Wire" was made at Universal City, Cal. Yes, "The Crimson Stain Mystery" was made in America, worse luck. Neva Gerber is not married, 22 and five ft. two. Don't know of any Cubans occupying any prominent position in the movies, but baseball is full of 'em.

N. H., Concord, N. H.—Some of Emily Stevens' other pictures are "Destiny," "The House of Tears" and "The Wager." It all depends on the contract with the exchange whether the exhibitor has to take what's sent him, but that's usually the case. J. Parke Jones played *George* in "The Lonesome Chap."

F. S., Toronto, Canada.—Wrong again; Tom Forman is 24 and is almost single as his wife, Ruth King, recently was awarded a divorce that is made final in about a year. We regard Antonio Moreno as a very good actor, but if he cured your toothache, he's better than we supposed.

G. K., Chicago, Ill.—Mayme Kelso was *Aunt Jane* in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Jack Holt appears with Hayakawa in "The Call of the East" which has been released since you wrote. Raymond Hatton was the reporter in "Hashimura Togo." The story "Sato Finds the Way" was released under the title "Forbidden Paths." You are wrong and we were right about the "Purple Mask" cast. Antonio Moreno is not married and hasn't been drafted.

The Girls, Dothan, Ala.—Thomas Carrigan was the brother of Mary Miles Minter in "Somewhere in America." Robert Warwick's picture has appeared several times in Photoplay, but no interview with Jack Holt.

Billy, Bridgeville, Pa.—Of the Universal actors and actresses 232 are married and 186 have children. Since two years ago 1,134 have been employed and have left. These are not the correct figures but they'll do as well as any others. Don't send us your picture unless you have one to spare as we hardly think you are old enough for stardom. Your chirography indicates that you are vain.

B. H., Toronto, Canada.—There is an Irene Hunt in the pictures and just now she is playing leading roles for Triangle at Culver City. She is 24 and married to Lester Scott. Claire Whitney and Stuart Holmes are not married.

Miss Inquisitive, Rochester, N. Y.—Never mind the good paper. You'll get a hearing just as quick if you write on butcher paper, old dear. Mr. Moreno has never written anything for Photoplay. The last Bushman-Bayne play was "Their Compact."

D. Sisters, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"The Lone Wolf" was Bert Lytell's first photoplay and he comes from the legitimate stage. He's so new to pictures we haven't had time to ask him his age or the brand of suspenders he wears.

C. C., Toledo, O.—It is safe to assume that Miss Burke's latest screen vehicle will play Toledo, if it has not already done so. Her name is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

(*Continued on page 118*)



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. M. C., Cleveland, O.—No record here of Marguerite Reed. Maybe she changed her name, or got married or something.

Second Ann, Eureka Springs, Ark.—Ann Pennington is 22 and Paul Willis is 17. Yes, we get lotsa letters from your vicinity.

K. D., Seal Harbor, Me.—Dorothy Green is with the Selznick Company in New York. Blanche Sweet is not under contract now to any company. Yes, she sends out photographs.

Hayakawa Admirer, Dallas, Tex.—Having passed through all the stages of "being foolish about Francis, crazy over Kerrigan, woozy about Wallie and lost on Lockwood," you are now—well, we'll call it soft on Sessue. How's that? Yes, we think he's quite great. He's five, seven and a half high and 28 years old.

H. W., Jamestown, N. D.—The "hero" in "The Common Law" was Conway Tearle. Her friends call Tsuru Aoki, *Tuhruh* (with the accent on the *two*) *A o kee* with the middle syllable accented. Mrs. Bushman is a non-professional. June Caprice's last name is pronounced *Ca preece;* giving the E's the best of it. Antonio Moreno isn't married, nor is Edith Storey.

A. K., Philadelphia.—The only way you can get to be a cameraman is to get a job first as an assistant cameraman, the salary for such positions ranging upward from ten bucks a week. When traveling, all expenses are paid by the companies.

C. K., Shelby, Neb.—At this writing Mary MacLaren's address is the Horsley Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. She is seventeen. Norma Talmadge had the leading role in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

Marjorie, Los Angeles.—Address Tom Forman care Seventeenth Company, Coast Artillery, San Pedro, Cal., Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood, Mae Murray at Universal City and Harold Lockwood, care Metro, New York. You have us wrong. We don't advise people not to enter the movies, we advise them not to *try* to enter. Quite a difference.

J. P. M., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Constance Collier is now playing at His Majesty's Theater, London. The battle scenes for "The Birth of a Nation" were taken in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

W. and A., Grimsby, Ont., Canada.—Sorry to have disappointed you about Tom. Ethel Fleming is the wife of William Courtleigh, the younger, and they were married in 1915. Your Neilan and Hayakawa requests seem to have been anticipated.

O. M., Evansville, Ind.—Time varies, but a fifteen episode serial is usually done in not more than thirty weeks and often less. Ralph Kellard was *Captain Payne,* in "Pearl of the Army."

D. D. Fan, Rochester, N. Y.—Mae Murray's first Bluebird picture is "Princess Virtue." Fanny Ward is said to admit having seen 47 summers though certain theatrical records credit her with only 42. Some folks never *do* get all the credit they deserve.

A. M., Berkeley, Cal.—Mae Murray is five, three. Actors within the age limit are liable to conscription just the same as other young men. Mae Murray's husband, Jay O'Brien is not an actor.

Dreamy Eyes, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Yep, nice name. Conway Tearle is playing with Mary Pickford in one picture. Do we prefer blondes or brunettes on the screen? Well, that's a rather intimate question, but we certainly do.

Riene, St. Louis, Mo.—We never get mad at nobody, so you needn't try to make us. Enjoyed your "come back" but why the pome? *Do* write again; your writing is *so* easy to read.

R. D. M., New York City.—Here are the dimensions of the damsels you query about: Marguerite Clark, 4 ft. 10 in. 90 lbs. Ann Pennington, 5 ft. 100 lbs. Marion Swayne, 5 ft. 4 in. 122 lbs. Mary Thurman, 5 ft. 3 in. 125.

Clutching Hand, Newfoundland.—Adda Gleason was *Maud* in "Prisoners of Conscience" and she also played opposite Donald Brian in "The Voice in the Fog." Lois Wilson was *Joan* in "A Son of the Immortals."

Hazel, Albany, N. Y.—Mabel Taliaferro is Mrs. Thomas J. Carrigan in private life. Write to your friends care of Photoplay Magazine and the letters will be forwarded.

J. M. B., Waukegan, Ill.—Daniel Gilfether is "the rich old man" who always played with Baby Marie Osborn in Balboa photoplays.

H. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are *some* poet, old top and we enjoyed your poem vurry greatly. Why a model letter for all questioners? That would take all the joy outa our job. No donations, please; give it to the Red Cross.

K. E. K., Lansing, Mich.—You're wrong. Our answers are not a result of inspiration or desperation—just information and anticipation, sometimes. A great majority of the stars originate in the north according to the biographical records.

L. Y., Manchester, N. H.—Robert Walker who played opposite Viola Dana in "God's Law and Man's" was born in Bethlehem, Pa., in 1888.

Mig, Preston, Ont., Canada.—Charley Chaplin was born in France of English parents. His mother lives in England and his father, also Charley Chaplin, is dead. Hope the Jack Pickford story fulfilled your expectations.

Anna, Pittsburg, Pa.—It's all wrong Adolf; Ralph Kellard is engaged to neither Grace Darmond nor Pearl White because if he did get himself engaged to either of them his wife might get awfully cross with him. Mr. Kellard appeared at the Duquesne Theater, your city in "The Warrens of Virginia."

U. T., Fort Worth, Tex.—No, we weren't drafted. Sorry, too, as we sure needed the rest. Write Harold, care Metro, 1329 Gordon, Hollywood, Cal. Write often—that is, to us.

M. H., Cheyenne, Wyo.—William Farnum played both roles in "A Tale of Two Cities." Gladys Brockwell was once married to a director named Broadwell.

C. B., Marshall, Tex.—"Perils of Pauline" put Pearl White on the movie map. Creighton Hale played with her in that and Sheldon Lewis made his debut with Pearl in "Exploits of Elaine" a year later.

Robert, Winnipeg, Canada.—Anita Stewart has no children. You must have been misinformed. We have no record of Kathlyn Williams in the play you name. Sorry; you draw blanks all around this time.

D. H., Fresno, Cal.—Ellis Paul and Mary McAllister were the children in "Little Shoes." Birthdays as follows: Bessie Love, Sept. 10; Mae Murray May 9; Lillian Gish, Oct. 14. Henry Walthall was born in 1878. Tom Moore is the oldest, we believe; then Owen, Matt, Mary and Joe.

Margaret, Indianapolis, Ind.—Earle Williams should feel mighty proud to have such a loyal friend as you are. And just to show you how we feel about it, we'll ask the editor at once to have just the kind of story about him you'd like us to have. Now, aint we a nice old guy?

Sammie, St. Petersburg, Fla.—So you'd be willing to pay 50 cents a month for Photoplay instead of 20, if necessary? Well if paper and things keep going up and the war keeps going on and everything, one can't tell what'll happen. Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are now making another serial "The Phantom Ship." Write Ben at Universal City.

S. S., Toledo, O.—We do not sell photographs. Write to the players direct and send sufficient to cover the mailing charge. Twenty-five cents usually is sufficient.

Mrs. W., Atlanta, Ga.—Address Mrs. Harry Thaw care of United Booking Office, New York City.

Orchid, Tarrytown, N. Y.—"The Heart of Maryland" was produced for the screen about four years ago with Mrs. Leslie Carter in her own role, but it was not regarded as a very good picture. Mahlon Hamilton played with Miss Clark in "Molly-Make-Believe" and Richard Turner with Anita Stewart in "The Combat."

J. F., Meridian, Miss.—Vola Vale appeared in many photoplays prior to "Each to His Kind," but her name was then Vola Smith. In real life her name is Mrs. Russell. William Courtenay and Zena Keefe played the leading roles in "The Island of Surprise." Can't advise you about that scenario. Against the articles of war and the by-laws of this lodge.

A., Broad Ford, Pa.—Ralph Kellard is credited with a wife. He is now on the stage but a letter addressed to him care, Pathe, Jersey City, N. J., will be forwarded to him.

Spanish Tony, West Somerville, Mass.—By all means get that dope off your chest as soon as possible. Just tell it to us; we've been vaccinated and everything. Julius Steger has appeared in "The Stolen Triumph," "The Fifth Commandment," "The Master of the House" and "The Libertine." No, the latter has nothing to do with Liberty Bonds. *Silent Bob* in "Her Soul's Inspiration" was Edward Hearn. Sure, we'll bite; how *did* you come to select that name?

Audrey, Boston, Mass.—Wayne Arey was the beloved one in "Her Beloved Enemy." Suppose you saw that picture of Norma Talmadge's lud and mahster in a recent issue. Awfully glad you finally discovered us, but can't see why you didn't do it long ago. Yes, we like cake, if it has lots of gooey frosting on it.

(Continued on page 135)

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)

HELEN GIBSON, once the Hazardous Helen of Kalem and now of Universal, has joined the war brides. Her husband, Ed "Hoot" Gibson, has gone to American Lake, Wash., with the rest of the Hollywood conscripts. "Hoot" is one of the West's champion riders of bad horses and also an expert auto race driver.

HIS country also called Wesley Ruggles, Vitagraph director. Ruggles was producing an adaptation of Earl Derr Biggers' "The Agony Column" when the call came. There were many scenes to be made and no one knew what to do until President Smith had a brilliant idea. He went to the exemption board and told the draft officials that if they allowed West to remain long enough to finish the picture, Vitagraph would supply, free of charge, a five reel feature to be shown at the various cantonments. The offer was accepted unanimously.

EDITH STOREY'S first Hollywood production for Metro, "The Legion of Death," has in its cast Charles Gerrard, the well known heavy, Fred Malatesta, for many years with Essanay, and Philo McCullough, formerly with Balboa. Tod Browning, one of the old Fine Arts group of directors, officiated in his usual capacity.

MITCHELL LEWIS, whose work in "The Barrier" raised him up among the notable male stars of screenland, recently joined the Coast colony for a photoplay of the outdoors made in Bear Valley, the Alaska of California.

THOMAS HOLDING is Madame Petrova's new leading man. Mr. Holding has the reputation of having supported more women film stars than any leading man in the business. He will remain with Petrova for a number of photoplays.

JAMES HORNE, producer of many Kalem thrillers and serials, is engaged in making one of the latter for Universal. It features Universal's champion daredevil, Eddie Polo, and the cast includes Vivian Reed and Hal Cooley. The tentative title of the serial is "The Bull's Eye."

THEDA BARA has left California flat. Immediately upon completion of the last scene of "DuBarry," the vamp of vamps packed her gauzy gowns and peacock plumes and boarded a train for New York. Miss Bara made three photoplays in Hollywood, "Cleopatra," which cost the Fox company something like a quarter of a million dollars in actual cash; "The Red Rose," a Russian story, and "DuBarry," in which Miss Bara submerges her raven tresses under a blonde wig.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS plans a return to New York after finishing "D'Artagnan of Kansas," to remain throughout the winter. Allan Dwan is directing the newest Fairbanks vehicle and many of the scenes were taken in Arizona, at the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest and the Cliff Dwellers ruins. Doug took a prominent part in the entertainment of Ambassador Gerard when the latter was in California. He gave him a wild west show in which Doug provided some of the thrills by riding a bucking bronco.

MUTUAL has acquired "The Planter," a photoplay which had more directors employed on it than perhaps any other picture ever made. Director John Ince began it and Director T. N. Heffron finished it, with innumerable directors in between. Much of it was filmed in Central America, some in Nevada and most of it in California. Tyrone Power plays the lead and Lamar Johnstone is also in the cast.

D. W. GRIFFITH has returned to America, bringing with him many thousand feet of negative, Misses Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Bobbie Harron. As usual, not even those most intimately connected with his enterprise have the slightest idea what it is all about, except that it is something international and politically important. After his arrival in New York, Mr. Griffith passed two weeks going back and forth to Washington for conferences with President Wilson. Then he went west to complete his picture in California. As Bobby Harron had been drafted, the question arose whether or not the public interest served by the film would exempt him from immediate service. This question had not been decided at the time this issue of Photoplay went to press.

GERTRUDE SELBY is Bryant Washburn's leading lady in his first picture under Pathe auspices and it will be that young lady's first release from a career of several years devoted exclusively to comedy. Washburn is now a fullfledged member of the Hollywood colony and already speaks deprecatingly of the fierce weather "back East."

"BROWNIE" VERNON was among the many who went out from Universal City with their makeup boxes and wardrobe during the recent "canning" spell. "Brownie," it is said, was asked to play atmosphere, and preferred walking out.

ALICE LAKE will be seen again with Rosoce Arbuckle after delving into the mysteries of drammer at Universal City. She was formerly with Arbuckle in New York and will be opposite Roscoe in his first Long Beach-made comedy.

ALBERT CAPELLANI, one of the most popular of all directors, has been engaged by Metro. This company has adopted the system of alternating directors, two working with each star, giving each director time to cut and assemble one picture and opportunity to work out the details of another, while his alternate is photographing the other play.

EDWARD S. (TEX) O'REILLY has established the record of receiving three offers for a scenario from one company, all in one day. Recently he closed negotiations for the sale of his story which appeared in Collier's, "Dead or Alive," for Henry Walthall. The same day, a literary agent wrote him that the same had commissioned him to secure the story. And later that very day, the New York office of the company received a telegram from the California office asking that the story be obtained for Henry. Paralta got the story, but Tex received only one price.

ARTHUR JAMES, Metro publicist, will please stand up and receive the Red Badge of Courage for fathering this: Director W. C. Dowlan wanted a classic dancer for "The Outsider," starring Emmy Wehlen. Driving along Broadway in a taxi he saw a girl who was the double of Mary Miles Minter. He called to her, she ran. He followed in the taxi. She ran faster. He pursued. She ran into a house and he dashed up the steps. A janitress accused him of being a white slaver. He explained. The girl was engaged. Her name is Clare Vernon. She happened to be a classic dancer. Oh, Arthur!

ILIODOR may have been pure-minded in his relations to the Russian revolution, but the courts told him that he could not get away with his ideas of business ethics in America. He contracted with Herbert Brenon to appear in no other film but "The Fall of the Romanoffs" and then deliberately violated his agreement to play in "The Tyranny of the Romanoffs." The court ordered that this film should not be distributed, so long as it contained any pictures of Iliodor, or bore his name in any connection. It seems that an actor must at least have his first naturalization papers before he is permitted to jump a contract.

THE magazine of a moving picture camera holds about 400 feet of film. When Arthur Hopkins was directing a certain scene at the Goldwyn studio, he noticed that the camera man had stopped grinding. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Run out of film," the camera man explained. "How much film does your camera hold?" Hopkins asked. He was informed. "Then get one that holds two thousand feet," he ordered. "This is going to be a long scene." After he had made a picture or two Mr. Hopkins wrote a long, scathing article, criticising moving pictures in general and studios in particular.

THE Tower of Babel had nothing on the studio where the Lina Cavalieri pictures are being made. Madame speaks little of anything but Italian, though she understands Director Emile Chautard's French. Leading Man Alan Hale speaks neither Italian nor French, but gets even by sputtering very bad German at both. Occasionally it occurs to someone to add to the variety by speaking English, which has a foreign flavor in the circumstances.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THOMAS HOLDING has been engaged by Mme. Olga Petrova as leading man for her first five pictures. Mr. Holding had a distinguished stage career with English stars before adopting the cinematic career.

BILL HART'S admirers will have to wait a while for his first release following his jump from Triangle to Artcraft. The Triangle company has brought suit against Artcraft and Thomas H. Ince, claiming that the Hart Picture, "The Narrow Trail," was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, directed by Lambert Hillyer, and acted in by Sylvia Bremer, at a time when all three were under contract to give their entire services to Triangle. The suit also charges that Sullivan drew salary from Triangle at the same time as he was drawing salary from Ince. It alleges that Ince made contracts with these people, knowing that they were under contract with Triangle. If Triangle is able to prove its case, the problem of who owns "The Narrow Trail" will be a difficult one to solve.

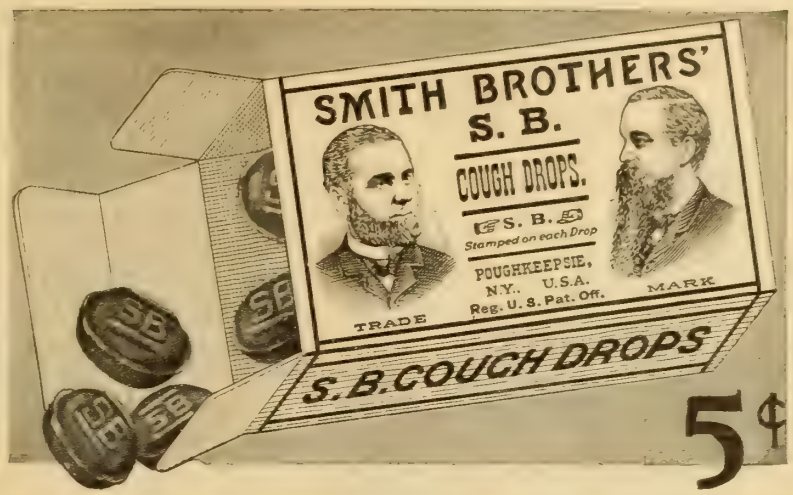
FLORENCE LABADIE died in the Ossining Hospital, Sunday night, October 14, after four weeks illness. She was injured in an automobile accident, which resulted in internal complications that neither the skill of the physicians, nor her own splendid physique, could cure. Miss LaBadie was only twenty-three years old, and was one of the pioneers in pictures. She appeared under the direction of D. W. Griffith in many of his earlier films, and then went to Thanhouser. She had just completed her work in "The Man Without a Country" at the time of her death. Her best picture, many still think, was "The Star of Bethlehem," made several years ago. One of her most successful recent screen impersonations was in "War and the Woman."

IN the company supporting Ethel Barrymore in her next Metro picture, "Red Horse Hill," is a young woman whose name is Kaj Gynt. She comes from the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm, but is no relation to Peer Gynt.

MACISTE denies that he is dead. It was reported last month that he had been shot in the Austrian campaign, a vital spot.

ALICE JOYCE had a birthday in October, and celebrated by presenting herself with a $7,000 (press agent figures) set of furs.

BILL FARNUM'S faith in the ability of the Giants to win the world's baseball championship, cost him, it is reported, several thousand dollars. But he was seen at the Lambs Club a few days later, playing pool, and apparently happy. Which may mean that he didn't lose so much after all, and also may mean that he is a good loser—both of which are probably true. The tragedy, however, is that he was about $7,000 ahead after the two games which the Giants won in New York.



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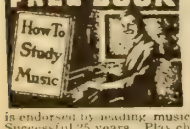
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A Good Gift Suggestion
—See Page 124—

The Shadow Stage

By Randolph Bartlett

(Continued from page 68)

Life" he leaps from crag to crag of incident with all the nimble certainty of a mountain goat. The important part of the plot is a dream Mr. Walsh has while under the influence of laughing gas in a dentist's chair. He thinks he has gone to South America with a moving picture troupe, which turns out to be a gang of revolutionists, and just as the chief conspirator buries a knife in his throat he wakes to find—that the doctor has just pulled out the tooth. It is real fun, original in device, and lightning-like in movement. Wanda Petit is a new name worth watching. It is the name of the girl for whose sake the youth engages in the adventure of his dream. She is pretty, and shows much camerability.

LIFE'S WHIRLPOOL—Metro

Given the right sort of a story, Ethel Barrymore is as wholesome as a letter from your sister. There is a profundity about her understanding of the realities of life that sets her apart from almost all other actresses. Not for her the gilded romance, the purely theatrical drama, the artificial structure of mere plot and movement. But let her have the role of a woman who is humanly recognizable as some one you or I might know, and she comes right home to the perceptions. She knows that women who are living through a tragic experience, have their moments of happiness, and can smile gayly, can forget at times the thing that pursues them. She knows that life is not a monotone, but even when its fabric is principally a dull gray, it is shot through with yellow and green and blue threads. So in "Life's Whirlpool," written for her, and directed, by her brother Lionel. It is the story of a young woman who married a man of flint, to discover after the birth of her son that she loved another. The husband discovers part of the truth, and after he denounces her she escapes from their home with her boy. The husband is murdered by a man he has oppressed, the wife is suspected, and later exonerated. There are glaring faults in the story, such as the dragging in of an entirely unnecessary second killing, and a mob scene outside the jail—spurious attempts at exciting action. But Miss Barrymore herself is superb throughout. The entire cast seems inspired. Alan Hale is the young lover, and plays his role well. Frank Leigh does a remarkable bit as the crazed murderer. It is the best Barrymore picture I have yet seen.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—Fox

As has been remarked elsewhere in this compendium of current flickerature, Fox doesn't give a hang, apparently, what others are doing or are not doing. His latest declaration of independence of current superstition is Dustin Farnum in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Anybody can tell you that "the public don't want costume pictures," so Fox turns out a costume picture. It deals with a secret organization formed to assist aristocrats to escape the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution. Mr. Farnum plays the role of the head of this body, outwardly a fop, really a man of daring and action. His character impersonations, disguised as a peasant woman and later as a patriarchal Hebrew, are the best parts of the picture. Miss Winifred Kingston is a pleasing actress, but won't she please stop painting her pretty mouth into a Cupid's bow? There are several other actresses doing this same thing, and with all the ferocity of our naturally peaceful nature, we hereby declare war upon the hideosity. Next thing, the girls we know will be doing it.

MAGDA—Select Pictures

Clara Kimball Young is back after many managerial adventures. Her first production under her own management is a version of Sudermann's "Magda." There is little of the original drama in the screening. What was originally a keen satire upon middle class hypocrisy has become the personal drama of a woman who, unfortunate but ambitious, is driven by circumstances from home but achieves great success. Returning home, she is welcomed, and an attempt is made at a belated redemption of the family honor by trying to compel her to marry the man who had caused her troubles. She refuses, and her father dies of heart failure. So the story ends. It is anything but a dramatic finale. The word "Finis" on the sheet is astonishing. But in the picture Miss Young is beautifully dramatic and dramatically beautiful. Few women have her talent for expressing epic scorn. The news is spread that no more will Miss Young portray these unhappy creatures, but in the future will radiate sunlight and cheer.

CAMILLE—Fox

That immortal concoction of drivelling sentimentality, that deathless joy of easy-weeping schoolgirls, that masterpiece of platitude, that—well, in short, "Camille," has been done again for the screen, this time by Theda Bara. There is this to be said for William Fox—he doesn't seem to give a hang who has done, is doing, or proposes to do a story, if he wants to do it himself. Under its own name and various aliases, this tubercular drama has endured upon the stage and the silversheet longer than the memory of this generation can recall. The only interest in it is—does Theda Bara make a better "Dame aux camellias" than any of the other hundreds of women who have rattled its laryngeal chains? It is a matter of taste. Personally, we prefer it on the screen because we don't have to listen to the coughing. Personally, we prefer the Theda Bara version to many of the older screen recitals because Miss Bara makes Camille the brazen hussy we believe she was. At the outset she is a scheming, unscrupulous, frankly immoral cocotte, and glad of it, and therefore there is less danger of the unthinking shedding crocodile tears over her quite just and logical fate. And the final death

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

scene is gratifyingly brief. Altogether an excellent revival of a tale we hoped was dead. And buried.

BABES IN THE WOODS—Fox

Another of those splendid children's classics, "Babes in the Woods," continues the delightful Fox Kiddies series. It is a combination of the old tale of the same name with "Hansel and Gretel." Virginia Lee Corbin, the dainty maiden who can weep to order and continue indefinitely, is tragically charming, with Francis Carpenter as a pocket edition of Francis Ten Bushman. Any adult who cannot enjoy these pictures as much as the youngsters do should hasten to be shrived for his sins. The brother directors, C. M. and S. A. Franklin, have beautified this story by filming it among the California redwoods.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER—Paramount

They've got Vivian Martin selling papers again this month. She cuts off her curls, lives in a piano box with Paul Willis, makes a statuette which proves a billiken sort of gold mine, has Paul sent to a surgeon who cures his blindness, and then marries him. The tale is simple enough, and without the expert guiding hand of Director Frank Reicher would be almost childish. It is the manner, not the matter, which relieves the situation. Yet Vivian Martin's charm also has its value. Not a great picture, but a good one.

THE CURSE OF EVE—Corona

Another producer has discovered the double standard of morality and thrown a fit. His righteous wrath is smeared over seven reels, called "The Curse of Eve." Enid Markey is starred. Possibly believing that this would be his last chance of speaking out in meeting, the producer takes a side-swipe at another thing he doesn't like—the law prohibiting criminal operations. The mere fact that the picture makes it appear that the loosely constructed story is told by a minister to his congregation, with an open Bible before him, does not make the story fit to repeat here. It will probably make a lot of money.

THE CALL OF THE EAST—Paramount

Sessue Hayakawa returns to the serious drama in "The Call of the East," after his rather unsatisfactory dip into comedy. This is the sort of thing in which the admirers of the Japanese star prefer to see him. To Americans, Hayakawa brings the mystery and fatalism of the Orient as no other actor can possibly do. In this he is aided by his wife, Tsuru Aoki. With such a unique and otherwise unoccupied field, it does seem an idle waste to depart into the field of comedy, though "Hashimura Togo" was not without a certain charm of its own. The theme is once more that of the clash of the Occidental and Oriental ideas and ideals, with the Orient finally accepting, with stern

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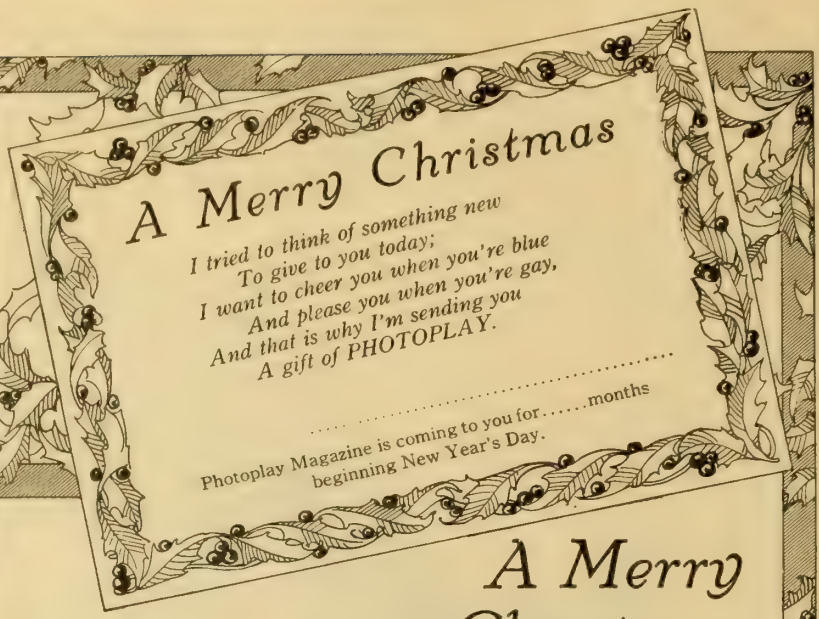
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

calmness, the inevitable outcome. Margaret Loomis offers a remarkably fine study of an American-Japanese girl.

THE ADOPTED SON—Metro

One of the principal reasons why recent Bushman-Bayne pictures have not been up to the standard that Metro is establishing for its output, is that either Mr. Bushman insists upon posing interminably, or his director gets him to do it. The next reason is that the stories have not been up to the mark. The latter difficulty has been overcome in "The Adopted Son," but the former remains. Mr. Bushman plays the part of a gun-fighting westerner, a man of swift decisions and swifter actions, yet no matter what the situation, he stops for a good long pose before he unlimbers. Nor is he the only offender in this regard in picturedom, but possibly the most persistent one. Mr. Bushman is no Apollo Belvidere; his admirers want to see him do something, not merely be handsome. He does do a good deal in "The Adopted Son," and if he did not interrupt the flow of action by his impersonations of statuary, it would be a rattling fine photoplay. In the role of an adventurer, he finds himself in the midst of a Tennessee feud, and at the behest of the sister of a boy who has just been killed from ambush, takes the place of the slain youth for purposes of revenge. It is one of the best feud stories the screen has recorded. It is especially notable for its character roles. J. W. Johnston, as the cowardly killer, makes a despicable villain almost admirable by sheer artistry. The mountain scenes are magnificent.

THE SPREADING DAWN—Goldwyn

Jane Cowl's first picture with Goldwyn, is advertised as her first screen adventure. They forget "The Garden of Lies" in which the All Star Features Company presented her more than two years ago. "The Spreading Dawn," is blamed to Basil King as author, and Larry Trimble, as director. Whoever wrote the scenario was fascinated by the name "Vanderpyl." The woman about whom the tale meanders was Vanderpyl both before and after her marriage. Although Miss Vanderpyl first meets Mr. Vanderpyl at her "coming out" ball, their families apparently were acquainted, for another Vanderpyl, brother of the other one, was a guest. And surely, with a name like that, in the exclusive social circles of New York in the early 'sixties, they must have been aware of each other's existence. Another curiosity in this picture is the new light cast upon the change in New York climate since the Civil War. An April scene shows the trees and shrubbery in full leaf, while the dainty dames run about in summer garb, flop on the grass, and everything. Another revelation is the use of big headlines in the newspapers, which Walter Irwin, historian of American journalism, had informed the world was an invention of Pulitzer and Hearst.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE BELGIAN—Sidney Olcott Players

The firm hand of a brilliant writing man is seen in "The Belgian," a picture produced independently by Sidney Olcott, with Walker Whiteside as the star. The writing man was Frederic Arnold Kummer, who has been delighting readers of this magazine with a series of his short stories based on moving picture life. His genius, in this picture, shines out in the fact that he did not go on a frantic search for "punches," horrors, atrocities, and the like. His topic was what happened in Belgium. He was willing to take for granted that the public knew of the reign of terror. He wanted to show how it came about—how Belgium and France were infested with German spies, while the people went about their business all unsuspecting—working, playing, loving, and creating works of art. He wove his story about a Belgian fisherman, a born sculptor, who, going to Paris to mature his art, fell into the web of one of the Kaiser's women, while his sweetheart, back in the little fishing village, was menaced by another thread of the vast web. The tale is told dispassionately, and therefore the more convincingly. Walker Whiteside, one of America's greatest actors, a scorner of the chest and eyebrow technique, a man who knows the meaning of expression by repression, plays the part of the young artist. The picture's sole fault is that it does not move quite swiftly enough—a fault that can be easily remedied by judicious trimming, in the earlier reels. Messrs. Kummer and Olcott have turned out a true classic of the war.

OVER THERE—Select

Friends of Charles Richman, who have wondered what became of this robust star after his departure from Vitagraph, will discover him as large as life in "Over There," a war play based upon the theory of prenatal influence. Mr. Richman plays the part of a young man who inherits an unreasoning horror of the sight, or even the thought of blood, because of the fact that shortly before his birth his mother had happened to witness a brutal murder. When war is declared upon Germany, he advances one slender excuse after another, for not enlisting. At last his fear of his friends' and his sweetheart's scorn becomes greater than his fear of blood, and he enlists, to redeem himself gloriously on the battlefield. Anna Nilsson impersonates the sweetheart. There are several big battle scenes, staged, we are informed, by Lieut. W. A. O'Hara of the Canadian forces, after seven months in the first line trenches in Flanders.

BAB'S BURGLAR—Paramount

Marguerite Clark is redoubling her well known popularity in the Sub Deb series, photoplayed from Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories. Latest of these is "Bab's Burglar," one of the best of the tales, and much livelier in incident and richer in opportunity than its predecessor, "Bab's Diary." Richard Barthelmess, a young man who is coming to the front rapidly in picturedom, has the leading role opposite Miss Clark, and they make an ideal pair. The producer who realizes that all this boy needs is a little experience and coaching, can acquire a valuable player by developing the talent latent in his pleasant personality.

THE FIREFLY OF TOUGH LUCK—Triangle

Dark-eyed Alma Reuben flashes as the Firefly of this western tale of desert, deserted mining camp and general desolation, lighting, finally, all of these depressions into the way of happiness. It is another of the new Triangle's own, a vivid, colorful tale, inoculated with a nice sense of humanity.

Walt Whitman is responsible for a large part of its creating, such as the quaint old Baxter who sought to save the pride of his heart, Baxter's Corners—derisively detailed by his fickle friends as "Tough Luck"—from desertion.

The captions, a trifle over-talky, mayhap, but in their consistent colloquialism, instill a distinctive style into the production, which combined with the interesting story, the competent playing, and the good photography, make it a very seeable piece of celluloid romance.

MAID OF BELGIUM—World

World can when it will—so why won't it? Here is as lovely a picture of its sort as has been wrought in any photoplay laboratory, containing an intriguing tale, if not a perfectly possible one, attractive people behaving rather like sensible folk should; satisfying and tasteful settings. In addition there is Alice Brady, very beautiful, very appealing, very truthfully expressive. As the Belgian maid, of lost memory, she realizes with subtle effectiveness just such a situation, and her bits with the baby are exquisite.

Flying with the flock of war stories, it still has its own individuality, dealing with a romantic and human aspect of the great reversion, rather than the propagandic. "Maid of Belgium" is a photoplay worth making an effort to see.

THE SEA MASTER—American-Mutual

William Russell as skipper of a rough ship and rough crew, cruising somewhere all the time, a primitive soul who fights and loves in the elemental key, with the lady of his conquest wearing the same lingerie waist about eighteen months with no signs of disintegration in the good lawn.

"The Planter"—Mutual—exploits Tyrone Power as super-villain, and a South Mexican rubber plantation as scenery; possesses slaves, slaughterings and senoritas to an alarming extent; more horrors than happiness.

"Desire of the Moth"—Bluebird—is a dashing, smashing western, possessing scenery and sentiment of the first water. Rupert Julian, Ruth Clifford and Monroe Salisbury is a distinguishing combination in a piece of enjoyable red-bloodedness.



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The Shadow Stage

By Kitty Kelly

(Continued from page 69)

The story rather rambles, and takes a deal of deviating to quench the villain, which is, however, cleverly done. Director John O'Brien has found a great deal of beautiful exterior for the photoplay's enhancement, and Miss Goodrich furnishes her quota in her own way. The result is an attractive film romance, many miles ahead of "Reputation" in atmosphere and procedure.

"THE MAN-HATER"—Triangle

Triangle in emphasizing the story rather than the star, has in this instance done rather better by the star than the story. For the one proves more interesting than the other.

That is not, however, so much the story's fault, as because of the lagging it is permitted to do. It's a good, heartsome, human little tale, of the girl with a drunken father who interpretated all men in terms of him, and came gradually to know there was another sort. But some of the scenes, good scenes in themselves, too, are so prolonged that the watcher begins to watch the clock face, which is no way to do at a photoplay romance.

But Miss Winifred Allen, dark-eyed, smooth-haired, and otherwise different from the curlied queens, is compensation even for these over long moments. She has the kind of face that repays watching; sweet, clean-cut, forceful, mobile.

"The Man-Hater" is good.

* * *

"Cassidy"—Triangle—a poignant tale of a slum's son, somewhat prolonged on some of the suffering, but well played, well-constructed drama.

THE ADVENTURER—Mutual

The season's great laugh, not quite so regular as the full moon, is amongst us again, after an eclipse since June. Mr. Chaplin, in presenting "The Adventurer" as his Mutual swan song maintains the quality of past risible events, though shading in a trifle more on the deft stuff to the diminishment of the broad. He kept within the Hooverish mandates, as well, eliminating pies and other edibles, confining himself to the extraction of all the fun he could from the human foot, kickwise expressed, with a little soda water siphoned in for lubrication.

As a convict endeavoring to escape, he spends most of his time in a dress suit, admiring the lovely Purviance, and dodging distasteful policemen. He dodges successfully, at the end escaping into the no-one-knows-where, but judging by his past experiences he is bound for more success. It's the only end anyway, for it would be most unpsychologic to leave Chaplin behind prison bars. Even he could extract no smiles from that as a permanency. But before his final dodge, he does grab off about a million. There are many clever stunts in the "The Adventurer," and a few very new ones, furnishing material for much smiling, if not for side-shaking laughter.

Mr. Chaplin's Mutual career has been a satisfying one. He has given the company a row of excellent comedies of his own peculiar vintage, which must needs be valuable for several years. Considering that he did as well by Essanay, it is a safe gamble that his next affiliation will be similarly productive of excellence. He is an artist as well as a player of motley. Also he is a—good business man.

THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE—Empire Mutual

"The Beautiful Adventure" is the telling of the play of that name, having to do, you may remember, with the efforts to maroon two unclergyed young people by a grandmother of the old school and Rooseveltian beliefs. It might have been great comedy in certain efficient hands, but here it is too obviously a careful skating over thin ice, being as nice as it possibly can be without being particularly interesting. Ann Murdock, in her combination of Billie-Burkeness and Mae-Marshness, is an interesting film person. The picture is shrouded in lovely settings—except for the interior of the count's house, which is full of carved furnishings. The grandmother's house is charming with its old-fashioned furniture, and the outdoors is fairy-like in its exquisite summer invitingness.

FOR FRANCE—Vitagraph

A brave tale, beautiful and poignant, is Vitagraph's "For France," with Edward Earle and Betty Howe projecting the title roles. It is set yonder in France in the early wartime, and deals with the personal side rather than the national, but perhaps is the more nationally appealing for that.

Edward Earle, the hero, is an American art student aviating for France, and the girl is one of France's daughters, his sweetheart, one of the many almost the victim of the Prussian spirit.

Of all the current war pictures, it is one of the most elaborate, being beautifully staged outdoors, with many ranks of soldiers of all classes, with machine gun attacks, and sharp shooting. It is none of this elaborate battle stuff, but a simple, natural sort; the soldiers lost among the leaves shooting their spiteful spitting guns, the little rush forward, the falling into position again. There is, of course, the pillaging of the farm house, and the terrorizing of the people by the Hun horde—and such applause as burst forth spontaneously when the leading Hun offenders were shot!

There is no word of preachment in any caption, but the preachment is as large as life, "For France" means for our own homes and firesides. The nearest thing to an offered creed is this gallant notion, "A man says every man has two countries, his own and France."

BONDAGE—Bluebird

"Bondage" is further Bluebird sky for Dorothy Phillips' shining. It is an interesting, if somewhat hectic and hurried tale about a woman and two men, and idealism and materialism.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

Miss Phillips, the ambitious young writer who drifts via newspaper sensationing into Bohemia, is brought back to hometownlike ways of doing, by a sterling man from that home town, though first there has been an emotional singeing by a light o' heart of her adopted kind.

It isn't, though, so much the story, that demands attention, as the feeling in it, the nervous distraitness of the young wife with ability and nothing to do.

William Stowell's portrait of an understanding, unfailingly sympathetic husband, is a rare piece of screen work. He does that kind of a man under all kinds of provocation, without making him a goody-goody, keeping him a creature of good red blood. Once in a while we would have liked him to shake her, but that would have been psychologically wrong. Miss Phillips as the near-neurasthenic accomplishes vividly as is her custom.

Ida May Park did the directing, as well as evolving the story from one of Edna Kenton's.

YOUNG MOTHER HUBBARD—Essanay

Miss Mary McAllister is one of the most charming persons in one of the most charming pieces of the month, as "Young Mother Hubbard." It's a slight little story written by James Mortimer Peck, and directed by Arthur Berthelet in such fashion as to extract all the humanness of it. Mother Hubbard it is opined had nothing at all on the miniature Miss Mary with the children whom she mothered when the four little orphans were deserted by their stepfather.

It's all a sweet and tender little story, with a deal of realistic juvenile characterization in it. Youngsters will revel in the adventuring of the children, and elders will find their hearts suspiciously softening toward the small nuisances which surround them.

Mary McAllister is a gem of a child. Her charm is that she is so childish that she can keep her naturalness before the insistent posing demands of the camera. Her second venture into stardom is a shining success.

THE BURGLAR—World

"The Burglar" was made out of Frances Hodgson Burnett's dear childhood story, "Editha's Burglar," and Augustus Thomas' play. As dramatized for the screen it contains a deal more than either predecessor ever could. It delves into the youth's college experiences and gives adequate reasons for every result.

But, for all its sensation, it does bear down heavily on the human note, and when the bullet finally reaches home there's a wrench over it, though of course you know it's the only way a right minded dramatist could have established a quietus for the troubling situation.

Carlyle Blackwell picks the bay leaves for his performing, accomplishing a most sensitive and poignant characterization of the young man when he comes back a-burgling. Here Mr. Blackwell discloses some dramatic emotionalism one never dreamed he had in his bag of acting tricks. His renunciation has the grip of the genuine. Miss Greeley is attractive, and Madge Evans makes an appealing and well poised little figure out of her Editha role. Good photography emphasizes the picture value.

If logically, or even sensibly inclined, one must wink and blink at a lot of situations, but there is a spirit to the photoplay that gives it force as well as entertaining value. Of course, it is no thing for ardent young readers of "Editha's Burglar" to patronize!

SHALL WE FORGIVE HER?—World

"Shall We Forgive Her?" is World at some of its luridest again, but frankly, very interesting at that. The hapless lady's cruel adventures are so invested with humanness by the cleverly dramatic June Elvidge that the spectator finds himself following her misfortunes with a tense stretch of interest, which is an accomplishment, for it is growing harder and harder to exact observing interest in a lady wronged, rescued, blackmailed and discarded by righteous husband till everything is explained.

Miss Elvidge puts grace into the graceless tale, and recommends herself anew as a sincere and gifted dramatic interpretator.

THE DORMANT POWER—World

World has a wardrobe full of nice picture garments, but it insists upon draping them over the veriest old skeletons of past and gone melodramas that one can imagine.

For instance, here in "The Dormant Power" it has made a luxurious picture, which looked at without analyzing from the intellectual side would go down as something really worth while. It has Ethel Clayton in it, Montague Love, handsome costuming, good looking sets, general sumptuousness of procedure—and it is raw melodrama, even slipping loose in matters of detail. It's the kind of thing that is too bad because it has such a lot of good in it.

There may be, and doubtless is since they do it, people whose minds are attuned only to this sort of thing. If that be so, save Ethel Clayton out of it, and put her into something plausibly human that is worthy of her presence.

THE GIRL ANGLE—World

A lot of people are going to miss "The Girl Angle" because it is so much better than one expects, just seeing it billed. It is the first appearance of Anita King as a Horkheimer star, and it's a mightily entertaining appearance.

Anita, turned man-hater, features bifurcated wearing gear, in which she is most effective, during her rapidly adventurous life in wild Arizona whither she betakes herself to live on a claim. Miss

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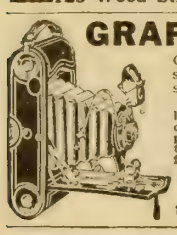
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

King is comely, photographs better than she used to, has fine dramatic appreciation, and takes adequate advantage of all the opportunities offered her. She pans out well as a star on her own. When she plays she has a pleasing poise, she gets effects by holding attitudes instead of wildly gesticulating and madly murmuring, and the result is distinctive.

Her story here is delightful feminized Wild West comedy—all about the Arizonians who wooed her, and how, and what she did to them, she a lady with a firm disposition and a violent hatred for man humankind. Situations and captions impel the laugh frequently.

THE CALENDAR GIRL—American-Mutual

Juliette Day spins through some moderately entertaining adventures in her American-Mutual offering, "The Calendar Girl." She has comedy sense and dramatic feeling and an elfish spirit, and would make out excellently in a more tantalizing tale. This ought to be very popular though, if a certain theory holds, for it deals extensively with clothes, having a lot of scenes placed in a modiste's establishment involving the live-model-display of many gowns.

There are some fetching bathing suit exteriors and a rapid-firing romance, making in all a seemly little tale.

ANYTHING ONCE—Bluebird

"Anything Once" possesses Franklyn Farnum and a jumble of wild and woolly imitations of the redoubtable D. Fairbanks, the Farnum prodigy giving Bluebird great delight because of his mimicry, which they count a distinctive asset. It has to do with a will and love and plotting on a wide ranch in the wild west, and is brimful of fast riding and swift shooting.

AUTOMANIACS—Universal

Alice Howell, aspiring to be the feminine edition of Charlie Chaplin, dresses queerly, mops her hair up in a mess on top of her head, kicks freely and puts a pained-surprise expression over her face, the while she comedies at the head of her own company. "Automaniacs" is one of these productions, containing the conventional slapstick femininely applied. It dug guffaws out of the audience, however.

THE PRINCESS VIRTUE—Bluebird

To see "The Princess Virtue" appreciatively, one must catch oneself in a bizarre mood, for of all bizarreities, it is among the superlatives.

Miss Murray, in a Glaum-Pickford-Tanguay potpourri, is the spirit of it, supposedly a French innocent, seeking her mate. In Glaumy clothes, with Pickfordian roll of the eyes under a mop of Tanguay hair, behaving as no other young girl one knows of, she puzzles between her suitors, Passion, Desire and Love, following out one of the usual kind of duel romances, for the locale is France and personal satisfaction the measure of honor.

Never for a moment is one in danger of forgetting who might be the star of the offering, for Miss Murray, with her elaborated artificial ways is ever before the camera's eye. One longs to see the change coming and catch her with curls subdued and Quaker primness ruling, but the tale ends merely with her claiming her love leaving the observer quite in the dark as to the time he had taming her to Bostonese.

This first Mae Murray flight for Bluebird is very facile and full of style, in fact more so than of substance. It is extremely well dressed, directorially effective and wonderfully photographed, but the heart of it is too much concealed under furbelows.

The Savage

(Continued from page 100)

thought of Marie Louise's safety uppermost in his mind. In a few seconds he had reached the spot where she was waiting, trembling for his safety, as she heard the sound of the firing. A swift embrace, and they turned back to see what had happened to Julio. To McKeever's surprise the half-breed was still kneeling behind his log, popping up from time to time to fire. Single-handed he was holding the trail for them. McKeever started to return to the battle but the girl clutched his arm.

"Don't!" she cried. "I can't bear it! Don't!"

But even as she spoke they saw a figure dart down the side of the gulley behind Julio. Before McKeever could take aim, Joe Bedotte had flung himself upon his enemy and buried a knife in his back. Julio had given his life to atone for what wrong his savage mind had one time conceived.

McKeever would have undertaken immediate justice upon the killer, but he remembered the girl at his side. He had no right to keep her in danger an instant longer than was necessary. Bedotte could wait. The arm of the law would reach him in good time. So the lovers rode down the Caribou trail, to safety and happiness.

But Julio was not alone in his final moments. From behind a boulder crept a sad little figure. The one who had loved him most of all, and who had hated him, but loved him most deeply even when she hated him, had followed the man she had told to kill him. Now Lizette found that her request had been granted. Julio was dying.

With a moan she flung herself beside him, showering kisses upon him and begging forgiveness. Julio did not understand. With fading sight he looked up at her, and smiled weakly.

"Au 'voir, Lizette," he whispered. "I go long voyage now. Some day, maybe—"

And the torn heart of the savage was at rest.

Winners of the Contest

(Continued from page 104)

MRS. BYRD WEYLER KELLOGG

Winner of Fourth Prize—$200

Scenario:
"The Moth and the Skipper Fly"

My interest in the screen had a queer inception. I represented a prominent club of this district, on a censor board. We first sat on "The Underworld of Paris." Found it both innocuous and stupid! These private exhibitions put me in touch with a part of life I had never seen. Rapidly I developed into a devotee. I got the vision of the future then, and suggested co-operation as a means to our purpose.

So I've gone along, my family with me, until today our knowledge of the silent drama is comprehensive. Faithfully we follow our favorites. We like House Peters. He's a man's man, sprouting neither wings nor hoofs,—just human. Keeping human is an art in itself, practically a lost one.

The inimitable Charlie Chaplin has SOUL. I hurl a defi at every highbrow within hearing. We like Sessue Hayakawa. He's the only motionless motion actor in captivity. That is what we like, his inactivity—repose. And Jack Pickford—all the youth of America—your son and my son. "Seventeen" and a younger "Varmint"—just struggling boy,—with manhood straining at the leash.

My son (six years) is a fan. Imagine the hybrid—it walks like "Charlie" and fights like "Doug"!

I repeat today what I said years ago in committee, the public will get what it demands. The audience of today, business men, professional men, want interest and accuracy. All the great middle class of America, that universal axle of life that swings civilization, expects and will get a gradual development in the motion picture world. Already the silver sheet is taking on all the attributes of good literature; action, physical action, alone is passing.

And so, after all this, what more natural than that I should write a scenario. For a long time I have been a member of the "I-could-write-a-better-one-than-that," club. The sequence follows: I tried—opportunely, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE urged me on, and I submitted "The Moth and the Skipper Fly." Behind the natural desire that it come out right, honor and justice triumph, etc., was a stronger urging. I wanted to help one desirable, mature, bachelor win a pretty girl. Just youth to youth, because it is, is an unreliable charter for the sea of matrimony.

Adorable Marguerite Clark really drove me to it. When I saw her in "Something in Hoops" (title forgotten) discard a perfectly good, before-the-war bachelor for a young jackanapes in a badly fitting coat, I lost all sense of masculine reasoning.

So that maternal instinct, seldom dormant in a happy wife, made me champion the bachelor. The younger man might have made Jane happy, but—why risk it?

Goodness, I hope the doctor and his wife live happy ever after, for I did it with my little Corona!



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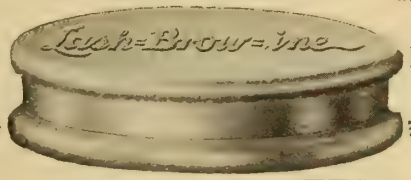
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A Branded Soul

(Continued from page 60)

"You cannot run away from me so easily! You thought you had sent me to my death—" he paused.

The reflected glow from the smoke clouds had glimmered on the gold cross which hung about her neck, suspended on a slender chain, and Juan's maddened gaze centered upon it. With an oath he tore it from her breast and cast it into the burning timber.

"Juan, my cross!" A little sob burst from Conchita. "Ah, give me my cross again!"

"That I shall do!" An evil, triumphant laugh escaped him and leaping upon the charred scaffolding he took the cross from the fire with his bare hands. "Here is your cross, to carry while you live as a mark of your shame!"

Conchita shrieked once as the searing agony of the brand bit into her flesh. Then the firelight died before her and she swayed in merciful faintness. All at once the oblivion into which she was sinking was pierced by a groan in a voice which brought her senses back in a swift rush and unmindful of her own torture she sprang forward.

John Rannie, with blood running down his face, was struggling feebly in the grasp of a howling mob who were lashing him to the scaffolding of the burning well.

"Stop!" Conchita cried high and clear above the raucous shouting. "Let him go! Madre de Dios, you would not burn him to death! You shall not harm him!"

The mob turned with one accord and stared at her in mute astonishment and at that moment Juan Mendoza sprang in front of her.

"It is his mistress!" he shouted. "Conchita Cordova, mistress of the robber who has taken from you your lands and homes! Will you listen to her?"

A howl of mingled rage and derision went up from the rabble and they turned again to their victim. Conchita measured their strength and a sob of utter despair welled up from her heart. The next moment she had slipped from the throng and was running with all her might to where a group of horses was tethered beneath a mahogany tree. A dexterous twist of the rope, a slim figure swarming up into the high peaked saddle, a clatter of hoofs on the hard-packed road and Conchita was off for the north and the army encampment which lay beyond the border.

The blow of the machete which had gashed Rannie's brow had mercifully stunned him and he was conscious at first only of the ropes which bound him so tightly that each was a separate torture. It seemed to him that for just a moment the face of Conchita had appeared before him, eager, pleading, but it vanished and a great cloud of smoke billowed down about him. He tried to cry out, to struggle, but a white-hot agony seared his lungs and darkness closed in upon him.

When he awakened after aeons of time it was with the silver tones of a bugle ringing in his ears, and trim khaki-clad forms bore him from the blazing scaffold just as the huge derrick fell. The rabble had been miraculously dispersed at the approach of the detachment of cavalry and Rannie searched in vain with his smoke-bleared eyes for the face of Conchita Cordova.

"Girl rode to camp for us." The commanding officer was youthful and scented romance. "Came back with us but she must have slipped away somewhere. Guess you know who she is, old chap!"

The next morning John Rannie, weak and pallid, tottered about over the burned area as near as he could safely go to the still flaming wells. He was a ruined man. All that he had struggled for and planned and hoped had gone up in a spark of mob vengeance!

His aimless, wandering steps led him unconsciously to the old mission church, and he strolled up the path and peered in at the door. At first he could discern nothing in the dense shadow but gradually the outline of a slender kneeling figure took shape before the altar rail and scarcely daring to credit the evidence of his senses, Rannie stole down the aisle.

It was Conchita. He knew her by the lithe swaying of her body as she prayed; by the masses of shining brown hair which were knotted low upon her neck, by a subtle influence which seemed to emanate from her as fragrance from a flower.

Gently, silently he crept forward and knelt beside her.

Conchita glanced up startled, then as she recognized him the light of a benediction so pure, so radiant flowed from her eyes that John Rannie bowed his head in the reverence of one before a veritable shrine, and hand in hand, like little children, they gave thanks together.

Impossible!

These things I have seen, in the electric theatre:

Plays in which I hoped the villain would defeat the hero, keep the papers, marry the girl, foreclose the mortgage, and live happily ever after.

Plays in which I longed to see a Boy Scout slap the hero on the wrist and smash his watch.

Plays in which the ingenue looked old enough to be the mother of her country.

Plays in which the society belle looked and behaved as if she had been brought up next door to the gas works by a family of Hottentots.

Plays in which cowboys, brakemen, mechanics, plumbers and similar types of nature's noblemen, looked as if they had just stepped out of a tonsorial and manicure emporium.

And so on.

But these things I have not seen, nor ever expect to see:

Plays in which Douglas Fairbanks gets licked.

Mary Pickford plays which end unhappily.

Why Do You Do It?

(Continued from page 81)

the narrative, to have the motives and emotions simple and easily understood. The critics of the motion picture forget this. They demand that audiences shall receive that which they, the critics, think they ought to get, not that which the audience wants, knows what it wants and insists on getting. In other words, they would make Shakespeare, Ibsen and Browning "compulsory reading" with screen audiences, forgetting that those audiences are after recreation, and cannot get it through an appeal to depth of thought and breadth of learning.

And as the patrons of the motion picture theaters are paying to get what they want, they are just as much entitled to get it as the man who goes into a haberdasher's to buy a particular cravat which he has seen in the window, and which he wants to the exclusion of all others.

The public can help the producer by taking pleasure in the sight of character building and character destruction on the screen; in the appreciation of the fact that certain causes are bound, in real life, to produce certain effects, and that in reality, handsome and heroic young men, ever striving to save beautiful young girls from some horrible villany, are not half so common as plain young men, courting in a plain and unheroic way, plain everyday girls.

But, just as it is the unusual which makes a so-called "comedy situation," it is the unusual which generally makes the dramatic effect, and I do not expect the public taste to change for many, many years.

The wise producer makes his pictures to suit the public taste and not that of the critics.

By H. O. Davis—*Triangle*

I KNOW it has been the fashion to deny the existence of any taste for prurient, unwholesome photoplays, but I am not going to deny the existence of such a demand. It is as real as crime and the drug habit, but it applies to an equally small percentage of people, and, like crime, the drug habit and other vices, it doesn't pay, least of all to the man who supplies the commodity.

If the exhibitor in a large community puts on a questionable film, and procures a lot of talk about it, and numerous written objections, he may fill his house for a period. The prurient, however, are consistent: they hang together.

But while getting his maudlin attendance the exhibitor must also be aware of this: in choosing his patronage he has deliberately cast aside ninety-five per cent of the picture patronage of the community; in gaining his houseful, he is getting all there are of their kind. In drawing a houseful of the people who want wholesome photoplays he is not even skimming the surface of the community's better element, who will come again and again and again.

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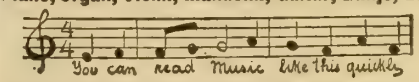


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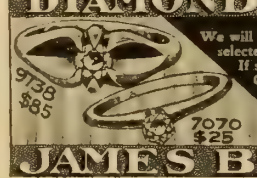
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A Good Gift Suggestion
See Page 124

Signing Up Cynthia

(Continued from page 48)

take his inamorata to lunch. Poor dub, I thought. Next thing he'll be getting married.

"Promptly at the appointed hour Atherton showed up. I was in the Chief's office, discussing some changes in a picture I'd just done, when he was announced.

"'Show 'em in,' the Chief growled to his secretary, then turned to me, holding out a letter the girl had given him. "'What do you think of that?' he roared.

"I took the letter and read it. It was from Josephine Walker, the woman we'd counted on to appear as co-star with Atherton. It said that she had sprained her ankle, and would be laid up for at least a month.

"The news upset me considerably. I was still reading the letter when Atherton and Polly came into the room.

"'Mr. Goldheimer,' I heard him say. 'Permit me to present you to —'

"That was as far as he got. The Chief, who had been staring at the girl with bulging eyes, rose from his chair with a roar of delight.

"'Cynthia Love!' he exclaimed, and held out both his hands. As for Harold, he stood frozen in his tracks, his jaw dropped, and he looked as though he thought the Chief had taken leave of his senses.

"The girl, however, was perfectly self-possessed. I had never met Cynthia Love, although her face was as familiar to me as my own. She stood there in her dainty little gingham, that must have cost fifty dollars if it cost a cent, looking the very picture of demure innocence and grace, while the Chief beamed at her like an overgrown schoolboy. He had moved heaven and earth for eighteen months to get Cynthia away from the Metagraph, and to have her walk so unexpectedly into the office simply took his breath away.

"'I say—' Harold began, but Cynthia cut him short.

"'Mr. Atherton has promised to get me a position with the International,' she said.

"'How much do you want, Miss Love?' the Chief asked, pressing a button on his desk.

"Cynthia took a folded paper from her purse and laid it before him.

"'Two thousand a week,' she said, 'with an interest in the next profits. Here is my contract with the Metagraph, which expired last month. I have noted the changes in pencil.'

"'Ralph,' the Chief said to the clerk who came to the door. 'Send Mr. Lewis here.' Lewis is the head of our legal department. Then he turned to Cynthia. 'Your terms are perfectly satisfactory, Miss Love. If you care to do so, you can begin by playing the star part in our big new production of *'Camille,'* with Mr. Atherton as your leading man.'

"Poor Harold, who had been completely submerged for several minutes, at last managed to come up for air.

"'By Jove!' he said, mopping his forehead. 'You were spoofing me all the time!'

"'No,' Cynthia said to him. 'Not all the time. Only about my work. Everything else was real. Will you forgive me?'

"Nobody on earth could help forgiving Cynthia anything, when she looks at them that way, and least of all could Harold. As I said before, he's head over heels in love with her, and I have an idea she is by no means indifferent to him."

"Quite a little romance, isn't it?"

Ellis looked at me with a grin.

"My God," he said. "No wonder Jerome was nervous." Then he took a folded manuscript from his pocket. "Here's that synopsis I wrote for Cynthia," he continued. "Look it over. Maybe I can sell it to *you*."

The Little Princess

(Continued from page 36)

Miss Minchin, seeing the turn affairs were taking, interposed.

"I have always been fond of Sara; she is an unusually bright child. I hope that you will remember all that I have done for you, Sara, dear."

Sara turned her serious eyes upon the woman.

"What have you done for me?"

"I have given you a home," began Miss Minchin, uneasily. "I might have turned you—"

"You will be well paid for what you have done," interrupted Carrisford, brusquely. "Not that you deserve it, but because I think Sara would rather have it so. She does not need to have it said that she owes anyone a penny. The report about the failure of the mine was not true—and I have invested Sara's inheritance so that she now has a fortune of many millions."

Turning from the speechless Miss Minchin, he said to Sara: "When you have done your dinner, come with me. My home will be your home, hereafter, and tonight there will be something there for for you."

"And Becky, too?" asked Sara.

Carrisford inclined his head. "Becky, too, if you wish."

So Ermengarde's prophecy was realized in a far greater measure than she or Sara had ever dreamed. A pair of old shoes for a Christmas gift, indeed! Oh, the glory and wonder of the star-studded tree that Carrisford hung with gifts for her in his home. Oh, the rapture with which she invited in all the cold hungry children of the London street who were standing with their noses pressed to the window-pane! And the joy with which she and Becky, herself in lace and ribbons and Becky in all the bizarre finery her soul craved, handed gifts to those less fortunate children, upon that wonderful Christmas Eve!

"It's a fairy tale," whispered Becky and Sara to each other, when at last the lights were out and the morning of their new life was but a few hours away. "It's a fairy tale, come true!"

Dressing for the Movies

Some of the costume tricks which the aspirant for screen stardom must learn

By Helen Starr

A FAMOUS author was visiting a picture studio for the first time. The stage was set for a scene in a photoplay featuring Fannie Ward. The author was not a little amazed to see this famous star come from her dressing-room garbed in a green broadcloth skirt, a bright blue waist, a yellow tie and a purple belt.

The author made a little inward gasp. "Why, I've known Fannie Ward for years and there never has been a more perfectly dressed woman on the stage. Color has always been an especial fetish with her—in London she used to spend weary hours matching a shade or hunting a fabric which would blend with the tones of her hair and the color of her eyes. Certain shades of pink and blue have been named for her—and all the small town women in the country watch her costumes on the screen. Now, why do you suppose to-day she is wearing such a distressing color discord?"

The author's outburst was cut short by Miss Ward's greeting. The visitor's eyes must have disclosed what she was thinking.

"There's a serious reason for this color mixture," laughed Miss Ward. "You see this particular green broadcloth skirt fits me to perfection. Now, the director asked me to wear this blue waist because the sleeves have to be torn away when the rough soldiers enter the Major's home, and, as it happens, these sleeves will pull away easily. This tie had to be in the outfit because it is woven of material strong enough to tie the enemy's spy to a tree and this belt serves as a whip lash which I use on the villain. The camera of course wont tell the atrocious color secret."

In this matter of color, the picture actress has a decided advantage over her sister in the legitimate. She can often use gowns remodeled from two materials, the colors of which clash decidedly when exposed to the naked eye, or costume accessories which do not tell their whole story on the screen. A green handbag carried with a red suit might make a loud noise in any business block, but the same combination on the screen might be carried by the most conventional of ingenues.

In the stock company in your home town the autocratic leading lady says, "next week I shall wear blue in the first act. The rest of the company may plan accordingly."

The "second" woman who usually plays vamp roles has the next choice. "I'll wear pink," she states with an air of finality. Perhaps the ingenue and the other woman in the company will have to buy new gowns of different hues no matter what the cost, for the leads have first say in the matter and must not be crossed.

In picture drama every woman in the cast may wear blue if she chooses without fear of incurring the displeasure of the star. Nor does the film actress have to think of the colors of the scenery behind her. This matter is of the utmost importance in stage productions. In the pictures, she will not have to buy a new gown in order to produce a color contrast with some particular set which the manager wishes to use in the drawing-room of the villain's home.

If one is making a real stage entrance each night before critical audiences, it is necessary to have the materials of one's gowns made of the best the market affords.

When the production of film stories began one of the greatest objections voiced against screen heroines was the fact that their gowns were often tawdry and their appearance far below the mark set by the best legitimate actresses. Fabulous fortunes had not yet been made from celluloid fiction and the production managers bought sparingly of historical costumes and none at all of modern stuff. Gradually, as the business developed and more perfected cameras portrayed texture to a remarkable degree, the best in gowns and accessories was none too good for the screen.

Present-day pictures are a veritable fashion show. Stars never use a "repeat" of the same gown in different pictures. One company, producing a continued story which centers about a pretty heroine, purchased some six gowns a week—at the rate of three hundred and twelve a year—for her exclusive use in the film story. Each was cut from a sumptuous fabric and there were hats, parasols, shoes, jewelry and other accessories to go with them.

Geraldine Farrar's account at a well known Los Angeles dry goods store shows an expenditure of two thousand dollars a month for feminine finery. Besides herself, the stars who spend fortunes for gowns and who are undoubtedly the smartest and best dressed women of the screen are Mrs. Vernon Castle, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Alice Brady, Pauline Frederick, Anita Stewart, Billie Burke, Clara Kimball Young, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Mabel Normand and Marguerite Clark. Photoplays starring any of these women are full of fashion tips.

The extra women in pictures or those just mounting the ladder to success do not have to buy the best of materials for their gowns. As long as they make background and are rarely called into a "close-up" they get by with a good general appearance. Of course, gowns must never be dowdy or soiled—at a few of the better studios a woman of excellent taste reviews all the picture people who are to play in scenes at that studio. If a drapery is torn or a skirt hangs askew or a pair of slippers is soiled the actress







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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

EMPIRE ALL-STAR CORPORATION, 220 S. State St., Chicago; Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAYS INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Los Angeles. (s).

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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

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in question must go back to her dressing room and correct her appearance. Elaborate hair dressing is tabooed and this criticism of the background folk is one of the elements which goes to make the drawing-room atmosphere of these concerns one of refinement.

All credit is due these "extra" folk and the actresses on the lower rung of the ladder of fame. Such a swapping of hat trimmings as goes on between dressing-rooms and such a patient search for bargains in the downtown shops. A good appearance is an actress' prime asset and the women of filmdom are far more clever in the art of dressmaking and millinery than many of the shopfolk on downtown avenues.

Jobbing people or those who "supe" on special days are notified the evening before what sort of a costume they must provide. By hook or crook the outfit has to be found, for the moving picture aspirant must be at the studio and made up ready for work at nine o'clock.

It is said that the Woolworth five and ten cent store jewelry business has doubled in New York and Los Angeles since moving pictures came into being. Used discriminately and with a good looking evening gown these imitation gems rival the real thing from Tiffany's when projected on the screen. Bargain laces, buttons, handbags and buckles often come from the cheaper stores to adorn movie gowns. And everyone has a hundred hats, for what cannot be done with about a dozen old shapes and plenty of flowers and feathers and ribbon for quick changes?

"Have you ever aspired to be an artist?" asks Theda Bara, a woman with observations really worth while. "If so you know that the painter in oils revels in color harmony while the pen and ink artist thinks in areas of bold blacks and whites. Now, this same difference of artistic attitude is found in the woman who hopes to make the tones of her new ball-gown blend like the hues of the rainbow, and the other woman who poses daily before a camera, and knows that blacks and grays with spaces of white between are all that counts."

Checks and dotted materials are good in moving pictures if they are not overloaded with trimming and if the scenery and furnishings are not too elaborate. Broad plaids are confusing to the eye if worn during an interior scene, but no material could be more striking than a Mackinaw worn in an Alaskan story taken before white, snowy backgrounds. The surrounding country has a great deal to do with the character of the costume.

"Beware of black and white materials," says the camera man. "They often photograph in hard lines. Red takes better than black itself and pink, blue or yellow better than dead white. If an actress wishes to wear a lace gown, I advise her to have a lavender foundation dress beneath, for this brings out the pattern of the lace in detail. Shining white satin is to be avoided for a strange phenomenon known as halation sometimes occurs. Light reflected from the satin or from white shirt bosoms of men in evening dress often produces a ghostly double which appears to follow the actors about the scene."

A gown should be so planned that the sections of black and white are large in area wherever they occur. If a light gown has its stripes of trimming too close together the whole loses uniformity and lessens the individuality of the figure. Open mesh laces and cut work embroidery are effective on the screen. Jet sparkles under the studio lights and is particularly handsome. Satins with a soft lustre will shimmer with good effect and light and airy malines are the mainstay of the ingenue.

Watching Italian moving pictures, one often sees an actress wearing a tulle scarf with long ends which swing airily as if a gentle breeze were blowing through the porticoes of that summer country. This same effect is often produced in American studios by using an electric fan at one side of the studio.

"Now, would you think the lines of a gown were important in the movies?" asked Louise Glaum, the well known Triangle player of vampire roles. "Remember the stiff taffeta costumes of a few springs ago with their flaring knee-length tunics? Those were not at all practical for a moving picture actress—particularly for a woman who plays snakey vamp roles. I found that I merely walked inside such a skirt and any action of the hips and limbs was lost. An actress must appear to throw her whole self into a part, but in such a dress I knew I could only act above my waistline! Clinging gowns betray each movement and seem to give the artist more life and animation. Drapery, too, is better than puffs and tunics because it is full of attractive shadows, depths and high lights."

If character costumes are needed—Indian, Colonial, English court, etc.—these can usually be found in the company's wardrobe room. However, if some special need arises, the wardrobe mistress gathers her forces together and turns them out on short notice. One hundred and fifty special costumes were completed in two days when a certain historical film had to be finished with speed.

If the director of a picture is not particular as to costume details, the actress herself must be. Weak film plots and inappropriate costumes never escape the scathing comment of the critic. If he sees a movie star playing the part of an Indian girl, and trying to ford a stream in high heeled shoes instead of mocassins, he writes a little paragraph about it in his newspaper.

Again he may see the heroine of an Alaskan story with a bandana handkerchief swathed about her neck. He criticizes this costume detail, because he explains that those handkerchiefs are a necessity in Arizona—not Alaska—and are carried for use over the mouth to keep out desert dust raised by the swift hoofs of horses.

So it behooves a movie star to prime herself on the sort of thing which a Spanish girl probably would have worn in California mission days, and to be equally versed in the apparel of Ireland or Labrador.

It's not always easy to appear attractive on a motion picture screen.

Clothes Do Not Make the Woman

(*Continued from page 87*)

As a boy, Bill ranged around the hills near Los Angeles, so on this trip he picked himself out a nice piece of property overlooking Silver Lake and is building a home. He is just as good a designer of homes as he is of gowns and next spring when his place is complete it will be one of the show places of Southern California. The house is going to be a sort of jewel box for his mother, filled with the little things in which they both delight, for looking after his mother has been one of Bill's chief diversions, and the two are nearly always together. With their new home the mater can nestle in one of the most beautiful spots in the country while Bill works in pictures, scampers about the country, or otherwise disports himself.

Up to now only the big garage with the servants' quarters above is complete, and Bill and his servants occupy these. So far no automobile has graced the interior, for just as Bill was about to drive in he discovered that it would be a grand place to give stag parties and hold other festivities and it has been used for that purpose ever since, while the car shivers all night under a neighboring tree. As a host Bill is king of them all.

Julian Eltinge picked the hardest job in the world to succeed at, but he did it, and while he can number the admirers of his work on the speaking stage by thousands, he can already number the admirers of his work on the screen by millions.

Success hasn't bothered him and all they can say about him has been summed up by one of the Lasky studio electricians who remarked, "Bill is sure some regular guy."

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 118*)

ELEANOR, PHILADELPHIA.—Yep, that's a new question. George Cooper hails from Newark, N. J., where he was born Dec. 18, 1891. Not married that we know of. He has appeared in the following Vitagraph films: "Mills of the Gods," "Drop of Blood," "The Outlaw," "Tangled Threads," "From Out the Big Snows," "In the Days of Famine," "Four Grains of Rice."

HELENITA, PADUCAH, KY.—David Powell is with Empire All-Star, playing opposite Olive Tell right now. He appeared opposite Ann Murdock in "Outcast" with the same company, a Mutual subsidiary.

READER, PATERSON, N. J.—Violet Mersereau and June Caprice have light hair and blue eyes. Neither married.

BEATRICE, PHILADELPHIA.—Billie Billings played his daughter with Earle Williams in "The Soul Master." Hal Ford marries Pearl White in "May Blossoms."

C. V., ELCAMPO, TEX.—Watch PHOTOPLAY'S advertising columns for the information about learning to be a cameraman. This magazine investigates and recommends every firm or concern which advertises in it.

JOY LADY, PRESCOTT, ARK.—Billie Burke's latest is "Arms and the Girl." Paul Willis was last with Morosco. Edward Earle is with Vitagraph.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

P. W. ADMIRER, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Pearl White converses fluently in Italian. You'll have to ask her the rest of the questions yourself; we don't want to get in Dutch with her.

POLLY, DAVENPORT, IA.—Address Margery Wilson at Culver City, Cal., and Mildred Harris at Lois Weber Studio, Vermont and Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Mae Murray gets her postal cards at Universal City, Cal. The only "near ones" we have at the front are several great grandsons.

INTERESTED, GUELPH, CANADA.—Mr. Johnson is now actively engaged in the producing business as one of the high officials of Triangle. Your letter was highly appreciated and we would welcome others.

F. M., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Sid Chaplin is looking after his brother Charley's business interests but threatens to play in some comedies of his own soon. Broncho Billy Anderson is producing stage plays now.

B. M. B., CLEVELAND, O.—Mahlon Hamilton is uncommunicative on the subject of uxorial matters. May Allison is with no company at present. William Stowell is married but his wife is not playing.

AGNES, GREENVILLE, ALA.—Brace yourself for the shock. Arthur Shirley is married and is a father as well. He is with Balboa at Long Beach, Cal., but his hair is not gray unless it's just turned lately.

B. D., DETROIT, MICH.—Maybe there'll be another Beauty and Brains contest and maybe there won't. It's hard telling right now.

BESSIE, BOSTON, MASS.—Billie Burke is considerably taller than Marguerite Clark who isn't even five feet high. Billie is 31 and her baby's name is Patricia Burke Ziegfeld. Write Miss Burke, Care Artcraft, New York. June Caprice is 18.

M. N., GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.—Golda Madden was *Cora Hayes* in "Fires of Rebellion." Francine Larrimore was *Leigh's* daughter in "Somewhere in America." Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar have a little daughter. We are making a number of suggestions to the editor after reading your letter and we are sure that you will see some interesting results.

GRACE, BERKELEY, CAL.—Owen Moore played opposite Ann Pennington in "The Boy Scout." Jack Pickford answers his mail. He and Olive Thomas were married a year on October 25. Jack was 21 in August. Margarita Fischer is with American. It is impossible to tell from a snapshot, or even a thousand posed photographs if the subject thereof could get by in the movies.

G. A., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Paul Capellani played *Armand* to Clara Kimball Young's "Camille," in the first of the three photoplays of that name.

H. Z., DETROIT, MICH.—Of course if we said that October was a hard month in which to break into the movies, it's true. Why? Because October is one of the twelve months of the year and the same applies to all twelve.

M., MOUNDRIDGE, KAN.—Send you a photograph of the Answer Man? Sure, but first you must fill out the necessary application blank and enclose the required amount.

POLLY, PIQUA, O.—It is a good idea to send 25 cents when you request a photograph, although stars like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara and others in the over a thousand a week salary class do not require it. Ann Pennington is with Famous, Charles Gunn, Triangle; Cleo Ridgely, Glendale, Cal., and Louise Huff, Morosco.

J. B., MOBILE, ALA.—Bessie Eyton is at the Selig studio, Los Angeles.

M. B., CHICAGO.—Olive Thomas has not played in the Follies since last season. William Parke, Jr., has played opposite Gladys Hulette, since "The Candy Girl," in "The Cigarette Girl," "The Streets of Illusion," "Miss Nobody," and "A Crooked Romance." Carlyle Blackwell is a native of New York and it's his sure enuff name.

R. S., SILVERTON, COLO.—Some wise old coot said once that a lady looks as old as she is, or a woman is as young as she acts, or something like that, which being true, Fannie Ward is about two years older than Mary Miles Minter, but the Blue Book says she is 43 and Miss Ward admits that she's older.

EVADNE, WEST PERTH, AUSTRALIA.—Write to Madame Petrova, Godfrey Bldg., New York; Edna Purviance, care Chaplin Company, Los Angeles and Marjorie Daw, at Lasky's. Neither Miss Courtot nor Miss Allison is on the screen at present. Hazel Dawn is 26 and her last appearance was in "The Lone Wolf." Edward Earle is with Vitagraph.

E. E., CHICAGO.—So far as we know the "Neglected Wife" was finished, as all neglected wives are. Anyhow there was no fire in the Balboa studio where it was filmed. Miss Roland has been appearing in vaudeville.

H. H., REDWOOD CITY, CAL.—Charles Gunn was the handsome feller who played with Margery Wilson in "Mountain Dew," which was the photoplay you have in mind. Address Miss Wilson personally. The others will send photographs to you.

SHAMMIE, ATLANTA, GA.—Helen Holmes and Helen Gibson are two separate and distinct personages, entirely unrelated except that both are affiliated with the photomelodrama, so to say.

G. E., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Mae Marsh is 22, unmarried at this moment, and lives in New York City.

SPADE, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Harold Lockwood is 29 or thereabouts. Yes, we agree with you in toto.

SILVER SPURS, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Glad to see you again. Yes, we have met Mr. Foxe pussonly but never got so chummy that he confided to us his matrimonial affairs. He is thinner in the East than he was in the West, also in the waist.

LORENA, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Your criticism has been sent to the desk of the person who will be most benefited by it. Thanks ever so much for the compliment. Where did we acquire "such wonderful patience?" Oh, just getting bumped around the world, and everything.

W. M. S., GRIMSBY, ONT., CANADA.—Arthur Ashley was your hero in "Tangled Fates"—the drummer. Write Tom Forman, 17 Co. C. A. C., Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, Cal.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

L. R., HANCOCK, MICH.—Mary Pickford's most recent photoplay is an adaptation of William J. Locke's novel, "Stella Maris," in which Miss Pickford plays a dual role.

L. J., ALBION, N. Y.—Helene Rosson and E. Forrest Taylor played the leads in "True Nobility."

D. P., HAVANA, CUBA.—Delighted to hear from you again. It was Marie Walcamp in "Liberty" and not Shirley Mason. No, we never get tired answering questions and if you believe that one we'll tell you another some day.

MAVIS, FREEPORT, L. I.—We have no record of Jean Dumar. Sorry. We have printed pictures of nearly all the newly weds in filmdom, haven't we? You are a grand little PHOTOPLAY booster.

RUTH, ST. LOUIS.—Irving Cummings is an American. Arthur Ashley is married.

S. W., HARTFORD, CONN.—"Is Mr. Franklyn Farnum dead or alive?" Just as an offhand opinion, we should say he is alive. At least he has always denied that he is a dead one. We rather think it is an imposition to ask any photoplayer to correspond with a stranger. They are much too busy.

KATINKA, OWEN SOUND, ONT., CANADA.—"The Crisis" was made by Selig, not Vitagraph and most of the exteriors were filmed on the actual locations as in the novel, most of them at Vicksburg, Miss., and St. Louis, Mo. Enjoyed your letter very, very much.

E. W. M., PARSONS, KAN.—Jewel Carmen played with Wm. Farnum in "The Conqueror." Cast of "Tides of Barnegat": *Jane Cogden,* Blanche Sweet; *Dr. John Cavendish,* Elliott Dexter; *Bart Holt,* Tom Forman; *Lucy,* Norma Nichols; *Archie,* Bille Jacobs; *Capt. Holt,* Walter Rogers; *Sydney Gray,* Harrison Ford; *Martha,* Lillian Leighton. Cast of "Garden of Allah:" *Domini,* Helen Ware; *Boris Androvsky,* Thomas Santschi; *Count Anteoni,* Matt Snyder; *Capt. DeTrevignac,* Will Machin; *Father Roubrer,* Harry Lonsdale; *Lord Rens,* Al Filson; *Lady Rens,* Eugenie Besserer; *Father Beret,* Frank Clark; *The Sand Diviner,* James Bradbury; *Batouch,* Pietro Sosso; *Hadj,* Cecil Holland; *Suzanne,* Camille Astor.

R. H. D., ILION, N. Y.—Carlyle Blackwell is not married to Doris Kenyon, nor June Elvidge. Nor is Beverly Bayne the wife of Francis X. Bushman. You're entirely welcome.

A. B., MANILA, P. I.—Write to Bessie Love for a photograph, care Pathe, No. 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. It is customary to enclose *dos reals* Mex. or two bits *oro.*

I. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Many, many thanks for your very appreciative letter. Your friend, Mr. Langford is somewhere in France at the present time, doing a little scrapping for the good of the cause.

E. B. A., ATCHISON, KAN.—Miss Clark has no relatives acting on the screen, we believe and she is not related to Champ Clark. She will be 31 in February.

ETHEL, KENOSHA, WIS.—Brownie Vernon is not married to Herbert Rawlinson. It probably never occurred to Brownie as she is a good friend of Herb's wife. You are probably right about the reason why June Caprice always has a new leading man—anyhow, you're original.



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See Page 124



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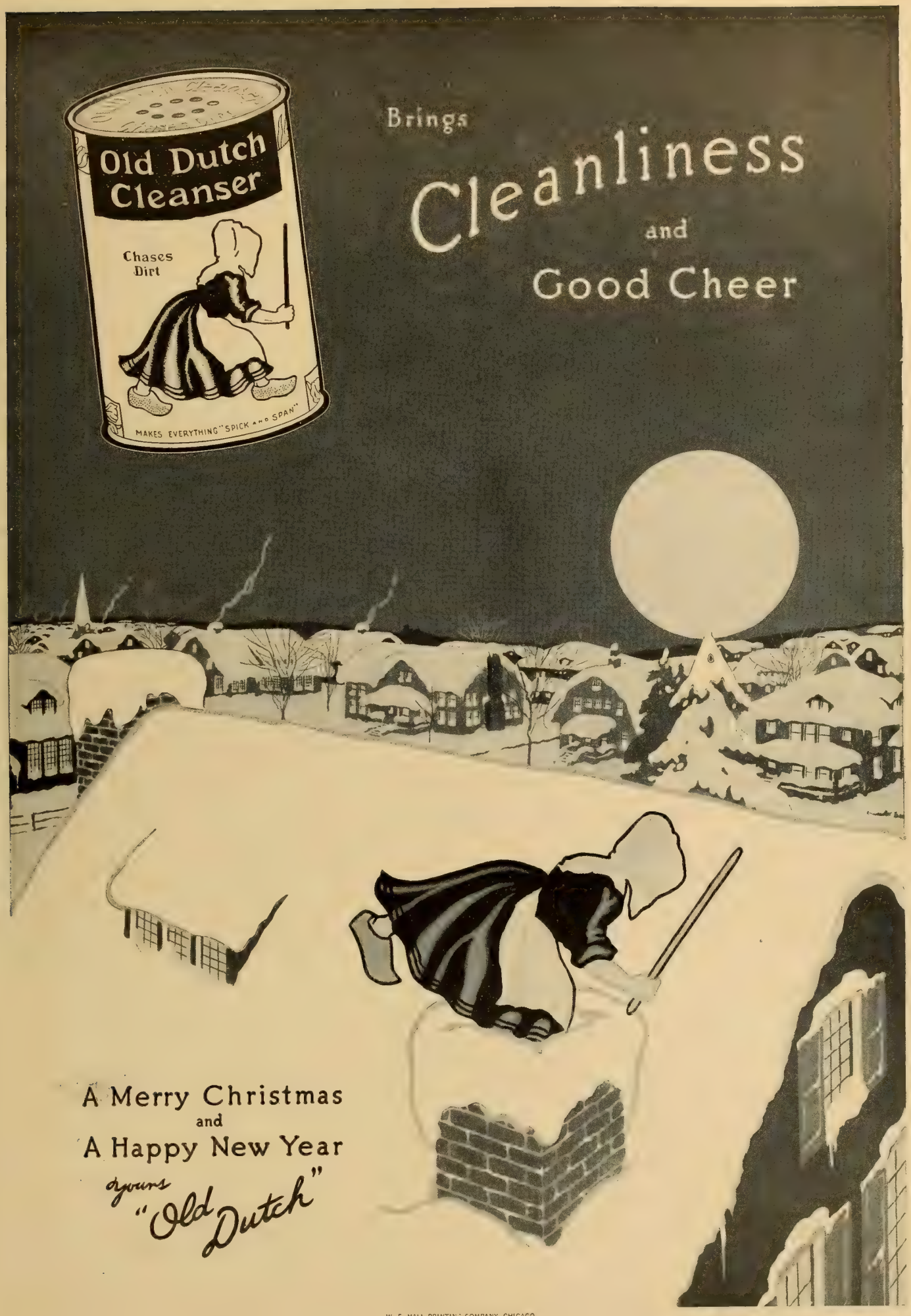
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PHOTOPLAY

February
20 Cents

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A great series of articles on Photoplay Writing by John Emerson and Anita Loos, the world's greatest authorities, **BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE**

"More Corns Than Ever But They Do Not Stay"

The Story That Millions Tell



This is not a way to prevent corns.

That would mean no dainty slippers, no close-fitting shoes. And that would be worse than corns.

Our plea is to end corns as soon as they appear. Do it in a gentle, scientific way. Do it easily, quickly, completely, by applying a Blue-jay plaster.

Modern footwear creates more corns than ever. But have you noted how few people ever evidence a corn?

The chief reason lies in Blue-jay. It is ending millions of corns each month. Instantly, for every user, it puts a quietus on corns.

The procedure is this: Attach a Blue-jay at the first sign of a corn. It will never pain again. Let it remain two days, and the corn will disappear.

Occasionally, an old, tough corn needs a second application. But that's an easy matter, and the corn is sure to go.

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How Blue-jay Acts



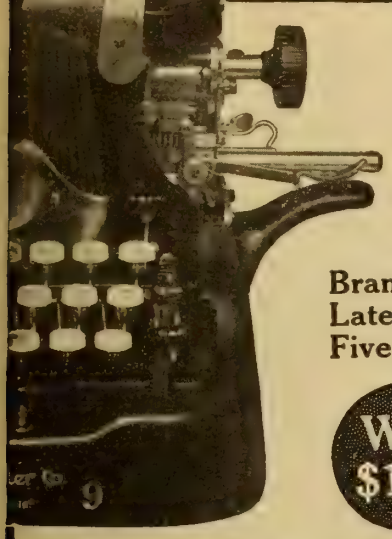
A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, to make the plaster snug and comfortable.

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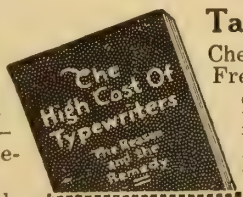
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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James R. Quirk, Editor

No. "P-23"

VOL. XIII No. 3

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Next Month

Griffith is Back

How true that old adage "No man is a prophet in his own country." David Wark Griffith, the greatest genius the screen has produced, went to Europe and was proclaimed everywhere as a great artist. In America there are those who should know better, but still think of him merely as a "movie director." In England he was entertained graciously by the King and Queen. The Government afforded him every facility. People pointed him out saying, "There goes Mr. Griffith the great American Cinema director—the man who made 'The Birth of a Nation.'" It's the old story. Twenty years from now we are going to think a lot more of David Wark Griffith than we do of most of the people who are breaking into the front pages today. America will be proud of him; will look upon him as the first great master of the first great art America has given the world.

In the March issue of PHOTOPLAY Mr. Griffith will give you his impressions of the world conflict and a little insight into the nature of his next picture. The story will be accompanied by some remarkable photographs, which are in reality "stills" of his next great play.

"Fakes"

No, we are not alluding to some of the personalities connected with the picture business today. This is just a hint of a very interesting story, accompanied by some really remarkable illustrations. It is to be called "Fakes and Fallacies of the Films." You have many times asked yourself, "How do they do it?" when viewing scenes of railroad wrecks, submarine life, burning buildings, automobile accidents, or other thrillers. This story which is to appear in the March issue, is a swift-moving, accurately illustrated story that tells you just what you have been wanting to know.

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Next Month

Pity the Poor Studio Children

Is the title of our baby star story for March. If you think the picture kiddies are blasé, affected little minxes, you'll change your mind after reading this story. After viewing these pictures it will show you that these little people have a lot more fun in the films than you used to have when you carried water for the elephants in the circus.

Charles Chaplin, Director

Charles Spencer Chaplin is tired of being merely the world's funniest man. Maybe he cherishes a secret yearning to wear a sport shirt, puttees and shout through a megaphone. You'll think so at any rate when you see the pictures of him "shooting" scenes from the pictures that have been making you laugh during the past year.

"Grand Crossing Impressions"

If you are a reader of PHOTOPLAY you haven't missed some of the little gems written by Delight Evans. We are going to tell you a little more about Miss Evans some day, but right here we want to tell you about a little department she is going to have, beginning with the next issue. You know Chicago is the grand crossing for all film folks going East and West. Usually they are obliged to sit an hour or two for the trains and sometimes they stick around here for a day or two. They are always kind enough to drop in and say "Hello" to PHOTOPLAY. Miss Evans is going to tell you just what she thinks of them. She meets them from month to month. Take a tip from the Editor. Watch Grand Crossing Impressions.

Personalities

Virginia Pearson is the March cover girl—and Artist Haskell Coffin has caught and canvassed her brunette beauty against a striking blue-green background of Cooper-Hewitt lights. Really, we can recommend this cover. Inside there is a story about "Virginia from Kentucky."

Would you like to know what Bessie Barriscale fears most of all? Would you like to know the haunting dread that stalks beside her wherever she goes? Elizabeth Peltret found it out and tells you all about it in the March PHOTOPLAY. Miss Barriscale does most of the talking and she is occasionally interrupted by friend husband—you know—Howard Hickman. But he is such a good actor that he is not merely a member of the "husband club."

Oh, there are so many good things in that issue that we are really tired of trying to tell you about them all. You'll have to take some of them for granted. You won't be disappointed.



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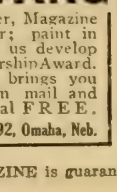
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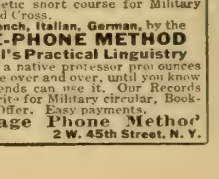
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PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIII FEBRUARY, 1918 NO. 3



1918



HERE'S a whole New Year for you, fresh from the Workshop of Time. It is perfect. It is Eternity's annual gift to Mankind, to do with as it will. It is free from the blemishes of human misdeeds and mistakes. For twelve months it is ours, to work with and play with, to think with and love with, to laugh with and sigh with. And then, when the twelve months have passed, what then? Then we must hand it back to the Maker of Years, and show what we have done with this gift.

For the next twelve months, all that we hope and fear, all that we do and all that we neglect to do, all that we create and all that we destroy, will become a part of the gift, to make it ugly and weak, or beautiful and strong.

The year is ours.

What will you do with it, you army of shadows on the screen? Will you think of yourselves as a chosen people, set apart to bring to the world a greater meed of joy, or as a mere hurrying mob, scrambling frantically for dollars? Will you think, as you play each scene, that back of the clicking camera stand millions of men, women and children, pleading with you to do your best for them, or will you think of the task as just something to be done in order to get your salary?

The year is yours—you must decide.

What will you do with it, you rulers of the world of make-believe? Will you think of your art as a business, or of your business as an art? Will you say, "Make this picture, because it will sell"? or "Make this picture, because it deserves to sell"? Will you take a sordid path to easy dollars, or search for the higher road with patient faith that worthy achievement will finally win its due reward?

The year is yours—you must decide.

What will you do with it—you millions in the darkened theatres? Will you search out the fruits of earnest endeavor, or will you lend your support to them who pander to your appetite for sensation? Will you hunt for what is good, or go about sneering at what is bad?

The year is yours—you must decide.

But always remember this—that when the time has come, and you must hand back the gift to the Maker of Years, that which is perfect today, untouched by human hand, will then record your every thought and deed. This is your responsibility. Think of it then, not as responsibility, but as opportunity.

The Gold



Photographs by Stagg

This picture was sent to PHOTOPLAY with the request that it be touched up and M. M. M's. freckles removed. But the freckles are there. And why shouldn't she have freckles? Did you ever see a healthy kid without 'em? To our mind this is a photographic barrage that should silence all doubters of her youth.

MARY MILES MINTER did not float out on any tobacco cloud. Instead, she sat on a couch and knitted with a rapidity that proved her thoroughly expert. She was dressed in purple velvet which brought out in sharp relief the vivid yet soft coloring of her skin and hair and eyes—a coloring that makes her more exquisitely lovely in real life than she is on the screen. She looked as if Riley had made his verse for her.

Her real name is Juliet Shelby and she was born in Shreveport, La., April 1, 1902, which makes her fifteen, "going on sixteen" years old. She became Mary Miles Minter when she was nine years old and playing in The Littlest Rebel with the Farnum brothers, Dustin and William.

"The real Mary Miles Minter was a cousin who died when she was a baby," said "Julie," as the home folks call her. "She was nine years older than I, and my mother naturally thought of her when it looked as though we would have to close the show because I wasn't sixteen years old. So, when the Gerry man came, mother showed him the birth certificate of Mary Miles Minter and said that I was Juliet Shelby's cousin. She had padded me all up beforehand, too, as I was supposed to be a dwarf. My, but we were scared. We got by all right, though, but I had to keep my cousin's name until mine was forgotten."

The fact that New York fell in love with the little girl of "The Littlest Rebel" is too well known to need mention. Not so the fact that at the time she was "no pampered, velvet-and-ermine-clad doll, whose charms are emphasized by curls," to quote the New York Dramatic Mirror of November 22, 1911, "but a ragged, straight-haired, woman-faced little one. Critically analyzed," the article goes on to say, "the visage of this small conqueror of a big city is not pretty, except in the inevitable prettiness of childhood in any state—"

Mary Miles Minter likes that clipping. It proves that, radiantly beautiful as she is now, she did not walk into fame on the strength of that beauty.

"I loved 'The Littlest Rebel,'" she said. "I want to do something really dramatic in pictures—like Tennyson's 'Elaine,' for instance.

"King Arthur is my ideal man," she went on, "King Arthur or Lancelot, but really I don't like any men very much. Even King Arthur had a fault; he was so busy taking care of his Kingdom and his Table Round that he neglected his wife."

en Girl *of the* West

By Elizabeth Peltret

"A face of fairy beauty, and a form of airy grace,
Floats out on my tobacco, as the Genii from the vase,
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies."



Mother, Grandmother, and Sister assist while Juliet demonstrates that even swans have an eye for beauty—and popcorn!

She is very girlish.

"My favorite play used to be 'Romeo and Juliet,' but it isn't any more. It seems too sentimental, somehow, and then, too, I believe so firmly in life after death—you know that Romeo and Juliet lived good lives, and that in the end they were together and happy—it really doesn't seem a bit sad to me—not a bit."

She has quick, intuitive likes and dislikes and, as soon as she meets people, associates them with some color or combination of colors, that seem to suit them most. She has given colors to all the people with whom she played on the stage, going as "far" back as the time of her first appearance when she was five years old, in Cameo Kirby with Nat Goodwin and Maude Fealy.

"I can't remember what color I gave Mr. Goodwin," she said, "but Maude Fealy's was white and yellow, Mrs. Fiske was beige; Robert Hilliard, French gray, and Emily Stevens—I had a great deal of trouble giving a color to Miss Stevens. For her, I thought of marigold with a narrow stripe of violet, but I wasn't exactly sure. Mary



You may have been "caught" reading, Mary. But *child!* Isn't that a dictionary?

Pickford is many different colors, but they are always warm and soft and beautiful—she is like a sunset sky. Dustin and William Farnum are very different. To William I gave russet brown and woodland green, while to Dustin I gave purple streaked with cerise. I gave Madame Bertha Kalich violet streaked with crimson." She laughed lightly. "Perhaps I put in the crimson because she got mad at me once. We made it all up afterward and I love her.

"In the play, she was supposed to be my mother and all through rehearsals I persisted in skipping when she wanted me to walk. Finally she said, 'Oh, it is true! The child CAN'T walk! Come here to me, Little One. I, Kalich, will teach you how to walk!" (Miss Minter had laid aside her knitting and was giving a funny imitation of herself and Madame Kalich.)

"'See!' Madame Kalich went on, 'I am your mother, but you have not seen me for a long time. Come, express it, so!'" — (Showing just how Kalich wanted her to do, she took two little steps and drew back a little, then three little steps and drew back a little, finishing up in a run.) "It wasn't natural for me to do it that way," she went on. "Madame rehearsed me again and again, but I wanted to skip and so I could not—or would not—do it right. Anyway, I didn't skip on the night of the performance; I walked, but not—oh, not—as Kalich wanted me to! I held my knees as stiff as if they were sticks — (she illustrated with telling effect)—it broke Kalich all up and she was furious. 'The child have ruin everyt'ing,' she said. 'She have deser-r-crate my art!'

"All of us get mad when we have some good cause for it. I can remember just as well how mad I got at Maude Fealy because she used one of my socks as a handkerchief, and I was only about five years old. It was during Cameo Kirby. Miss Fealy had a dreadful cold, she had mislaid her handkerchief, and had only a few seconds before it was time for her to go on. She was looking around desperately, when she spied Mama standing there with a pair of my socks. 'Oh, give me that, please,' she said and snatched one of them. I had to go on 'sockless!'

"Here, at the studio, everything goes like clockwork," she remarked. "I'm living the most monotonous life."

Her days are, for the most part, spent at the studio, and her evenings at lessons. She is taking music (vocal and piano), French and literature, and has three tutors, giving two nights a week to each. Even in as small a city as Santa Barbara, she is personally very little known, outside of the Hotel Arlington where she lives with her mother, grandmother, and her beautiful brunette sister, Margaret Shelby. But, of course, Mary Miles Minter is none the less a favorite subject of conversation and some of the things said about her would make good plots for scenarios. For instance, one day Margaret Shelby was sitting next to some of the inhabitants of Montecito, the millionaire colony, in a picture show, when she heard one say:

"Mary Miles Minter is thir-r-rty-nine years old; you'd never think it, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said the other. "They hide it with make-up, you know."

"She looks so dainty," said the first. "But really, she is quite ignorant and uneducated. She was born in New York on the east side. Her father was a common drunk, and her mother had to scrub office floors for a living. At last, her father disappeared and her mother died—of exhaustion, probably. She was adopted by a neighbor almost as poor as her parents had been. This neighbor took care of her until she was about sixteen years old. Then, a show girl saw her, noticed her beauty and got her a place in the chorus. She worked herself up from there, gradually. Remarkable, isn't it?"

Margaret Shelby thought that it was remarkable. For a moment she had an intense desire to enlighten them, but she didn't. "It would really have done no good," she said.

As a matter of fact, Mary Miles Minter is descended from a famous pioneer and Indian fighter, Gen. Isaac Shelby, who became the first Governor of Kentucky and she never suffered, even the least little bit, from poverty.

She has a fervid ambition, is direct, earnest and sincere.

"I know that I will do big things," she said. The sentence was, of course, without a trace of egotism. She was ignoring the fact that her name is famous all over the world. "I have my wagon hitched to the very highest star of all and I'm determined to get there and sit right on the top of it, some day."

It was just as we were leaving; and Mary called us back.

"Yes?"

"I wonder if I might write a little letter to the people who have been so kind to me—send them a little message through PHOTOPLAY?"

We agreed that it would be very nice indeed; and Mary disappeared for some minutes. When she came back she handed me the letter, with a little smile, half-shy, half-triumphant.

"Dear Friends Everywhere:

"I'm writing to you, care PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, because I want to tell you all that I've been hoping to tell you for a long, long time.

"You know, when I was on the stage, I was pleased with my little successes. But I never dreamed that some day I would have so many friends. You have made me very happy; and I shall do my best to please you always.

"Perhaps by the time this reaches you, Christmas will have come and gone. But the thought is uppermost in my mind, and I wish you all the merriest Christmas possible, and the happiest New Year.

"Your Friend from Shadow-Land.

"MARY MILES MINTER."



Riley must have known a Mary Miles Minter. And loved her. She is to thousands of fans the living spirit of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

And George Did It

George Beban's ascent to fame was neither sudden nor easy, and certainly not made more so by Father who had other prospects for George.

By Kenneth McGaffey

"AFTER you, my dear Alfonse! After you, my dear Gaston!"

Everybody knows them, but did you ever stop and think back how long these two famous personages have been displaying themselves in the comic supplements? I don't know myself, but it was long before the photodrama began to flicker. Then there was a musical comedy version of Alfonse and Gaston which played the pistol opera circuit for several years—and guess who was the man who first played Alfonse?



Mr. Beban's make-up for Latin roles is perfect. Not the smallest detail is overlooked.

George Beban, Jr. "shoots" a domestic scene on the home in California. Papa and Mamma Beban are

Ta-a—da— the curtains move. Ta-a—da— the official announcer steps forth. Coughs. Bows. Coughs again. "Ladies—and—gentlemen."—(Pause.)—"I take great pleasure in introducing the speaker of the evening—the original Alfonse, who is none other than the famous interpreter of Latin characters,—Mister George Beban." Ta-a— Ta-a— Ta-a—da. The curtains part, revealing Mister Beban in poses plastique of an Italian Peddler. Applause.—Cheers.—Curtain.

* * * * *

Those funny cartoons of Frederick Opper brought George Beban to the attention of the theatrical world and were the first step of the long ladder of successes his popularity has erected. His appearance in "Alfonse and Gaston" attracted the attention of a theatrical manager and Beban was given an opportunity to appear on Broadway with a real show and from then on it was



veranda of his featured.

George Beban and George, Jr. who co-starred with Daddy in "Lost in Transit." Some distinction for a young man not three years old.

a cinch. How he developed from a French comic into the most famous player of Italian types is a long and complicated story.

To see Beban now on the screen as an Italian truck gardener or peddler, do one of his wonderful scenes with a little child—one of those scenes where you sneak the handkerchief out and dust the rain out of the corner of your eye—you cannot imagine him singing "A Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave," with Lask's "Bitters and Vigor of Life Medicine Show" in some Western tank, with the boosters among the crowd calling, "Another bottle sold, Doctor!" at the saddest part. That was the time in Beban's life when he had taken the name of "George Dink" so his irate male parent could not find him and haul him home.

George was born in San Francisco, where so many eminent actors started from. He had a fine voice for a twelve-year-old kid and his father planned that he should become an opera singer. According to George's notion, it took too long to prepare for opera, so, with the help of his elder brother, he sneaked out and got a job with the old McKee Rankin Stock Company and made his debut on the stage as "Jack Mason, age 6, the tender cord that bound two loving hearts together." It said all this on the

program, so all that George had to do was to wrap them up. He played Little Jack for nearly a week, when one night the manager came to him, told him he was rotten, had no talent, and fired him.

At home the elder brother tipped off the fact that George's father had gotten to the management and had him fired. A little later George corralled a job at the old Vienna Gardens. He wore an old satin suit he had outgrown, and was billed as "The Boy Baritone of California," the song that made the biggest hit being "The Picture that's Turned to the Wall." For this and a couple of other tearful ditties George collected twelve dollars a week. Father located him again and the manager told him he had a rotten voice and sent him on his way. George could not figure this out; the audience seemed to like him, yet he would always get fired for being rotten.



Mr. Beban takes it easy after a hard day's grind at the studio. His companion could not be induced to look pleasant.

"A brief rest at home and then I got a job with the Reed and West Minstrels as one of the boys in a quartet," said Beban in reviewing his past. "Even under the burnt cork the eye of my father found me again, and again I was fired for being no good. Then I woke up and, to get away from the parental influence, joined out with the medicine show with a boy chum. The towns the 'Vigor of Life' visited were too small to have theatres, so we played in hotel dining-rooms, lodge halls and vacant lots. When I was not edifying the audience with my boyish baritone, I was down through the crowd selling 'Bitters.' We got a rake-off for every bottle we sold," explained Beban, "but trade was none too good for in some distant mountain town the 'Bitters' lost their bite and the 'Vigor of Life' fluttered and went over the Great Divide, and I had to write home for money enough to get back to San Francisco."

Goodyear, Elitch and Shilling's Minstrels came to Oakland and George pussy-footed across the bay and joined out. The minstrels went east and so did George, and it was many years before he saw the tower of the ferry building, and when he did get back he was not afraid that his father would have him fired.

Beban did fine in black-face and then went into vaudeville. A little later he went to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and did his specialty in a show called "A Trip to Buffalo." One of the principals was taken ill and George was offered a part, but he had to have a French dialect. Now, up to this time Beban did not know any more French and Italian dialect than a rabbit. "Why, I couldn't even argue with a boot black," he says.

Beban's favorite dining place in Buffalo was a little French table d'hote presided over by a buxom *proprietere* recently from France. Beban would engage her in conversation and rapidly acquired the Franco-American dialect. Pretending to have trouble with his eyes, he got her to read his part to him. When he appeared on the stage he used the *table d'hote* dialect and made a hit. A little later he was starred in "Alfonse and Gaston"—then came the offer to support Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown," on Broadway! Here he scored his hit which centered the eyes of the theatrical world on him. He was with Weber and Fields and then George Cohan wrote "The American Idea" especially for Beban and he scored a pronounced success.

While on tour with "The American Idea" he heard Elsie Janis give an imitation of Nick Long reciting an Italian character interpretation, "Rosa." The little story impressed him deeply and a little later at a dinner in Chicago he, being called upon for a recitation, gave "Rosa" as an imitation of Elsie Janis giving an imitation of Nick Long. Long was the applause when he finished.

"Rosa" was used for after-dinner purposes for some time until one night at a dinner in New York, the late Percy Williams, the vaudeville magnate, offered him a vaudeville engagement if he could make "Rosa" into a one act playlet. After weeks of hard work he brought Williams a one-act play founded on "Rosa" and called "The Sign of the Rose." Williams liked the playlet and Beban opened in it two weeks later. For six years, both in this country and in Europe, Beban appeared in this playlet. Later it was elaborated into a four-act play and he appeared for several seasons in that. Returning to California for a vacation, Thomas H. Ince induced him to do "The Sign of the Rose" in pictures and an eight-reel production was made of it under the title of "The Alien." That is the history of the little recitation, "Rosa." It changed a comic Frenchman into the greatest interpreter of Italian characters on the stage or screen.

During all of this excitement Beban took time to get married and led Miss Edith Ethel McBride, a professional, to the Beban dove cote. By this time Beban was beginning to think he was quite a star, but nearly three years ago he was forced to take second place. George Beban, Jr., arrived and grabbed the domestic spot-light. George, Jr., is some temperamental, too, for as soon as he was able to talk he discarded the name Beban and adopted that of "Bob White," from the quail whistle his grandfather would call him with. "Bob White" sticks and he refuses to be known by any other name. Bob appeared with his father

(Continued on page 124)



Stagg

She doesn't look much like the gallant leader of the Russian lady scrappers, but the signal to cease firing has been given—sorta twenty minutes for tea—so Edith Storey got out her knitting. You see Edith has a brother in the navy—American, not Russian—and this is going to be a sweater eventually, if not now. The background is a Russian village street constructed by Metro camoufleurs. Miss Storey's chaperon is a fierce Siberian sniffhound that was captured by big game hunters in the wilds of Flatbush.



Joseph Kaufman said he was dead tired of holding yarn, so Travers Vale is It. Who wouldn't hold yarn for Ethel Clayton?

Serious, serious Marguerite Clark! But, then, dropping stitches isn't funny. Knit two, purl two, and reverse.



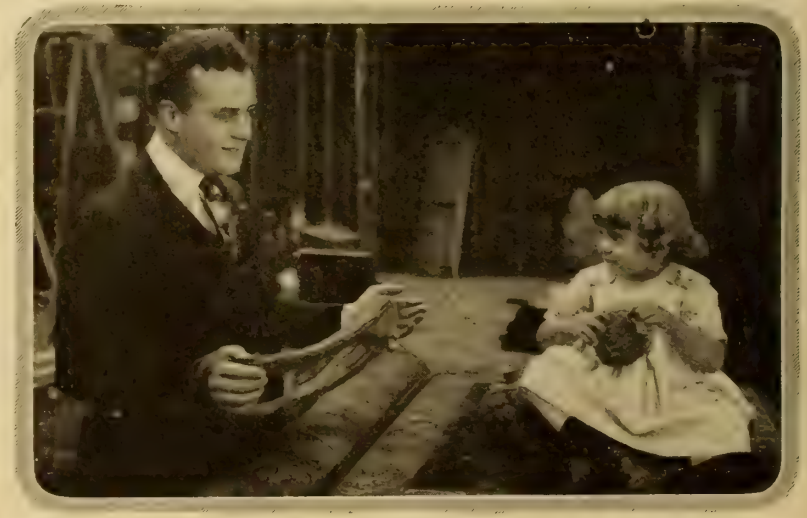
"Quick Watson, *The* Needles!"



Chester Conklin isn't really learning to knit. No. But Louise Fazenda—right—is trying to.



Beverly Bayne has apples on her bag. Go right ahead, Beverly—cast on.



This is *lovely*. But who's going to untangle the yarn after Evart Overton and Baby Aida Horton have wound it.

"Earle Williams has never been late at the Studio."—From January PHOTOPLAY. Miriam Miles opposite.





You have to use four needles to make the neck. Director Vignola should have thought of that before he interrupted Pauline Frederick.

THE film queen passes out of the camera's vision. She has no more scenes for an hour or so. She calls her maid. And Watson, her maid, brings the needles and the yarn and the knitting bag, and the film queen sits and knits and knits and knits—until the director calls her again. By and by some gallant soldier boy in the first line trenches will be handed a package containing the result of the F. Q.'s handiwork. He will slip his calloused hands into the sleeves and, struggling into it, murmur: "Heavens, when will this cruel war be over?"

In the East and West the girls of the flicker stage ply the needles relentlessly. They are doing their bit and getting a lot of fun out of it.



This little Lasky girl has only one arm, but she's doing more than her bit. Here's Mary, too.



Anna Little couldn't find a quiet place to count her stitches, so she dropped into this little cell—in the studio. It belongs to a gentleman-burglar. Cast-off, Anna.



Harry Morey is telling Arthur Donaldson that it isn't so bad; but Arthur doesn't want to be a model, not even for Patsy de Forrest.



Beside the chief and myself there were just five persons in the secret. Cynthia Love, of course, and Atherton, and Jean Williams, and Billy Woodward our "heavy." The fifth was my camera man, Percival Malone.

Beating Them To It

An honest thief was Percy Malone but not too honest to profit by his thievery.

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"WHAT'S the matter, old chap?" I heard someone say at my elbow. I looked up. Bancroft of the *Times* slipped into a chair.

"What do you mean?" I countered, putting down my glass.

He laughed.

"Why, when a perfectly good motion-picture director sneaks into his club, sits all alone in a corner, hurls down a highball and then spends the next ten minutes grinning to himself like a Cheshire cat, I consider it high time his friends interfered.

"Was I doing all that?" I asked.

"You sure were. What's the idea?"

"I've just shaken hands with a thief."

"Nothing unusual about that," Bancroft said, lighting a cigarette. "Quite common, in fact, around Longacre Square. Now if you'd said you'd shaken hands with an honest man, I might show more interest."

"I did that, too," I laughed. "He was an honest thief."

"Sounds interesting," Bancroft said. "Tell me about it. I need a good Sunday story."

"If you'll promise to print it, names and all," I replied, "I will."

"You're on—provided it'll pass the censors, and won't land us in court for libel. Let's have the awful details."

"Well," I said, "I suppose you know I've just finished directing a big picture—the biggest, in fact, that the International has ever produced, which is saying a good deal."

"I've heard rumors of it. Cynthia Love and Harold Atherton as co-stars, isn't it?"

"Yes. Her first big picture since she left the Metagraph. We'd planned to have them do *Camille,* but at the last moment we struck something better."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you that. But it's a tremendous big idea—something everybody knows about. You'll wonder, when we announce it, that no one ever thought of doing it before."

"How have you managed to keep it so quiet?"

"Well—we took unusual precautions, of course. But it's been hard. And at that we are sold out."

Bancroft stared at me. I think he suspected I had been drinking.

"Sold out, and you sitting here laughing your head off. What's the big idea?"

"I'm coming to that. Didn't I tell you I'd just shaken hands with a thief? But to get back to my story. About two months ago the Chief handed me a newspaper clipping. It was just a scrap—two or three lines long, but the moment I saw it, I knew we'd struck a gold mine.

"Fix up a scenario at once," he said. "Better do it yourself. We can't afford to take any chances."

There was a particular reason for secrecy in this case. Jerome Kurtz of the Metagraph has been sore as a puppy with the mange ever since Cynthia Love signed up with us. He thinks we stole her from them, which isn't true, although Atherton did. But the Metagraph crowd blame us for it, and have sworn to get even. Naturally they'd be watching her first picture with us, in the hope of spoiling it, if they could. Not much trouble to slip Doris Wayne or one of their other stars into a changed version of the thing, get out a cheap production ahead of us, and ruin ours completely. It's been done often enough, God knows. You remember the celebrated case of *Romeo and Juliet.* And the worst of it was that this thing the Chief wanted to do was free to anyone—as free as *Mother Goose* or *The Arabian Nights.* The only way to make good with it was to get there first—to beat everybody else to it. But to do that required absolute secrecy.

It isn't an easy matter to keep a thing like that dark. In fact, it's almost impossible. You can trust your leading men and women, but it's with the extra people that the danger lies. Of course, I wrote my scenario without a title, and with the names of the characters blank, so that if anyone by chance got hold of it, it wouldn't mean much to them, but it wasn't the scenario I was afraid of. I felt that I could take care of that. It was the danger that the Metagraph would plant a spy among our extra people, clever enough to guess what we were up to, or sufficiently attractive to worm it out of somebody who knew.

We began work at once, taking a lot of unimportant interiors that I had no fear would be recognized, especially as I took care to mix them up, jumping here and there out of all sequence, and of course making a hopeless jumble to anyone not in the secret. But it was the outside work I feared. It's one thing shooting a scene in the studio behind closed doors, working with just a few people, and quite another to handle exteriors requiring a small army of extras out in the open, and still keep what you are doing from the public.

I arranged to take these scenes at a farm we'd hired down on Staten Island, and to make assurance doubly sure I signed up everybody we took along to stay right there on the job, day and night, until we had finished. No leaves of absence for any cause whatever. Even letters were forbidden, and no one could use the telephone without a permit, and then only in my presence, or that of someone I could trust. What with our tents, and guards about the place, it looked like a regular internment camp.

There were a number of big interiors to be taken at the studio later on, but I knew that by the time our outside work was done, we'd have too big a lead for the Metagraph or anybody else to catch up with us, so I wasn't worrying about that.

Beside the Chief and myself there were just five persons in the secret—Cynthia Love, of course, and Atherton, and Jean Williams, and Billy Woodward, our "heavy." I wasn't a bit afraid of any of them—the success of the picture meant too much for any treachery on their part. And the fifth was my camera man, Percival Malone. Percy has worked with me for years—he's the best operator the International has—and I'd always made it a point to talk things over with him quite frankly.

We started off in fine shape, splendid weather and everything going smoothly, when one day a big machine drove onto the lot, and the Chief jumped out, looking as black as a thunder cloud.

I knew at once that something was up. He had on his war-paint for fair. We walked to one side of the lot, where no one could overhear us.

"Somebody's spilled the beans," he shot at me.

"Impossible!" I said.

"Impossible nothing! It's a fact. The Metagraph is going to beat us to it."

"How do you know?" I asked, feeling a bit trembly about the knees.

"Purely by accident. Sam Goodman, my nephew, over-

heard Jerome Kurtz talking to a friend at the theatre the other night. Sat right behind him. Jerome was boasting he'd got a script of our piece and was already at work on a rival production. We're dished, I tell you."

"I don't believe it," I said. "The only script in the world is right here in my pocket."

"Well—a copy could have been made, couldn't it?"

"How? The thing's never been out of my possession."

"Never?"

I thought a moment. Then I had a sinking feeling.

"Well—one night, yes. I let my camera man, Percy Malone, take it, to figure out the scene plots and property lists."

The Chief fixed a glassy eye on Percy, who was standing at his camera some hundred or more feet away.

"There's your leak," he said. "Sure as you're a foot high."

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "I'd trust Percy Malone with my life."

"Then you'd better order one of them $49.75 funerals at once. We're dished, I tell you. Better call the thing off."

I felt pretty sore. I knew he blamed me for taking Percy into my confidence.

"You're not going to throw up the sponge," I said, "on evidence as flimsy as that."

It rubbed his fighting spirit the wrong way, as I knew it would.

"No!" he snorted. "Not on your life. We'll announce the production for the 8th of next month. It's up to you to have it ready for release on the 1st."

"I'll do it," I said. "But don't announce the name. There's something fishy about this thing. If Percy Malone is crooked, I'll throw up my job and go into the buttonhole business."

The Chief turned away with a growl of disgust.

"Somebody's sold us out," he muttered. "If it isn't you, or Cynthia Love, or Atherton, or Williams, or Woodward, it must be this fellow, Malone. The Metagraph would have paid a thousand—five thousand—for the right dope on our plans. I guess that would look pretty good to a young fellow with a wife and child to support, these days. Keep your eye on him. Find out the truth. If he's wrong, I'll make it my business to run him out of the picture game."

I felt pretty blue, after the Chief had gone. In the first place, I remembered that Percy had told me, only the day before, that his youngster had typhoid fever. Then other things began to come to me. I'd noticed him going about a lot with one of our extra women, a red-headed baby vamp named May Parker. The thing had struck me as strange at the time, for Percy wasn't much on the women.

Of course I didn't say anything to him. I was too fond of the boy, for one thing, and then, too, I realized it wouldn't do any good. But it was clear that there had been a leak somewhere, and I made up my mind to do a little detective work on the side, and see if I couldn't find out the truth. And just to make sure that Percy *hadn't* given us the double cross, I deliberately told him we were going to announce the picture's release for the 8th of the following month, but would actually bring it out on the first, thus forestalling the Metagraph's attempt to injure us. Yes, I'll admit it was a risky thing to do, especially as things turned out, but I determined to get at the truth, no matter what the cost. I figured out that if Percy was the nigger in the woodpile, he'd lose no time in sending word of the change in our plans to the Metagraph outfit. Not a soul in the place knew of the change in dates except Percy and myself. If the news got out, it would nail him to the cross.

All that afternoon I kept my eye on Percy Malone. I hated to do it, but what the Chief had said had sort of got my goat. About four o'clock a sudden storm came up and spoiled our light, so I retired to my office and busied myself figuring out some effects in the scenes we were to shoot the next day. Percy had come in with me and left his camera, but he went right out again. I watched him through the window beside me, and was disagreeably surprised to see him go up to May Parker, that extra woman I spoke of, and say a few words to her, after which they strolled off together down the street of a little village we'd built for some of our big scenes. Percy was plainly agitated.

From where I sat I could see right down the full length of the little street. It had just begun to rain. Suddenly, and with what seemed to me a furtive look about, Percy and the girl dodged into one of the houses and disappeared from view.

The whole thing came to me as somewhat of a shock. Percy is married, as I believe I told you. His wife used to work for us, and I know her well, and am fond of her. So, I had thought, was Percy. Why were he and this Parker woman meeting in that mysterious way? It didn't look right at all. I began to fear that possibly the Chief had been right.

It had grown pretty dark, by now, owing to the approaching storm, and the lot was deserted. I took up my hat, slipped out the door and made my way to the rear of the little house in which the two had met. It was only a temporary affair, of course, made largely of compo-board, without any back to it, and I knew I'd have no difficulty in overhearing whatever Percy and his companion might say. Yes—I hated to play eavesdropper, of course, but for Percy's sake as well as my own I had to get at the truth.

They had been talking for some little time, when I got there, and the first thing I heard almost broke my heart.

"I'll have to send them word at once—tonight," I heard the woman say. "Will you post the letter for me?"

Percy nodded. I could see him through an opening in the wall. He looked very pale, I thought. Then the girl got him to give her a scrap of paper torn from his notebook, and she began to scribble a few lines on it with a pencil.

"Positively going to be released on the 1st," I heard her say.

Again Percy nodded. Then he took something from his pocket.

"Here's a stamped envelope," he said. "I thought you might need it."

The woman finished her note, and wrote an address on the envelope. Then she handed the letter to Percy.

"Say," she said, in her best vampire style, "you're all right, kid. When this picture is done, I want you to come and see me. I ain't any extra woman, you know. Jerome just sent me down here to keep tabs on how you people were getting along. I guess he's figuring to open the same night you are. Good thing you gave me the correct dope I'll make the Metagraph cough up a couple of hundred extra for that. You going out to post that letter now?"

"Yes," said Percy. "When I go down to the ferry for the evening papers." I forgot to tell you that he was quite free to come and go as he pleased, for I had trusted him implicitly, and he was in the habit of going out every evening after supper to post any letters I might have written, or attend to any other little commissions.

I saw that he and his companion were about to leave the place, so I ducked back toward my office, and then turned as though I had just left it. Percy looked at me rather sheepishly, I thought, as he caught my eye, and I saw that his face was lined and careworn. No wonder, I said to myself, with a rotten thing like that on his mind. Then I stopped him.

"Percy," I said. "Come up to the office for a moment. I want to talk to you about a certain matter."

He excused himself to the Parker woman and followed me to the little outbuilding in which I had rigged up my temporary office. When we got inside I switched on the lights, pointed to a chair, and told him to sit down. I'm afraid I couldn't quite manage to keep my bitterness out of my voice, but I had a trying task ahead of me. Not only was Percy about to lose his job, but I was about to lose both the best camera man in New York and a trusted friend. But I knew that a traitor in camp was worse than a rattlesnake, so I pitched in without wasting any time on preliminaries.

"Percy," I said. "Somebody has sold us out to the Metagraph."

I watched him keenly, to see what effect my sudden announcement would have. To my amazement, he did not turn a hair, nor did he make any reply. Just sat looking at me in a helpless sort of a way that made me feel like a dog. I hurried on with my task.

"Tonight," I continued, "you gave May Parker certain information which she embodied in a letter"—

"How do you know that?" he gasped.

"I heard you. I was standing just outside the house. She gave you that letter to post. I want it."

Percy took the letter slowly from his pocket and handed it to me. I glanced at the envelope. It was addressed to Jerome Kurtz, at the Metagraph offices, and was marked personal. I started to tear the thing open. As I did so, Percy sprang from his seat and put his hand on my arm.

"Don't open it—please," he said. "I'll tell you what's in it. Just a few lines, informing the Metagraph people that we are going to announce our release for the 8th, but really intend to show the picture on the 1st."



She began to scribble a few lines with a pencil. "Positively going to be released on the first," I heard her say.

I gazed at him with rage in my heart. I could cheerfully have strangled him.

"Percy," I said, "Ive tried hard not to believe this thing of you, but the evidence is against you. It isn't only this news about our release date. That would be bad enough, God knows, but there's worse. Somebody has sold the Metagraph a copy of our script. That script has never been out of my possession, except when it was in yours. They are making a picture from it. What have you got to say for yourself?"

He looked at me in that strange way I'd noticed ever since our interview began. Somehow it did not strike me as the expression of a guilty man.

"I'm prepared even now to hear some reasonable explanation of all this," I continued. "You have been my friend for a long time. I'm not going to condemn you until I hear what you have to say."

"I thank you for that," he said, earnestly. "Now I'm going to tell you the truth. The script the Metagraph people are working from I sold to them myself for a thousand dollars. I've carried the money about with me ever since. Here it is." He took two folded five hundred dollar bills from his pocket and laid them on the table.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. And to think that he had the effrontery to confess his part in the rotten business without showing the least sign of shame. I turned away in disgust.

"Pick up your dirty money," I said bitterly, "and get out of here as quickly as you can. After what you've just told me, I feel as though in about two more minutes I'd give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life."

"Wait a minute," he said, "I want to tell you the whole thing, before I go. It all happened before we started work on the picture, about the time you gave me the scenario to look over. I met Jerome Kurtz on the street one evening, just as I was leaving the office. I don't think the meeting was accidental. He was looking for me, and asked me to stop in at the Knickerbocker and have a drink. We did—sat down for a while, because he said he had something he wanted to say to me. Then he offered me a job as camera man at a big salary. I refused. After that he intimated that if I'd get him a copy of the script of our new Cynthia Love production he'd give me a thousand dollars. I began to do some quick thinking. Pretty soon I said I'd get him the script.

"The next day I met him and turned it over to him, and he gave me the thousand. He offered me a check at first, but I wouldn't take it, so he gave me the bills."

"How could you?" I groaned, more hurt because of his treachery to me, than anything else.

(Continued on page 129)

From Sten

How Virginia Valli Bridged the Gap Between a Chicago Commission House and a Private Dressing Room at Essanay



It's a long jump from South Water Street and an Underwood.

A LITTLE less than four years ago Virginia Valli was a stenographer in a shipper's office on South Water street, Chicago. Today she's playing leads with Essanay on pretty, shaded Argyle street, Chicago. It's a big jump, and this is how it happened:

There is fascination in following a chain of circumstances to its outcome. If Miss Valli, upon her graduation from high school, had chanced to become a stenographer in some well-appointed, mahogany-lined office, under a considerate "boss" and with pleasant companions, the chances are that she would still be tapping an Underwood with her slim fingers and contentedly cashing her weekly pay check—*cashing* it, you understand. As it is, Virginia is able to deposit a good many checks beautifully and satisfyingly intact.



Then she became a dancer.

But you see, she went to work on *South Water* street. To a native of the Windy City, that is enlightenment enough; but for the benefit of the uninitiated we will interpolate a little explanation. South Water street is the market district of Chicago. It is only eight blocks long, but it has traditions of its own, which traditions haven't changed since the year of the Chicago fire.

When Miss Valli turned the corner which led to her employer's office, she would instinctively press her handkerchief to her nose. This was necessary to keep from being asphyxiated by the distinctive South Water street aroma—formed by a combination of green hides, live poultry, wagonloads of bananas, decayed pineapples, vegetables in all stages of dissolution, and cheese in all periods of ripening. Holding her skirts high, she would be obliged to step over a crate of chickens, dodge between trucks propelled by voluble sons of Italy, and then slip on a spoiled tomato. She would climb a long pair of dingy, half-lighted stairs, go into a dingy, half-lighted office and spend long hours writing letters to complaining grocers or figuring out the freight charges on carloads of cabbages.

Miss Valli didn't like it. She had to work from eight until six, she couldn't keep herself neat and dainty, and she had to endure being ogled by express drivers and roustabouts whenever she went down the street. Sometimes she cried after she got home. But there was mother, and little sister, and the home. Virginia must do her share.

Virginia's mother sympathized with her. She wanted her to find a more pleasant, heartening occupation. But

If you saw "Efficiency Edgar," with Taylor Holmes, you couldn't have missed his leading lady.



ography to Stardom

By Frances A. Ludwig



Well, now it's the limousine life for Virginia and a dressing room in stars row.

they pay pretty good salaries on South Water street, so Virginia stayed—quite a while. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer. So one sunshiny morning she handed in her resignation.

About this time the dancing furor was at its zenith. Virginia, being lithe and slim and especially designed by nature for pirouetting, became a dancer.

Ah, this was the life! So thought Miss Valli. No more climbing out early in the morning, no more hanging onto a strap in an illy ventilated street car, no more hideous chicken coops, no more tiresome dictation from a man who wore his hat the while he mumbled his utterances through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

But Mother didn't like it very well. Virginia got home pretty late, and Mother grew pretty tired, sitting up and waiting for her, sometimes. Mother worried a good deal, too. Virgie wasn't looking well—her cheek bones were beginning to show; and she was irritable and drank too much strong coffee and didn't seem to have any appetite. Mother got a tonic for her from the doctor, but it didn't seem to help a bit. The doctor said Virginia needed fresh air and to get to bed with the chickens. It was a hard problem.

Then one day Virginia chanced to visit the Essanay plant with a friend who was a friend of one of the directors. She saw how pictures were made and the process was most interesting. She went home and told her mother about it.

Virginia and her mother talked things over. The Essanay company employed girls, pretty girls, without stage experience, sometimes. Why mightn't there be a chance for Virginia? There surely would be, for—this was Mother's private opinion, of course,—there could be no prettier girls there.

So Miss Valli went back to Essanay and registered her application for work. Knowing a director who was a friend of a friend of hers, made it a little easier. Then she went home and waited.



Lewis-Smith

She waited two weeks and she didn't get any word from Essanay. She wondered if it could be possible that they had her address wrong. She decided she'd go again to see them, and—Oh, well, sort of refresh their memory.

"And when I went," so said Miss Valli, "the director wouldn't even see me; didn't remember anything about me!

"I went back three times before he would see me, but persistence

finally won; and then I told him over again who I was. Then I kept going every day and just sitting there. I think I went every day for four months before I got even the littlest bit of a chance."

But she didn't give up, you see. That's the whole story. Probably if she had wanted to, her mother wouldn't have let her.

Finally a chance did come—but, Oh, such an ordinary little chance! The Essanay people produced "In the Palace of the King" and in it Virginia was given a place as court lady, along with dozens of other court ladies all alike as two peas. She was way back in a corner, where she hardly showed at all.

Then there was more waiting, but little by little, Virginia edged in. She played all sorts of parts; she says she was everything from a stenographer to a "scrub lady," and in "The Little Girl Next Door," Essanay's violently discussed picture, she played the part of a dope fiend. No one, seeing her, could imagine it.

And all the while her mother encouraged her and kept telling her that her time would come.

Her first real chance came one day when directors were pacing the floor and tearing their respective hirsute thatches because a certain actress from the stage play "Experience," then running in Chicago, hadn't showed up for her part in a picture, for which she had been engaged. Everything was at a standstill. Somebody else must be given the part, quick. But who? Could Valli dance? Valli could. Could Valli swim? Like a fish. Valli got the part.

Well, after that the worst was over. In a very short while Virginia was given leads. She was "Mary Pierce," with Taylor Holmes in his first picture, "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," and has just finished "Uneasy Money," in which she played opposite Mr. Holmes. She also played with Bryant Washburn in "The Golden Idiot" and "The Fibbers."

Miss Valli is 20 years old and was born in Chicago. She comes of a patriotic family, for her only brother is in training at the Great Lakes Naval station, and Virginia is extremely proud of him.

Now listen! It is *not* necessary to wear curls in order to "break into" the movies. Miss Valli is living proof of this assertion, no matter what reliable authorities there are to the contrary. Virginia has straight heavy dark hair which she parts and combs back from her forehead without wave or adornment of any kind. It is a very trying mode, but it seems to suit her extremely well.

Also, Miss Valli says she doesn't know how to "act." She just tries to do, naturally, what the director tells her to.

Virginia has delicate features, a fine skin, and her Irish blue eyes were "put in with a smutty finger." Irish? Well, here's something that everybody doesn't know. "Virginia Valli" has a lilting rhythm, but she was born Virginia Helen McSweeny. And if anyone wants to know the kind of a girl she is, the fact that she hasn't the slightest hesitancy to owning up to "McSweeny" will give them the desired information.

She's just that kind of a girl.



"I Am Hart of the West"

By DELIGHT EVANS



I am Hart of the West.
Why do you applaud me?

I am not
Beautiful. And I do not
Clothe the Realities
In pursed lips and Windsor ties.
I fling at you
Proof of your meanness. And all of you,
Of a smug world,
Are surprising meek.
I take you back
Where things are simpler;
So you can work it all out
In a simple way.
For, though you will not read or listen,
I reckon you will watch me!

I have taught you
That a man's tears
Are neither so horrible,
Nor so consistently silly
As a woman's.
I have taught you
Renunciation, the greatest lesson.
The women of you
Who are deadly tired, think perhaps
There is Something in life
After all.
And they wish
They had married
Someone like me;
Then Willie
Wouldn't be so quarrelsome; nor little Edna
So Selfish.
And then perhaps they think
About Youth—but they do not call it that—
So Far-off—
And I am not young; why is that?
And then they Sigh; and decide
To make a Meat-Pie for dinner tomorrow—
The Kind He Always Likes So Well.
And the girls of you—
They look about them; and measure all men
By me. I remind them
Of a Song they once heard;
Of a flower they once smelled;
Of a child they once kissed.
But they do not know that.

And the men of you
Slink down in your seats,
And watch me, and try
To gulp down a Lump in their throats;
And blink their eyes,
And hate themselves,
And blow their noses,
And wonder
Where they Caught
That Bad Cold.
The bigger boys of you
Want to grow up to be
Men who can shoot as straight, ride as hard,
And live as right as "Bill."
And the children of you—
The children of you adore me. And I am
nicest
To you. I am gentle, under the iron. And I
Prove to you
That the Things you Believe In
Really are. And I tell you
To keep on believing them, and
Keep on, and keep on, and keep on,
And never stop.
For *I* know,
And I believe them.

And I
Am only an Actor.
But when you saw "The Patriot," you
Were glistening proud
Of your Americanism.
And "The Return of Draw Egan"
Shouted to you
To Get Up and Try Again.
And "The Disciple"
Preached Renunciation.
"The Desert Man"
Was a friendly hand-clasp;
"Wolf-Lowry,"
A whole-souled smile.
And I—
I am only an Actor.

I am Hart of the West.
Why do you applaud me?

The story that won the $500 prize in our recent scenario contest.



I could see that it was as hard for Dad as it was for me, so I put my arms around his dear old neck and we sat there together.

Betty Takes a Hand

In Which Fate Mixes Betty and a Boarding House

By Frances Denton

IT seems queer that nothing worth mentioning should have happened to me until the day I was eighteen, and that since then events have simply careened around me until I've felt like a little lump of quartz in the middle of a landslide.

To begin with I was eighteen years old on the day I graduated from our little high school San Felipe. I don't remember my mother. I had lived with my father in a little house beside a gold-colored hill ever since I could remember. The hill was the color of gold because millions of California poppies bloomed there. They were beautiful, to be sure, but they were only elves' gold, and down at Mintzen's store, they demanded gold of another kind, gold that bore the stamp of the screaming eagle.

We never had much of that. And that afternoon, when I came home from school for the last time, with my books under my arm, my father sat down beside me on our little porch, and showed me a letter he had just received from his sister, who lived in Los Angeles.

I knew very little about her. I knew that Dad had had trouble with her husband years before, and that that trouble had something to do with why we were so poor, but I never quite understood it. That afternoon he made it all plain to me.

It seemed that long ago, Dad and a partner of his, named Bartlett, had located a mine. They had worked it on shares for a while, and then, as it had not seemed a very paying proposition, Bartlett had offered to buy my father's share, saying that there would be a fair living for one, but not enough for two. I think my daddy was a sort of a will-o'-the-wisp in those days. At any rate, he was glad to be off to new scenes and it was not until he had completed the sale that he chanced to wonder how Bartlett could borrow money to invest in such an unattractive proposition. Then he found out that a man named Hamilton-Haines, a mining expert, was Bartlett's backer, and that the mine was far more valuable than my father had realized.

So Bartlett and Haines gained possession of the mine and grew rich from it, and my poor Dad remained a pick-and-shovel miner, a desert wanderer for many years. Luck never smiled on him again; and as he told

Betty Takes a Hand

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name, written by Katherine Kavanaugh, and produced by Triangle. Cast as given in the play:

Betty.....Olive Thomas
Peter Marshall.....Frederick Vroom
Mrs. Haines.....Bliss Chevalier
Ida Haines.....Mary Warren
James Bartlett.....George Hernandez
Tom Bartlett.....Charles Gunn
Miss Catherton....Margaret Cullington
The Gardener.....Graham Pette
His Wife.....Anna Dodge

me these things I hated those men who had swindled him, and I wished that I could do to them what they had done to him. And then he told me that Hamilton-Haines was long since dead, and that my aunt, my father's sister, was his widow. He had written to her asking her to let me come and stay with her until I could make my own way. I told him I wanted to go, for there was no chance for anyone at San Felipe, heaven knows. But I didn't want to go to people who had used him so. But he said that, after all, Aunt Elizabeth was his sister, and that I would be better off and safer with her than with strangers.



Tom told me that his father disinherited him on an average of four times a year.

I read my aunt's letter. In it she said that she felt that she owed something to our family and would be glad to have me stay with her until I got settled. I could see that it was as hard for Dad as it was for me, so I didn't fuss any more. I put my arms around his dear old neck and kissed him, and we sat together, looking at the yellow-satin covered hills until the red sun slipped behind the jagged Sierras, and little dots of light twinkled in all the windows in the valley below.

Next day we said our goodbyes at home, for Dad didn't want to come with me to the depot, and I knew just how he felt. He went down into his leather pouch and fished out a yellow boy, which he gave me with his blessing. I didn't want to take it, but he had saved it for years for this very day. Poor Dad! Then I realized how hard it must have been for him to know that the time was coming when I must go into the world to seek my fortune, just the same way as a boy might have gone. "Don't you worry a bit," I said, as I kissed him good-bye. "When I come back it'll be rubber tires, not shoe leather that brings me. You mark my words." And I felt just as brave as I sounded.

But my father stood by the gate and watched me until I was out of sight.

However, when I stood outside my aunt's house in Los Angeles, I felt mighty small potatoes. It was a big place and surrounded by a lawn on three sides, with wide white walks and driveways. It wasn't much like our cottage in San Felipe. I went up the steps and rang the bell A maid opened the door and I asked if Mrs. Hamilton-Haines was in. She looked at me snippily, and asked for my name. I said, "Please tell her her niece, Betty Marshall, is here."

The girl came back in a minute, and in a very much pleasanter way, took my suit case. A fine-looking gray-haired woman came forward to greet me, and I would have known in a minute that she was Aunt Lizzie, for she had my father's mouth and eyes. She smiled, and when she did something warm rushed over me and before I knew it I had my arms around her neck. I had intended to be very distant and dignified, but the relief at so kindly a greeting quite overwhelmed me. I hadn't realized how scared I was, before.

Then I met my cousin Ida and she looked like a regular girl, and I was sure glad that things were going to be pleasant, after all. We had a jolly time at dinner and I told Aunt Lizzie all about my father and how we lived, and how father felt—well, bitter; and while I talked she kept lifting my curls with her fingers as if she were thinking half regretful thoughts.

Next morning, when I went into the library, Aunt Lizzie had finished reading her morning's mail, and was talking to Ida. I didn't mean to listen, but I heard her say, "Tom Bartlett is going." Then in answer to something Ida had said, which I didn't understand, "But we've got to do *something,* Ida,"—then I made a noise as I went in. Aunt Lizzie looked at me and nodded her head, and said, "It certainly seems providential." Then to me, "Betty, dear; Ida and I have just had an invitation to go on a yachting trip to the Bermudas. We are wondering how you would like to keep house for us while we are gone."

"Why," I stammered, "I'd—I'd like it." Wouldn't I, though! No worry, no hunting for work for a while, just to live in that big beautiful house.

"Then it's settled," said Aunt Lizzie. "Everything will be all right, child. The gardener will be here every day to look after things. You can do as you like. Come, Ida, we haven't much time: Mrs. Williams said she would call for us at three."

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Well, I see if I don't speed up a little I'll never get to the interesting part of my story. That afternoon saw me all alone and mistress of all I surveyed. I went through the rooms, straightening things here and there and trying

to realize that I was to live with all this luxury. Then, like a flash, I saw my daddy all alone, eating his supper by the kitchen window while the sun slid behind the mountains, and a dreadful choke came into my throat. I hunted and found paper and pens and sat myself down to write him a long, cheerful letter, and tell him how kind fortune had been to me already. When I had finished, though, I didn't feel quite so cheerful. I could still see him, with only his pipe for company, in his shabby clothes and in our shabby kitchen; and as I looked around the beautiful room, with the vases of flowers on the table, the soft rugs and bookcases filled with books, I knew there was something mighty wrong some where. Why should Aunt Lizzie have all these things, and my Dad nothing, when her husband had practically stolen them from him? Why, these things really belonged to me as much as they did to her.

Just then the door bell rang. All the servants except the gardener were gone, so I answered it. There was a large, important-looking lady standing on the veranda, and I guess she took me for a maid, for she said: "Young woman, could you or your mistress tell me of a nice, quiet place where I can get room and board in the vicinity? I'm Miss Catherton, of the Lotus League."

She said it as she might have said, "I happen to be the Queen of Sheba." I shook my head, no. "No, ma'am, I don't."

She looked at me kind of undecided for a minute, and then marched down the steps. The idea of coming to a place like Aunt Lizzie's to ask for room and board! She must be crazy. Then I went back to my letter.

But do you know, that woman put an idea into my head, and the idea stayed. Room and board. Here was a chance for me to earn some money—and the more I thought of it, the better I liked the idea. Probably there were lots of other people in Los Angeles who would like room and board in such a nice place. And who had a better right than myself to use Aunt Lizzie's furniture? If it hadn't been for Dad she probably wouldn't have been living in such grand style.

I always make up my mind awfully quick and I made it up right then. I'd do it!

I fished in a drawer and found a big sheet of blotting paper, and on it I drew big letters, "Room and Board." I was so excited I didn't wait to finish my letter, but went and tacked the sign up on the veranda. Then I took a book and sat down in the shade of the vines to see what would happen.

Pretty soon an automobile tore around the corner and stopped in front of the house, a young man piled out and ran up the steps. I could see him, but he didn't notice me. He caught sight of the sign and stopped, his mouth wide open. I had to stuff my handkerchief in mine to keep from giggling. He took off his hat, scratched his head, and looked at the sign again. Then he caught sight of me, and I got very busy reading my book. I knew he was some friend of Aunt Lizzie's and Ida's, and I thought probably he would speak to me, but instead of that, he did a funny thing. He went back to his car and dismissed the chauffeur, for the man handed out a grip and drove away and *my* young man walked around a corner with his grip in his hand.

I got up and went into the house. I was beginning to get a little scared and I wondered if I were breaking any law. Pretty soon the bell rang.

It was the young man who had just gone away!

He said he had noticed my sign, and asked if I had any rooms to spare.

I said, "Yes." I was going to see the thing through.

Then he asked my rates. I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to say too much, or too little. I was all at sea, but I took a chance, and blurted out, "Five dollars a week—in advance."

He looked for a minute as if he was going to fall over. Then he took a big bunch of bills from his pocket and I knew I hadn't asked enough. All right; I wouldn't make that mistake again. I stuck the money in my pocket and grabbed up his suitcase. He tried to take it, but I wouldn't let him, and he followed me into the house.

"I—er, will you please give me a receipt, Miss—er—"

"I'm Miss Haines," I said. I thought he would fall over again.

I wrote out a receipt and he said his name was MacTavish. Then I told him that I wasn't the original owner of the house but had just bought it, and was going to run it as a boarding-house. I thought I'd better make some kind of an explanation.



I sat myself down to write him a long cheerful letter and tell him how kind fortune had been to me already.

After that things began to happen. The bell rang and it was the woman's-rightish looking lady I had just turned away, and she was mad clear through. She saw Mr. MacTavish and brushed by me. "Your wife here has discriminated against me, sir," she said. "A few minutes ago she refused me board, and now I see a sign out. I demand an explanation."

Well, I could have died. I tried to say something and she cut me short. Mr. MacTavish tried to explain, but she could talk faster than he. Then the bell rang again and Mr. MacTavish opened it, and I saw the gardener with two policemen!

"Keep a stiff upper lip—I'll settle them," whispered Mr. MacTavish—and I'd only known him fifteen minutes! Then I realized that Miss Catherton had cooled off a little and was asking me my terms, and I said, "Forty dollars a week—in advance."

For a minute *she* looked like falling over—then she thought better of it and pulled out the money. I gave her a receipt and she asked me to have her trunk sent up. Then Mr. MacTavish came back from the door, and I knew he had got rid of the gardener and the policemen. He told me afterward that he explained to them that Mrs. Haines was hard up and wanted to earn a little money, and that it was all right. I guess she was, if the truth were known. Then I showed Miss Catherton to her room.

I came down stairs to answer the bell again. It was Aunt Lizzie's chauffeur, and for a minute I was scared blue, but he only handed me the key to the garage and said he was to have a vacation. So *that* little thing was all right. Then as it was getting late, I started dinner. I'm a pretty good cook, and as there were only three of us, everything went off pretty well, with the gardener as serving maid.

After dinner I began to clear away the dishes. I began to realize that I had bit off a pretty large proposition and would have to get some help, when Mr. MacTavish came into the room. The first thing he said to me was, "Come, now, 'fess up, who are you? I happen to know you're not Miss Haines."

Well, there was nothing for it but the truth, and so I gave it to him. He kept saying "By George!" and "Well, I'll be darned!" And after I got through, what do you suppose he told me? That his right name was Tom Bartlett, and that he was supposed to be on this yachting trip with my aunt and Ida. So *that* was why Aunt Lizzie was so anxious to go—this Tom Bartlett was a rich man's son. And—I asked him a few questions to be sure—he was more than that, this Tom Bartlett was the son of the man who had helped rob my father. Delivered right into my hands!

Then I went in and added a postcript to my letter: "I have found a way to get back some of what is due you, Daddy dear, and here's forty dollars of it, right in this letter." I stuffed in the money and ran out and mailed it. I figured it would sure interest Dad. Then Tom Bartlett said he had asked the gardener's wife to come as cook for us, and I told him I was sure I didn't know why he was taking so much authority on himself. But I was glad, after all; and I went to bed. It had been a very satisfactory day.

* * * * * * * * *

Well, it wasn't long before we had all the boarders we could care for. I say "we," because from the very start Tom seemed to consider himself a member of the firm. And he hadn't been there three days when he asked me to marry him. I meant he should; for I meant to punish him in some way for being the son of his father. But I'll have to admit that I liked him a whole lot better than I wanted to. To tell the truth, I couldn't have got along without him. He did the marketing for me, and took charge of everything. And why shouldn't I like him? I'd never seen a man like him before—there surely weren't any in San Felipe. But I didn't say "yes." I knew it would break Dad's heart, for one thing, and I wanted to

(Continued on page 116)



Tom said, "Father, this is my wife." So all's well that ends well.



Come Through!

It's Up to You—Do Your Bit, Movie Fan!

THERE was a long line passing before the box-office of a photoplay theatre. A man shoved three dimes through the ticket-window and was about to pass on.

"War-tax on each fifteen-cent admission, two cents," said the cashier.

The man laughingly dug into his pocket and produced four pennies, which were promptly deposited by the cashier in a separate box.

"Not that I didn't want to pay it," explained the patron; "I simply forgot about it, that's all."

The line passed on, each member of it doing his bit to help win the war. Only a little bit, it may seem to you; but when all those pennies are counted, there will be sixty million more dollars to swell the anti-Hun fund.

You who have said, "I can't afford a Liberty Bond; I haven't time for the Red Cross. So there's really no chance to do my bit—" you'll find that Uncle Sam has called your bluff.

Here's one more chance! Remember, every penny you deposit as admission-tax to a picture-theatre is a biff for Bill, and means a box-seat just a little bit further behind the lines for the Crown Prince.

Don't say, "There are five in my family. The children used to go to picture-shows on the average of three times a week, but now that there's this war-tax, I can't afford it!"

Can you, and thousands like you, afford to lose this war?

Don't say, "I have so many favorites, I enjoy so many films, I really can't choose which I like best. And since I can't see them all, I'll stay away altogether."

Don't say, "I have a pass, so that lets *me* out!"

The pass-holder will be taxed just the same; and the erstwhile movie bug will be branded *"Slacker"!*

Think of what doing your bit will mean to a government that has been called upon to save the entire world. Your penny isn't much, but think of the millions of pennies that are pouring into a turbulent copper flood. Roughly estimated there are 15,000 moving picture houses in the United States not counting those in our island possessions. Statistics disclose that in them approximately 11,000,000 persons find amusement daily. Assuming that the average price of admission is 12 cents the box office returns amount to $1,320,000 a day.

Now figuring the 10 per cent war tax Uncle Sam gets from them each day $132,000—enough to build two sub chasers, enough for a good start on a destroyer, enough to fire a big gun several times. And in a year—let's see 365 multiplied by $132,000 equals $48,080,000, the amount that your extra pennies give the government to wage war. And this is only a very conservative estimate. Moving picture men are of the opinion that the war tax will bring in revenue in excess of $65,000,000 annually on the price of admission alone.

If you, in your town, fall off in your attendance, you'll be lonesome. Exhibitors everywhere, with a few exceptions, report continued patronage since November first; and there has been little, if any adverse comment on the part of the patron. Managers of the large houses declare that business is better, if anything.

Of course there have been difficulties in the matter of change-making; but after while there will be more conservation of pennies—picture-preparedness, in a word. At first there was a little confusion; but time will eliminate this. In fact, many houses have already solved the problem by raising their prices, thus taking care of the tax and simplifying matters considerably.

The managers who apprehended a visible falling-off in attendance were agreeably disappointed.

"The general good-nature of the crowds, and their willingness to pay," said one exhibitor, "has proved a surprise, and a pleasant one."

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark and Big Bill Hart—an evening with any one of them is essential to young, middle-aged, or old America; and few will begrudge the paying of a two-or-three-cent tax. On the other hand, Imogene Awful or Harold Whoosis will attribute their public's maddening indifference to Uncle Sam's no less maddening determination to win this war.

There can be no doubt that America's Fan Army—by that meaning *all* America, will vastly prefer paying a trifling tax to a terrific tribute.

Break the baby's bank, if you must; count his pennies, and hurry him off to the nearest picture-show. And when you hear that "War-tax, please!"—just smile, smile, *smile!*



When you hear that "War tax, please!" just smile, smile, *smile!*

Alice Joyce *and*

"Where's Miss Joyce?"
"She's at Mme. Frances'."

That question has been asked so often at the Vitagraph Studio during the past month and answered with the same stock reply, that we feel called upon to furnish indisputable proof that the time was well spent.



This little frock of blue gabardine over black satin might play the role of ingenue, demure. Its modesty of bearing shows no hint of the success thrust upon it. Buttons and loops are of black satin. Pockets wool trimmed in raspberry, blue, and yellow.

"But no ingenue parts for me. I am quite another temperament," says the black velvet frock, black and gold ribbon be-trimmed. The open cuffs are faced with the same ribbon.

Would she confide to us that this is her one favorite, shh — don't let her other clothes hear. But who could help loving a warm, glowing, scarlet evening cloak with a black fox collar!

Altogether pleasing is this cape of black velvet, and boasting the newest of yokes, edged with broad bands of gold cloth. Search where you will, you can not find a fastener of any description on the new wrap.

Her New Clothes

Photographs by Apeda

A dance frock one does not forget—a frock whose old age will surely have happy memories. Blue chiffon is embroidered in silver, girdle of blue and mauve.

"Why all this worry about business before pleasure—why not combine them," says this navy blue gabardine. Sleeves and under shirt are of blue satin; soutache braid trimmings.



"Surely our initial appearance will score a success," whispers the black charmeuse afternoon frock to the black charmeuse girdle. The white fish-net bodice is embroidered in white chenille.

Absolutely so successful a wrap—it defies criticism. Cloth of silver with squares of black velvet. The collar is of black Fox.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

"I was disappointed in the Grand Canyon —I couldn't jump it."

Fairbanks.

WELL folks, what have you all resolved to do this year that you didn't do last, or undo this year what you did last? All outward indications point to the greatest little good resolutions year we've ever had since men started swearing off pet vices on New Year's Day—and this year the women will have an equal chance with our alleged stronger sex. They have even a better opportunity because of the "bit doing" wave that has been sweeping over the country. It's the man behind the gun "over there" but on this side, it's the woman behind the cookstove—or in front of it—that governs the situation.

Just about everyone I know has joined the food conservation movement, furthering the gospel of the meatless and wheatless days. (Some of my friends in the film business are even contributing plotless plays.) It is little enough to do for the great cause. It is only doing a passive "bit" at the most and those who can do something more positive and tangible cannot do better than resolve now to cut out some little extravagances or luxuries during the remainder of the war and turn over the money saved by such sacrifice to either the Y. M. C. A. or some other institution that is making things easy for the boys already in the trenches, or about to go there. There is so much that one can do too—things that require only an outlay of a little time.

I was talking recently with a friend of mine, a boy who had been rejected at one of the army cantonments and sent back to civil life because of some physical disability. He had spent several weeks with the boys and he knew what they wanted. Well, it wasn't money, or tobacco, or books—they were being furnished plenty of these; the great cry was for letters. "For the lovva Mike" adjured this boy, "if you have any friends in France, or at American Lake, or Camp Kearney, or Rockford or Mineola or Camp Dix, or any of the other training camps, write them letters every so often. If you haven't the time, tell your secretary to do it. It doesn't make so much difference how long it is, or what's in it, just so it's a letter. You haven't any idea of the happiness the receipt of a letter gives or the utter lonesomeness suffered by the boy who sees others get them and is denied that pleasure himself."

So I find time to drop a line to some of the fellows I know at least once a week. If you haven't made a good resolution, try that one. It's very inexpensive and you will find that you will get almost as much happiness out of it as the other fellow. For the girls, this goes double. If a letter from a man can make a fellow feel that he hasn't been forgotten, think of what a letter from a girl will do!

I wonder how many people realize what these training camps have done for a half million young men of this country and what it will do probably for many more. The clean life in the open air, the health building exercises, the clean wholesome food and the nights of unbroken sleep have made new men of thousands who had forgotten the meaning of physical welfare. Gee, wouldn't it be great if the war would end just about the time a couple million of our boys had been whipped into such wonderful physical shape that the whole nation would reflect the results for years to come? I never was much of a militarist despite an athletic life, but I believe that the past six months have given us a powerful argument for universal training—not necessarily for war—but for civil life.



"Doug" in the Grand Canyon.

I returned recently from the world's greatest "location," the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona, where we filmed some scenes for "A Modern Musketeer," which originally was "D'Artagnan of Kansas." Of course nothing I can say will add to the glory on that wonderful piece of God's handiwork; but if you have never seen it, don't fail to before you get ready to cash in. (Dear editor: The Sante Fe railroad ought to give you several pages of advertising for printing this.)

Every person of prominence who visits the canyon is asked to write a testimonial. It is the custom to print the notable's impression of the big gulch on the menu of El Tovar, the big hotel on the edge of the Canyon. Well, after reading over the impressions left by some of our most famous writers and statesmen, I was struck with the futility of trying for adequate words or phrases. So I wrote down under the caption "Douglas Fairbanks' impression of the Grand Canyon:"

"I was disappointed in the Grand Canyon—I couldn't jump it."

Co-Stars

By
Charles McMurdy

Illustrated by
R. M. Brinkerhoff



"Say, can the comedy, will you?" he said, unconsciously dropping into the vernacular of the street.

WHEN the changing pictures on the big screen got around again to the scene where Colliston gets the telegram from his father, young Jones gathered up his cap and coat, and with a "Pardon me," shuffled sideways in front of the row of rapt spectators who, their gaze still fastened on the screen, half rose to let him pass.

As he walked up the dark aisle past the long rows of absorbed humanity, Jones unconsciously threw out his chest and hardened the muscles just under his shoulder blades. He would bet he could put up as good a fight as William Farnum, he thought to himself. What a great thing it was to be a strong man—a man who could step coolly in at a moment's notice and dominate the scene—a strong, calm, resourceful man who could hand a good punch to anyone who tried to put it over him—a real man, ready at the drop of the hat to fight like a wildcat to protect and defend the weak, the defenseless—especially some sweet, beautiful young girl!

It had been a great picture, and he had felt the thrills running up and down his spinal cord as Farnum had smashed the ranch foreman in the face and then proceeded to "mix it" with him. Yes, it was a great thing to be a man like that—he was glad that he was athletic in build. He hardened his muscles again as he strode with swinging step down the long corridor, past the pictures of all the big stars.

At the sidewalk he stopped a moment to glance at his own reflection in the big mirror. He pulled his cap half an inch more over his right eye and grinned broadly at himself. He had never noticed it before, but in that cap he looked something like Farnum,—only younger, and slighter. He caught the girl in the ticket booth watching him and hurried out.

On the sidewalk his glow of satisfaction was suddenly interrupted by the realization that he was hungry. Dinner at the boarding-house had been somewhat light. Across the street the name of a famous restaurateur shone in enormous white script across a broad window. A plate of wheats and coffee would go just right, thought Jones. He dodged across the street between the automobiles and street cars and entered the brilliant and immaculate restaurant.

There were only a few persons in the big, white-tiled room, and the long rows of chairs, with their broad table arms, were almost deserted. Halfway up the room a young girl was sitting. A cup of coffee and a roll on a plate adorned the arm of her chair, and part of another roll was poised in one small, white hand.

"Pretty," thought Jones. Somehow she looked so lonely, so out of place in the big, glistening room. Some girl who had just got through her evening's work in one of the big stores, probably.

"Plate a wheats," said Jones.

"Plate a wheats," cried the bored waiter in stentorian tones.

"Plate a wheats," came the echo from the kitchen.

When they were handed out Jones carried them carefully over to a chair near the girl and proceeded to watch her out of the corner of his eye as he ate. She interested him. He felt a vague desire to befriend her, to sympathize with her, to protect her from the hardships of life, in the big city. An heroic glow of conscious manhood warmed him, and again he hardened the muscles of his chest and shoulders.

And yet, what was the use of having a splendid physique, unless you were a moving-picture actor? There was no romance in this prosaic, humdrum, everyday life. On the screen everything was big and fine and brave and splendid, but—nothing ever happened to him. He set his mug of coffee down in bitter disgust.

Three rough-looking youths burst through the revolving

door wtih noisy merriment and came up the long room toward the counter. The one in advance spied the lone girl and immediately assumed an exaggerated and comic swagger for the amusement of his companions. "Ah, gee!" he exclaimed loudly. "Just watch me, kiddo!" He leered at the girl as he walked past her and his two companions guffawed. The girl looked down timidly at her plate.

Jones' blood boiled. All the vague heroic impulses that had been smouldering within him leaped into sudden flame. Here was a chance for action—a chance to do something—here was the opportunity he had waited for!

The three toughs, after much noisy jest and argument with the man at the counter, carried their coffee and rolls over to three chairs directly opposite the young girl and settled themselves down to a systematic campaign of low comedy for her benefit.

Jones sat in his chair, every nerve tingling. His hand trembled so that he could hardly set his mug of coffee down. Then one of the youths—the one who had swaggered in first—flipped a lump of sugar across the aisle to land at the girl's feet. His companions roared.

Jones arose. The vision of William Farnum smashing his trusty left into the ranch foreman's face was in his mind as he stepped over in front of the three youths.

"Say, just can the comedy, will you?" he said, unconsciously dropping into the vernacular of the street. His voice trembled with anger and excitement. "Cut out the rough stuff. This is a place for ladies and gentlemen—you're not in any bar-room now."

The comedian of the trio arose. "Say, bo, what's eatin' you?" he demanded, with an easy roll of profanity. "Go on over there and sit down, you white livered dude, or I'll push your face in for you!" He pushed his own face to within three inches of Jones' nose.

It was Jones' cue for action. There was only one thing to do, and Jones did it. One thought of William Farnum flashed across his mind as he shot his left straight into the tough's leering face, turning his own head and guarding his face with his right, as Olson, the boxing instructor at the Y. M. C. A., had taught him to do. At the same moment something hit him a sickening blow over his solar plexus and something else struck him on his right ear, jarring his whole head horribly. Then the lights on the ceiling began to whirl around and suddenly went out altogether.

After a long time—all night, it seemed—Jones heard a far-off voice say, "He's coming out of it now. He'll be all right." He wondered vaguely whom they were talking about. The voice was not one that he knew, and it seemed a long way off. He opened his eyes and looked up at a snowy white ceiling, studded with millions of electric lights. A man he never saw was bending over him and cold water was trickling down his neck from a wet napkin on his forehead.

"Feel better now?" asked the man. Oh, yes, it was the cashier—he remembered it all now. "Them young rummies did you up," continued the man. "What else could you expect—three against one—you shouldn't a tackled 'em."

"Did they get away?" asked Jones faintly.

"Sure," answered the cashier. "They was out a here before I could get hands on 'em. Jumped their checks, too. You ain't got no show against them fellahs. They wandered up here from the east side. Guess you're all right now. I'm awful sorry it happened."

Then for the first time Jones became conscious that the hand which was so gently bathing his forehead and trickling cold water down his neck was not the cashier's. It was a very small, white hand and—Jones sat up, to confront the girl he had championed. She was kneeling beside him, and she suddenly became very much embarassed.

"I want to thank you," she said haltingly. "It was awfully kind of you to take my part."

"Thank me," said Jones thickly—his upper lip felt like a balloon. "For what? For getting licked?"

"Don't you say that!" exclaimed the girl, forgetting her embarassment. "Anybody'd get licked, fighting three men at once—and toughs like that, too. You did just splendidly!"

"So did they," said Jones, with a swollen smile. He got onto his feet and sat down in one of the big-armed chairs, and the girl seated herself in the one next to him. The cashier appeared with two mugs of coffee. "Have another cup on the house," he said. "I guess yours got cold. And if there's anything else you'd like, say the word."

"You know, I'd just been over to see Mary Pickford at the Empire," said the girl, as the hospitable cashier departed. "And say, the way you smashed that fellow in the jaw just reminded me of the way her leading man knocks down the villain in one scene. It was just grand!"

Jones hardened the muscles of his chest, back and shoulders. They were somewhat sore, but—

"You know, it seems an awful thing to say—I'm so sorry about your ear—but I'm really glad it happened," went on the girl. "You know I was just thinking, as I sat there, that nothing really exciting or romantic ever happens to me—and I was just sort of wishing that somebody would rescue me from something awful and there'd be an awful fight—and all that." She laughed, embarassed at her candor. "Did you ever feel that way?"

Thrills of real romance chased up and down Jones' spinal column as he answered, "Never till I saw you."

No mug of coffee ever hid so charming a blush.

As they stepped out into the cool evening air Jones tucked the girl's hand under his left arm, where it nestled snugly.

"Up this way," she said. "Mamma'll be so glad to meet you, when I tell her what you did."

(Continued on page 124)

PATRIOTISM AT THE MOVIES

THE moving picture theaters are becoming community centers of patriotism. The producers are turning out films reflecting the American war spirit and the majority of the theater owners have devoted a part of each program to pictures and slides calculated to arouse support of the government. In addition the theaters have thrown open their doors to the four minute men, who are exercising a very great influence, especially in combating German propaganda. In communities largely made up of persons of foreign birth or extraction the work of the movie theaters and the four minute men has been of special value.

Chicago Tribune.

Olive Tells *Her* Secrets

A Dissertation On Face Creams, Athletics, Suffragism and Politics

By Harriette Underhill



"Where are the old women today?" asked Miss Tell accusingly. But before we could reply she continued. "I'll tell you. They do not exist."

SOME women are born beautiful and some achieve beauty. These are the only kinds there are. The saying parallels no farther. There is no discoverable record of a woman who has had beauty thrust upon her. It is the highly laudable ambition of every normal woman not born beautiful, to achieve beauty. So as I go about from day to day, my duties happily bringing me into contact with many beautiful women, I like to glean here and there such hints as may be helpful for the carrying out of this ambition, and pass them along.

Olive Tell—for example. Various discerning observers of feminine beauty have voted Miss Tell the most beautiful woman on the stage—which is taken to include the screen. If one might discover in what way Miss Tell maintains her radiantly lovely complexion and exquisite figure, it would be of interest to some perplexed sister. Here are the facts:

Miss Tell has discovered a marvelous complexion cream—it is a ride in the park, on a horse, early every morning.

She has the cleverest of corsetieres—eighteen holes of golf on every possible occasion.

She employs freely a never failing health tonic—keeping close to nature, by swimming, skating, and doing all sorts of energetic things in the open air.

But these facts were not picked up easily. We had to travel in a wide circle to reach them. Some cynic once remarked, "Some women are beautiful, and some are suffragists." Olive Tell stands a living, breathing, pink and white refutation of these words. Olive always has been beautiful but she has not always been a suffragist. It is one of the things which she has achieved—like Stardom, for instance.

Being a direct descendant of the most famous archer the world has ever known, it was not strange, when Miss Tell decided to shoot her arrow into the air, that it landed exactly where she intended that it should land. Not for her the tedium of climbing a long ladder, rung by rung, even if its top step is up amongst the stars.

This is allegorically speaking, of course, for in reality little Miss Tell is very well equipped for the journey. She rides better than most anybody, she plays golf as well as she rides, and she skates better than she does either. It was not the work of climbing that bothered her, but the time which would be wasted making the journey. So she took a running start and jumped straight to the top. From the Empire dramatic school she gradu-



Olive's Mother is her companion and chum, and her word is law in all such matters as this.

ated to the Empire-Mutual Film Company, only pausing long enough to play an occasional big part in the spoken drama, and one other film feature with Robert Warwick.

Being on the trail of beautiful young ladies with ideas, we decided to find out just what Miss Tell's ideas were in regard to pictures, the stage and a few other things which are commonly supposed to interest beautiful young ladies. And this is what she said:

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand!' Well, I hope that isn't true, for let me tell you something: Mother is for Tammany, while I am an ardent Mitchel supporter. Isn't that funny? Fancy my gentle little mother being a Tammany man! Many a heated argument we have had and I fancied myself, terribly, in the role of stump speaker.

"So you can imagine what a blow to my pride it was when Hyland was elected mayor of New York. I took it as a personal affront.

"I am quite sure that no one in our studio dared vote otherwise than for Mitchel. Why, look at what he did for our city! Look at our schools! Look at our parks!" cried Miss Tell enthusiastically in her best soap-box-orator manner. "Look at our—" she hesitated and then added as a sort of anti-climax, "Policemen! Weren't the Tammany policemen ungainly things? And aren't the Mitchel policemen splendid? Why, every time I look at one of them I think of the little Washington Square play, 'Eugenically Speaking.' I believe that man was a conductor, though, wasn't he? But I'm sure he was a Mitchel man.

"I say democracy and I think democracy and I try to feel democracy, but I cannot always make myself wholly believe it. I'm afraid that there is a bit of autocracy in my heart still. I do not believe that every man is as good as another, if not better, but of course the distinction has nothing to do with money. It has to do with brains, birth and breeding."

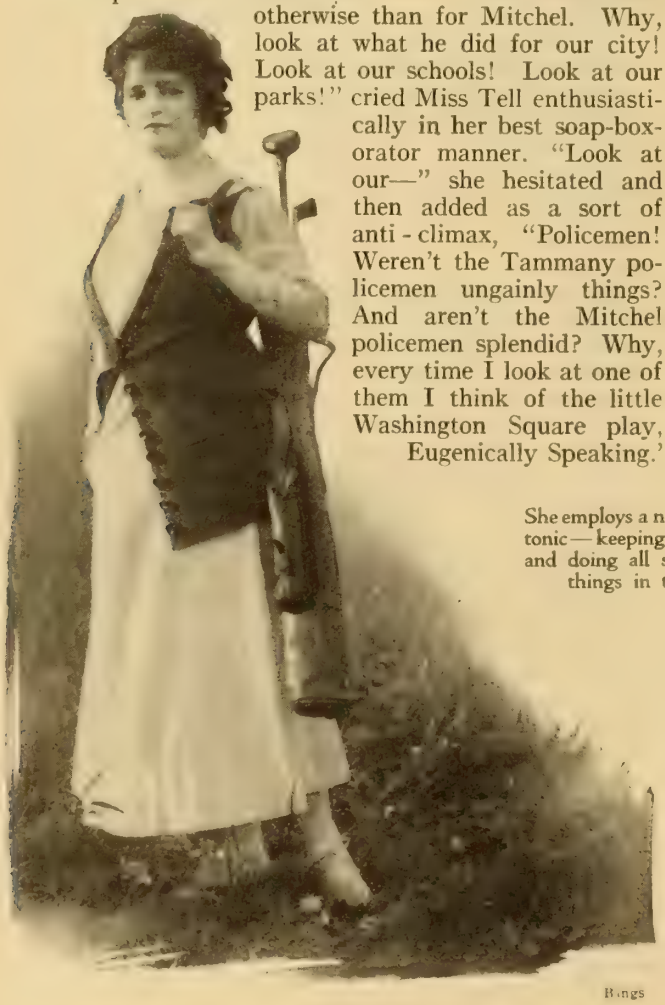
It seemed strange to hear Miss Tell talking about Tammany and democracy and things like that, for she is so small and big eyed and pink and white. Also, she wears little patent leather pumps with the sort of heels made famous by one of the wicked Louises, and she designs all of her own gowns.

As a matter of fact, there are two subjects which are of paramount interest to us—pictures and clothes. So the fact that Miss Tell was wearing cornflower blue velvet just the color of her eyes, trimmed with mole-skin a little darker than her hair, made it almost an impossibility for us to take the proper interest in her political views. She is so beautiful, and her complexion so perfect, we simply ached to know some of her secrets.

So, being a tactful person, we said, "What is your favorite color?" intending to go from colors to clothes and from clothes to cosmetics and from cosmetics to creams, and so on down the list. But Miss Tell was not to be diverted. so she answered promptly, "Yellow and white," adding, "Didn't we look splendid marching in the parade? And I



Miss Tell believes that stage experience is good for a screen player, but not essential to success.





She employs a never-failing health tonic—keeping close to nature and doing all sorts of energetic things in the open air.

Bings

Bings



A cynic once remarked, "Some women are beautiful, and some are suffragists." Olive Tell stands a living, breathing, pink and white refutation of these words. Olive has always been beautiful, but she has not always been a suffragist. It is one of the things she has achieved—like Stardom for instance.

wasn't a bit tired, were you? And now wait until next fall, and see what will happen!

"I'll warrant you that every woman will vote, whether she worked to get that vote or not. Why shouldn't we vote? Haven't we done everything that a man has done excepting perhaps actually fight in the war? And haven't the Russian women even done that, and wouldn't we do it, too, if it were necessary to win the war? Of course we would."

Once upon a time an actress who knows all about the psychology of figures told us that our magic combination was two, four, eight, and that if we would repeat these numbers over, and earnestly wish for something, that our wish would be granted. A sort of Aladdin's-lamp contrivance. So now was the time to test it.

Looking Miss Tell squarely in the eye, we thought, "Olive, two, four, eight! Talk about creams, clothes and cosmetics," and she did. This is what she said:

"Outdoor exercise is the greatest tonic in the world. Oh, I do not say to avoid cosmetics until you begin to get results from nature, but do give nature a chance. Why, do you know that I never miss my ride in the park, no matter how early I have to rise to get it?

"And golf! Who would think that that little ball could prove so fascinating? Why, I tremble with excitement every time I see a bag of sticks. And skating! Oh! that is glorious.

"But while you are waiting for nature to do her part, you jump in and do yours. White eyelashes and eyebrows never are pretty. Therefore, do not have them. That's simple. Also, there is that thing called a rabbit's foot, and while it may not possess all the magic credited to it by the superstitious, it will, if judiciously applied, dispel all pallor.

"Where are the old women today?" asked Miss Tell, almost accusingly. But before we could reply, disclaiming all knowledge of their whereabouts, she continued, "I'll tell you. They do not exist. This is because they do the things that used to be denied them."

Miss Tell believes that stage experience is a good thing for a screen player, but not essential to success. She believes that you should design your own clothes, if you can do it better than anyone else. And she thinks that a player should be as careful in choosing a director as in choosing parents.

Now Who's *the* Thief?

The Stage Producers are caught with the movie loot in their pockets

By Brandon Fuller

MR. LOUIS DEFOE, the eminent dramatic commentator of the *New York World,* said some time ago to a press agent who was trying to get him to print an article about a big moving-picture production:

"I refuse to encourage the movies; they do nothing but practice thievery upon the theatre."

Of the two biggest successes of the current New York theatrical season, one is built entirely upon moving-picture business and conditions, and one employs one of the most familiar of the mechanical devices of the camera. While a third production, an "artistic" success, which means a financial failure, also utilized one of the most effective devices of the shadow stage.

"Business Before Pleasure" is the latest Potash and Perlmutter comedy. Abe and Mawruss have abandoned the cloak and suit business for the producing of moving pictures. They spend $50,000 on their first release, using their own wives as players. It is an awful thing. Their director tells them that they have got to get more money, engage a real vampire, and put over something big. Their financial backer tells them that if they will engage a certain vampire actress, he will get the money. The vampire, a very nice girl off stage, is hired, and the trouble begins. Abe's Rosie and Mawruss' Ruth look askance upon the vampire, and there is much woe. There are many gems of humor in the lines.



A scene from "Business Before Pleasure" one of the two biggest successes



White

In the picture play the attention is focussed upon the essential motive of the moment by lighting effects. The same thing has been done in "Chu Chin Chow."

"Chu Chin Chow," on the other hand, is a gorgeous spectacle—probably the most magnificent thing ever staged. Incidentally, its leading players are right off the screen—Florence Reed and Tyrone Power. Now, in the picture play, the eye is rested from trying to grasp all the details of a big scene, and the attention focussed upon the essential motive of the moment, by the use of the close-up. Exactly the same thing has been done in "Chu Chin Chow."

The curtains close on the big scene, a splendid oriental vision, dazzling with its light and color and movement and hosts of fascinating characters. Then the huge curtain parts half way, in perfect imitation of the opening of the diaphragm of the camera, and there is revealed a small group—one or two persons seated on a divan—and the core of the action is carried on, the story developed as it could not be on the vast area of the full stage. The drama has discovered the close-up.

"Barbara" lasted only two weeks. Not even the fascinating Marie Doro could prolong its slender, though



White

of the season, a satirical farce with the moving picture business as its theme.

exquisite charms. It was produced by Arthur Hopkins, who entered the moving-picture field with a blast of trumpets, some months ago, bringing with him nothing but his stage experience, which was soon found to be insufficient for the making of great picture productions.

But he went back to the theatre, not empty-handed. "Barbara" was a play of dreams and visions. So Mr. Hopkins utilized the device employed by the photoplay for years to suggest mystery and visions—the fade-in and fade-out. When the curtain rises, the stage is black, there is a faint sound of music, and then, little by little, the light comes on until the scene takes form. And at the close of each act the picture fades out in the converse manner.

This is what the pictures have done for just three of the most interesting stage productions in New York this season. There are more instances of a similar, though less striking nature.

Who's doing the thieving now, Mr. Louis Defoe?

From "Busines Before Pleasure"

"Every business experience is moving picture experience. They go into the movies from every business — hardware, groceries, clothing."

"Everybody nowadays has got two kinds of business, his own business and the moving-picture business."

"Scenario writers are like clothing salesmen- you advertise for one and you got to call out the reserves."

"There'll never be any profit in the picture business until we get the actors on piece work."

"Moving pictures isn't a business—it's a dissipation, like poker and pinochle. We bet Miss Sismondi $1,500 a week that in six months we can make more profits than she can salary. We lost. We ought to have made her put up a kitty."

"If vampires made overalls, a pair would cost half a million dollars."



White

In "Chu Chin Chow" the "close-up" has been applied to the stage. Its leading players, Florence Reed and Tyrone Power have both been seen on the screen.

"Lights! Camera! Quiet!

These words spoken in a soprano voice "get over" just as effectively as though growled in deepest baritone.



Stagg

Elsie Jane Wilson in working togs.

ARE we going back to the time when women ran the civil government, the army, the men, and everything else that needed running? Back to the time when the first "Equal rights for men" advocate was accused of being un-masculine and told, in no unmistakable terms, "Man's place is the home"?

We are—perhaps. And then, again, maybe we are not. It is just possible that what looks like a cut-back to those Chinese-Babylonian-Frankish days may, in reality, be an entirely new scene which serves to introduce another reel—the millenium.

In that new story, says the prophecy, there will be no question as to whether some particular work belongs more to a man than to a woman, but each will do whatever he or she can do the best. Also, those who were good shall be happy—we have Kipling's word for it.

But whether "The Cause" is working toward Man—the Slave, or Woman—the Partner, it gained its greatest victory when Universal City gave women a chance to become moving-picture directors. Greatest because, while other victories were founded, to some extent at least, on precedent, this victory was against all precedent. Following stage traditions, moving-picture directing was considered a work exclusively the property of men. And it is a fitting thing that this city, which has given women such perfect business equality with men, should be named Universal.

So it was to the big "U" lot I went in order to find out whether doing a "man's work" would necessarily make a woman unfeminine. After wandering around for an hour or two—probably two—looking for Ida May Park and Elsie Jane Wilson, the only women directing there at the time, I found Director Park hidden away in a corner where the seemingly ubiquitous "Rubberneck" couldn't find her.

She had on a dainty pink and white blouse, a dark dress skirt, flat-heeled shoes, and was bare-headed. It is absolutely true that she did not wear puttees and carried no megaphone.

The picture was a melodrama. The scene which she was making required double pho-



Ida May Park shows Dorothy Phillips just how she should feel about it.

Ready! Shoot!"

By Frances Denton

tography and was taking place to counts. For instance, while the cameraman counted slowly "1—2—3—4," she explained to the player just what gesture was to be made at each count—("At 67, smile. Take time to let it grow into a laugh. At 72, you are laughing.")

She was working under an overhead light on a canvas-covered stage and the sun was certainly "doing its darndest." If you have ever been in the projection room of a moving-picture theatre on a hot day, you know something about heat. This stage was hot in just that way, and the scene, which required less



Stagg

Ella Hall seems to think Director Wilson is over-realistic. The young man getting the worst of it happens to be Miss Hall's husband Emory Johnson.



than five minutes to shoot, was rehearsed for three hours. And at the end of that time the director looked as cool and quiet as if she had been sitting under a shade tree with a pitcher of lemonade. She gave the impression that she could have stood there and directed that one scene all day without feeling the least annoyed, which shows that a woman can sometimes bring more patience to her work than can a man. At least, a temperamental man, and many men are temperamental.

"It was because directing seemed so utterly unsuited to a woman," said Director Park, while her cameraman was getting his titles, "that I refused the first company offered me. I don't know why I looked at it in that way, either. A woman can bring to this work splendid enthusiasm and imagination; a natural love of detail and an intuitive knowledge of character. All of these are supposed to be feminine traits, and yet they are all necessary to the successful director. Of course, in order to put on a picture, a woman must have broadness of viewpoint, a sense of humor, and firmness of character—there are times when every director must be something of a martinet—but these characteristics are necessary, to balance the others."

It has been said that a woman worries over, loves, and works for, her convictions exactly as though they were her children. Consequently, her greatest danger is in taking them and herself too seriously.

"Directing is a recreation to me," Ida May Park went on, "and I want my people to do good work because of their regard for me and not because I browbeat them into it."

She directs quietly, occasionally taking the actor's place and demonstrating exactly how she wants a thing done, but more often explaining the situation and letting the player go through it in his own way.

"I believe in choosing distinct types and then seeing that the actor puts his own personality into his part, instead of making every part in a picture reflect my personality," she said.

Ida May Park—(Mrs. Joseph De Grasse)—has never appeared on the screen, but she went on the stage when she was fifteen years old. Her first manager was Leonard Grover, the man who brought out Mary Anderson.

"I remember that I tried to make myself look as old as possible," she said; "Mr. Grover told me that Mary Anderson had done exactly the same thing. Probably that is why I got the job."

After her marriage, she and her husband went on tour with their own company. Joseph De Grasse joined the Pathe as leading man, Ida May Park became a scenario writer. Since then she has written over five hundred successful scenarios, among them "Hell Morgan's Girl," "The Rescue" and "Bondage." She began co-directing with her husband at Universal City two years ago, and was given her own company in January of this year.

"Being perfectly normal, I don't like housework," she said. She has one other recreation besides directing—that is, caring for her roses. She has a rose garden that is remarkable, even in Hollywood.

She also said that, in her opinion, many directors of the future will be chosen from among the scenario writers of today.

Leaving her set, I walked down the big stage, past a child's blue and white bedroom, a log-cabin room, a ballroom, and a New York tenement-room, until the strains of a slow waltz led me to a living-room exquisitely furnished in red and gold. Three very blase-looking musicians were playing this sad music while a young woman with big blue eyes, very fair skin, and very red hair, was directing some "sob stuff."

She was all in white, except for her dainty black French-heeled shoes. Also, she wore a broad-brimmed hat and white silk gloves as a protection against the sun.

She repeated my question.

"Is directing a man's work?—I should say it is!" Very carefully she drew down the top of one silk glove, disclosing a forearm plentifully sprinkled with freckles.

"Look at that!" said Director E. J. Wilson, and added, "Oh, my dear, you can't imagine the money I've spent this summer on freckle cream!" In that exclamation she expressed all a woman's natural horror of freckles, intensified by the ingrained habit every actress has of taking care of her skin. Elsie Jane Wilson has been on the stage since she was two years old.

"I appeared in the famous English Christmas Pantomimes every year, too," she said. "All of which was the best possible training for the pictures."

She came to the United States five years ago with her husband, Rupert Julian.

"Mr. Julian and I always appeared together until after we came to this country," she said. "Here, we found that managers do not want husbands and wives to play opposite each other, so we were separated almost at once. When I was on the road in 'Everywoman' I didn't see Mr. Julian for almost two years."

During a portion of this time Rupert Julian was leading man for Lois Weber and Philip Smalley.

After a brief stock engagement at The Little Theatre in Los Angeles, Elsie Jane Wilson "went into the movies" and began acting under her husband's direction. Later she co-directed with him, at the same time playing leading parts in his pictures.

"We like the same kind of pictures," she remarked, "but we have such different ideas of how to get the same effects that if we ever talked over our work we'd fight all the time."

Her assistant interrupted: "If you're ready, Mrs. Julian, we are," and she turned her attention to the set.

She was putting on a heart-interest story, the plot of which centered around three lonely old men and a little girl they had adopted and learned to love very dearly. Not a particularly original theme, but one warranted to be good for many sobs and much laughter if well handled. It had been well handled in the scenario and certainly seemed to be well handled in the direction.

"A little sad music here, please," said Director Wilson. Then to her company, "All ready, everybody? Music, camera, GO!"

The day seemed, if possible, to have grown warmer. Besides this and the usual frequent pauses made in order to work out some important detail, there were innumerable little things to distract one's attention, and yet the scene gripped and rang true. Standing a little to the side of the camera, she went through a modified form of the action in front of the player while the scene was being shot. She was "working up" her people; "putting over" the spirit of the story exactly as though she were on the stage, and in doing so she was spending her energy unmercifully. Unfeminine? Hardly! Nor is there anything unfeminine about Lois Weber. "Mother" Lule Warrenton, Ruth Stonehouse and "Peggy" Baldwin are other women who have been given companies in the past. And so, which is it to be? "Man—the Slave," or, "Woman—the Partner"?

Everything points to "Woman—the Partner."

An Open Letter to Rebecca — Mary Pickford

Mary Pickford.
Dear Mary:

I Want
To Tell
You Something.
I
Was Standing
In the lobby
Of a theatre where
You
Were playing
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
I
Like you,
Mary.
I Stood
For Half an Hour.
Then,
They opened the doors, and
The People
Who had Come Early,
Poured Out
Past me.
I Noticed
A Woman—
The Tears
Were Running
Down her Cheeks.
She
Was Dabbing at her Red Eyes
With a crumpled handkerchief.
Everybody
Looked at her.
And
Everybody said,
"What a Sad Picture
It Must Be."
And
I Took Out
My handkerchief; and
Everybody
Looked Anxious.
And then,
Another woman, in
The Crowd,
Reached Out and
Caught the Tearful One
By the arm.
And Said,
"Dear Eva—
How
Is your Hay-fever?"

But
Never Mind,
Mary.
You Made
ME Cry,
Anyway.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The First of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art



By
John Emerson
and
Anita Loos

THOUSANDS, yes millions of men and women are ambitious to become writers of scenarios. There is opportunity aplenty for those who demonstrate ability. In line with its policy of serving the moving picture public the editor of PHOTOPLAY *determined to secure the most authoritative advice possible. We believe that in presenting these articles, which teach all that can be taught of this new art and profession, in lieu of actual experience in a scenario department, we have accomplished our task. Miss Loos is the highest paid writer of scenarios in the world; more than that, the most accomplished. Mr. Emerson is one of the few really great directors. When Mr. Fairbanks started his own company he chose them as his partners in art, and the Fairbanks-Emerson-Loos pictures have set a new standard of photoplays.*

UNTIL quite recently it has been the habit of most writers and stage producers of consequence to decry the motion picture as a medium quite unworthy their artistic endeavor. Of late, however, the motion picture, in spite of the slings and arrows of outraged highbrows, has attained to such vast importance artistically and commercially that these same writers and producers, with compassion in their hearts and an eye for the main chance, have stepped forward and in a few well-chosen words of apology have condescended to give the movies a boost—to reach them a helping hand on their wobbly journey toward the Haven of Art.

All this is very nice and very helpful and reminds one of the efforts of a sulphur match to light up the Aurora Borealis.

We hereby rise to remark that the movies need no apology. Leaving out of consideration the mental stimulus and instructive value of the educational and topical pictures, and confining ourselves to the story-telling qualities of the cinema, it seems fairly obvious that an art form which supplies emotional food and exercise to three hundred million people daily is certainly worthy of the best and most serious efforts of *any* artist, however great and divinely endowed he may be.

Throughout the history of the civilized world, the emotional food and exercise to be derived from the Arts have been available only to the wealthy and semi-leisure classes. The drama, the opera and nearly all types of musical entertainment have been, because of their cost, beyond the reach of the poor, except as events requiring considerable sacrifice for their *occasional* enjoyment. Not until the movies spread their benignant light over the millions of the earth, were the poor able to afford a daily thrill to lighten the sombre reality of their daily work.

"Any time a genuinely original idea comes into a scenario office, everyone from the president of the company down, gets on his knees and gives thanks."

It would therefore seem that an art of such magnificent purpose and unlimited influence as the motion picture, should be approached by its devotees in a spirit of great humility—the spirit which has always and everywhere animated that greatest genius of the art—the man who gave to the motion picture the honor of producing what is certainly, to date, the nearest approach to the Great American Drama, "The Birth of a Nation."

As to the material available and usable for the motion picture story, it is as broad and limitless as life itself. The motion picture is undoubtedly the most elastic medium that has ever been put into the hands of an artist, and, by the same token, it is the medium that nearest approaches life. There is no reason in the world why the author should pick his characters out of the thin air of his imagination.

Movies are life, and the best place to go for life is to the living. Let us pick our hero out of the house next door, or find our heroine in the upstairs flat. Then, when we have found them, let us make them do what real, honest, living people would do, without the aid of the false mustache, the old mill, the hidden papers, the strawberry mark on the hero's chest or any other of the time worn, hackneyed plots.

But, on the other hand, let us avoid the fault of many authors who, in attempting to deal in realities (and this is true of the stage as well as the movies) mistake commonplaceness for dramatic realism. This is a fault that is almost as bad as that of relying on the false mustache for one's plot. No photoplay or drama will ever be effective merely because it tells a truthful incident in the life of Maggie Manicure. To have drama one must have conflict, and no ordinary string of incidents will ever make real

drama just because it is told in a truthful manner. Let us make our people act as human beings, yes—but let us not imagine that we are making drama unless we mix them up in a conflict that is as great as our theme will permit. Truth of itself will never be drama, but, once we have caught our drama, we must add truth to it or it will be merely melodramatic bunk.

A great many budding authors are led astray by the fact that they often see very ordinary stories on the screen and say to themselves, "I could write as good a story as that," which may be very true. But let us give you the history of the production of the average "ordinary" story and the reason why that very same story would never have been bought had it come through the mail to the scenario department.

"An art form that supplies emotional food and exercise to 300,000,000 people is worthy of the best efforts of any artist, however great."

The supply of good stories has never come anywhere near meeting the demand. But producing companies have their contracts for a certain number of pictures to be released, and they MUST make them. Now, every company has its staff of scenario writers who have been chosen because of extraordinary ability, but who could not pretend to keep up a regular pace of extraordinary stories, with original plots and situations.

So, like other literary workers, they have a certain number of pot boilers to turn out, which they do, on salary. If one of these stories came into the department from the outside, the firm would never think of paying out extra money for it, when just as good a story could be written by one of the staff who was on regular salary. So it is very unwise for the ambitious amateur to look to the ordinary production for his inspiration—look to the best—*the very best* pictures that are produced today—then get busy and try to write a better one, and you will be on the right track, at least.

It is a foolish waste of time for the writer of stories for the screen to bother himself about the working script of a photoplay. There is a very complicated technique in photoplay writing as in all other arts and a successful photoplaywright cannot be developed without practical training. There could no more be a natural photoplaywright than there could be a natural violinist, who would play upon the instrument the first time he took it into his hands. However, this need not in the least discourage beginners who have original talent. Any time a genuinely original idea comes into a scenario office, everyone from the president of the company down gets on his knees and offers up a prayer of thanks. This happens perhaps once or twice a year, if it is a good year.

Sometimes a script will come in with a trite plot, but somewhere hidden away in it is a single and original incident that, had the author realized it, could have been made the theme of the whole play. Many scenarios are bought for this one reason. If the author has an original idea (and by this we do not mean a mere situation) no matter how much he is lacking in technical knowledge, his idea will be eagerly bought, and if he keeps up his pace, he is certain of a chance to land in a studio where he can learn the actual technical working out of the photoplay and so develop into a recognized photoplaywright.

After a short experience in a scenario office, a reader soon comes to know the worth of a script almost immediately on opening the envelope. If the author sends a two or three page letter saying that he or she is submitting a scenario that is original in plot, startling in theme, full of action and absolutely unlike anything that he or she has ever seen, and from there goes on with a chatty history of his or her life and states that the reason why he or she wishes to make a little extra money is to help keep an aged aunt in Hindustan—it is a safe bet that the story is rotten.

The best scripts that come into the office, come in without any heralding, and often without even a letter, and nothing but the author's name, address and return envelope. The best story we ever got was not even signed, and we scrambled around for months before we found out that it was dashed off by a young reporter in Chicago, who had forgotten to put his signature and address on it. We do not advocate emulating this young man's carelessness, although his reticence concerning his personal history and that of his family and connections is admirable.

In conclusion let us say that many years spent in professional life have forced upon us the conviction that half the misery in this world is caused by people desiring to make their living by selling something that they haven't got—people trying to sell their voices, when their voices are not worth listening to; or to sell acting ability, when they have no acting ability to deliver, and would-be scenarioists trying to make a living selling ideas, when they have no ideas to sell.

We are quite sure that no man in his senses would think that he could successfully run a grocery store unless he had groceries to sell, or that he could supply the community with dry goods from empty shelves—and yet thousands upon thousands of people have become indignant because their efforts at trying to bunko a purchaser into buying something that they haven't got, failed.

So we would say to aspiring scenario writers—make sure first that you *have something to sell.* Then, write it up in as neat and concise and clear a manner as possible, without any attempt at the technical form of a working script, and send your product out to the market knowing that there is a hungry purchaser to snatch up any crumb of originality at a very fair price.

Well,—Isn't It So?

When—
The Heroine pleads with the Hero to Do IT as she Wants It Done, doesn't she always grip the lapels of his coat?

When—
The Child is sick, isn't the Family Doctor always a melancholy man with exuberant whiskers?

When—
The Juvenile enters, doesn't he always steal up and imprint a bouyant kiss on his mother's ear?

When—
The Cowboys Go After Something, don't they always fire wildly into the air?

When—
Anyone goes to the telephone, doesn't he or she always take down the receiver and at once click it up and down agitatedly?

When—
The Artist has daubed his brush across his canvas, doesn't he always mince back a few steps and squint at the result with his black-tammed head tilted 'way on one side?

When—
The Poor Mother has bidden her son farewell, doesn't she always use her apron to stem the tide of her streaming tears?



The Learnin' of Jim Benton

Touchin' on an' appertainin' to a certain pizen gang o' wools, an' what jes' nach'ly happened in the arroyo at Flyin' L.

By Jerome Shorey

JUST why it is that every cattle man thinks of a sheep herder in the same terms as a pugilist does of a female impersonator, I cannot say. But the fact remains. The cattleman is not fussy about the conventional morals of his associates. He knows that the population of the southwest contains a great many men who came there for their health—some because the doctors so ordered, and some because they felt their health would suffer if they were required to pass a number of years in stone buildings with iron bars on the windows. Many a physical and moral wreck has found his way into the cattle country, and losing his old identity, has gained a new manhood. And the cattleman asks only two questions—is he kind to his horse and, if he makes a play, has he got the nerve to go through with it? But with all this broad-mindedness, there is no room in the hospitality of the cattle man for the sheep herder. He calls them "wools" and attributes to them all the lowest traits of the human race.



Jim Benton wouldn't have stood by and let the gang at Red-Eye Saloon devil a yaller houn' that couldn't defend itself; but if he had ever happened to see the same gang amuse itself by standing a wool in a corner and shooting off his ears, fingers and other outstanding portions of anatomy, he would doubtless have looked on idly, and made some technical comment upon the marksmanship of the boys. A wool simply wasn't human — that was all. He was the lowest form of animal life, and not to be classed with the more advanced forms of evolution, such as dogs and horses.

If Jim had been educated, without losing his viewpoint, he would have said that Darwin was right, and that the human race had risen, in many centuries, beginning with a wool, becoming prohibitionists, and then upward through the animal kingdom until it reached the dwellers in cities, culminating finally in the cattle man. But Jim had no education. He could neither read nor write. His grandfather had been one of the first white men in Southern California, and had accumulated a huge tract of land and "cattle upon a thousand hills." His father and mother were just a plain folk, too—strong with the strength of the pioneers, but plain. In the fullness of time they were gathered to their fathers, and Jim was left, sole heir to an empire in land, more cattle than he could count, twenty-five of the gamest cowpunchers that ever whooped through El Cajon, and a vast and unfathomable ignorance of anything else.

So when he paused in front of a canvas notice, nailed to a tree on the bank of the arroyo that ran through the Flying L ranch, he was mystified. Then, in a minute, he was mad. What business had anybody to come nailing notices on his trees, on his land? He tore it off, and was first for simply throwing it away; then it occurred to him that the thing to do was keep it, track down its author, and do with him as circumstances justified. For Jim, while never exactly looking for a fight, felt a thrill go all over his big body when he sensed a fight approaching. He didn't look for trouble, but if trouble came his way it would be welcomed with a kiss and a hug.

So Jim kept on being madder and madder as he rode along the trail, and all of a sudden he saw something that made him madder still. Someone had quietly taken possession of a cabin where his line riders found shelter when overtaken by storm or night so far from the ranch house. There was smoke coming from the stovepipe chimney, and a horse grazing near by—and not a Flying L horse, either. So here was the son of a gun that was nailing up notices on his range. Jim galloped up to the door, and tried to walk in, but the door was fastened.

"Open that door or I'll fill you so full of lead you'd sink in the Great Salt Lake," Jim yelled. No answer.

So Jim took a chance. He was fighting mad now. He was refused admission to his own cabin. So he didn't stop to think of the danger, but flung his whole weight against the door and followed it through. He found himself, before he could regain his balance, looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Holy sufferin' jackrabbits!" he gasped.

The revolver was a toy .22, and the wavering hand which held it in the general direction of Jim, belonged to a slim bit of a girl, whose wide, terror-stricken eyes told of a fearful struggle going on in her mind. She could not decide whether to kill this intruder, or to throw herself upon his mercy. Jim decided for her. He wasn't going to be killed. Leastways not with that dinky thing. If he got killed that way, the boys would never let him hear the last of it. So he reached out and took the almost gun away from her. Whereupon she did the proper feminine thing—she fainted.

In the course of time the girl recovered, and little by little the two explained themselves to each other. Jim convinced the girl that his diet did not consist of straying damsels, despite the ferocious appearance that his several weeks' old beard gave his countenance. He also pointed out that he had a right to intrude, as he was on his own property. And the girl, Evelyn Hastings, imparted the information that she was the new school teacher on her way to El Cajon, had lost the trail, and decided to put up at the cabin until morning.

The word "school teacher" reminded Jim of the notice he had torn from the tree.

"If you're a schoolma'am, give us the head and tail o' this," he said, producing the printed canvas sign and carefully spreading it on the floor.

"To Whom it May Concern," she read. "The Segunda Water Company has completed its dam across the upper Cajon arroyo. All persons who have not joined the company by the first day of May next, will be barred from using the waters of said arroyo. Harvey Knowles, President."

"Th' h—, beg pardon, Miss, but this sure does get me riled. This here Segunda company is a wool outfit, an' Knowles is the boss rattler. So—I can't use water out of my own arroyo, what th' old man used fer years afore me. Aw, shucks. There's some mistake. They can't do a thing like that."

"Why don't you bring suit against them—get an injunction, or something?"

"Suit?" Jim laughed, none too pleasantly, and patted the two guns he always wore. "Here's Jim Benton's lawyers."

"You—wouldn't—kill—a—man?" Evelyn gasped.

"Not a man—no," Jim drawled, "but a wool, more 'specially a wool like Knowles—yes."

Evelyn remonstrated, but Jim could not make her understand. And at last it came evening, and Jim left the girl in possession of the cabin, rolling himself in a blanket beneath a live oak and communing with the stars on a new idea that had come to him, and which drove the thought of sleep away for many hours.

It was the odor of frying bacon that wakened him at last, and a cheery voice, informing him that breakfast was ready, clinched a certain resolve that he had half formed under the stars. He broached it over the coffee.

"I s'pose now, you get paid a heap o' coin for teachin' school?"

"Sixty dollars a month," Evelyn replied, a little proudly.

"Well, I'll make it a hundred, if you'll come to the Flyin' L and learn me and my outfit instead."

"But I've given my word to the El Cajon trustees."

"Oh, that's all right," Jim assured her. "I got quite a lot of influence in Cajon. That can be fixed. An' it's your plumb duty to go where you're most needed. My outfit is the gol durndest, onenlightenedest bunch o' wild an' woolly reprobates in the whole cattle country, an' if there's any spare learnin' floatin' around, we just natch'ly must have it."

So it was arranged. Evelyn was attracted by the extra salary, which meant that much more she could send home to her mother, and the novelty appealed to her. She perceived a great gentleness behind the uncouthness of Jim Benton, and the woman in her wanted to see what a little civilization would do to it. She was placed under the chaperonage of the Indian squaw, Maquita, and never was girl safer. Next to Jim, Maquita was boss, for the quite sufficient reason that she was also the cook. She was more to Evelyn than her own mother could have been, aside from mere affection, for the grim old woman knew the ways of the cattle country, and more than once made it clear to Evelyn that certain conventionalities of the cities would not do here at the Flying L; while on the contrary, many things which would have made her friends in the city consider her quite an impossible person, were matters of common routine here where the broad sweep of sky and mountain transposes the social values.

In due time the school supplies arrived. The lower floor of a barn was cleared out for the school room, and all the apparatus of primary education installed. Jim had wired for a complete shipment of all that was necessary for the education of twenty-six ignorant cow-punchers, and the telegram was taken literally. Blackboards and desks, pens, pencils, notebooks, copybooks, everything was there—even to a dunce's cap. And whether it was because it was "boss's orders" or that these untamed sons of the soil had realized their need of the rudiments of education all of a sudden, at least their promptness and their earnestness in trying to learn was gratifying to the teacher. But all the famous educators will tell you that the personality of the teacher is the most important element in the success of the student. And perhaps this had something to do with it as well.

Jim, as befitted the master of the Flying L, was the most assiduous and progressive student of all. He felt, of course, that it was necessary for him to show his outfit a good example. He felt this so strongly, and so anxious was he to keep at the head of the class, that he even prevailed upon Miss Hastings to give him additional lessons in the evenings. Yet, at these extra sessions he sometimes found it a little difficult to keep his mind on his work. Thus the days and evenings passed pleasantly along at the Flying L, the gentle spring unconsciously



"The Learnin' of Jim Benton"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Triangle photoplay, based upon a story by Al Nietz and produced under the direction of Cliff Smith with the following cast:

Jim Benton.....Roy Stewart
Evelyn Hastings.....Fritzi Ridgeway
Joe.....Walter Perry
Harvey Knowles.....Ed. Brady
Ed Willis, Sheriff.....Wm. Ellingford
Sid Harvey.....Thornton Edwards
Governor.....Harry Rattenberry

slipping into glowing summer, the while Jim Benton unconsciously was falling in love. Or perhaps not entirely unconsciously. He had learned to take pains with his appearance, shaved every day, and every now and then went to El Cajon to have his hair trimmed.

Then, on the first day of May, a line rider came galloping to the school-house door, and brought the pupils and teacher to their feet with his yell. It was the first time that anyone had dared to interrupt classes, but this was no time for ceremony.

"The arroyo's run dry," he shouted.

Desks were tumbled this way and that in the scramble, as the cowpunchers gathered around the line rider for more information. But Jim understood. He had ignored and almost forgotten Knowles' notice. It was the first of May, and the water had been shut off at the dam. He knew the water laws, like every California land owner, for water is the very breath of life to the great southwest. To steal water is to murder. That has been the unwritten law for decades. Jim owned his land along the arroyo, and his riparian rights entitled him to all the water he needed from that stream. He knew that Knowles had been bluffing, trying to force him to pay tribute to the new company, but he did not believe Knowles would have the nerve to openly break the law. But now that Knowles had broken the law, there was only one thing left for Jim to do, meet him on his own ground. Even if he had ever considered such a matter as going to law, there was no time for that. While the lawyers and judges jawed, his cattle would be dropping dead. Then, if he won, he would have the right to sue Knowles for his losses. And if he won that suit—what? It was too complicated, when the simple solution was to go up the arroyo with his twenty-five fight-hungry, infuriated cowpunchers, and blow the dam to—

"Jim." A soft voice recalled him from his fury, a light hand rested on his arm. And she had never called him "Jim" before.

"Jim—you won't—shoot; that is, anyway, not to kill."

"Shootin' for fun is just plain suicide," he said, evading her plea.

"Please, Jim—for me," and Evelyn's voice was softer still.

Jim looked down at her. "You wouldn't be wantin' them to bring me back across the saddle, 'stead of astride it?"

She trembled a little, hesitated, and compromised.

"Then promise me you won't shoot except in self-defense."

Jim paused, and promised. Then he rode away.

As they approached the dam they dismounted, and Jim strode on ahead. Without warning or challenge there came the crack of a rifle, and a neat little hole was bored through Jim's sombrero. He dodged behind a tree, and returned to the others.

"Stay here, boys; I'm going to surround them," he said.

The guards, watching closely the spot where they knew Jim's outfit must still be stationed, were taken completely by surprise.

"Throw down your guns," a voice yelled from the rear.

They wheeled, looked into Jim's two guns, and knowing his record, obeyed. Jim's men, hearing no sound, began advancing cautiously. A guard who had been stationed the other side of the stream, saw them, and opened fire. After that, nobody knew just what happened. In a few seconds the cowboys had won the battle, and Jim found



Jim, as befitted the master of the Flying L, was the most assiduous and progressive student of all.



He pointed out that he had a right to intrude as he was on his own property.

himself standing with his guns in his hands, both smoking and empty. He did not remember drawing them, but of course he must have done so. Several of the company's guards lay dead. Who could say whose shots had killed them, when all the Flying L men wore forty-fives? But that was idle speculation. The thing they had come to do must now be done. They found a supply of dynamite in a watchman's shanty near by, and in a few minutes the Segunda dam had ceased to exist.

Lawlessness—yes. But it was the lawlessness which had been the only known law right down to days within the memory of the men who took part in it. It was only within very recent years that the machinery of the courts had been set in operation, and it was still looked upon with suspicion. When a man like Jim Benton knew that he was right, he went ahead and administered the law for himself. And, strange as it may seem, the history of those days records very few cases of injustice resulting from this summary procedure.

Yet it was with a heavy heart that Jim rode back to the Flying L. He had to tell Evelyn that he had shot, probably killed, and in the heat of battle, not coolly in self-defense. It was Evelyn only of whom he thought—not of the possible legal complications.

Nor had he been wrong in his view of her probable attitude. She was unable to consider lightly the taking of a human life. She had lived in the security of cities. The traditions of the open country were not hers. She did not rebuke Jim, but was wounded deeply.

Then it was that the unexpected came to pass. Ed Willis, sheriff of El Cajon county, rode slowly up to the ranch house at Flying L. It seemed as if he could not make up his mind whether to go on, or to turn back. He was a grizzled veteran of the cattle country, and while he had accepted the task of enforcing law and order, his idea of such a job was merely the tracking down of cattle rustlers and men who shoot from behind. He had no taste for the job of arresting Jim Benton, son of his old side kick, and whom he had himself looked upon almost as a son. But Harvey Knowles had forced his hand, and Knowles was backed by powerful interests and much money. So the sheriff had to obey.

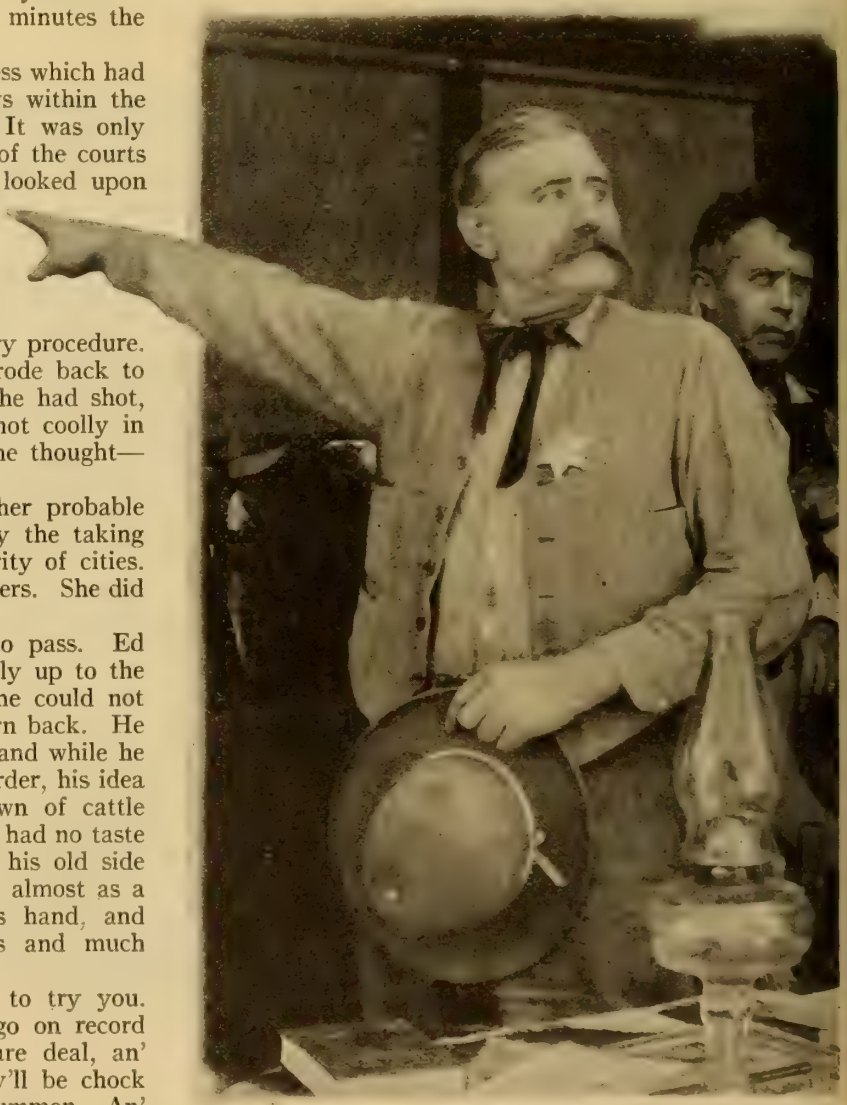
"It's like this, Jim," he said. "We got to try you. There's nuthin' else to it. But I want to go on record right here, that you're goin' to get a square deal, an' between you an' me, I'll fix it so's the jury'll be chock slam full of cattle men. Nary a wool will I summon. An' so you needn't be skeered o' the verdict."

Big Joe, Benton's chief of staff, was leary of the whole proceeding. He wanted Jim to refuse to give himself up. He 'lowed that they wan't no posse they could raise around Cajon that could git Jim if Jim didn't want to be got.

But Evelyn's influence was on the other side, and Jim felt that surrender was the surest way of atoning in her eyes. He felt no anxiety about the verdict, for if the jury were only a fair-minded one he believed he was safe, while if the sheriff managed to get a jury of cattle men they would bring a verdict of not guilty without moving from their places. So he went with the sheriff. And Evelyn's eyes shone, because she now knew that she had been right all along, and that the bigness of the man was his most dominant quality.

When the trial began, the special counsel Knowles had engaged to supplement what he feared might be the feeble efforts on the part of the prosecuting attorney, thwarted the sheriff's plan. He drew the attention of the court to the fact that this case had to do with a feud involving cattle and sheep men. He therefore made it clear to the court that both sides should be barred from the jury, and that the twelve men be selected from other walks of life, as far from the scene of the conflict as possible. So it was a jury, not merely of strangers, that Jim faced, but one of which he did not like the appearance. No one ever proved that money had had a part in the result, but after the days had dragged along to the end of the trial, Jim numbly heard the foreman report that it found him guilty of murder in the first degree.

Jim heard his sentence and went back to his cell to wait



Jim heard his sentence and went back to his

for the end that seemed inevitable. His conscience did not accuse him, but the law had. His only consolation was that Evelyn was now convinced that he had acted in the only possible way, in the circumstances. He had justified himself in her eyes, but of what good was that when the rope was waiting for him? It was a barren satisfaction.

Harvey Knowles made no secret of his elation. The wool interests were constantly clashing with those of the cattle men. Benton was the leader of the latter. With him out of the way, the constant struggle would be easier. And the cattle men realized this, too. They knew that if Jim Benton were hanged, some of them might as well go out of business. Not a day passed in the little town of El Cajon but there was a fight somewhere over the subject. Fortunately, no more blood was spilled. With the death sentence pronounced upon the biggest man in the county, men began to think a little more before pulling their guns. But feeling ran so high on both sides that the county authorities, much to the sheriff's disgust, decided to send down a few companies of militia, to keep order until after the execution.

Jim was calmer than anyone else. The sheriff came to him one night stealthily, and proposed a plan. He offered Jim his guns, told him he would give him a fighting chance.

"These militia boys caint shoot straight enough to git you, ef you're careful," he urged. "Leastways, it's a chance, and I think it's the only one."

"No, thanks, Ed," Jim replied. "I've killed my last man, and I've defied the law for the last time. If the law wants my life, and there's no way out, I'm through fightin'.



cell to await the end that seemed inevitable.



Evelyn knew now that Jim's life meant more to her than anything else in the world.

There's one other chance—they're tryin' to interest the Governor. If that falls down on me, I'm gone—and that's all there is to it."

The Governor listened to the appeals that were made to him, and finally consented to come to El Cajon and investigate the entire situation for himself. It was not the question of one man's life, but the whole problem of water rights was involved. He wanted to see how much it all meant, and to get down to the facts of the case.

But the Governor was a big man, and large bodies move slowly. To Evelyn it seemed he did nothing at all. She was in despair. She knew now that Jim's life meant more to her than anything else in the world. She knew that she loved him, and would give her own life to save his. At last she managed to get the ear of the Governor. She told him of Jim's promise, she showed him the bullet hole in his sombrero, she pleaded and sobbed.

"All this is nothing," the Governor replied. "You cannot prove that he kept his promise, nor does he, apparently, claim that he did. You cannot prove from what gun the bullet came that made this hole in his hat, whether before or after he himself had killed his man. You see, I, too, am under the rule of the law. Unless something can be shown me which was not shown at the trial, I can do nothing."

"But he had a right to the water."

"To the water—yes. But not to kill. He is not on trial for blowing up the dam, but for killing a man."

So the days dragged along. It was clear that the Governor would snatch at any straw which would justify him in commuting the sentence. The day before the morning set for the execution arrived, and still he refused to take any action. Then Ed Willis had an idea. He got Sid Harvey, who had been the principal witness for the prosecution, into his office, determined to do something, even if it was not exactly the highest ethics. He was convinced that Jim was innocent, or at least justified, and that the jury had been "fixed." So he said to Harvey:

"Look here, Sid—you allus was a pretty good guy until you began mixing with these here wools."

"Well, I got to live, ain't I?" Sid replied, shiftily.

"Yes, Sid, we all got to live, but not that way. Now, you're doin' yourself no good, stickin' by this Knowles gang. And I don't mind tellin' you that I'm goin' to need a deputy on my staff pretty soon now. I know you're no coward, Sid, so that's all right, but I wouldn't want to take a chance of havin' a liar wearin' the star."

(Continued on page 126)



Stagg

Who, gazing into those soulful eyes, would guess that the possessor of the glowing lamps was engaged in her working hours in the making of such irresponsible pictures as the "Lonesome Luke Comedies"? Yet such is such, for this is Bebe Daniels, the Rolin leading comedienne, waxing tragic over the fact that she has to confine her lunch to a bottle of pop to keep slender.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Moving Picture's Mission To Russia. America IS coming! In the furthermost hamlets on the edges of the bleak Slav marshes; in the desolate camps of the discouraged army; in the picture houses of seething Petrograd, the message will soon be flashing—America IS coming. It is a message that will be received with mingled joy, amazement, and hate. For it will give the lie direct to the 25,000 paid German fictioneers in the Russian army and the scheming egotists who would sacrifice the nation and world democracy to their own petty ambitions, the professional traitors with souls so warped that it is not in their nature to be true to any country or any God.

America IS coming. Where words fail to carry conviction the story the camera is now bringing to the Russian people will, through the eye, penetrate the brain of the dullest Slav. They probably know as little of what is happening in America as we know of their troubles. But they believe what their eyes see. President Wilson has said that we do not need men in Russia now so much as we do motion pictures to silence the efficient and unscrupulous German propaganda.

And acting on his suggestion the entire motion picture industry is co-operating to gather every possible foot of celluloid evidence of America's activities. And this is preferred freight on Russia-bound steamships.

❦

The Silver Sheet of Truth. Through the medium of motion pictures the Russians will see millions of khaki-clad Americans drilling, in cantonments here and training camps in France, with one end in view—the annihilation of Prussian autocracy, and a world made worth-while to live in. In darkened halls they will see these men embark for European battlefields, and see the flash of their guns as they charge the Huns. They will see too this great nation bending all its wealth and its resources to one end, the winning of the war. They will see its thousands of industries belching and straining. They will see its president and read his words, the promises that consecrate this nation to the common cause. They will see that America is just as willing to shed its blood as it was to sell its ammunition to the Allies.

For one year Thomas A. Edison has been devoting himself to the finding of a means of counteracting the submarine.

It is just possible that he dealt a terrific blow to Germany years ago when he invented the moving picture machine.

Humanizing the Countenance. We find a praiseworthy tendency on the part of the better class of film players to minimize their facial make-up. There are still a few women who seem to believe that the mouth should not be of the shape God intended, but should be painted into a perfect Cupid's bow. A little arch of red does the trick, and the result is something that no man would be tempted to kiss. And the men are sometimes as great offenders. No matter through what hardships the character they are portraying happens to be passing, their cheeks are smooth and unlined. They are as anxious to be considered pretty as are the girls. But these are exceptions. The screen is merciless in its betrayal of the makeup—the close-up is veritably cruel. It is curious that players have taken so long to discover this fact, but we rejoice in the numerous evidences of the fact that things are on the mend.

❦

Write Your Own Comments. Harrison, a small manufacturing town in New Jersey, has seventy-two fire hydrants and seventy-four saloons. It has no moving picture theatre. The city council has persistently refused to grant a permit for the opening of any such place of entertainment.

❦

A Prophecy That Missed Fire. This being a prophet is a precarious job at best. For example, here's an editorial from the *Moving Picture World*, of June 8, 1912:

> Slang and improper abbreviations are one of the well known weaknesses of America's careless speakers. Some time ago, when a competition was started to secure a good sound and universal name for the moving pictures, "photoplay" was selected. On this page it was pointed out that what ever value this name possessed it was very limited, and, like its predecessor, "Nickelodeon," would not fill the desired purpose; fortunately "Nickelodeon" is dead; "Photoplay" is being so seldom used that it may soon be forgotten, especially so now that the abominable movies has arisen. Like all such words, it may not last a generation, but this is written with the wish to drive it into oblivion as quickly as possible.

At that time the *World* was the most influential trade paper devoted to the interests of the motion picture producers and exhibitors. And it is still one of the finest of trade journals. It's hardly fair to dig into the past like this, but then no one would acknowledge the corn with more grace than the estimable editor of that estimable publication. And we must pick on some one once in a while.

Money and Screen Success. Miss Marguerite Clayton, a leading woman, is reported as saying, "It is almost impossible for girls without independent means to enter the movies nowadays." The word "nowadays" has an important bearing upon this statement. There are already so many thousands of young women working for the camera, and so many hundreds of them possessing a high order of talent, that with or without independent means or influence, it is difficult for the newcomer to find a place. But this is not what Miss Clayton means. Her point is that girls have to begin as "extras" and get only a few days' work from time to time, so that their earnings do not total to a living wage. And when they begin to get steady employment, she says that their expenditures for costumes absorb most of their salary.

But on the other hand—in no other business in the world does the beginner look to her employer to pay for her education. Yet she goes into the movies expecting, all the time she is learning her alphabet of acting, to be paid a good income. Does she realize, while she is sitting about as an extra girl, waiting for employment, that she can, if she will, learn the essentials of the business? Not in the vast majority of instances. She passes the time in gossiping about stars, and exchanging pessimistic views of directors with other extras.

A girl goes to business college for six months before she can expect to enter an office and earn fifteen dollars a week or less as a stenographer. It is true, logical, and right, that no girl can expect to go to a picture studio and immediately earn enough money to keep her family and send her sister to Bryn Mawr. There is no royal road to success in any of life's activities.

This is not intended to encourage so-called schools of photoplay acting. May their tribe decrease.

❦

Children's Shows A Failure. If this statement is incorrect, we invite information to the contrary. We believe that every effort on the part of exhibitors to provide specific entertainment for children, has failed. The latest manager to admit that he cannot successfully give programs for children is Mr. Clemmer of Spokane. The trouble is that theorists, faddists, and other busy-bodies mislead the exhibitor who mistakes the amount of commotion they make, for a public demand. Then, when he goes to the expense and trouble of setting aside certain matinees for children, renting carefully selected films, and advertising the events, the faddists regard the thing as done, and take no further interest. The truth is that children do not provide a sufficient percentage of the patronage of a picture house to warrant special performances designed for their entertainment. Furthermore, most children don't want to be entertained as such. And still furthermore, most parents like to take their children with them to the movies. Their naive comments, their searching, keen-sighted criticisms, are no less entertaining than the pictures themselves. Pictures that really entertain the youngsters are just as enjoyable to their fathers and mothers. For example, Marguerite Clark's delectable "Snow White," and the series of Fox fairy tales. Let the parents decide what films their children shall see. This is the only solution of this over-discussed question.

❦

Painlessly Popularizing Classical Music. Scolding the directors of the metropolitan symphony orchestras for their lack of initiative in bringing new music to the fore, a writer in *The Seven Arts* recently called attention to the fact that many of the classical numbers so beloved of the conductors were becoming as familiar to the public as the latest Irving Berlin syncopation, because of the excellent programs offered by the picture theatre orchestras. Wagner, Liszt, Beethoven and their compeers are every day fare to the patron of the movies. Public taste in music is being speedily educated to keen discrimination between trash and art. Moreover, the performances by these picture house orchestras are, in the main, excellent. We heard Chabrier's Spanish Rhapsodie at the Strand, New York, one day, just after hearing the same composition done by the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, and the Strand musicians carried off the honors for smoothness of rhythm in this tricky piece. Nor do the audiences accept these classics merely as a matter of course. Appreciation, proved by applause, is invariably manifested. This is no small debt that the art world owes to pictures—a byproduct of the cinema, but of vast importance.

❦

"Pop" Goes Another Preacher. Every so often an obscure minister who discovers that his congregations find moving pictures more entertaining than his sermons, explodes on the subject of the immorality of films. The latest reverend gentleman to make such a spectacle of himself is Rev. C. G. Twombley of Lancaster, Pa., who assured a ministerial gathering in Cincinnati that "It is the direct purpose of a large number of motion picture manufacturers to produce pictures characterized by immorality, illicit love, and other features which are ruining the youth of our country." We will not reply to Mr. Twombley. Rev. H. E. Robbins, rector of a church in New York state, and manager of a picture theatre, has done so effectively, suggesting that Mr. Twombley advance a few proofs of his ridiculous charge, and observing that "the trouble with some of the gentlemen of some of the church congresses is that they try to say something startling and sometimes they are not quite well informed."



It Never Can Happen Again

Harold Lockwood is interviewed without his knowledge or consent

By Cameron Pike

WE knew we were going to have a hard time making Harold Lockwood talk before we set out to interview him at the Metro studios. Not that he's upstage and won't see people and talk! On the contrary, he's the most agreeable and obliging chap in the world and he'll do almost anything for anybody. But interviews! If you asked him for an interview for publication you would imagine you were asking him to stand up to hear a death sentence. They're out of his scope, he complains; says that he doesn't know what to say and if he does start to say something he gets all mixed up and the interviewer doesn't get an interview after all. So what's the use? Besides, he has a press agent and what are press agents for if they can't write nice, readable interviews?

But we were not to be satisfied with an interview written by Mr. Lockwood's press agent. We determined that we were going to have a real interview with everybody's favorite even if we had to camouflage our intention. Yes, that's what we would do; we'd interview Mr. Lockwood



Even a practiced emotional veteran like Lockwood can be assisted by that first aid to emoters, the violin. Maybe you recognize the scene from "The Square Deceiver."



The Editor is so fond of this Kewpie—(two and a half years old)—he's put it in again. But it does seem rather like rubbing it in.

without his knowing he was being interviewed. But how?

Someone had told us that a good way to start Mr. Lockwood talking was to ask him if he had taken away Richard Spencer's "goat" that day. As we understood it, Mr. Lockwood arrived at the studio one morning and jokingly asked Mr. Spencer why he had stopped work on a story (Mr. Spencer is Mr. Lockwood's scenario writer) at two o'clock the day before, and had gone home at that unearthly hour. Mr. Spencer didn't like the question and said so. Immediately the star knew he had conscripted Richard's "goat." After that it was a daily occurrence for Spencer to try to get Lockwood's goat and vice versa. Lockwood claimed he had the largest collection, while Spencer maintained he held the lead. The two guarded their scores jealously.



Before he became a solo-star Harold supported Marguerite Clark. Brother Jack Pickford is his assistant supporter.

We didn't come to talk with Mr. Lockwood about any "goats," but if the subject gave us an opening to what we wanted, wasn't it all right to use it? We decided it was.

After the customary formalities were over we started in with our prepared introductory:

"Well, did you get Spencer's 'goat' today?" we asked, innocently.

"Did I?" came back Lockwood, chuckling and smiling all over. "Say, I wrote him a black hand letter the other day and now he's asking for permission to leave the studio before dark. Get his goat? Why, I not only got the animal, but I took the chain besides."

We were getting along very well, we thought, as our plan of attack flashed through our mind.

"But you and Spencer must be mighty good friends to joke like that without offending one another?" we vouchsafed.

Mr. Lockwood grew serious. "Ah, of course; Dick and I are great friends," he answered in a tone of voice that showed his friendship for Spencer. "We've known each other for six years and we're only having a little fun."

Instantly we saw our cue. It would be an easy matter now to run the subject into the channels we wanted, we thought. So we proceeded carefully:

"Six years? Then you must have met him when you first broke into the business," we ventured, with an



Now, honest, Harold—what are you doing under there? Are you really in trouble or did Friend Photographer pose those tools so nicely?

assumption of ignorance, for we knew all the time that Mr. Lockwood had been playing before the camera for longer than that.

"No, I broke in before then. This is my eighth year," he corrected.

We had been hoping for just this answer. We had the advantage now and we followed it up quickly.

"Whom did you first work for?" we asked.

Mr. Lockwood smiled reminiscently. "My first engagement was with the Rex Company. Funny thing how I got that first job, too. I was marching down Broadway one morning when I met my old friend Archie MacArthur, of the Moving Picture World. We chatted and Mac inquired why I didn't make a try for motion pictures. He was firm in the belief that they were 'coming.' Frankly, I had my doubts at the time, but he kept pressing his point and offered to give me a letter of introduction to Edwin S. Porter, who then controlled the Rex Company. I didn't want to offend Mac, so I took the letter he gave me and called on Mr. Porter. The result was that I was engaged. That's how I began."

We ventured to comment that there is quite a difference between those days and these.

"Difference!" exclaimed Mr. Lockwood. "Let me tell you something. When I finished up with the Rex Company I was engaged by another outfit. I was to play leads and Dorothy Davenport was to work opposite me. Our company had its studio on the West Coast and we were told to report there. As there was no expense money forthcoming, we paid our own railroad fare. Pullmans, and incidental traveling expenses out of our salary, which was the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a week. Difference between today and eight years ago? I leave you to judge."



"Harold Lockwood and May Allison in————" preceded the titles of some of Metro's best pictures for years.

We judged there was a difference.

"Yes, and there are a lot of other ways that make the motion picture of today different from those of the time when I broke in," continued Mr. Lockwood. "You may not believe it but I used to do one reel Westerns like all the rest of them. We would take a small company of five or six people, not including the director and cameraman, out into the California hills in the morning, and more than once we returned to the office at night with a complete picture. And if ever anybody earned his twenty-five dollars a week by the sweat of his brow we moving picture actors did! I'm glad there aren't many that have to do it today."

By this time we were getting quite chummy.

"Mr. Lockwood—" we began.

"Let's cut out the 'Mister' part of it," he interrupted. "I'm not very long on that sort of thing. They all call me Harold around here in the studio. Over in the Metro office a few of them call me *Mister* Lockwood and the only reason I let them keep it up is because I like to hear what it sounds like once in a while." He smiled to himself at this statement. "What do you think—between friends?" he inquired.

To tell the truth we were taken aback somewhat. But we agreed. Mr. Lockwood saw we were puzzled for an answer to this unusual procedure so he explained.

"You know, I want to be one of the boys," he was saying, seriously. "I don't want any of them to think that I feel that I'm the star and they're just working with me. I admit that I did not always have this viewpoint. Back in the early days when I was doing my first big picture I thought it good business to swell up a little for the sake of making an impression. I wanted to make people believe I was good, and before I knew it I began to think myself that I was good; that is, until something happened to wake me up. Since then I don't harbor any notions about my ability. I let others judge," he concluded.

"What happened, Mr. Lock—Harold?" we asked.

Mr. Lockwood's eyes twinkled at the thought of that something.

"Why just this," he began. "I had finished my first big picture—it seemed big to me then—and I could hardly wait until it was released so that I could see it in a theatre and learn if the audience accepted it as I hoped they would. My big day arrived. The picture was being shown down town and I was restless for the day's work at the studio to be over so that I could get away to see it.

"To leave out the details, early evening found me expectantly seated in the theatre. Behind me sat a party of four. I didn't notice them until I heard one of them—a man—saying: 'Wait until you see this fellow Lockwood —he's great.' Covertly I looked over my shoulder and perhaps I flushed a little with pride. It seemed that he had seen the picture before and now brought his friends because he liked it so well. I settled myself comfortably in my seat as the picture was flashed on the screen, with an attentive ear for any complimentary remarks that might be made. But none came. I was 'panned' up stairs and down, and all over the place. My sponsor tried to uphold his views but his friends over-ruled him on every point. The climax came when toward the finish of the picture I fell over an embankment and lay in a gulley—supposedly dead.

" 'He's supposed to be dead, and look at him pant!' one of the party criticised.

" 'Dead?' came back another maliciously. 'Dead? Why he should have been dead long ago.'

"That settled all my notions of how good I was. Later on I came back to the theatre and saw the picture over again. I admit I made mistakes. The 'panning' didn't do me any harm; on the contrary it helped me in two ways. It brought me back to earth again, where I've remained ever since, I hope, and it also pointed out some of my faults in mannerisms which I have since rectified."

We were just going to inquire how Mr. Lockwood liked to be back in New York again when the voice of Director Francis Ford boomed out: "Harold!"

"Coming," the star yelled back. Then to us: "Tickled to death to have seen you. Come around again and make yourself right at home." We replied that we would, as Mr. Lockwood left us to rehearse a scene for his new Metro picture, "The Avenging Trail."

As we emerged from the studio we felt a little tinge of pride, pardonable, we think, at our accomplishment. We had interviewed Harold Lockwood without his knowing he was being interviewed.

And, as you may have guessed, the one and only reason for interviews is to give the public an idea of what their favorite star is like when he isn't working. Perhaps you may have guessed from the course of our conversation. If you haven't, I'll tell you. Harold Lockwood is a "regular guy." I'll let you into a secret. Lots of actors aren't that way. They never stop acting. I verily believe they act for their barbers, tailors, the waiters at the restaurant, the trolley car conductors, and everyone else they meet. The reason that Harold is such a good actor is that he saves it all for his work. As soon as the camera crank stops turning he might just be a fellow living next door to you, or the fellow you play tennis with, or anybody. Except that there aren't such a lot of people so free and easy.

He likes horses, and isn't above doing their manicuring and hairdressing for them. He likes automobiles, and has no objection to getting "out and under" when occasion demands. He isn't afraid to get his hands soiled with honest, clean dirt. He can drink coffee out of an empty tomato can and hold a wrestling match with the property man.

That sort of fellow usually is a success. He started in life, after a business education in his home town of Brooklyn, as a dry goods salesman, but soon the stage called him and he responded. He worked his way through vaudeville, musical comedy and stock, and then arrived at the screen, where he will remain. Before joining Metro he was with Selig, the American and Famous Players. Among his biggest successes have been "The Turn of the Road," "Life's Blind Alley" and "Big Tremaine." But these things you have to "dig out of the dope." Harold doesn't talk about them. He's enjoying the present too much to want to bother about the past.

And Chester Waits

Chester Beecroft, a film agent, recently set sail for Europe with a collection of Cub Comedies, alleged by the press agent to be worth $7,000, to sell in Russia. The last purchase he made before he left Gotham was a fortunate one—a rubber suit that could be inflated. It proved a fortunate purchase for he was submarined between England and Russia, but unhurt in the inflated suit. After floating twelve hours or more he was rescued and taken to a Norwegian port. Now comes the story. Chester telegraphed to his brothers in New York, all film men, telling what happened to him, the rescue was described thus: "Taken to sans repondre." The brothers, Fred, Charles, William, George, Arthur and the rest, immediately pooled their available capital with a view to cabling funds to Chester at Sans Repondre. The cable company assured them there was no such place on the map. They were not satisfied, and embarked in a fleet of taxicabs for the office of the British Consul. There a clerk glanced at the telegram and haw-hawed in the approved British manner. "Why don't you see," he explained, " 'sans repondre' means 'no reply' and is the censor's delicate way of deleting the name of the port so that you *cawn't* reply, donchano." Whereupon all the Beecrofts decided there was something in knowing foreign languages after all.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett
and
Kitty Kelly

The Sidney Drews in "His Deadly Calm" have again struck twelve for Metro comedies.

By Mr. Bartlett

EVERY one of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year witnesses the presentation to the public of between four and six feature photoplays, varying in length from 5,000 to 10,000 feet. If the Shadow Stage were to record the merits and demerits of all these pictures, he who patiently ticks out these lines on his long-suffering Underwood, would have to pass most of his time in theatres and projection rooms, and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE would have to sacrifice fully half its space to the resultant literature. Nor would this allow for observation of and comment upon the hundreds of short pictures—educational, scenic, war, travel, and comedies.

Most of all, do we neglect the comedies—which, for the most part, are not comedies at all, strictly speaking, but farces. So now we take up this too long postponed task, and consider at greater length than heretofore this form of pictorial entertainment, certainly not least of importance among the achievements of the silent (in a manner of speaking) theatre.

The first moving picture I ever saw was a short, wobbly strip of celluloid, the principal action consisting of a man being chased over hill and down dale by a motley throng of men and women. They tumbled over rocks, over fences, over declivities, over each other. And we all roared. From this beginning, one form of film farces has developed in a straight line to the elaborate slapstick affair of today. We will jot a tentative "Class A" opposite these, and return later.

Not long after this—at least it seems not long at this distance—I saw a John Bunny farce. The dearly loved and much lamented John was not built along athletic lines. His humor was not that of the merely fat man who simply falls down and hurts himself. It was an inner humor that bubbled out and formed itself into circles of joy that spread in ever widening circles until they touched the whole world. It was the humor of humanity's foibles and weaknesses. Less extensively, because such artists are rare, this sort of farce has also developed along a straight line to its present form, with lamentably few exponents. Which we neatly mark "Class B" for future reference, and pass on.



Roscoe Arbuckle is the world's greatest athletic fat man. "Fatty at Coney Island"—(Paramount)—is typical.

And then we arrive at "Class C," which stands for Charles Spencer Chaplin, to whom no less honor can be accorded than a class by himself. And so "to our muttons:"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Many superficial observers, including a certain individual to whom I shall later pay my respects, believe that Chaplin is the funniest man in the world because he has a funny moustache, funny shoes, a funny walk, and performs violently funny acrobatic



"The Antics of Ann," (Paramount), is Ann Pennington's first opportunity to prove that she is a real film star.



Elsie Ferguson, in Artcraft's "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," gives a portrayal of charm and strength.



In its delicious satire and unique situations, Fairbanks' new one, "Reaching for the Moon," is a logical successor to "Down to Earth."

feats. Nothing could be further from the truth. Charlie Chaplin is funny because, more than any other man on the stage or screen today, he realizes in his pictures the fine and almost imperceptible line between humor and pathos. If he had not his reputation as a fun-maker, he could be the sob king of the universe. Witness "The Vagabond," witness the opening scene of "Easy Street," witness "The Immigrant." His eyes, at times, are those of Sidney Carton, going to the guillotine. In short, he is Class C because he not only combines Classes A and B, but adds to them a poignant pathos that gives his comedy a marvelous background of human feeling. And his latest offering, "The Adventurer," is far below his standard because, for various reasons, it lacks this element. But if you are ever tempted to believe that Chaplin is an accident of make-up and physical agility, think again of the times when he has aroused your deepest sympathies. Chaplin is one of the world's greatest artists. His only counterpart is David Warfield.

TRIANGLE

Triangle farces are going through a period of reconstruction. It was the Triangle-Keystones which first introduced the custard pie into drama. Now, it appears, they are going to take out most of the pie, and replace it with something more substantial. The voice of the slapstick still is heard in the land, but there is a distinct tendency to make it a part of a logical story. Just what the outcome will be, is not quite clear at present. It is possible to make farces too logical to be funny. I don't believe the public wants a story in a farce. It wants laughs, and doesn't care much how these are induced. But Triangle is not doing unintelligent things these days. In all their output there is manifested a distinct and definite policy. The outcome will at least be interesting.

PARAMOUNT

Mack Sennett is now producing his violent farces for Paramount. His principle is something like this: If it is funny for a tipsy man to stumble against a diner, it is funnier if he makes the diner spill a cup of hot coffee; and not merely spill the coffee, but spill it on an impetuous passer by; this victim swings at the original offender, who dodges and the blow lands upon the anatomy of a fourth; nor is it sufficient that the three disturbed persons hurl the original offender into the street—he must land in a passing automobile, finding himself comfortably seated in the tonneau, without effort on his part, and thus, in state, be driven to a fashionable reception, and hailed as the guest of honor, who has meanwhile been disposed of by a similar chain of incidents. One laugh must be linked with the next, so that they roll up a huge mass of mirth like a snowball. But more important than this, in making the Sennett comedies popular, is the realization that, even as musical comedy is successful in direct ratio to the charm of the chorus, so the picture farce should be embellished. The Sennett chorus is all that Charles Yale would have asked for his original "Black Crook."

FOX

Henry Lehrman is the motive power behind the Fox Sunshine Comedies. He has added little to the Sennett technique, save in such productions as "Wedding Bells and Roaring Lions," which I have seen three times, and at which I laughed as long and loud the last time as I did the first, because of the lions. If some one will explain to me how he made the scene in which a lion sits on the foot of the bed, and tickles the feet of two sleeping colored gentlemen with the brush on the end of his tail, I will be much obliged. One of the funniest things ever projected is the

result on the gentlemen of color. The face of one turns white as he wakes, while the other turns over in bed, and a pale streak—probably yellow—slowly runs up his spine.

PATHE

Until recently, "Lonesome Luke" has been the mainstay of the Pathe farces. Unlike most comedians, this nimble person does not confine himself to one guise. I like him best with big tortoise shell spectacles. Yet "Clubs Are Trumps" is the Pathe leader in many months, though Luke—Harold Lloyd is his name—is less himself than usual. It is a farce built upon a dream of two irrepressible mashers, who sleep themselves back into the stone age, when one obtained his lady by clubbing her previous possessor into unconsciousness. "Love, Laughs and Lather" is just the barber shop stuff all over again, but "The Flirt" has much to recommend it—a great deal of this "much" being Bebe Daniels—who is to Luke what Edna Purviance is to Charlie Chaplin and Mary Thurman to Sennett. Pathe has added the noted clown, Toto, to its guffaw-factory staff, but the results had not been offered when this was written.

VITAGRAPH

They're doing it in Flatbush, too. Lawrence Semon is the director and principal actor in the "Big V" farces. "Plagues and Puppy Love" is a good sample of his method. He likes mechanics. A traveling crane figures hilariously in the action, and in fine contrast, as "cute" a pup as ever disturbed the peace. Semon has the dismal visage necessary to put over a funny situation. At times I am inclined to believe that the picture farceurs are recruited from the undertaking business. It is interesting to remember that Vitagraph has been the cradle of what I have called Class B comedies, as it has been of stars. It was here that John Bunny made his great comedies, and here that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew began their picture career. It is only within the last few months that Vitagraph has gone in for the Class A brand of rib-ticklers, and at present writing is doing quite nicely.

ARBUCKLE

One of the veterans of farce is Roscoe Arbuckle. He is the world's greatest athletic fat man. He is the one comedian who does not use a glum expression to punctuate his fun. His principal tool is his nonchalance. His latest Paramount outgiving, "Fatty at Coney Island" is typical of his form of elephantine joy. His success is due, less to situations and novel stunts, than to his clever capitalization of his physical peculiarity. His smooth, bland, childlike countenance, never fails to awake a reflected smile. No mention of his productions would be complete without a tribute to that nimble mountebank, Al. St. John, the human elastic band.

NEGLECTED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

There are many others who belong in Class A or thereabouts, but they are not consistent members. Victor Moore is an in-and-outer. The Universal farces are usually unusually violent without a corresponding degree of humor, and frequently merely vulgar. Ham and Bud have ceased to be novelties. And so on: And so on.

THE DREWS

Pass we then into Class B, the most distinguished representatives of which are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. This prolific couple turns out one reel every week, and seldom fails to strike twelve. It appears that so long as the list



Mack Sennett believes that picture-farce should be embellished. In "That Night" (Paramount-Sennett) his chorus includes Mary Thurman.



"Sunshine Alley" (Goldwyn) brings back the old Mae Marsh; but Bobby Harron's art is wasted.



In "Love, Laughs and Lather" (Pathe), Bebe Daniels is to Harold Lloyd what Purviance is to Chaplin.



Viola Dana wins more laurels as an emotional actress in "Blue Jeans," a charming story done by Metro.



"The Fuel of Life" (Triangle) features that thoroughly winning young person, Belle Bennett.



"Please Help Emily" (Empire-Mutual) is a frothy little play, with Ann Murdock in some of her most enticing moments.

of human foibles lasts, they will endure, and the world will be merrier therefor. Such inconsiderable matters as a man's unfamiliarity with the technique of the dressmaker, mistaking the cutting out of rompers for a surgical operation, provide all the plot they need. They are never violent. They never smear themselves with pastry. They perform no stunts. They are always well dressed. In short, they simply show the world how funny the things are that everyone encounters every day. We all know the man whose pride of ancestry makes him an insufferable bore, the man who fusses with his wife about household affairs, the man who adopts a fad that makes him unfit for human companionship. The Drews simply accentuate these foibles, tell the camera man to turn the crank a few times, and Metro has a new Drew comedy.

ADE, MASON, ET AL

The George Ade comedies, being based upon the George Ade fables, similarly poke good-natured fun at every one of us who is honest enough to recognize himself. The best part of these pictures is the subtitles, usually taken verbatim from the classic humor of Mr. Ade himself. The pictures themselves need be little more than a running accompaniment.

Similarly, the Walt Mason comedies. Mr. Mason lives close to the soil, in a little town in Kansas. What the Drews and Ade are to city life, he is to the life bucolic. His smoothly flowing rhymes tell the story, the pictures trailing along behind, sometimes not too closely. Their humor seldom causes the audience to make violent noises, but it is enjoyable and pleasantly sentimental.

And the O. Henry subjects—but they hardly belong among the comedies. These are, first of all, stories. They are comedies merely because O. Henry's clear vision of life was not dimmed because in his spectacles there was a little curve, that caused him to see life none the less distinctly, but tilted it a bit to the side.

AND NOW

Having thus surveyed as much of the field of comedy as the physical endurance of any one man will permit, without exhausting the field half as much as of the laugh-gland, I will pay my respects to Billy West and call it a day. A man who would smash the window of a jewelry store and try to steal a tray of diamonds, under the nose of a squad of policemen, would be called stupid. He might be arrested, but more probably would be sent to an insane asylum. Billy West has deliberately imitated the make-up of one of the most widely known figures on the screen, has imitated the plots of farces in which this star has appeared, and has offered the public the result as a product of his own creation.

Is this thievery or is it not? People have told me that they have gone into theatres where his picture in Chaplin make-up was displayed, thinking they were going to see a Chaplin picture, and have been disgusted to the extent of never patronizing that theatre again. My indictment of Billy West goes farther. His pictures are almost always disgustingly vulgar. I myself—no squeamish person—have felt my dinner rest uneasily as I sat through one of these performances, while waiting to see the feature of the evening. I do not believe Billy West's comedies are a success. I do not believe the public will stand for them long.

THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING—Artcraft

"The Rise of Jennie Cushing" is an example of the fact that a picture can be entertaining in the extreme, without possessing any of the qualities usually considered necessary to pictorial greatness. It has no punch, it has no

(Continued on page 110)

By Miss Kelly

THE world, the photoplay world, that is—is turning comedy-wards, which is a very good turn, indeed. Wise producers have put their fingers on the public's pulse, diagnosed that the public needs to smile—and will if given half a chance—and have set their resources toward providing that opportunity.

Of course, the financial success of certain sterling performers may have helped to clarify their vision, but whether it was business sense or psychologic insight that determined the policy which is now delivering many light, bright, merry-making circles of celluloid, we have smiling cause for thanksgiving.

Of course, we used to laugh at films—sometimes—a great outlay of pie being deemed the necessary stimulus to our risiblities. But now that it is discovered that real ideas can be comedy-cloaked, a great light, other than the Cooper-Hewitts, has shone down upon the studios, and the polite comedy, or comedy drama has become the thing.

"Comedy drama" is a fine, expressive term, if somewhat awkward. We like to laugh and like to think a bit, and when the two reactions are derivable from one stimulus, there is indeed a bonanza for the prospector who has discovered the new vein.

We can still find sermons, sprightly ones but penetrating, in little fluffs of comedy; books, in the running reels of mirth, for into most of these is tucked away a bit of drama, all the more appealing because it is humanly garbed in a cloak of fun.

And for some of those efforts that seem not to contain an idea in the world, there is still a place.

For in these days when in so many homes trouble is taking its toll, a flash of blithe, breezy fun for an hour's time in the evening will sweep away the cobwebs from a tired mind. And of course, in many themes where drama predominates, flashes of comedy light the spirit on its way. Indeed the prospects are much brighter than they were a year agone, with the photoplays themselves bearing witness to that in the majority of releases.

The pictures commented on, in the main, are weather vanes indicating the blow of the wind, more of them containing smiles than tears.

A NIGHT IN NEW ARABIA—General Film

Here is one of the modest violets, unnourished by the hot sun of advertising—and the best picture of all this chronicler has seen this month. It hasn't any advertised person in it, but its cast performs as well as if accustomed to being pricked out against the sky in electric bubbles; it hasn't any great plot to it, or any spectacular scenes to it, but it is a joy from end to end. That's no way for one to rave over a photoplay perhaps, but its very excellence disarms all reserve.

O. Henry provided the material for the photoplay which has been put into this delightful form, sending the seer away with an all over uplifted feeling, just as if he had had a vigorous swing along a wind blown country road, refreshed, enlivened from a new experience.

It carries into beautiful celluloid fulfillment O. Henry's genial satire on human nature.

Cast and director work together earnestly for the reflection of the author's spirit, and the result is that one derives the same sort of pleased sensation from the seeing, as one does from the reading of his stories. That is a big achievement for a photoplay, which usually falls short of one's reading memory.

Patsy De Forest is the attractive young lady of the picture, quite worthy of electric lights, but just as nice without them, her companions in playing are excellent, and

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Ethel Clayton in "Easy Money" makes one wish that her fine talents might again be used in domestic drama.



"The Gift o' Gab," an Essanay starring Jack Gardner, will make you laugh if you fling your reasoning qualities to the wind.



William Russell in Mutual-American's "New York Luck," has a way all his own that is humanly funny.

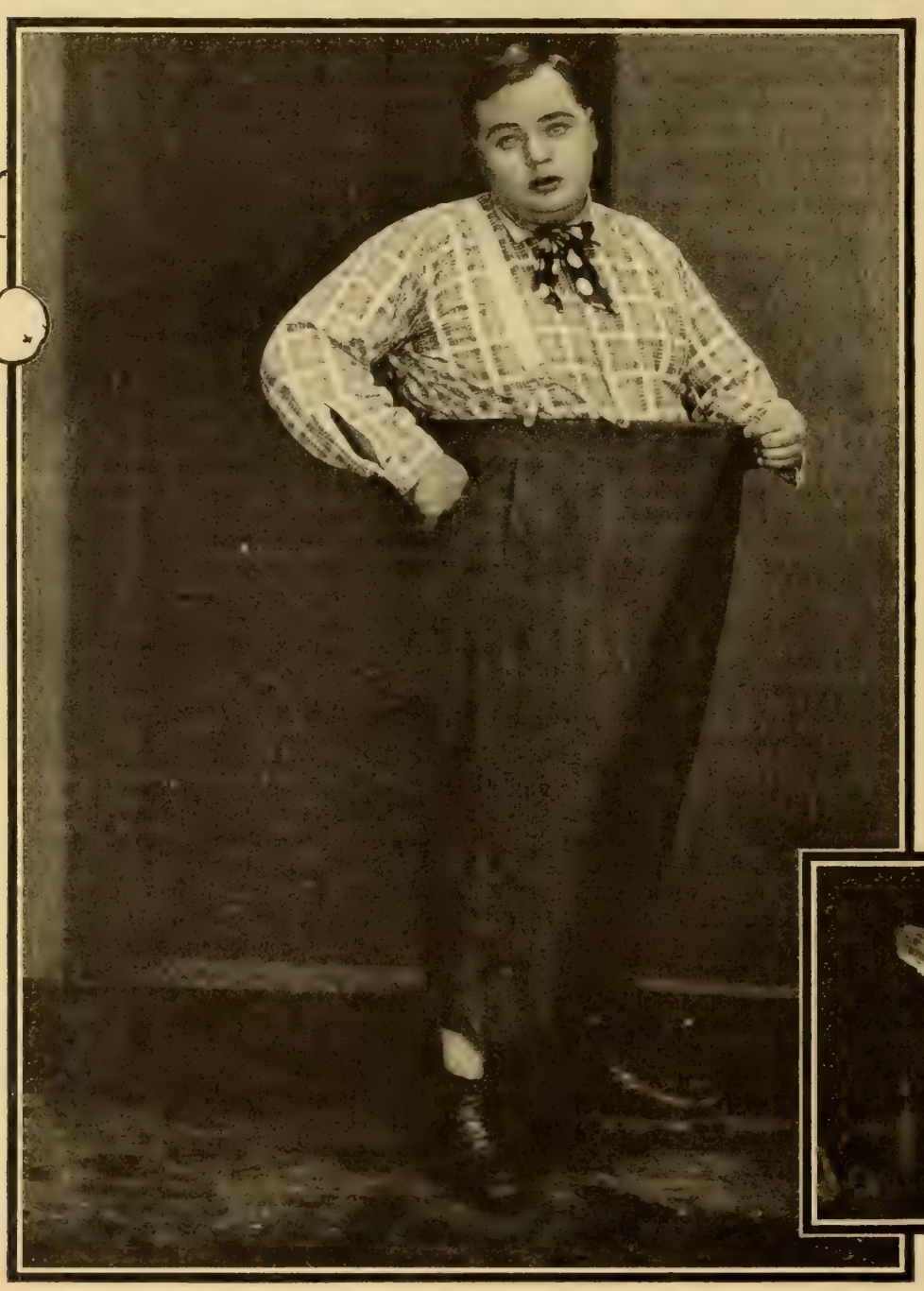
Here's Welcome News for Mr. Hoover



Roscoe Arbuckle is doing his bit, even if it threatens to ruin his main asset — his figure. Roscoe's living depends upon his figure — but his figure depends upon his living!

Therefore, how tremendous his sacrifice! To make the world safe for democracy, Roscoe is conserving food by reducing his mid-day meal to a mere nothing —half a ham, a medium sized roast of pork, a dozen boiled potatoes, a loaf of white bread, half a loaf of rye bread, two pies, a quart of milk and a handful of caramels. But of course until he gets used to this meager fare, he will have to have a bite in the afternoon to keep up his strength. So he has a couple of plates of sandwiches brought in around 4:30 and a quart or so of cider.

The result of his sacrifice is that he is how wearing the latest style in masculine garb — the slacker pants. Never mind, Roscoe. Keep it up and in a few months you will be able to play romantic heroes with the best of them.





"It's a dog's life," sympathetically moans Luke.

BRANDED *By* CUPID

Tim "falls" again; this time it's a highbrow dame, who admires his "rugged strength."

By Edward S. O'Reilly

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison



"Why, of course I have clubbed a few men now an' then, but I never bit but one in my life."

ALTHOUGH I've knocked around this old world a good deal, and picked up a lot of knowledge and facts, there's two things I admit I don't know anything about. One of them is men and the other is women.

I used to pride myself in knowin' human nature in all its moods and tenses, but that was before this Tim Todhunter person came to Celestial City. Tim plays these bad man parts in the western stuff. Old man Skidmore, the director, picked him because he's got the meanest lookin' mug west of the Atlantic Ocean. That face screens one hundred per cent cold shivers.

Besides his natural handicaps, Tim is full of temperament and opinions. I used to claim that he was the most unexpected person that ever was. Since that new lady star, Olive Green, joined the outfit I've revised my ideas. There's two of them.

Now, I'm not knockin' Olive. She's a regular little lady, but she sure does think too much for a female. When she first took on with the Celestial she was a suffragette. Then she swore she had a mission in life and then declared she had a message for the world. I don't know what it was because she ain't delivered it yet.

Her worst trouble was she took herself too dead serious. Every little while she'd find a new idea and just ride it to death. 'Though she was kind of changeable in her crusades, there was one idea that always seemed to abide by her. She was a confirmed man hater.

Whenever she had a grouch or the director wasn't given her enough close ups, she'd begin the conversational big drive against the male folks.

"Real men became extinct about the time of the Wars of the Roses," I once heard her say. "Look at them today. Weakling, effete, pajamaed poodles basking in their own conceit."

I'm not denyin' but what some of them he-actors had a knock comin', but at that I think she played the one tune too long.

One day, just as a joke, some of them fellows brought around old Tim Todhunter and introduced him to Miss Olive. Tim came in, twistin' his hat in his fists and blushin' around the ears like a day old calf. For about an hour they stood there talkin', Tim makin' a break to escape every few minutes.

Well, it all started in a joke, but inside of two days darned if that unexpected bit of opinionated femininity hadn't fallen square in love with that old he-wolf of the border. She showed it by all the silly signs and soft glances known to students of the fair sex.

Old Tim has one strong weakness. He always falls in love with every woman that smiles at him. When I noticed him change his shirt in the middle of the week and take to combin' his hair regular I knew that he was out of his depth.

Now I've nursed that old wildcat through several of them attacks and I know the symptoms and reactions. Always its me that suffers because I have to listen to him and help him recover. Thinkin' that this Olive Green was just flirtin' a little for her own amusement I went and put up a plea for her to leave Tim alone.

"This old cow puncher ain't used to you women's wiles," I says politely. "He's takin' your joshin' serious. Although he's a horse-stealin', man-killin' old hyena he's got some good traits and I don't like to see him get the worst of it."

Right there I broke my rope. She sure did give me a callin' down that kept me humble well into the middle of winter.

"You poor ignorant chunk of masculine nonenity," she says, lookin' like she wanted to bust me in the eye with a rock. "Don't you recognize a real man when you see one? I didn't believe it possible that a man like him still lived in this decadent age."

"That's the impression everybody gets when they first see his face," I chirped, sparrin' for an openin' to escape.

"Why he is like a great primitive pine on a granite crag," she went on ravin'. "His every move shows rugged strength and his words show the simple heart of a child of nature. It would be a privilege to be protected by him. He is a primordial atavar, that's what he is."

At that I got mad and walked away in high dudgeon, as the fellow says. I looked up Tim and tried to argue him out of it, but he was driftin' around in a fool's heaven of his own.

"Why she's can't be serious," I warned him. "Do you know what she just called you. She said you was a prime ordeal attaboy. Now if I said that you'd shoot me."

"Oh, she's way up on all them foreign languages," he says, grinnin' like a sheep stealin' hound. "I can't help it if the little lady loves me. She says that I'm the only one that ever understood her. Understandin' women seems a natural gift with me. Just the other day she said that I was a cave man that lived by the law of club and fang. I felt kind of guilty when I didn't correct her."

"What correction did you have in mind," I asked out of curiosity.

"Why of course I have clubbed a few men now an' them but I never bit but one in my life, and I ain't ever slept in a cave," he says as if givin' away a secret.

I threw up my hands and quit tryin' to pry them two lovin' hearts asunder. That romance became the scandal of the lot. Old Tim went moonin' around grinnin' to himself and losin' all interest in his work. She followed him around the lot gazin' at him as if he had her Svengalied.

The worst of it was, just as I expected, Tim picked on me to tell his dad blamed bliss to. One day he called me, actin' mighty mysterious and led me to his room. There in the corner stood a kitchen cabinet.

"What, has she accepted you?" I groaned.

"No not yet," Tim admits. "I just been admirin' this thing in a store window and thought it'd do no harm to have it ready. You wouldn't believe all the tricks you can do with that thing."

Right then I saw the jig was up so I thought I'd hurry it up and get it off my mind.

"Tim," I says, "your triflin' with that woman's young affections. It's up to you to ask her right out, if she'll let you be married to her."

"I know it, Slim," he admits. "It's not that I don't want to, but I ain't good enough. You know and I know that she's innocent and sweet as hell. But look at me. I was naturally no good in early youth and it's become a habit with me. If she knew my past she'd have no more time for me."

"Let her have the say so," I advised. "Just come right out and confess your awful past, then ask her what her intentions are. If she really loves you, why she'll take you, past, present and future."



One day just as a joke some of them fellows brought around old Tim Todhunter and introduced him to Olive. Tim came in twistin' his hat and blushin' around the ears like a day old calf.

"Do it this afternoon. Go down to the barber shop, get a haircut and shave, change your shirt, and take a bath. It'll kind of brace you for the ordeal."

"What do I want to take a bath for," asks Tim. "I ain't very dirty yet."

Down where Tim comes from it's against reason and custom to use good drinkin' water for mere washin'.

The upshot of it all was that the old coyote finally agreed to take my advice. That afternoon he shows up on the lot in a visible state of panic. He also had a new hat



"Little lady, I'm not the hero that you think. I've killed seven men not countin' Mexicans and been mixed up in all kinds of minor hell raisin'."

and one of them scrambled sunset neckties. He'd taken my advice about the shave and he had a real Kansas City haircut, shaved neck and all.

He did a lot of sashayin' around, backin' and pawin' like a bridle-shy horse, but finally I saw him lead Miss Olive Green over behind a Moorish palace which was part of the scenery she'd been actin' in.

Now I'll admit I've done some low down things in my life, and I did one right then. I listened and peeked. When Tim got Olive in a corner where she couldn't stampede on him he cinched up his belt and began.

"Miss Olive," he says. "There is somethin' I got to say to you or I'll blow up. For weeks I've been clear off my feet just from thinkin' about you."

"Yes, yes, tell me, you true-hearted behemoth," she answers, kind of eager like. "I know it will be the sweetest story every told."

"No it will be one of the worst," said Tim. "I want to confess a few little incidents of my unexpurgated past."

Olive seemed kind of disappointed, but she sat down on a plank and registered listening.

"I hate to do it but it's got to be done," went on Tim. "When I get through I'm goin' to ask you to be my wedded wife,—wait a minute, none of that till you know the worst."

Olive seemed kind of rebuffed by his abruptness but she sat down again and registered tragic suspense.

"I ain't good enough to touch the hem of any of your garments, that's what's eatin' on me," blurts out Tim. "I'll hand it to you all in a bunch. Little lady I'm not the hero that you think. I've killed seven men not countin' Mexicans; I've blotted brands and stole cows, and voted the Republican ticket and dealt from the bottom of the deck and whipped a cripple and sold a sucker a mine and been mixed up in all kinds of minor hell raisin'. Honest I've been pretty much no count. But since comin' under your civilizin' influence I'm a different man.

"Now," continues Tim, "if you'll have me after knowin' all I'll be as good as a preacher. I'll be nice and gentle to all the world and I'll peel the head of anybody that looks crossed eyed at you. What do you say, Olive. Is it a bet?"

I sneaked a peek at Olive and she was cryin' tears into her handkerchief. She was sobbin' out loud as if she was all upset.

"There, I knew it," says Tim kind of bitter like. "I might have knowed no woman would care to hook up with a past like that."

"Oh, you misunderstand me, you great big wonderful man," sobs Olive. "Those little old crimes don't bother me. They were just the little playful weaknesses of strength. It's myself. I too have a past. Tim darling, I'm a wicked woman."

You might of thought that old Tim had been bit by a snake, the way he jumped. He looked at her for a minute, and then patted her on the head.

"That's all right, little lady," he says, kind of husky. "You don't have to tell me about it. We both start from today with a new deal."

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In *the* Good Old Days



That historic team, Francis Ford and Grace Cunard,—as they used to look. Mr. Ford is now directing Harold Lockwood for Metro; while Miss Cunard is still with Universal – as a serial queen.



Yale Boss, the screen's first office-boy. He used to let Mary Fuller boss him—in Edison's serial, "Dolly of the Dailies."



Did you ever hear of "Thistle Films"? Dorothy Davenport played in them once. Now she's Mrs. Wallace Reid.



"Broncho Billy" Anderson, old-time Westerner and 'A' of Essanay to George Spoor's 'S', produces musical comedies now. And Marguerite Clayton has left Essanay for Paralta.

SOMEDAY someone, inspired, will write the story of the progress of motion pictures; and it will be a romance—a glorious, colorful romance, far more thrilling and exotic than any Dumas ever spun. And in it, the stars of the day-before-yesterday will play the prominent parts. Sometimes they were not even stars, these old-timers; but their public was more loyal and deeply affectionate than the public of today, and the old-timers repaid such devotion with the best they had. And today, when we go to see stars who are paid by the minute, in pictures that spring up by night, isn't it refreshing to glimpse a few of the scenes from The Good Old Days?



"Alkali Ike!" Remember him? Augustus Carney didn't make so many people laugh as Charles Spencer does today; but they *did* laugh.

Often we have wondered who was the first "movie artist." We would blame Bob Leonard, but he's directing Mae Murray's 'Bluebirds' now. Edna Maison—where are *you?*





There used to be a masquerade in every good picture in those days. This Pierette was Miss Barbara Tennant. But the clock struck twelve; and, like that other lady at the ball, Barbara has vanished.



A two-reeler was a feature, then. Here is an old "Rex" with Pauline Bush and Wallace Reid. Miss Bush is now the wife of Allan Dwan, one of Douglas Fairbanks' directors.



Stagg



SHE VINDICATES THE JUDGES

A long time ago somebody opined that a thing of beauty was a joy forever. Since then it has been conceded generally that a few brains thrown in are no drawback. Miss Alatia Marton has both. Want proof? All right. She was one of the winners of Photoplay's Beauty and Brains Contest. If that isn't enough look on her pictures here, and then remember that alone and single-handed, without trading on past publicity surrounding the contest she went to the Keystone plant and landed a job. That was her beauty. A little later her brains cropped out, and she began playing leads—all in a few weeks. Here she is shown buffing her nails before going out to star in "Coward's Courage."



Knitting that muffler for someone in France.

Eileen *from the* Emerald Isle

U. S. Army in France: Attention! The first man, private or officer, who communicates with Miss Percy, care of PHOTOPLAY, gets this muffler with an autographed photograph and letter. She knitted it all by herself, dropping only two stitches en route. It's a shame to break up discipline like that, and send the whole army scurrying to the post-office for special-delivery stamps!

By K. Owen

EILEEN PERCY was born in Belfast, Ireland, on August 1, 1900. That's about as good a way to start this story as any when one considers the many different ways in which it could be begun, although I had seriously thought of introducing her like this: "To be leading woman to one of the world's most famous stars at 16 is indeed some, etc., etc." But that's the way most anybody would do it. In these days of striving for the original, what is more original, in writing of a beautiful girl who has suddenly flickered into fame, than beginning with her origin, so as stated in the foregoing:

Eileen Percy was born in Belfast, Ireland, seventeen years and a few months ago and at the age of sixteen, she became leading lady to Douglas Fairbanks. And it isn't her "professional" age either because she represented herself as nineteen when she was engaged, as she thought her youth might be held against her. It was Elsie Janis, queen of mimics, who brought about that result. Eileen had played with Miss Janis in "The Lady of the Slipper" and she had become a protege of the star, so when Mr. Fairbanks asked Miss Elsie last winter where he could get a good "opposite," Miss Janis asked him to go up "On the Roof," and take a look at Eileen. He did, he saw, he signed—Eileen.

At that time Eileen was playing in three productions. This is the way she tells about it:

"First I'd go to the Playhouse theater where I had a small part in "The Man Who Came Back." It wasn't much of a part and not a very pleasant one—that of a girl dope fiend. Can you imagine me in such a part? At 9:30 I'd go over to the Century Theater where I went on at 10:30 in "The Century Girl." Maybe you remember me swinging on the trapeze and singing "While I Am Swinging." Then at midnight I sang and danced "On the Roof" in the "Cocoanut Grove." This lasted until 2 A. M. and then it was "Home, James." But I usually got up at 9



Stagg

Photographer Stagg's dog "Staggers" nerved his way into the picture



Stagg



Eileen and sister Thelma—thirteen—breakfasting in their California bungalow.
The hero of "Reaching for the Moon" reaches as far as the heroine, and all ends well.

and posed for several hours and as many artists."

Miss Percy was for several years one of the most famous models in New York's artist colony. She has appeared on many magazine covers, done by Harrison Fisher and Penrhyn Stanlaws and has posed for many illustrations and decorations by Howard Chandler Christie and James Montgomery Flagg. Miss Percy began life as a model very early in her career. Coming to this country at the age of two years, she was posing for photographs a year later.

When she was eight years old, Eileen got an engagement in Maeterlink's "The Bluebird." For three seasons she was with that production and played practically every role in it, from the littlest "Loaf of Bread" and "Cold in the Head" to the leading boy and girl roles, "Mytyl" and "Tyltyl." Then came "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" and later the part of "Buttercup" in the juvenile production of "Pinafore" at the Casino. Then Eileen played with Edgar Selwyn in "The Arab," which was followed by "The Lady of the Slipper" and

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THE AUTHOR GETS HIS

By Alfred A. Cohn

Your modern author of popular novels sighs not for the "good old days." He's satisfied with today. He signs contracts for "movie rights," and the producer does the rest

"Miss Hoozis take a letter to Doublecross Bobbs Company, Publishers—Gentlemen your price of $5,000 for the film rights of 'The Lass of the Limousine' while excessive is accepted and check will be forwarded upon signing of the enclosed release—yours truly—Gee, if they knew we wanted it for Marie Dillpickles they'd have soaked us fifteen thousand bucks wouldn't they?"

YES, it's quite a change that has come about in less than a decade of motion picture manufacturing; but in cinema circles, weeks are years and years are centuries.

It was less than eight years ago that Biograph transferred Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal "Ramona" to the celluloid. It was only a single reel photoplay but it marked the first picturization of a novel. But the interesting point about the event was the fact that the publishers, probably with a chuckle of amusement, gave permission to film the story without exacting any payment for the rights.

Nowadays, the big publishing houses have either a film rights department, or employ an agency for the disposal of the picture rights; and the producing companies are supplied with advance copies of novels as soon as they are off the presses.

And if you could get a peep into the story department of some big picture concern and see the avidity with which these books are seized and read, you would have some idea of the situation with respect to film material.

There are stars galore, an oversupply of actors and no dearth of directors; but there is an actual story famine and the cry for filmable plots is heard even above the shrieks of the producers as they sign checks for million dollar salaries.

It is the day of the book, the novel that abounds in situations and it need not have the style of a Wilde or the sting of a Shaw to get a respectful hearing. "Fine writing is nix" as one scenario editor told the writer, "what we want is punch."

Film companies are willing to pay nearly any price for a novel that has been listed among the "best sellers," or has run serially in a popular magazine, provided, of course, that it has something to be picturized. In these days the serial story is almost a sure thing as a film proposition and authors have frequently received a bigger check for the film rights than for the serial rights.



"Ramona" was the first novel to be picturized. Henry Walthall and Mary Pickford played the leading roles. A more elaborate production has since appeared.

Yet, authors could make their product worth even more if they paid some attention to the exigencies of the filmers before they named their stories. Just to illustrate this point,—Emerson Hough's very delightful novel, "The Man Next Door," at this writing, has been rejected by scenario editors on both Coasts because it is an ingenue story—the man is less important than the girl and in a screen adaptation he would be merely support, though it would have to be advertised as, for instance, "Marguerite Sweetford,—The Man Next Door."

Then there's Frank H. Spearman's "Nan of Music Mountain," which is being produced by Lasky with Wallace Reid as the star. Obviously, Wallie cannot be billed as the star of a play which bears the name of the girl. Yet the male role is the dominant part in the drama.

Verily, there's more in a name than even Mr. Shakespeare dreamed of.

The demand for successful, well advertised novels, is equaled only by the scramble for widely read short stories and the film rights to well known stage plays. But the owners of the plays which have made big money are not hurrying to dispose of the picture rights.

Recently Vitagraph purchased the rights to "Within the Law" for $50,000 which is the top figure paid to date for a stage play. The same company paid $6,000 for "The Hawk" and half that amount for "Arsene Lupin," while Mary Pickford paid $15,000 for the right to produce for the screen "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

But there are a number of "hold-outs" who have turned down bigger offers without batting an eye. The owners of "Ben Hur" will not listen to bids at all and Sir J. M. Barrie closes his ears to any sort of offers for "Peter Pan" or any other of his plays and novels. The heirs of David Graham Phillips have placed a price of $30,000 on the rights for "Susan Lennox," the sensational novel which appeared serially in a magazine, and which remains unsold at this time, and Harold Bell Wright, whose "Shepherd of the Hills" is said to have been read by more people than any American novel, is willing to accept $100,000 for the picture rights.

Getting away from big figures for a while, let us slip back to the early days of the cinema—the nickelodeon era. Prior to the filming of books, D. W. Griffith, producer of the

single reel "Ramona," in which, by the way, Henry Walthall and Mary Pickford played the leading roles, filmed a number of poems. That is, he evolved scenarios around such classics as Browning's "Pippa Passes" and "The Sands of Dee."

At about the same time that Griffith was preparing to film "Ramona," the late Francis Boggs, director-in-chief for Colonel William Selig was exploring the hitherto undiscovered, virgin locations of California. One of his first productions was "The Count of Monte Cristo" in one reel, which shares pioneer honors with "Ramona." A short time later came Selig's "Two Orphans" done in three reels from the book by Adolf Philippe, rather than the stage version. This was the pioneer multiple reeler. Needless to state, no authors or publishers were consulted about the rights for either.

Colonel Selig was the first producer to see the value of books and plays as film material. If not actually the first to see it, he was really the first to have the courage of his convictions, for he went out into the book market and let the publishers and authors laugh at him—and sell him film rights for from $25 up. One hundred dollars was a big price then.

The Selig Company has enough novels and plays to last that company twenty-five years, according to an official of that concern and its storeroom of books is the envy and despair of the cinema world. Colonel Selig has been offered as high as $5,000 for the rights to a book for which he gave up the sum of $50. The early novels of Mary Roberts Rinehart are among them, as well as the stories of Zane Gray, which are so well adapted for our dashing Western heroes. However, many of the novels are valueless because the plots have been used under other names, or so closely copied that the original would look like an imitation of the copy. Among the novels, purchased long ago and recently adapted to the screen by this company, are "The Garden of Allah," and "The Crisis," which would have made their respective authors, Robert Hichens and Winston Churchill, many thousands of dollars had they waited a few years longer to dispose of the film rights.

The first author to make a "killing" on royalties was Rex Beach, who was also the first writer to participate in the profits of a film production. "The Spoilers," made by Colin Campbell for Selig, still helps Mr. Beach combat the high cost of living.

It is doubtful though if any author will ever reach the high royalty mark established by "The Birth of a Nation" for Dr. Thomas Dixon. Although no authentic figures have ever been disclosed, it is said that the author of "The Clansman" drew from the Griffith organization the sum of $260,000 as his royalties for the first year that "The Birth of a Nation" was exhibited, so it is quite a certainty that his profits have exceeded $500,000. His share was 25 per cent of the net receipts and it will be a long time before he, or his heirs, cease to get royalty checks from "The Birth."

An interesting "inside" story is told in connection with the history of the "Clansman" filming. It is not generally known that "The Birth of a Nation" is really the second filming of the Dixon story. Back in 1911 when "The Clansman" was making oodles of money as a stage play, the author was approached by a representative of the now defunct Kinemacolor Company with a proposition to film the play.

It was proposed to use the players in the stage play and locations were to be picked up and scenes taken during a Southern tour of the company.

To make a very long and disagreeable story brief, the thing was done. Approximately $30,000 was expended in putting "The Clansman" on celluloid and when it was done, it was found that the characters could hardly be identified. Practically all of the scenes were taken at a range of about 60 feet without a single closeup in the entire affair. It was never even assembled.

When Mr. Griffith decided to do "something big" after he had quit Biograph, Frank E. Woods, his first lieutenant who had had some experience with Kinemacolor, suggested "The Clansman." Griffith expressed a desire to see Dr. Dixon about it but hesitated because of the fact that his only acquaintance with the author had been as an actor in his play on the stage. He feared that Dr. Dixon would not care to entrust the filming of his great story to one he had known only as a $30 a week actor. As a matter of record, the doctor considered it a recommendation for Griffith that he had acted in "The Clansman" even if he did play a minor part and an arrangement was made to film the story. Of course, neither foresaw the stupendous success which resulted.

Perhaps the greatest reaper of royalty harvests, after Dr. Dixon, is Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, like the former, a noted novelist. Dr. Brady's dealings have been chiefly with Vitagraph and nearly always on royalty—ten percent of the gross. He has made more money out of the film business than any other legitimate writer, except the author of "The Clansman." His "Island of Regeneration," done with Edith Storey, brought him in royalties something like $30,000. "The Chalice of Courage"

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A scene from "The Crisis" purchased long ago and recently adapted to the screen by Selig.



Mary Pickford paid $15,000 for the right to produce "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



The author's profits from "The Birth of a Nation" have exceeded $500,000. His share was 25 percent of the net receipts.



"The Avenging Conscience" an early Griffith success cost nothing for the story, the copyright having expired on Poe's works.



A scene from the recent production of "Ramona" in which Monroe Salisbury scored his first big hit, as Alessandro.

A Good Indian—*but* a Live One

Monroe Salisbury realizes his boyhood ambition

By Allen Corliss



Mr. Salisbury served ten years apprenticeship with such stars as Richard Mansfield, John Drew, Mrs. Fiske and Nance O'Neil.

UNTIL the age of twelve, the consuming desire of every normal, healthy, male American child, is to go out west somewhere and shoot Indians. Or if the n.h.m.A.c. already lives in the west, and knows that shooting the modern Indian is about as exciting as fishing for whales in a bathtub, he wishes, with all the ardor of his intense little dime-novel-reading soul, that he had lived in the days when Indians were really sumpin' fierce, and worthy of the attention of a vigorous and rapidly growing boy. The greatest of the "thrills that come once in a lifetime" is the moment when the lad first encounters the lines:

"Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

"Three shots rang out on the still night air!!!!

"Three more redskins had bit the dust!!!!!"

With most youngsters of the male persuasion, this bloodthirsty ambition is crowded out at about the age of twelve by the somewhat less lofty ambition to marry the bareback rider in the circus. But Monroe Salisbury was different. His was a horsey boyhood. Through his summer vacations, and at all other times when he could wheedle consent out of his parents, he travelled with his father, the late Monroe Salisbury, on the Grand Circuit, where the Salisbury horses were the envy of owners of less speedy strings. Little Monroe was a man among men. He was a sportsman among perhaps the cleanest of all sportsmen

in those days, the owners and drivers of trotters and pacers. So when it came time for him to discover that killing Indians was no career for an inspiring youth, having an eye always to the picturesque, he decided that he wanted to be an Indian himself.

It took him almost twenty-one years to realize this fond desire, but when he did so at last, he made a thorough job of it. He was Alessandro in "Ramona."

That settled it. His hankering for life among the aborigines, formerly a hazy dream, became a burning passion. Many of the scenes in "Ramona" were made on the Saboda Indian Reservation, in the Hemet Valley, thirty-five miles from Riverside, California. Salisbury was so fascinated by the spot that he invested most of his earnings in a ranch, just a mile from the reservation, and here he has established himself as a gentleman farmer, devoting all his spare time to the cultivation of oranges, grape fruit and alligator pears.

It was not sufficient, however, just to be near the Indians. He wanted to be among them. Not being a regular Indian he could not live on the reservation, so he persuaded a goodly portion of the reservation to migrate to his ranch. He employs none but Indian labor, and has reached a point of such popularity with the red men and their wives, that the first family of Saboda, the Isador Costas, recently renamed their youngest papoose "Monroe Salisbury Costa."



Mr. Salisbury and his little Indian namesake, Monroe Salisbury Costa.

And Mr. Salisbury felt that life had nothing more to offer.

After completing "The Savage," a recent Bluebird picture, Director Rupert Julian told Salisbury he might have a two weeks vacation. As usual he made a bee line for his ranch. And the big event of the holiday was a birthday party for "little Monroe" at which fifty other papooses were guests.

On such occasions as this, Mr. Salisbury's chief adviser and constant companion is his mother, for at thirty-five Salisbury is still a bachelor. Together they make plans for increased productiveness of the ranch, and for the entertainment of their Indian friends. Mrs. Salisbury has become infected with the virus of her son's hobby, and is as good an Indian as he.

"This isn't merely a fad," says Salisbury, concerning his love for the Indians. "They are really the most interesting people in the world. In the Saboda school, which is attended by both white and red children, the little Indians almost without exception are at the head of the classes. And in sports, they always excel. Their manners and customs are still quaint and unique. They are quite unspoiled. If I ever can get the time I am going to write a book about them, and I believe it will be a most fascinating volume."



Mr. Salisbury preparing fruit for exhibition.

Mr. Salisbury was born in Buffalo, May 8, 1882, and it was through his father's extensive acquaintance with theatrical folk that the boy first became interested in the stage. He served ten years of apprenticeship with such stars as Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Kathryn Kidder, Nance O'Neil, and John Drew. Turning to pictures, in which he has been appearing for more than three years, he played the first Lasky production, "The Squaw Man" with Dustin Farnum, and "The Goose Girl" with Marguerite Clark, but his first big hit was in the role of the stalwart Alessandro in "Ramona." It was here that he attracted the attention of Carl Laemmle of Universal, and he is now one of the fixtures in the colony back of Hollywood, at present in the capacity of leading man in the Ruth Clifford pictures.

So when the long shadows creep down from the steep sides of Mount San Jacinto, and there floats across the fields the sound of strumming strings accompanying a rich baritone voice, while every now and then the plaintive chorus of Indian voices takes up the strain, the neighbors know that Monroe Salisbury is home again, enjoying the fruition of his boyhood hopes.



Monroe employs his spare time cultivating his citrus grove.



A pleasant afternoon at the Salisbury ranch in Valle Vista. The young lady is Mr. Salisbury's niece.



As a grocer's clerk Jack soon became a prime favorite with everybody — except the grocer.

The Good-*for*-Nothing

Wherein No Fatted Calf is Killed in Honor of the Prodigal's Return

By Felix Baird

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING JACK they called him. For as he, himself, said when he arrived in the little western town of Coraopolis, he had been everything but schoolmistress and barber.

So when the village grocer after some natural hesitation, offered Jack a place in his store, Jack took it gladly. He did not know whether sugar was sold by the pound or by the yard, but his was the adventurer's slogan, "I'll try anything once."

As a grocer's clerk Jack soon became a prime favorite with everybody in town—except the grocer. Especially was he popular with the village belles, for he ladled out the ingredients of an ice cream soda with a princely disregard of the h. c. of l. bugaboo. It is not hard to establish a reputation for generosity when somebody else foots the bills.

When the Minnow Meadow's Club gave its annual reception and ball, Jack was one of the first to receive an invitation, and this despite the fact that his past history was a matter of conjecture only. The truth was that Jack had run away from home when a young boy, and his most vivid memories clustered around his father's predilection for a barrel stave as an instrument of parental persuasion. The reason Jack didn't relate his history to Coraopolis was that it never occurred to him that he had any to relate. He belonged to that vast happy-go-lucky army with whom "Tomorrow is another day."

But the need of a suitable outfit for evening wear did bother him a little.

It was impossible to attend the most impressive social function of the Coraopolis year in a faded shirt and patched trousers, no matter how great one's popularity. As he pondered, his gaze chanced to fall on an open mail-order catalog, which lay on a shelf. Jack was soon absorbed in it. How he envied the spick-and-span specimens of manhood portrayed on a page headed "Autumn Styles for Snappy Dressers." He would be likewise. But how? He was already overdrawn on his weekly salary. Oh well, another old saying concerning a sheep and a lamb, decided him. He borrowed twenty-five dollars more from the long-suffering grocer, and ordered a dress suit, a la Vincent Astor, from the mail order house.

That night, while rummaging through his trunk, he chanced upon a book which his mother had given him when he was a child. It brought back a flood of memories not intimately connected with the barrel stave, and conscience stricken, Jack sat down and wrote home, for the first time in ten long years.

We will leave the gentleman blandly dreaming of the sensation he is going to produce in his dress suit, and follow the letter to its destination. In the first place, it was addressed to Mrs. Katherine Burkshaw, Jack's mother's name, as he supposed. But the ten years had brought many changes. Jack's father had died, and his mother, by skillful maneuvering, had become the wife of a wealthy widower, Eugene Alston; and stepmother to his two children, Marion, a society belle, and Jerry, a male butterfly.

As Jack remembered his mother she was a sweet-faced woman, the kind of mother who wore her hair parted simply in the middle and fastened the bosom of her gown with a cameo pin. But he would have been much surprised to find that with an apparent disregard of the laws of nature time had rejuvenated her.

The present Mrs. Alston was a modern, well-groomed woman, extravagantly gowned and jeweled. She made a perfect society column kind of step-mother for her husband's son and daughter, and that she possessed a grown son of her own no one ever dreamed.

That son's letter was brought to her one morning as she sat in the library of her husband's richly appointed home. She examined it curiously, for it was disfigured with forwarding marks and addressed to her former name, "Mrs. Katherine Burkshaw." Gingerly she opened it. This is what she read:

"Dearest Mother:—

"Tonight there came over me a terrible loneliness for you and I am ashamed that ten years have gone by without even writing to let you know what has become of me. But I waited all this time to make good and I guess it ain't no use. I don't blame Dad for kicking me out when he did. Give him my love, and please write, mother dear, to

"Your affectionate son,

"Jack."

Mrs. Alston stared at the letter incredulously. She had worked hard to attain her present place and position; she did not intend to jeopardize them by acknowledging an uncouth, good-for-nothing son. She tore the letter into bits and consigned it to the waste basket.

While Mrs. Alston's thoughts were, against her will, centered on her humble past and her recreant son, her stepson, Jerry Alston, was spending an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Jerry's heart was as fickle as his feet were agile. Several months before he had contracted a secret marriage with his father's stenographer, Barbara Manning. In common with men of his type, once in possession of the desired object, his ardor had cooled. He was now ardently in pursuit of a musical comedy star, Cozette La Verne, on whom he was spending more than his salary; and at the same time, in accordance with his father's wishes, he was paying attention to Laurel Baxter, a snobbish young heiress who was visiting at his father's house. Therefore when Barbara approached him that morning in his private office, urging him to acknowledge their marriage and justify her position, he curtly refused. In desperation, Barbara threatened to tell his father. Far from being frightened at this threat, young Alston swung on her in a fury and exclaimed: "If you do, you will never see me again!"

The entrance of the senior Alston put a stop to the discussion. Barbara went back to her work and Jerry pretended to be very much absorbed. But the senior Alston was not pleased with his stenographer's evident interest in his son.

* * * * *

To go back to Jack, the good-for-nothing, who gorgeously arrayed and all unconscious of the brewing of his destiny, was surveying himself in a foot-square mirror. The mail order dress suit was surely a scream, and Jack, carefully holding up the spiked tails of his coat to protect them from contamination, went downstairs to receive the congratulations of his employer.

"But don't fergit you've got to meet the midnight express and unload some crates," said the grocer, as Jack went out of the door.

Jack paused. "Tonight?" with a commiserating glance at himself and his finery.

"You bet you! Tonight—classy duds or no classy duds."

Jack kicked open the door and went out without speaking.

Jack was the sensation of the evening at the Club dance. Nothing to approach the grandeur of his dress suit had ever been known in Coraopolis. The men sneered, of course, but the girls crowded round him and begged for the privilege of a dance. He felt that his social prestige in Coraopolis was forever assured—but just then the clock struck twelve.

Without stopping to explain, Jack dropped his dancing partner and fled from the hall. The express was just pulling out when he reached the depot and the crates had been unloaded on the ground. Horror of horrors! They contained chickens!

Jack picked up the first crate and in a rage jammed it down too hard as he threw it into the wagon. The slats parted and the chickens flew out. In a twinkling, all hands from the railroad station were on the scene, and with Jack chasing white chickens over a marshy landscape. It was a midnight marathon worthy the price of an entrance fee.

When the chickens were finally delivered, Jack's mail order suit was a wreck, windows had been broken, fences were down, and worse than that a bevy of girls had arrived from the dance hall and were laughing themselves into hysterics. In a rage, Jack seized a cabbage and flung it at them. The girls ran, but the cabbage struck a rotund mark. It landed squarely in the middle of Jack's entering employer.

This was too much. The long-suffering grocer turned upon the erstwhile social favorite:

"You owe me six months' salary now, but it's worth more than that to get rid o' you. You're fired!"

* * * * *

The next we see of Jack, he is walking up the steps of the Alston veranda. Marion, seated, and playing with a little dog, looked up startled at the presence of this fellow, so evidently out of his element. Jack paused, took off his hat and stammered:

"I would like to see Mrs. Burkshaw—I mean Mrs. Alston:

Marion rose with hauteur, and inquired:

"Does Mrs. Alston expect you?"

Poor Jack. It had taken him weeks to locate his mother and he had not anticipated such a reception as this. "Mrs. Burkshaw—Mrs. Alston has been expecting me for over ten years," was, to Marion, his enigmatic answer.

Very much disturbed Marion went in search of her stepmother, whom she found in the library reading to her father. "There is a strange man outside who insists on seeing you," informed Marion.

Mrs. Alston, startled, rose. She stepped to the veranda and paused haughtily, at first not recognizing Jack. But Jack, with a cry of "Mother!" rushed forward and clasped her in his arms.

Marion, coming out, took notice of this amazing scene, and hurried back to the library to tell her father what was happening.

Jack hugged his mother again, not noting her obvious coldness. "Your letter was so long in comin'—and I—I was just hungerin' for a feel of them arms about me."

Mrs. Alston started. "*Those* arms, Jack."

Jack's expression changed. "I reckon you won't be ashamed of me after while, Ma. I'll study hard."

At this Marion and Mr. Alston, entered, and Mrs.

The Good-for-Nothing

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name produced by World Film Corporation, with the following cast:

Jack Burkshaw	Carlyle Blackwell
Marion Alston	Evelyn Greely
Mrs. Burkshaw	Kate Lester
Mr. Alston	Charles Dungan
Jerry Alston	William Sherwood
Barbara Manning	Muriel Ostriche
Barbara's Mother	Eugenie Woodward
Laurel Baxter	Kitty Johnston



"I reckon you won't be ashamed of me after a while, Ma. I'll study hard."

Alston, greatly agitated, introduced her son to her husband.

Jack extended his hand with, "I'm sure glad to meet my new Pop."

The aristocratic Mr. Alston drew himself to his full height and frigidly surveyed his new son. Mrs. Alston, now almost in tears, turned to Marion, "And this is my daughter Marion."

Jack smiled and held out his hand. Far from returning his cordial greeting Marion said pettishly, ignoring the hand: "Please don't come any nearer—don't you see you are frightening the dog?"

Jack's eyes flashed, but he said with a grin: "Thanks, Miss. I'm glad you named it!"

Just then Jerry drove up in his racing car. He gazed in astonishment when Mrs. Alston introduced Jack, but snobbishly extended his hand. Jack, however, was too glad to know that there was a chap his own age in the family to pay attention to Jerry's manner. Then the butler showed Jack to his room.

Over a pipeful of tobacco, the scent from which caused a terrible commotion in the household, Jack thought things over. He decided that his continued presence would make his mother unhappy, and so in the morning he informed her of his intention of going away. She looked at him and the first time there came to her a surge of real mother love for her son. She held out her arms and exclaimed "My boy!" and Jack's sore heart was healed.

But he held to his conclusion that his absence would endear him to the Alston family in far greater measure than his presence, and with the influence of his mother, he secured a position on a stock farm, upstate in New York. In a very short time, he was made manager. He studied hard, and with the incentive under which he labored, it did not take him long to lose his western uncouthness of manner. Incidentally, the incentive was Marion. Jack admired her more than any girl he had ever seen.

In the meantime things were not going well with young Jerry. Cozette's demands became more and more excessive, and to supply them, Jerry plunged more deeply in debt than ever. He was now, also, formally engaged to the pretty, snobbish Laurel. He must have money, more money. So he went to his father again.

Alston, senior, having found out that Jerry had overdrawn his account at the bank, and realizing that he neglected his work, refused his request for more money. Jerry, rendered desperate, told his father he must have it, whereupon Mr. Alston denounced him and made his refusal final. Jerry, in despair, went to his own office and closed his door.

Barbara came timidly in, realizing that Jerry was in trouble. She held out her arms to him and said:

"Please let me help you, Jerry."

He brushed her away. "There's nothing you can do for me."

"But I'm your wife," hopefully.

"My wife!" he cried in a rage. "How are you going to prove it?"

"Why, Jerry, what do you mean?" she asked in terror.

"I mean that the town hall where we were married in New Jersey has been destroyed by fire, and all records of our marriage are lost." Taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket, he handed it to her. "Read that."

The shock was almost too much for Barbara. Sobbing she attempted to plead with Jerry, but to no avail. Still sobbing, she left the room just in time to have Jerry's father pass and observe her.

With a stern countenance, her employer summoned her and told her that he could not have a girl in his employ

who was more interested in his son than in her work. So Barbara, his son's denied wife, was now denied a means of livelihood.

That night Mrs. Alston, her stepdaughter and Laurel, coming home from a party, locked their jewels in a safe in the wall of the library. Unseen by them Jerry was standing just outside the library door, and overheard them talking. Driven by desperation, he decided to rob the safe, and accomplished his purpose after they had left the room. In his excitement he laid upon the library table his cigarette and cigarette holder, leaving them there.

Some time later Jack tiptoed in, having come to spend the next day with his mother. Entering the library he turned up the lights and went to the bookcase to obtain a volume. He noticed that the door of the wall safe was slightly open, and reached up to close it. As he did so, the butler entered, and stood watching him. Having found the book he wanted, an English Grammar, Jack returned to the library table and his attention was arrested by the lighted cigarette in its holder, which Jerry had placed there.

The butler quietly withdrew. Jack looked at the cigarette holder admiringly, threw out the cigarette, and slipped the holder carelessly into his pocket.

The theft was not discovered until noon of the following day. Upon questioning the servants the butler told of observing the suspicious actions of Mr. Burkshaw, the night before. Jerry started; here was a chance to remove all suspicion from himself. He immediately suggested that Jack's room be searched. Mrs. Alston and Marion stepped forward in protest, but Alston and Laurel agreed with Jerry. Then Jack's mother said, smiling proudly:

"I am not afraid to have my son's room searched."

She was championed by Marion whose attitude toward Jack had changed materially in the last few weeks.

Jack's mother, stepfather, and Laurel conducted the search, Marion proudly refusing to join them. Jerry watched his opportunity and when the rest were busy at Jack's dresser, slipped a bracelet from his own pocket into the pocket of the coat Jack had worn the night before; where Mr. Alston discovered it a few minutes later.

So, in the minds of the family, Jack was convicted of the theft. Because of his relationship, and the pleading of his mother, Alston decided to take no action, but indited a letter to his stepson requesting him to call at his office.

Jack answered the summons with pleasure. He was kindly disposed toward his stepfather and longed to have his feeling reciprocated. As he entered, he came face to face with Barbara Manning, who had returned to the office for some forgotten belonging. Jack was struck by the whiteness of the girl's face and the despairing look in her eyes. He wondered what tragedy lay behind them.

A few minutes later, all unconscious of the charge against him, he was confronted by his stepfather. With accusing eyes, Alston took the bracelet from his pocket. Jack watched him curiously and inquired what it was all about.

"You thief!" said Alston.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack, staggered.

Alston explained, denouncing him. Jack as he listened in bewilderment idly took from his pocket the cigarette holder, which he had forgotten to return. When he fully comprehended the drift of his stepfather's meaning, he was tempted to disclose what he knew, but instead tossed the cigarette holder on Alston's desk, and walked away without attempting to disprove the charge against him.

Alston picked up the holder, and looked at it in a puzzled way, then consigned it to a drawer. Jack's silence had entirely convinced him of his guilt.

Leaving the building, sick at heart because everyone, including his mother, believed him guilty, Jack was presently aware that directly in front of him walked the girl he had seen leaving Alston's office. It was also noticeable that she was ill. Jack hurried forward just in time to catch her as she was about to fall, and calling a taxi, Jack took her to her home, the address of which she was just able to whisper to him.

Jerry, relieved beyond measure that he had been able to divert suspicion from himself, hurried to Cozette with his gifts of ill-gotten jewelry. Cozette examined a pin which had been the property of Laurel, and upon noticing that it was not new, commented slightingly upon it. Jerry, very ill at ease, explained to her that the necklace and pins were some that had belonged to the estate of his mother.

(Continued on page 127)



Incidentally, the incentive was Marion. . . . . And of course Jack married Marion.

GOD MUST HAVE MADE THE WORLD

Yet if it were not for the moving picture camera, how would untraveled millions ever know?



OOK where you will, in the heart of any great city, and you can scarce refrain from wondering if, after all, God made the world. Little evidence here, of the work of a Divine Hand. The rickety tenements, the hungry children, the filthy streets, the reek of hordes of humanity—no beauty anywhere to cheer these hopeless prisoners of circumstance.

All this, of course, is the work of man. But how are these millions to be reached with the message of the mountains and plains? The stronger, more ambitious ones fight their way out, but, to the vast majority, there is no escape from the sordid surroundings, year after year, except to the scarcely less crowded amusement places in the suburbs.

But around the corner is a little picture house, and travel pictures are cheap. So the beauty-starved thousands pay their nickels and dimes, and there, a mere filler between a melodrama and a farce, is revealed to their wondering gaze the snowcapped peaks of Oregon, the glaciers of Montana, the canyons of Arizona, the flowers of California, the spacious plains of the west.

And they know that, while man has done his worst in the cities, out beyond, somewhere, the world is beautiful beyond their dreams. Man could not have created these splendors—man who builds tenements and noisy streets. Out there, where all is cool, magnificent silence, the work could have been done only by the Hand of God.



Courtesy Educational Film Corp.

Where They "Hie Them Home, at Evening's



White Photo

Marjorie Rambeau need never be lonely in Gotham, judging from the walls of her music room.



A staircase in "Castle Cunard," Grace Cunard's California mountain eyrie.

Theda Bara looking sorta vampish in her great antique chair, and "Belva" her Russian wolf hound who departed this life some months ago.



Close, to Sweet Repast, and Calm Repose"

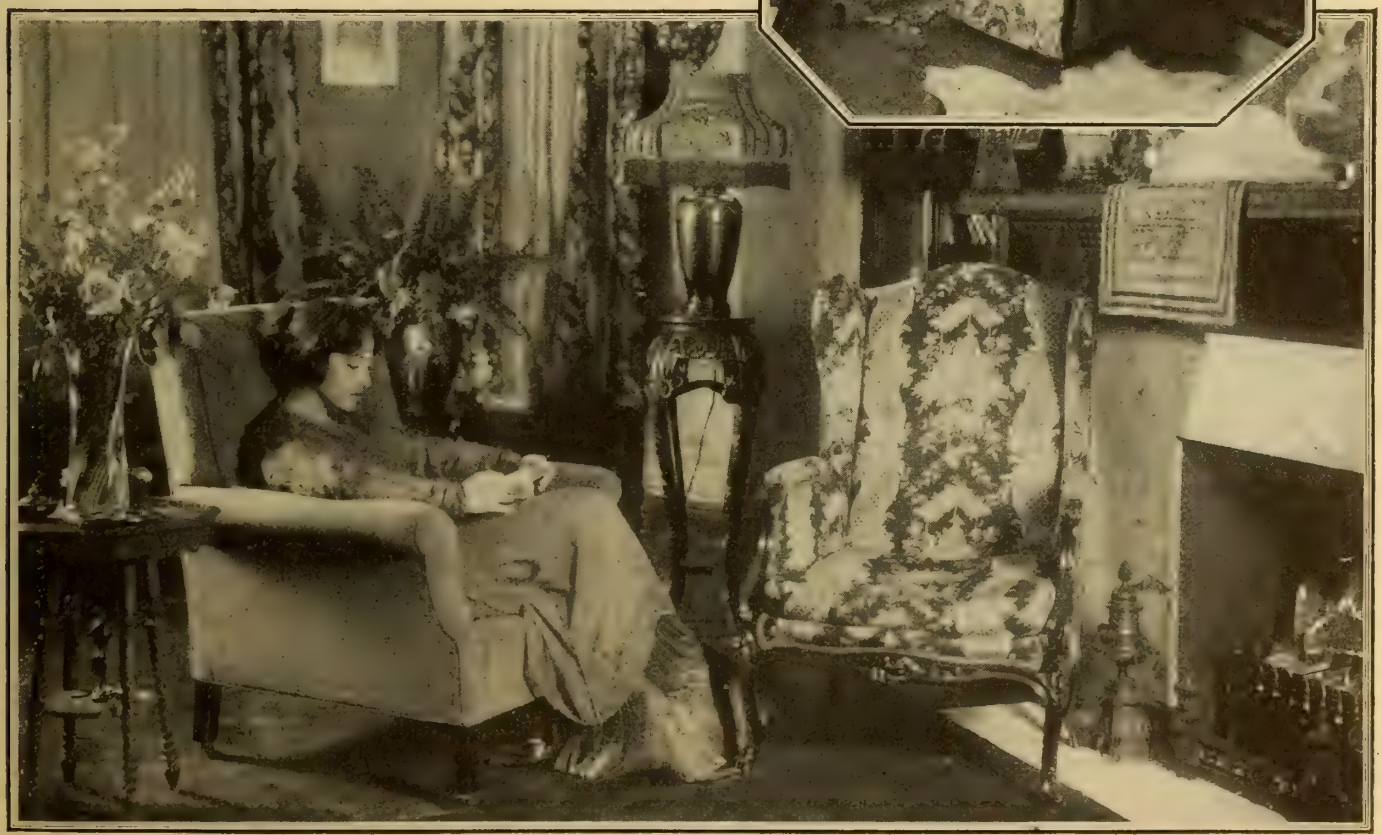


"Old Broom Hotel" the English country home of Edna Goodrich, on the Thames near Richmond.



An inviting fireside in "Bushmanor" the Maryland home of Francis X.

Our notion of unalloyed bliss is a deep arm-chair, our favorite author, and a blazing hearth, so when this picture of Pauline Frederick came in we sighed and said "Pretty soft."



Byron Co.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

WILLIAM FOX captures the 1917 prize for effrontery without a close competitor.

Sonia Markova, whom he is advertising as a Russian star, is none other than Gretchen Hartman, wife of Alan Hale, and sister of Mrs. Carlyle Blackwell. This bit of bunk would be less impudent if it were not for the fact that Miss Hartman has already been seen upon the American screen, and will be recognized immediately by thousands of picture fans.

But the great guffaw comes with a story issued by the Fox publicity department, to the effect that Sonia Markova is suffering from nervous prostration because of the fact that her Russian relatives are in dire peril in Petrograd, and to sooth her temperamental nerves, it was arranged to take a lot of scenes in her picture on board ship in the course of a two weeks' sea voyage. This is a harmless indoor sport, of course, as the public probably cares very little about the nativity of players, but it illustrates a deplorable and too prevalent viewpoint maintained by a few producers.

BILLY WEST, the well known pseudo-Chaplin, is now slinging pies within a mile of Charlie's Hollywood studio but thus far their respective friends have kept them apart.

THE month's best literary gem: "Now the Fox Film Corporation is receiving letters from complaining mothers asking cash balm for clothing ruined by their youngsters while emulating the Lee kiddies on their spectacular and wet ride." Why do they do it?

BEWARE of fake war funds conducted in the name of screen stars. One of these, the "Louise Glaum War Luxury Fund," was organized by a man who called himself at that time C. Donald Fox, and who has since been indicted for frauds perpetrated at the Army and Navy Bazaar in New York. Miss Glaum, innocently enough, consented to the use of her name, and foxy Mr. Fox, by showing a list of about a hundred prominent film personages who had endorsed the idea, obtained the consent of various editors to act, in an honorary capacity, upon the committee. Miss Glaum has now disowned the whole business, and the members of the committee have withdrawn their names. The postal authorities will do the rest.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON couldn't resist the temptation to see himself as others see him. He has been appearing under the direction of Herbert Brenon in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," one of his greatest stage successes. The part of the little slavey is taken by Molly Pearson, the Scotch heroine of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" and it also marks Miss Pearson's debut on the shadow stage.

IT looks like a Russian winter. In addition to the Fox made-to-order Russian star, the Vitagraph announces one—Hedda Nova. (We always thought Hedda was a Scandinavian name.) Miss Nova, however, claims Odessa as her birthplace, and had screen experience in Germany befo' the wah. She appeared in Lubin pictures and under the direction of Edgar Lewis. With the Brenon "Fall of the Romanoffs" and its imitations, and the Russian Art Films imported from Petrograd, and distributed by Pathe, there will be plenty of "caviar to the general."

DURING the construction of Charlie Chaplin's new $100,000 studio in Hollywood every step in the work was recorded on film by a cameraman stationed on the job. Sidney Chaplin, Charlie's brother, superintended the filming job and also acted in the little comedy which goes along with the prosaic building operations. When completed the film will show the erection of the entire studio in about two reels of continuous action, with Charlie prominent on the bossing end of the job. Brother Sid also plans to make some comedies featuring himself at the new studio. He has done nothing for the screen since his famous "Submarine Pirate" for Keystone more than two years ago.

RAOUL WALSH has quit the Fox western studio for an eastern company. Walsh jumped from an obscure position at the Griffith studio to a big place in the Fox organization several years ago and has directed some of the best money makers ever released by Fox, including Bara's "Carmen," "Regeneration," "The Honor System" and others. His brother, George, will probably remain with Fox.



Henry King is telling Gail Kane just how to do it. It's one of those boudoir scenes, and isn't that the jealous husband in the mirror? It's a nice little title—"Souls in Pawn." Blame American.



Maybe Essanay stars are hard to manage—anyway, in "The Dream Doll" they're using animated dolls, the invention of H. S. Moss, as well as living characters.

IN addition to her battalion of Coast Artillery Corps boys, Mary Pickford recently adopted a whole section of the flying corps stationed at the aero headquarters at San Diego, Cal. The little star now has more than 600 proteges in olive drab and each carries a little leather case containing two portrait frames, one of which holds the Miss Pickford's favorite photograph of herself, and the other is for some loved one of the owner. During the adoption ceremonies at San Diego, Miss Frances Marion who writes all of Miss Pickford's scenarios, and some beauty herself, became inoculated with the adoption fever and took unto herself a few companies of artillerymen who had been overlooked. They showed their appreciation for the attention by presenting Miss Marion with a handsome swagger stick decorated with a golden artillery corps emblem.

MOTHER MARY MAURICE has just celebrated her seventy-third anniversary. There were appropriate ceremonies at the Vitagraph studio. It also marked the golden anniversary of "Mother's" professional debut.

THE boys at the United States Naval Training Station at Los Angeles Harbor gave a big circus and vaudeville show on the day before Thanksgiving Day, just for their relatives and friends, and members of the film colony helped Gunner Frederick Fitzgerald, the impresario, to make it a big success. Toto, the Hippodrome Clown now a Rolin-Pathe film star, Roscoe Arbuckle, Olive Thomas, Texas Guinan, and other shadow performers who were once "in the lights" on Broadway, helped out with stunts.

WHEELER OAKMAN is to be seen opposite Edith Storey in her next Metro picture.



Mary doesn't have to ride this way but yes, she does too. It's a scene for her new picture, and Mary is a hard worker.

UNIVERSAL City is no longer a mecca for the tourists to California who want to "see how the movies are made." Under a new policy adopted by the company visitors will no longer be permitted to watch the companies at work, thus making it unanimous, as long ago the other big companies cut off the visiting list. The players and directors have long complained that their best work could not be done with the eyes of curious visitors on them. Another reason why motion picture companies have a rigid ban on callers is the desire to keep secret the atmosphere and business of their current productions. This is especially true of the comedy studios.



Wallace Reid, Jr. loves music. Someday he'll be wearing his hair long.



"There, Sir Johnston, is the biggest audience to which you can possibly play," says Herbert Brenon, introducing Forbes-Robertson to the camera which will later record his performance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." "Instead of playing to a thousand people in one evening, you will play to hundreds of thousands, twice and three times daily."

LOS ANGELES is supplying the United States army with almost its complete complement of expert camofleurs, recruited from the motion picture studios of Southern California. The first unit of 250 men taken from the scenic departments of the various studios has already left for the front "over there." Their business will be to "make" trees and other camouflage to fool the boche who is out looking for hidden guns and troops. As a result of the rush to join the camoufleurs many of the studios have had to engage amateur artists.

"LA TOSCA" has been secured by Paramount for Pauline Frederick. They say it will be the most elaborate production ever made for this Paramount star.

GEORGE FAWCETT, veteran character actor, is back in the Hollywood film colony. D. W. Griffith sent for him.

IN "The Dream Doll," soon to be released by Essanay, both living characters and animated dolls are used. Marguerite Clayton plays the leading role as the daughter of a fanatical chemist who has discovered a mixture that will endow dolls with life.

The animated dolls are an invention of Howard S. Moss, expert doll maker. His dolls can do everything but talk. Many of the little secrets of his trade are patented, but he does tell how he makes the dolls apparently move about on the screen just as naturally as humans and with no more aid. Suppose Mr. Moss wants a doll cook to walk to the kitchen. He moves one tiny foot probably an eighth of an inch, and the cameraman takes a tiny bit of film. This tedious process is repeated over and over again until Miss Cook Dolly reaches the kitchen. Of course it takes weeks and weeks to make a picture in this painstaking fashion.

ALICE JOYCE was ill for several weeks in November, but has entirely recovered, and will continue her tireless endeavors for the screen. She has appeared in more pictures in the last six months than almost any other of the first magnitude stars.

LITTLE MARJORIE DAW, loaned by the Lasky company to Douglas Fairbanks to play opposite him in "A Modern Musketeer," was seriously injured during the filming of the story in Canyon De Chelley, on the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona. She was riding a horse when another rider ran into her, severely injuring her knee. The little player was brought back to Los Angeles on a stretcher and the day after her arrival her mother died, following a long illness. She was able to resume work in the Fairbanks picture after several weeks of incapacitation.

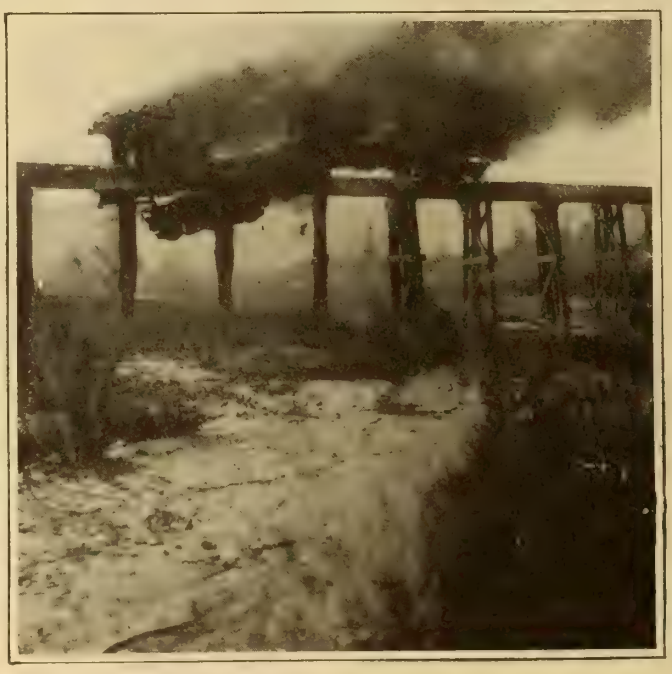
KATHLEEN CLIFFORD is back at Balboa filmery after trying out the vaudeville stage, her former professional home, and finding that it had lost much of its former lure. She is now playing in Horkheimer features and wears curls and everything. She has a new leading man in Fred Church, late of Universal, Lasky, Fox and the rest of them.

TEDDY SENNETT, the famous canine performer of Mack Sennett's funatorium, was loaned to Mary Pickford's company for the filming of "Stella Maris." There was some difficulty in obtaining Teddy, however, as Mr. Sennett insisted that the famous dog be given a regular "introduction" on the screen and good "bits of business" before he consented to allow him to leave the studio.



William Farnum with a ball-and-chain is William Farnum still. That smile! It was a great day at the Snake Hill, N. J. Penitentiary, when he came to take some scenes for "Les Miserables."

WHILE in Honolulu with his company headed by Sessue Hayakaya, Director George Melford, dean of the Lasky Directors, was able to make a complete celluloid record of the obsequies of the late Queen Liluokalani, last of the Hawaiian rulers. As it was the last time the impressive native services will ever be used, the film is regarded as of great value.



This is from "The Lost Express" (Signal). They might have known something like this would happen in chapter 13.

"I DON'T want Ernie to ask for exemption. I can support myself." Thus spake Betty Schade, the little Universal actress who six months ago was married to Ernest Shield, also a screen actor. Mr. Shield is now a sergeant in the One Hundreth and Seventeenth Coast Artillery. Miss Schade boasts the honor of being the first war bride in the motion-picture studios of the country.

BLANCHE BATES is now a screen actress. The stage celebrity, one of the few unfilmed, has been enjoying life on a ranch north of Santa Barbara, Cal., where her company has been "shooting" Zane Gray's "The Border Legion." The supporting company is a large one and among the notables in it are Hobart Bosworth, Eugene Strong and the famous Italo-American thespian "Bull" Montana, late of the Douglas Fairbanks company. The direction of the production is in the hands of T. Hayes Hunter, once associated with Biograph in what the pioneers like to refer to as "the good old days."

MARY PICKFORD is to remain with the Zukor interests, despite the tempting offers of rival concerns. It was thought for a time that the "million-dollar girl" would go to Pathe, the French company having raised its offer to $25,000 a week, perhaps the largest salary ever offered any person in any walk of life, with the exception of Douglas Fairbanks, to whom a similar offer was made. Having turned down the Pathe proposition, it is assumed that Miss Pickford may now be numbered among those very few geniuses who are paid at the rate of more than a million dollars a year. Adolph Zukor made a trip to Los Angeles for the sole purpose of arranging to hold Miss Pickford. He returned to New York his mission accomplished.

FASHION note: Charles Spencer Chaplin, the film comedian, has adopted a new hairdress. He has discarded, or rather, plastered down the natural marcels which have heretofore graced his impressive dome, and now affects the straight and shiny style. Since getting into the million dollar class, Mr. Chaplin has also been making regular appearances in the society columns of the Los Angeles papers. He has be-

(Continued on page 118)

The Girl *on the* Cover

She wants to "vamp," but it would be a shame to waste those eyes on a home despoiler.

By John A. Gray

THE Birdlike brunette with the chic hat saucily over her left eye and pert business of fluffy black curls, and the large auburn blonde, were discussing the subject with animation, not to say vehemence.

They were on the bench at the fringe of the great Triangle plant at Culver City waiting to be called. They were "atmosphere" on tap; what concerned them chiefly was that the thin-legged, attenuated, tremendously energetic young man with the fierce shock of taffy hair should point a finger their way and say, "You." He was rushing around now. Into the gate came pouring property men, heavies, heroes, warriors, villains, ingenues, mothers, stage carpenters, chiefs of the wardrobe, directors, cameramen and what-not. And, in the meantime—



Alma Rubens. It used to be Ruebens or Reuberis, or something like that, but so many editors misspelled her name she adopted the simplified spelling.

The auburn one squinted a bovine blue eye into the orifice of a paper bag, discovered that which caused her countenance to light up and drew it forth—a plump chocolate cream.

She poised the confection between pinkly manicured thumb and forefinger and, while contemplating it with refined greed, she drawled:

"And she's a regular mamma's girl."

"Yes," agreed the other, who declined at that moment the proferred bag. "No, thanks, I'm doing ball room scenes and such. Don't want to get fat at this stage; can't afford it. Nearly dislocate myself every morning doing thin exercises. You're right"—ignoring the coldness that gathered on the face of the confection fancier—"and they say she's a man hater."

They watched the incoming stream curiously. The plump one continued to eat placidly. Suddenly the slender girl straightened up sharply.

"There she is!"

"She never had to sit waiting like this," complained the auburn-haired goddess, eyeing her enviously.

"No, she just landed all of a sudden with both feet," the other commented. "How do they do it?"

"Ask me," said the creature of generous convexity from her mouth full of candy. "I've been coming around here for gawd knows how long 'n' I'm lucky if I get three days a week at three per. And here this girl Alma Rubens just prances right into a star's job as though it'd been waiting special for her."

"And she aint more than twenty," marveled the brunette. "Just think!"

The object of their animadversions and admiration was plainly popular. The mighty ones thereabouts greeted her affably and the proletariat of the screen gave her the high sign of good fellowship.

I had heard the dialogue of the two "Atmospheres" and had seen, from a little distance, the tall, slender girl they had been envying. I caught a suggestion of her charm, but it was not until a month later—and that was just yesterday—that I had a chance to know how extraordinary this newest, youngest and one of the realest stars of filmdom is.

She made good on the close-up.

We chatted—she did it all—in her pretty apartment in Los Angeles. Her mother was away and she was blue, she said.

"Blue?"

"Mamma's my chum," she said, and then came back to me from that scene at the plant a month

before—the two girls waiting on the bench to be called—the words of one—"She's a regular mamma's girl."

She calmly admitted it. "I've always been," she said.

"You don't—ahem—go out much, then?" This meant, "You don't fancy men," or, in the unvarnished language of the West, "You haven't got a fellow."

She understood, that being one of her distinctive specialties. "No," she replied, "I don't, except with mamma. Some of my friends say I must be a man hater."

"Wedded to art?"

"Art? Let's say, hard work."

Alma says she doesn't care to be "a serpentine creature who uncoils herself through several thousand feet of film and prove in the end 'a rag and a bone and a hank of hair'." She wants to be a "happy-ending" vamp.



With Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano."





She became more animated upon pronouncing that word, "work." Strange, wasn't it? There are people who shrink, wince, have an ingrowing, withdrawing sensation and want to fade away or change the subject when work is mentioned, but Miss Rubens welcomed the topic not only with pleasure but avidity. She approached it with loving zest.

"Work is my life," she said. "This is the most difficult thing I have ever done—to wait between pictures. I think for all those months—three it was—I never ceased to be the Italian peasant girl in 'The Passion Flower.'

"I love the story; it never left me. I lived it all the time." Her many shades of enthusiasm and memories played fascinatingly upon her mobile, wonderful face and unexpected fires came into her eyes. With the ordinary mortal the eye is a pigmented circle above the cheek bone, an instrument with which to see. "It" travels in pairs, is inserted in the face, one on either side of the nose and is painted, according to the whim of nature, blue, brown, umber, hazel, green or yellow, with variations. But here is a girl who has Eyes. You will have to admit that Miss Rubens possesses gorgeous optical equipment. These Eyes that are Eyes converse, laugh, brood; they flash messages from an illuminated volume; they are morning-sunshine; they are night-starshine; they plunge for a moment into shadows, and then flame into springtime.

In "The Firefly of Tough Luck," assisted by Charles Gunn and Jack Curtis.

Pardon the rhapsodizing, but this is an interview, and



Alma and mother live together in a very artistic little apartment, and she really likes washing dishes, and all that sort of thing—at times.

as it was held largely with Miss Rubens' eyes, what would you? After awhile, when I found what the situation was, I was tempted to say, "That was a very fine sentiment, Eyes, and now, how about so and so?"

Partly with the aforesaid very special de luxe medium of expression and otherwise with a voice that would "listen" well on the speaking stage Miss Rubens proceeded to tell how her last story had absorbed—no, consumed her. All this time, at home as well as at the studio, she was the Italian girl. She and her mother—she always takes her mother along on these histrionic journeys—were in Italy. She wore the bright colors of the peasant class. In her heart were the promptings, the passions and the subtleties of the daughters of Lucrece and of the Borgias.

In the picture she was called upon to be a bit of a vampire. Not very wicked, but a sort of beneficent luress. She laughed at the memory and said frankly:

"Do you know, I should love to vamp. I've had just enough of a taste to know how delicious it is, but, of course, there are vamps and vamps. I shouldn't care to be a serpentine creature who uncoils herself through several thousand feet of film and prove in the end to be 'a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.' I'd want to be a 'happy-ending' vamp."

Sane, wholesome, gentle, one would not credit Miss Rubens with this ambition, but you never can tell; if she weren't a surprise she wouldn't be a star.

"You have been very successful, Miss Rubens; what is the secret?"

"Oh, not successful yet," she demurred; "just beginning. But whatever I've done has been due to hard work and such an interest in my part that I've lived it." She said it simply and it sounded simple. Apparently this girl has but one idea—that of tackling every task with faith in the potency of work. Her second recipe—"interest"—recalled vividly a recent scene in her last picture.

She was playing a highly emotional bit with Francis McDonald. He had a stiletto with which, realistic actor that he is, he was trying to stab her. The realism also extended to the blade, which was of sharp steel. It was Miss Rubens' part to ward off the stiletto and she did—with her hand. The edge cut deep gashes in her thumb and forefinger and so shocked McDonald that he was about to drop the weapon and catch the girl in his arms.



She has gorgeous Eyes, laughing Eyes, and brooding Eyes.

He naturally expected she would faint—who wouldn't? There was a perfect opportunity for her to grow pale and pass out, or to scream. Instead Miss Rubens brought her opposite sharply around to the task in hand with those compelling eyes and quickly whispered words, and not even the director, the cameraman or the spectators knew that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

After it was all over they hurried her to a hospital and several stitches were taken in the cuts, but she was out on the lot two days later and proceeding with the next scene. Well, as a matter of fact, she never ceased to work; while she was waiting for the wounds to heal she was still the Italian peasant girl and the hospital was in Italy.

The critic on the bench at the Triangle studio in Culver City was right; "she never had to sit waiting like this." She became a star with possibly fewer preliminaries than any other, but there's a peculiarity about stars, heavenly and otherwise; it's a long time before their light arrives. Miss Rubens' "light" was on the way long before any one saw it. For all any one knows it began 'way back in Ireland, where her maternal ancestors came from, and in France, the home of her father's forbears. But it distinctly started a flicker a few years ago when she lived in San Francisco, her birthplace.

It was two and a half years ago that she walked into the Vitagraph studio in Hollywood and, without previous experience, was instantly selected by Manager Sturgeon to take the title part in "Loralie Madonna." After that the Triangle found it had to have those Eyes on its payroll. The bargain has been a good one because the young girl—now only twenty—proved to be Eyes plus Intellect, beauty and, especially, The Gift.

She played many parts, several with Douglas Fairbanks, notably as Theresa in "The Half Breed" and the opposite role in "The Americano."

"The other day," mused Miss Rubens, "I visited a little nicolodeon where they were showing 'The Half Breed.' I hadn't supposed it would be shown again, except out in little country villages, but there we all were. Douglas Fairbanks in a heavy dramatic part! Can you imagine that now?"

Steadily she proceeded with her career. "Career" was at first a very little package, and it has become a formidable piece of luggage now, but the traveling for Miss Rubens is not hard. She is as natural and unspoiled as when she was a pupil at the Sacred Heart Convent in San Francisco. She has naught but good words for others. There isn't a trace of envy in her disposition. Mary Pickford is her idol.

She has played many parts. She starred with William Desmond in "The Master of His Home," had the leading feminine role with William Hart in "The Cold Deck" and other Hart vehicles, and in the last five months Triangle has featured her in "The Firefly of Tough Luck," "The Regenerates," "The Gown of Destiny," and, next to be shown, "The Passion Flower," her chef d'œuvre thus far, although there has been some talk of changing its name to "I Love You" or something like that.

Miss Rubens has only been such recently. Originally she was Rueben, but her name was misspelled so often, she decided finally to simplify it to Rubens.

Stars of the Screen
and
Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods



Nativity of D. W. Griffith, Born January 22d.

THIS famous director was fortunately born, in many ways. At the hour of his birth, 10:33 A. M., we find Venus, Mercury and Jupiter in the tenth house, Mars and Neptune in the first, and the all-powerful Sun in the eleventh, all of which indicates that Mr. Griffith will have publicity and fame and high honor; while Mars rising and Lord of the Horoscope tells us that he will be foremost in everything he undertakes. Mercury configurated with Venus indicates that he should have a good voice with musical abilities. The positions of Saturn and Jupiter tell us that he will have great power to overcome obstacles, and general good luck all his life. Neptune rising indicates that he can see into the future for years, and gives the ability to read the minds of others. It also exalts the artistic taste, giving love to form, color and sound. Mars so exalted makes Mr. Griffith ambitious, enterprising, aspiring, skillful, and the creator of his own fate by impulse and strong desire. He loves liberty, is independent, courageous, and scorns defeat. The Sun, so situated, gives lofty ambitions and desires, honesty of purpose, self respect, constant friends and social success. His capacity for leadership is so strong that if you dropped him in the middle of Africa he would have the natives organized and working for him inside of a week.



Nativity of Mme. Alla Nazimova. Born June 4th.

AT the hour of this noted actress' birth, 3 P. M., the sign of the scales, Libra, was ascending, with Venus located in the sign Cancer and in good configuration to Mars. These are indications of the good actress. We also find the benevolent Jupiter in the house of theaters, therefore Mme. Nazimova should play parts where she can show justice to all, especially to children. Venus is in the location which rules long journeys and the higher mind, and I should say that Mme. Nazimova is highly educated and a great reader, also a great traveler.

Mme. Nazimova will be before the public all her life in some capacity, and the position of Venus shows that she was highly born, is artistic, refined, poetic, mediumistic, highly inspirational, and honest to a degree.

I would caution her not to invest money on games of chance, nor deal in small animals, nor go into partnership, as she thinks all the human race are honest; therefore she will lose from over-confidence in supposed friends. But she will have many real friends in life, especially among the higher classes. Her lucky stones are the agate, emerald, sapphire and garnet. The colors that harmonize best with her are pink, white, crimson and blue. The flowers that she should have around her are white carnation and the lily-of-the-valley.

Maybe *You* Would Like *to* Take War Movies

The thrilling activities of the camera man in the trenches, and in the air. He courts death hourly, but the pictures obtained are so valuable that he is compensated for his risks

By Homer Croy

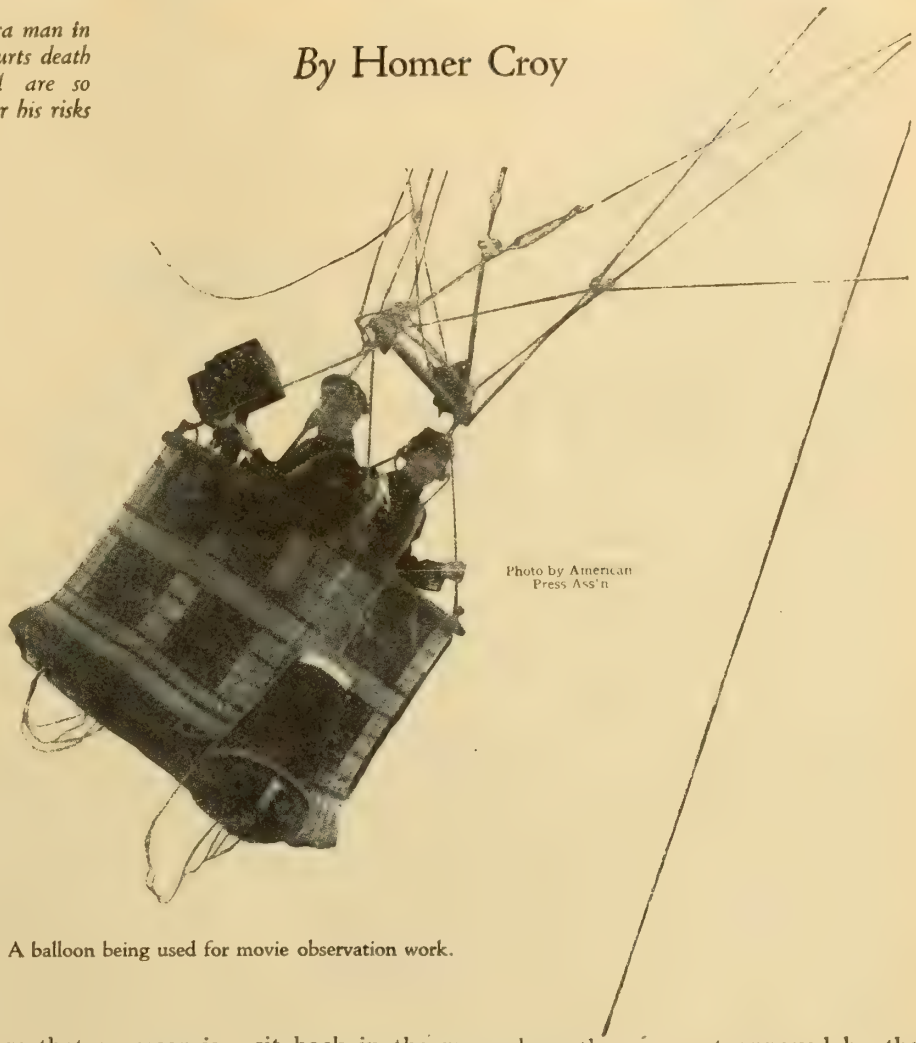


Photo by American Press Ass'n

A balloon being used for movie observation work.

IN the early days of the war—that is, a couple of years ago—pictures were taken for historical purposes. Now they let history look after itself. The pictures now made are taken for the purpose of turning Potsdam into a potato patch.

We will say that you are sitting at your desk when the boss rings for you. When you pass the frosted glass he tells you that you have been selected to go over and get some war movies. The chances are that you will have a sinking sensation in the pit of your stomach. Anyway the author had when he was told to make his first war pictures. He makes no pretentions of being a hero. In fact, the few times his courage has been put to the test he did not make his family any the prouder of him. The time or two that he has been in a tight place and had to fight his way out he acted in a fairly creditable manner, but on occasions when he knew that danger was coming and had time to think it over he usually had a marked perturbation under the fourth or fifth button of his vest. His observations are that a person is bravest when he gets caught suddenly and has to act before he has time to think.

So it was with a sinking sensation, where he couldn't put his hand on it, that he essayed to make motion pictures of the present conflict. He made some but the interest in them was comparatively short-lived. At the time he was taking them he thought that they would make history, but he found that when he stacked them up alongside of the work of the other fellows they were about as thrilling and about as important as a snap shot of a pie social in Piedmont, West Virginia.

However, he has kept in touch with other men recently returned and knows something about the means and methods followed to present the present conflict cinematographically.

In the early days they wouldn't let a photographer near the firing line. They said that he was taking up the space that a good soldier could be using; but now the generals plan their battles with the aid of a camera. The generals sit back in the rear where they are not annoyed by the minor attacks and counter attacks and keep their minds clear for big and strategic moves. These moves they are enabled to make by means of pictures. How they are enabled to accomplish this is a subject too broad to be handled within the confines of this article, so we shall have to keep to the part played by the movie camera.

Time was when a photographer could creep up to the firing line with his motion picture camera, thrust it through an opening between two sacks and bear away in triumph a pictorial representation of the affray. But those days of real sport are over. The man now seeking to creep down to the firing line and rig up his box behind a sack would suddenly find himself in a second base hospital, with a white linen nurse bending over him and asking him if there was anything special that he wanted to tell his mother.

You don't creep now. You do your photographing by proxy.

Say that your aim and ambition is to get a trench firing picture. A noble and laudable ambition, but you had bet-

No Man's Land as seen from an aeroplane, by a camera fitted with a telephoto lens.



ter attend to your correspondence before you go. It will save a lot of speculation at home.

Escorted by an officer, he will give you choice of location, or indicate as to where it would be best for you to make your photographic attempt. Selecting an opportune time—and before you have gone two hundred meters you will realize there is no such time—you will set up your camera as near the boche lines as possible. However far away they are they will seem much nearer. And if you listen you can hear them digging. And if you will take a look you will see that the wind has changed and that they are getting ready for a gas attack and if you take a look at the latest shell hole you will see that at last the artillery have got your distance. In fact, you will think that the whole German army is about to concentrate its efforts on your particular sector.



About to make an air flight with the camera perched in a machine gun rack.

However, set up your camera as fast as you can and stake it down. Wire the head and drive the pegs down good and deep if you don't want the first explosion that comes along to topple it over. The box is enveloped in a steel hood with an aperture for the lens. Hoods are a great protection against shell fragments. It's a pity their usefulness is confined to the cameras.

Fitted with a telephoto lens—a "Long Tom"—you can bring the Germans up within a few yards. But standing there twisting the handle would be what the life insurance companies classify as a hazardous calling. About two twists of the handle and you would be on casualty. So a battery is attached to your camera and a wire runs back to a trench, where to start your camera going you have only to touch a button.

This is all right for showing shells detonating and how No Man's Land looks, but suppose your side is to charge. Then you wouldn't get anything but their shirt tails. The picture from the other point of view is the one that sells. You want to show the Germans coming out of their trench with their hands up—the proper attitude for Germans—but you can't do that if you are staked down. So use your gyroscope camera on that. You have three or four cameras. You wouldn't think of going to war with just one, as if you were going out on the front steps to take the baby's picture. The gyroscope is run with compressed air and you can swing it on a strap over your shoulder the way an organ grinder does his means of livelihood, or you can hold it in your hands as if you were going to hand it to somebody.

Run by compressed air you don't have to do any cranking; kept stable and upright by the gyroscopic disc you don't have to watch your spirit level; with the universal focus you don't have to keep your eyes glued to the box. You take it along, with the lens pointing to the Germans, and keep your eye out for bayonets. When you see some one you have never met before headed in your direction with a bayonet in his hand and a determined look on his face, then throw your camera aside and grab your pistol. The quicker you grab it the better it will be for the boys back home who are expecting post cards. After you have finished with your pistol put it away for further use and pick up your camera; have a look to see that there is no mud on the lens, press the air with your left and start on again. But keep your eye out for shell holes. If you step in one and the camera comes down on top of you some man from Wurtemberg may see you kicking, come up and arouse your everlasting hatred.

So much for trench fighting.

Then there is the hospital stuff. You will take pictures of the German prisoners being brought in, of the King dedicating another hospital, of the ambulance boys at work, or kisses and good-byes and "home stuff" without end. But you've got to take a lot besides Trafalgar Square stuff if you want to be a real war photographer. It doesn't take any courage, or any special equipment of brains to get a Touching Scene as Our Boys March Down the Streets of Paris, or a Who-Says-Woman-Can't-Do-Man's-Work picture of a lady in overalls, but it does take courage and a straight line between the lips to go out and get the real stuff. Especially if you go in for aerial.

It's easy to send up a kite with an automatic attached to it and let it get what it will. Nor is it so trying to go up in an observation basket with your camera with you, but it does take determination and singleness of purpose to climb into an aeroplane and start for Essen. You may start, but there is always an element of uncertainty about the tickets calling for a return trip.

A balloon is all right for observation work but there is little spice or variety unless an aviator from across the Rhine comes along and turns his rapid fire in your direction. Housed in and tied down the way you are, there is little or no opportunity to retaliate in a fitting manner. About the only thing you can do is to close your eyes, make the sign and try to forget some of the things you have done.

Nor do you get much for your money when you get in a flying machine, with a camera that takes pictures only every four seconds, and scout around back of your lines. You get the biggest dividends when you climb into a machine with a motion picture camera beside you, and a pilot to lead you over the boundary and try to learn what they are doing along their communicating lines.

You must not stay too high—clouds do not make pictures any clearer. You've got to come down low to make them distinct. And when you come down low every gun in Germany turns loose on you.

If the attacking planes jocky into position where they can play their guns . . . then that is the end of things. But if you get back alive the films will be shown in the theatres and people will yawn and lean back in their seats and say, "I don't see why they don't get clearer pictures."

In the dark room on the motor truck the negative is developed, and dried, and in the little black room on the lorry it is printed and projected for the general staff. Frames from the negative are enlarged and used by cartographers. Patiently the maps are pieced out, bit by bit, a little by what you bring, a little by what some one else brings. But it isn't yet clear how a certain stream is crossed, and so back you go. Go until you get it or the dispatches say, "All our machines returned except one."

That's all they say and the people reading the papers over their coffee exclaim, "How lucky. All our machines returned except one." When you know Hal or Harry who shook you by the hand that morning before he climbed in, and about the picture he carried in the leather case next to his heart . . . then one machine not getting back doesn't seem so lucky. 'Specially the next day when the boys divide up his shaving outfit and try to be cheerful.

When the miniature battlefield, no larger than a pool table, has been worked out to scale from the photos you have made, and when the soldiers have been shown what to do, where to go, and the minute so long prepared for comes . . . then you feel that you have done your bit. And it is a fine feeling.

A Highbrow Villain *from the* Arctic Circle

By Randolph Bartlett



Mr. Oland at 26 years while he was playing in "Peer Gynt."



A recent photograph of Mr. Oland.



As Baron Huroki in "Patria" Mr. Oland achieves the most remarkable changes of personality with virtually no makeup.

I WONDER if they know about it in Umea.

What? You never heard of Umea? Well, to climb down off the high horse, I never did myself until just the other day. Now I know all about it. I know that it is a seaport in Sweden on the Gulf of Bothnia, on the sixty-fourth parallel of latitude, which means that it is about even with the southernmost point of Greenland. I know that it is within two hundred miles of the Arctic Circle, and has a mean annual temperature of 34.9 degrees. This mean temperature is very important and should be remembered carefully. For it is closely allied with the final, and most important fact concerning Umea, which is that this chilly town was the birthplace of Warner Oland. Recall, now, that the mean temperature of this Swedish metropolis is just 2.9 degrees above freezing—or in other words, if you poured the entire year's climate into a tub and dipped it out a cupful at a time, you would hardly be able to drink it. I venture the assertion that this is decidedly mean temperature. And since Mr. Oland lived in it for the first ten years of his life, is it any wonder he treats Irene Castle and Pearl White so mean in the Pathe serials? He had a running start in cold-bloodedness.

But while this tells everything we will ever need to know about Umea, I wonder if Umea knows about all the things that have happened to this wandering son of the Vikings. (I suppose everyone who comes from the Scandinavian peninsula should be so designated.) The word "happen," however, hardly fits. Things don't *happen* to men like Oland. He has played many parts in the drama of life, worked his way from poor circumstances to something very like affluence, but always he has been what Henley called "master of his fate." This is the reason why the villain in the play is almost always a more interesting person than the men who play the heroes. The hero must be handsome, tall, attractive in a romantic way. So if a young man happens to be built along such lines, the chances are that one day he will be snapped up by a theatrical or picture producer, and told that he will marry the girl in the last reel.

No such luck for the villain. He has to fight his way through life as through the drama. So with Warner Oland:

"When I was ten years old," he says, "my father apparently decided that he had had enough of the frozen north, and brought his family to America. Even at that age, my ambitions were definitely formed—I decided to be an operatic star. But, contrary to the general reports circulated in Sweden concerning the Western Hemisphere, gold was not to be picked up on the streets. As I approached manhood, I realized that I would have to earn the money for my musical education, and reading about the big prizes offered in those days for bicycle races, I decided I would win a few of them. I didn't.

"Next I decided to go to Boston. That was the musical center. I arrived in that city with nine dollars in my pocket, no prospects of getting any more, and immediately spent three dollars on a preliminary music lesson. It was not long, however, before I had discovered that art must be sacrificed to appetite. I knew it would take years to fit myself for opera, under the most favorable conditions, so I dropped the dream, and accepted the next best opportunity—the dramatic stage. My first engagement was as a super in 'The Christian,' and while I had given up all hope of singing, it was singing that took me out of the super class. The stage manager, Oscar Eagle, asked us, one evening, who could sing 'Jesus of Nazareth,' the Gounod Christmas song. I could, and I did, and I've never been a super since. That was luck."

"Luck nothing!" I objected. "If you hadn't won out that way you would have in some other way."

"Well, perhaps—but that eighteen dollars a week they paid me looked too big to be actually earned by my own efforts."



At the advanced age of ten, Mr. Oland had decided upon an operatic career.

The opportunity was all young Oland needed. Slipping casually over the intermediate events—his engagement with Viola Allen's productions for four years, with Sothern and Marlowe, with Nazimova, with Helen Ware, in "Madame X" and "The Yellow Ticket"—we reach a unique revelation concerning this many-sided individual.

Mr. Oland and Mrs. Vernon Castle in the serial, "Patria"

Mr. Oland has achieved the highest recognition in two branches of dramatic art as far removed from each other as the poles and as antagonistic—in the most intellectual phases of modern drama, and in serial photo melodrama. And to make it complete, he has linked the two together with success in the purely commercial drama.

It was Warner Oland who first translated the dramas of Strindberg into English, and it was Warner Oland who played the devilish Japanese in "Patria" with such diabolical cleverness that it brought a protest from the Mikado's state department. It was Warner Oland who originated the now general "little theater" movement, and it is Warner Oland who nearly kills Pearl White every few minutes in "The Fatal Ring." It was Warner Oland who introduced the idea of simplified stage settings to the American theater, and it is Warner Oland who pursues virtue and treasure through unnumbered "episodes" in every imaginable transportation device from a high-wheel bicycle to the latest design in aeroplanes. He has played everything from Shakespeare to the very devil, including "Peer Gynt," and the invariably accurate mimeographing machine of the International Film Service has recorded the fact that "his drowning success on the speaking stage was his daring interpretation of 'The Father' in which he gained distinction by introducing Strindberg's works to American audiences."

"Gained distinction," certainly, but nothing else. It was decidedly a "drowning success." And by the way, I had almost forgotten—

Ladies and gentlemen—meet Mrs. Warner Oland, known to the art world as Edith Shearn Oland, portrait painter, sister of Clarence J. Shearn of the New York Supreme Court, lady of letters. This happened thus:

Miss Shearn, one day, laid aside her pallette a few minutes, and dashed off a one-act play. With remarkable luck, she sold it at once, and it was staged as a curtain raiser at the theater where Mr. Oland was then playing. This is the one occasion when luck appears to have had any large part in Mr. Oland's career. Miss Shearn came to rehearsals—and they have lived happily ever since. Mrs. Oland immediately became interested in the translations Mr. Oland was doing, and their names appear together on their published books. Then came their venture into the field of production of high-brow drama in a little theater with simplified stage settings.

"The most tragically humorous thing that ever happened to me, was a certain criticism of 'The Father,'" said Mr. Oland. "We had worked out our scenes with the utmost care, spent weeks in studying just the exact color schemes to get the proper effects, used all the ingenuity at our command in reducing everything to its simplest form, and then an eminent critic remarked, sympathetically,



that the performance was so good it was a shame we did not have a Belasco production. It reminds me of that line from Kipling's poem, 'The Pioneer,' which says 'I remember going crazy.' Such

(Continued on page 126)

Heavens! What a Wonderful Blonde



Stagg

Tell us gentle reader, can anyone so pretty be interested in a book on advanced feminism, or is it merely a "prop."



Ziegfeld didn't get her for the Follies because — she couldn't see 'em with a telescope.

Stagg

By K. Owen

ONCE upon a time a beau-ti-ful young lady with glor-i-ous golden locks like a fairy princess's, an unruboff-able complexion that made peaches and cream look like a mess of cold porridge and a voice as sweet and clear as the tinkle of mission bells at sundown, went to the big City.

But unlike other beau-ti-ful girls who leave the hicks and the sticks for the lights and sights, she did not land in the front row of the Follies on the second night in town. It wasn't because she didn't have the chance—My, no!—but more of that anon.

You see it was not because of the golden curls and the homegrown complexion that she was in New York. It was the third ingredient, so to say,—the voice,—that caused her to leave the far-off city of Seattle by the Northwest Sea. She dreamed of a time when she would make vast audiences sit up and take notice, or words to that effect.

Well, getting to the point quickly, her dream has come true. Just the other night the writer was sitting in a cinema, as we say abroad,—when a figure flashed on the

screen and a man in the next seat sat up abruptly and said quite audibly:

"Good heavens, what a wonderful blonde!"

So the intelligent reader has tumbled to the fact ere this, that it wasn't her voice that has brought fame to golden haired Wanda Pettit.

And it wasn't because Maestro Flo Ziegfeld didn't see her that the fair Wanda didn't land in the Follies, because he *did* see her and he *did* try to induce her to join his aggregation of beauteous femininity. Unfortunately, the writer forgot his shorthand while the fair interviewee was telling about it, and the exact reason isn't clear, but perhaps it was because she had a voice. Yes, that must have been the reason.

Connoisseurs in flapperology, other than Mr. Ziegfeld, came into visual contact with the little princess from Seattle and it was no time before all of her waking moments, not devoted to voice culture, were spent in posing for artists. As a consequence her face has lightened the pages of nearly all of the well-known magazines at some time or other.

So it isn't anything extraordinary that the wonderful Wanda should have eventually landed in Cinemania where beauty is ever acclaimed and a throne is quickly thrown together for the newest in feminine loveliness.

"I suppose it was inevitable that I should become a screen actress," confided Miss Pettit to the interviewer, "though if it's not heresy, I'd like to say that a musical career appealed more strongly to me. Ever since I was a child I have been before the public, either as an accompanist for my brother who was a concert violinist, a church organist or as a vocalist. I have played accompaniments since I was nine years old.

"When I first reached New York to perfect my voice, a high soprano, I was still thinking of a career on the concert stage. But it wasn't very long before I arrived at

(Continued on page 129)





Aspiring to the concert stage Wanda went to New York to perfect her voice. She became a famous artist's model and then—the movies.

Stagg



Why-Do-*They*-Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

It's All Right If He Can Prove It.

I SUPPOSE there is no law against it, but by what right does Director J. Stuart Blackton brevet himself "The Master of Screen Craft," as he is advertised in connection with his picture, "The Judgment House?" He does not even call himself "A Master" but "The." This is a bit rough on Griffith, Brenon, Emerson, Tourneur, and all the other men who have really earned their spurs, and who don't go about calling themselves the Great I Am. The more I see of the sort of advertising employed by picture advertisers, the more I am convinced that many producers think the public is 99 per cent boobs. And the joke of it is that this is not so.

T. L., Evanston, Ill.



Attention! Mr. William Fox

YES it is sad but true. I saw a perfectly good modern launch sail right across the horizon during the "close-up" of Jane Lee in the Greek episode of "The Daughter of the Gods."

Gee, but Nero and his Romans had nothing on the Greeks for class!

R. E. Larson, Green Bay, Wis.

The Cooper-Hewitt Oil Lamp

IN "The Fighting Trail" during the episode named "The Other Half" there were two men in a cabin. One of them lighted a lamp. Before it was half started a strong light shone brightly on the men's faces although only one was facing the lamp. I have noticed this before.

Even a Douglas Fairbanks film is not faultless. In "The Man from Painted Post" when entering the building to see the school teacher he ties his horse to a post. He comes out and lo, the beast is tied to a corner of the building.

Mrs. W. M. Phelps, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Ever-handy Wardrobe

IN the recent Photoplay "Charity Castle" featuring Mary Miles Minter, a scene is shown where she and her little brother enter the home of the "ogre."

In the night when she hears a strange noise and gets up to investigate we see her completely clad in a fluffy night gown and her little brother sporting a pair of snugly fitting pajamas.

Where did they get this outfit? If I remember correctly they entered the house with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

W. E. M., Memphis, Tenn.

We Have Often Wondered

IN a recent episode of "The Fatal Ring," the villains roll Pearl White in a blanket and take her away in an automobile. Before they carry her out of the house, one of the villains looks to see if anyone is coming.

Apparently no one is in sight, so they carry Pearl out to the auto. While they are doing it a policeman walks along on the other side of the street and takes no notice of it.

What are policemen for, pray?

Elliott M. Atkins, Marblehead, Mass.

Curious Climate of Baldpate

SAW Geo. M. Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." The season was supposed to be mid-winter. The caretaker of the inn was clad in a mackinaw, fur cap and muffler, and Cohan wore an overcoat. Nevertheless the trees were in full leaf and the flowers in bloom around Baldpate.

Ted Keegan, Denver, Colo.

Another Movie Miracle

IN "Freckles" Jack Pickford as the one-armed boy erects a shack by himself, for the heroine, but the cabin which appeared in the picture could not have been built by a man with all of his members. Many of the logs in the cabin weighed three times as much as Jack.

In "Poppy" there is shown upon the first page of The London Times, a book review. This paper never publishes anything upon its first page but classified advertisements and display "ads." The heroine is shown reading a news item about the return of an African explorer to London, and the article is illustrated. Any reader of this paper knows that photographs are not used.

W. C. Kinnaird, Lexington, Ky.



A Bad Sign

THE horses have just pulled up over the brow of the hill, straining at every trace and line, foam is flecked over their necks and shoulders from the hard pull up the canyon. The brave fortyniners and pioneers rush to meet the stage which is bringing One-Shot Ross to the "Cave-in." As the lumbering vehicle pulls up to a halt, what do we see over the driver's shoulders? No, Therese, that is not to mark the grave of a departed redskin. That is a bright new signpost of the Auto Club of Southern California, and if we could get closer we might read, "Autos Blow Horn." Truly a fitting "location" for such a wild, western drammer.

Charlie Fuhr, Los Angeles, Cal.

Here's a Keen Observer

OF course it was a very pretty bedroom suite, but why did they use it in three different establishments in "The Immortal Flame"? Maude Fealy had it in her room; then when she left her husband and took a furnished apartment, behold, the same suite; finally, in the mother's deathbed scene, the same furniture is on the job. Overworking a good thing, I call it!

When Doug Fairbanks started out to rescue his lady-love, in "The Man from Painted Post," was it necessary for him to peel off his coat and vest and start out in a white shirt? Seems to me he'd be a fine target in that dark cabin. Yes?

In "Anything Once," Franklyn Farnum took the part of a young millionaire named Theodore Crosby. Nevertheless, his pajamas were monogrammed with a large and ornate "F. F." Question: Do millionaires wear borrowed pajamas?

SLIM JIM, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Tip or Two on Naval Regulations



RECENTLY I saw "The Slacker," and while it is a very wonderful and intensely patriotic picture, there are several mistakes for which there is no apparent excuse.

When George Wallace joins the navy he comes home in a regulation uniform, correct in every detail except the hat. Now maybe this could be put over in an inland town, but in a navy city such as Vallejo everyone knows that since declaration of war the flat blue cap has not been worn. And since when does a seaman have the white stripe on the left shoulder?

Another mistake. After enlisting in the army, Bob comes home wearing a cartridge belt. Verily, verily what next?

NELLIE M. KORF, Vallejo, Cal.

Would-be Romeos, Please Note.

CAN you tell me, Mr. Editor, why it is that movie suitors always carry their flowers with them when they call upon their lady-loves? Most florists pride themselves upon a delivery service. Or would the directors have us believe that our hero went out into his front yard and gathered the flowers himself? Verily, I'll come to that conclusion, unless somebody injects some twentieth-century tactics into our movie wooings.

JULIA JONES, St. Louis, Mo.

Friend Betty Don't Snooze at the Movies

IN "The Dark Silence" in which the leading parts were taken by Clara Kimball Young and Edward Langford, Miss Young wore as a titled lady and the mistress of a beautiful home a housedress suitable for a maid.

In "Max Wants a Divorce" his wife must have changed her hat in her limousine as she had on a different hat when she went in than when she came out.

In "Every Girl's Dream" (Fox) Harry Hilliard carries a sheep which has been injured. And strange to say the sheep grows horns between scenes.

Who taught Anna Little to play the piano? It certainly is good that it was a "movie." Anna Little is a good actress and I enjoy seeing her play—anything but the piano.

BETTY ANITA WILLIS, Deadwood, S. D.

And Not An 1830 Model Either

IN one scene of "The Conqueror," we see a daredevil of Sam Houston's time, wabbling uncertainly upon the granddaddy of the modern bicycle while an excited crowd wildly cheers the bold feat. In another scene, only a few years later, we are shown the grounds of a southern mansion, and lo! an automobile whizzes by in the distance. To be sure it was just a flash, but enough to destroy the impression that it all happened back in the '30's.

EDITH WALKER, So. Pasadena, Cal.

Alas, For the Queen's English

IN "Rasputin" a title informs us that at a certain stage the villain "reached the highest verge of success." Possibly this was at the same time that he was trembling on the pinnacle of disaster.

D. J., New York.

Ask Me! Ask Me!

WHY do the types selected to represent physicians, more often suggest either a cub reporter or ye olde time hack driver, rather than an up-to-date man of professional poise and intelligence.

MARY M. HOPKINS, New Market, Md.

Talking of Things Cheerful

IN the five reel celluloid monstrosity entitled "The Final Payment" we are shown first a gruesome knifing scene, followed by the throwing of a woman from a cliff. Then we see this woman in her bed of anguish while her husband is hung in the public square. Morbid scene number four, is the body of a dead woman floating in the water, followed closely by the burning to death of the arch-villain in his fishing schooner.

Whoever is responsible for this masterpiece is certainly over zealous in his anxiety to satisfy the morbid-movie fan, for even the most exacting are satisfied to see two of the characters "bite the dust."

ALBERT DEANE, Sydney, Australia.

A Speedy Recovery

IN the last part of the play "The On-The-Square-Girl," Mollie King is so weak and helpless she is assisted from her room and led down stairs by her artist lover. When her rival appears on the scene she (Mollie) makes an exit which for speed would make Douglas Fairbanks look like a selling plater.

E. F. GRIFFITH, Vevay, Indiana.

It Can't Be Done Without a Make-up

HOW do you suppose a man could fight in a prize-fight, get licked, and the next day not even show a single bruise or swollen lips, although he had received a hard blow on the mouth? This occurs in "Pride and the Man" with William Russell.

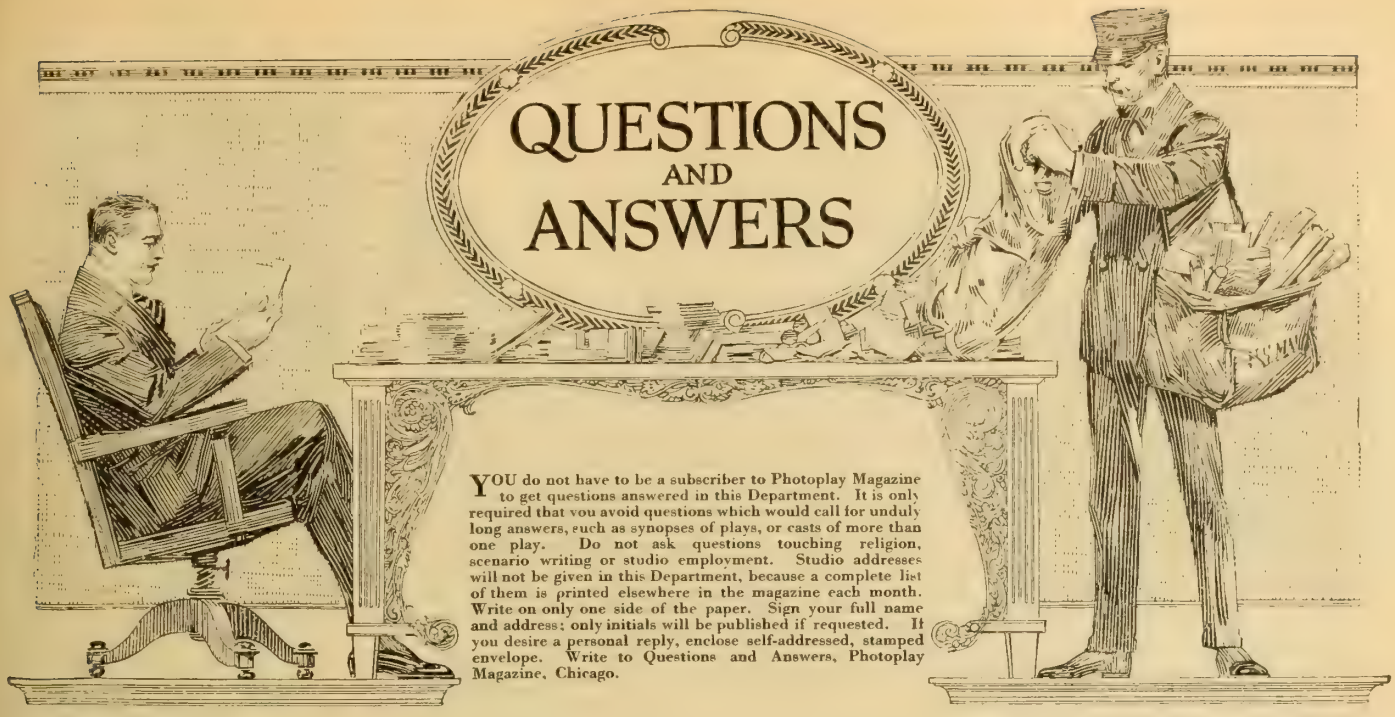
Ten shots one right after another without reloading from an ordinary pistol is going some even for a slapstick comedy.

MISS CORRINE PATRICK, Austin, Tex.

Not According to Hoyle

IN "The Firefly of Toughluck," we see a two handed game of solo, on which the chief action in the photoplay hinges. I've played solo on both sides of the Mexican line and never have I seen less than three men playing it. It just naturally isn't a two-handed game. And then I thought I saw the faro dealer deal off three cards out of the box several times instead of two. But it was sure a great cast.

JOSEPH MCGEE, El Centro, Cal.



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

PANSY, HOUSTON, TEX.—So you honestly believe we are a man. Isn't that funny; we've had the same hunch for a long time. Must be something in mental telepathy. Your prediction about Olive Thomas might come true. She's pretty close to Mary Pickford right now—sister-in-law. And you're wild about Doug Fairbanks? Now ain't that peculiar; so is his wife! Write again, Pansy, and ask some questions.

L. M., SAN ANGELO, TEX.—More of the Lone Star state and ole Tom Green county at that! Haven't no idea, sis, why Emily Stevens wore such a sort of a dress on the beach in "The Slacker." It was sure-enough funny, wasn't it? But there are some questions we won't even try to answer and that's one. We never could figure out why certain women wore certain dresses or why certain girls fell in love with certain fellows.

V. B., OTTAWA, ILL.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is married to Ethel Fleming.

J. M., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The way to get to the Lasky studio from where you live is to take a Grand Avenue car to Fifth and Broadway; then walk over to the Hill street station and take a Hollywood car to Vine and walk a block south to Selma. But it won't do you any good as visitors are not allowed in the studio.

WATTLEBLOSSOM, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—That eye puzzle seems to have "gone big" in Australia. The answers were in the August PHOTOPLAY.

H. E. D., NEW YORK CITY.—Better write to some trade paper or to the producing companies direct for the prices of their films. Most of them are sold through exchanges.

LUCY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your tip received and placed on file. Elliott Dexter was on the stage with Miss Doro. That's where he met her. Story about him now on the fire. He has kept his age a secret from us thus far.

CUPID, WALLA WALLA, WASH.—If you are "quite good looking and have dreamy eyes," we're afraid you will never be a successful photoplayer. You will never get above the thousand-dollar-a-week class; your handwriting tells us that. Jackie Saunders is 25 and Mae Marsh 22.

ELAD, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Mr. Kerrigan has officially stated that he was misquoted. We are sure that he isn't a slacker. Why, haven't you seen the way he fights? Some day when we get better acquainted we'll tell you why we like Australia, but not now. *Do* write again.

HOT AIR, PORTERVILLE, CAL.—Wallie's last picture: "Nan of Music Mountain." Yes, he's very popular with seniors, also juniors and sophs. No, we won't tell a soul.

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

A. R., WARATAH, TASMANIA.—So Fayette Perry is out there playing "Very Good Eddie?" Well, we hope that R. D., of Des Moines, sees this answer to her query. Many thanks. "Peg of the Ring" was filmed in California nearly two years ago. Here is the complete cast: *Peg*, Grace Cunard; *Dr. Lund, Jr.*, Francis Ford; *Flip*, Pete Gerald; *Mrs. Lund*, Jean Hathaway; *Dr. Lund*, Marc Fenton; *Marcus*, Irving Lipner.

J. L., ROANOKE, VA.—William Hinckley is now back in California recuperating from an illness. Wally Van is back in the harness, directing and playing comedies. Pardon our presumption; you see we thought that everybody there belonged to the Bushman Club.

BILLY, DRUMRIGHT, OKLA.—Neither Violet Mersereau nor Carmel Myers is married. Both are with Universal.

FRANCIS, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—The cast for "The Law of the North:" *Lieut. Robert Graham*, Chas. Sutton; *Corporal John Emerson*, Pat O'Malley; *Edith Graham*, Shirley Mason; *Reginald Annessley*, Richard Tucker; *Marie Beaubien*, Sally Crute; *Pierre Beaubien*, Fred Jones; *Batiste*, Robert Keggeris.

DE RIT, HAMILTON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—It seems we are indebted to you, so accept our thanks until we find something better to ship you. Mildred Harris has become quite a star and is now with the Lois Weber company. Louise Lovely is with Universal and Arthur Shirley with Balboa.

JULIAR CASUS, GALT, ONT., CANADA.—Why don't you tell your theater manager whom you prefer? If that don't work, quit going till he delivers the goods. Anita Loos writes most of the subtitles for the Fairbanks pictures and Doug writes some hisself.

PATS, WILKINSBURG, PA.—Every single one on your list isn't. That is, every single one on your list isn't single. Here they are with their ages opposite: Creighton Hale, 25; Tom Forman, 26; Tom Moore, 28; Harold Lockwood, 29; Wallace Reid, 27; Douglas Fairbanks, 34; Earle Foxe, 30; Charles Ray, 26; Marshall Neilan, 26; Allan Forrest, 27; Jack Mulhall, 26; Dustin Farnum, 44; George Walsh, 25. Never ask why an actress could be 29 three years ago and 30 now; it isn't done in our set.

BOB, JACKSON, MICH.—Vernon Steele played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins" and more recently with Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus."

TOM, GREENCASTLE, IND.—Thelma Salter is a native of California and eight years old. She has played in "Sign of the Rose," "Flower of the Desert," "Happiness," "The Crab." We have no cast for "The Call of the Lilies." Pearl White will answer your letter.

C. J., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Vivian Martin has been married about two years. Louise Huff has one child, a li'l baby. She was born in 1895—Louise, not the baby. And she was married in 1914. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph. Emmy Wehlen is not married.

J. P., OTTAWA, ILL.—Nope, Doug Fairbanks wasn't in "Villa of the Movies."

BOLO, MADISON, WIS.—You are eminently correct. "Somewhere in America" was made more than two years ago and was the second picture that Mary Miles Minter made for Metro, but it was not released until recently. Ella Hall is the wife of Emory Johnson. Mae Murray is married to Jay O'Brien, a non-professional and George and Raoul Walsh are brothers.

OLGA, ST. PAUL, MINN.—No, Earle Foxe didn't die in the sixth episode of "The Fatal Ring." He didn't even die a-tall. He was born on Christmas, 1887. If that's a poem you enclose, please confine your literary endeavors to prose in the future.

GEORGETTE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Tsuru Aoki played last with her husband Sessue Hayakawa in "The Call of the East." But she's playing with him in his next production. Jack Holt was the American in "The Call of the East" and the German-American in "The Little American" with Mary Pickford.

ROSEMARY, TORONTO, CANADA.—Hope you were satisfied with the answer to your Earle Williams query. There was another picture of him in the issue of June, 1917.

P. G., OAKLAND, CAL.—Marguerite Clark is *not* married, never has been and says she never will; so there! Collect your candy. John Bowers is with World.

RARA AVIS, NYACK, N. Y. — Mary Pickford's friends call her "Mary"; so do her relatives and most everybody else that doesn't call her Miss Pickford. Her hair is naturally curly and when she's in the East, she usually lives at a hotel.

PEGGY, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Mignon Anderson has been with Universal, in Hollywood, for about a year and a half. Billie Burke is now back on the screen.

MRS. J. E. G., ERIE, PA.—Jack Dean has appeared in nearly all of Miss Ward's photoplays. Rockcliffe Fellowes is married.

E. B., ANSON, TEX.—Full particulars for writing photoplays? All right; just wait till we get them.

I., CEDAR BLUFF, N. Y.—Yes, we should say that Earle Foxe is of a "naturally romantic disposition."

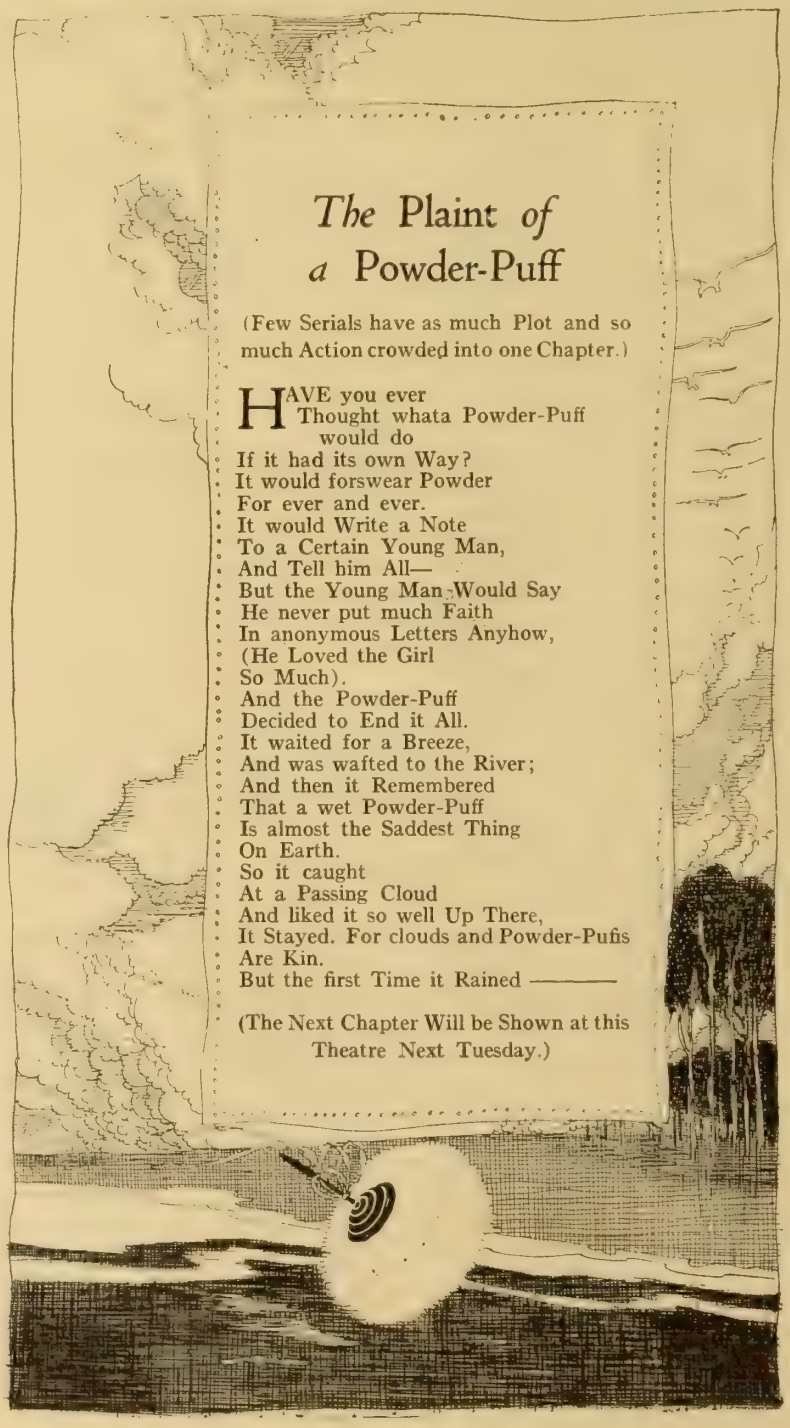
LUCILLE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Tom Mix is married, Mrs. Mix's maiden name being Olive Stokes, but she is suing for divorce. Jack Sherrill is with the Frohman Amusement Co.

R. C. R., MCKEES ROCKS, PA.—Here's the cast for "Slumberland": *Eileen McCree,* Thelma Salter; *Nora McCree,* Laura Sears; *Patrick McCree,* Jack Livingston. (They all seem to be there but Mother McCree.) *Peter Kennedy,* J. P. Lockney; *Flynn,* Walter Perry.

RUSSELL FAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—Yes, Bill is quite a feller. There ought to be a chance for a job as Answer Man, because they don't live long. Rudolph Cameron, Miss Stewart's new leading man was not the one in "The Valentine Girl."

M. S., TORONTO, CANADA.—There is no reason why an old maid couldn't be an Answer Man, because a successful old maid has a good sense of humor or she wouldn't be one. The photograph looks like Wallie Reid might have looked at the age of 14.

L. B., CLARINDA, IA.—Of course we have no way of knowing whether Bobby Harron has been thinking matrimonially these days, but it's pretty much of a cinch that he thought more of torpedoes and U Boats recently. There are no American actresses abroad at present that we know of. The family name of Lottie and Jack is Smith, just the same as Mary's.



M. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Mary Louise Walker has been with Vitagraph, World and Famous and can be reached by mail at 601 West 72nd St., New York City.

JUSTICE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—We'll try to have the editor stir up something about "Rudy" Cameron.

BABE, NEDERLAND, COLO.—Montagu Love is 40. Universal City, Cal., is about the only picture factory that encourages visitors. Holbrook Blinn's address, Lambs Club, New York City. Dustin Farnum's, Hollywood, Cal.

NAN, THOMASVILLE, GA.—We haven't the cast of the first screen production of "Oliver Twist" but Nat Goodwin played *Fagin* in it and was starred.

L. N., TACOMA, WASH.—Beatriz Michelena played the leading role in "Mignon." Creighton Hale is with Pathe. "A Woman's Resurrection" cast: *Katusha Maslova,* Betty Nansen; *Prince Dimitri,* Wm. Kelly; *Simonson,* Edward Jose; *Countess Sophia,* Bertha Brundage; *Ivan,* Arthur Hoops; *Jacoby,* Stuart Holmes; *Selemin,* J. B. Williams; *Prince Kerschagen,* Edgar Davenport; *Princess Ditto,* Ann Sutherland; *their daughter,* Frances Larrimore; *Marietta,* Cecilia Sydney.

PICKLES, SAN FRANCISCO.—Blanche Sweet and Tom Meighan played the chief roles in "The Sowers." Theodore Roberts played with Miss Sweet in "The Thousand Dollar Husband" and other plays.

LILLIAN, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—William Desmond was the *prince* in "Bullets and Brown Eyes." He has played on the stage in Australia. Gladys Fairbanks is no relative of Doug. And it isn't Doug who has the twins.

JOY LADY, PRESCOTT, ARK.—Billie Burke's latest is "Arms and the Girl." Paul Willis was last with Morosco. Edward Earle is with Vitagraph.

OVERSIGHT, SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—Louise Welch was the girl in "Father and the Boys" and she's probably the same who is now Louise Lovely, although we didn't see that play. Anyhow, that's Louise's right name. Louise Glaum was born in Maryland and Alan Hale in Washington, D. C.

W. G., BALTIMORE, MD.—You'll have to tell us more about your cousin before we can look her up. What does "D. D. S." stand for?

GERALD, FORT BLISS, TEX.—Eileen Percy was the girl in "Down to Earth." She's a native of Ireland and 17 years old. Tom Forman doesn't send his pictures any more. It would take too much of his corporal's pay.

(Continued on page 130)



NEVER cut the cuticle. Cutting makes rough, ragged edges and causes hangnails.



Notice what an improvement even one Cutex manicure makes! See how quickly you can give your nails the well-groomed shapeliness everyone admires.

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

The wrong and the right way to manicure



(Photo by Floyd, N.Y.)
Naomi Childers, whose perfect features noted artists have often commented upon, says: "After my manicurist had used Cutex but once, I saw the difference, and now consider it a matter of course not to have hangnails or uneven cuticle."

When the cuticle is trimmed or cut, the skin about the base of the nail becomes dry and ragged. It roughs up, forms hangnails and makes your whole hand unattractive.

All specialists agree that in caring for the nails, your effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken*.

Cutex was scientifically prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover. It makes it possible for you to have shapely, symmetrical nails without clipping or cutting. It is absolutely harmless, and the moment you use it you realize you have at last found the one simple, successful way to take care of the cuticle.

People who have been cutting the cuticle find that no matter how much they have abused it, Cutex soon smooths away the rough skin around the base of the nail and quickly makes it even and firm.

Send for the trial manicure set offered below and see what an improvement the very first Cutex manicure makes.

How to manicure the right way

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Photoplay's Prize-Winning Scenarios

What the expert who put them into shape for production at the Triangle Studio thinks of the two leaders

By Jack Cunningham

SCREEN personality is one thing we have heard more about than any other associated with the work of the person who goes before the camera to portray our dream characters on the motion picture screen. Up until a comparatively short time ago, that expression, "screen personality," was applied only to the actor. Now, with perhaps a different choice of words, we find the same thing applied to stories; almost the same analysis being applied to the story as to the work of the actor before the camera.

As in one case, so in the other,—an actor may have very little ability to act, from the standpoint of an intimate knowledge of the technique of his art, but he may have that indefinable, strange thing known as "screen personality" and we like to see him before us in the dumb show of the celluloid strip; so with a story. It may be lacking in big plot, strong action or thrilling incident, but it has that indefinable, strange thing known as "screen personality" and we like to see it projected on the screen.

In an appraisal of "Real Folks," the first prize ($1,000) story in the recent PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE contest, the continuity of which I had the pleasure of writing, I can think of no better way to express my appreciation of it than that it has "screen personality." "Real Folks" is just a pregnant page taken from every day American life. Its people live before us as the girl next door or the boy down the street might live in any American village.

And we follow the pilgrimage to the larger places and the more complicated life of the metropolis as we might follow our next door neighbor should he happen to strike it rich and remove himself and family to the wider spheres of existence.

As for plot, "Real Folks" presented some difficulty in construction when the time came to "put it in continuity" for the director. In spite of its delightful characterizations and the true atmosphere which surrounded it, the story was not what might be termed plastic for the scenario constructionist. For instance, there were gaps of time which had to be shortened so that the average picture audience might not yawn over a lapse of four years, and so on.



Ollie Sellers, studio manager and Jack Cunningham, scenario writer, discussing the production of the prize-winning stories.

The characterizations, pleasing though they are, must also undergo some changes in order to do what we call "snapping up the picture,"—that is, eliminating non-essentials which in a novel, for instance, might make most entertaining incidentals. There must be more of the sudden transition than is possible to get in slow character development and yet it must apppear to be slow. There must be no forcing.

So, because of the very delightful sketching in which the author of "Real Folks" indulged, the scenarioist found himself up against the problem of tearing apart and putting together again the substance of which three or four characters were made, much as he had come to love and coddle those characters in his mind before he started the continuity.

Another very pleasing item in the original construction of "Real Folks" was the variety of scene, the imaginative leaps of time and the ground which the story covered,—all pleasing from the standpoint of story, but presenting very wonderful difficulties in the preparation of the story for the screen. These must be eliminated or brought down to fit into the compass of five reels of film. In other words, "Real Folks" might have been written as it came to hand, but it would not have been five reels when finished. That is a very important thing for the writer outside of studio life to think about. Simplicity of plot and action, coupled with the smallest possible time lapse, contribute most toward the ease with which a screen story can be prepared for production and toward the ease with which it may be viewed by the picture audience. "Real Folks" did not have these three attributes, but it had strong motives, real characters and fundamental plot, all of which are powerful. And it had, above everything else, the thing for which we search and search,—"screen personality." Given the "screen personality" in a story we can simplify and bring it down. But we cannot, and preserve the story, put "screen personality" into the story which has it not, any more than that same thing can be taught to an actor.

"Betty Takes a Hand," the second ($500) prize winner of the contest, which was also assigned to this writer, and which appears in fiction form in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, presented difficulties and favorable signs quite the contrary to those discovered in the first prize story. "Betty Takes a Hand" contained the elements of comedy drama adaptable to the screen, but it presented pitfalls on all sides. It was full of things so close to farce that there was much pulling and hauling to keep on the side of pure comedy. As to length, it was a five reel picture before it ever was touched by the sacrilegious hand of the scenarioist. There were several little lumps in it, but they worked out smoothly as all comedy should.

One great help to be found in the original story was the absolutely clean comedy which was unearthed. There were several features which appeared hackneyed at first, but they so easily changed complexion upon sincere contemplation that they were a negligible quantity when considered as difficulties. The author had the "old business" of the secret papers which rapidly disappeared under the light of close scrutiny and they will not be missed.

There was a most delightful character to draw in the personality of Betty and, in the contrast found in her sweetheart's father, there were great possibilities. Betty, once we had her established, could be made to do almost anything and still be in character. She was just as lovely in her way as "Mother Dugan" in "Real Folks."

In passing, it might be remarked that Betty and Mrs. Dugan are two of the finest people to be found on the screen in many a day. They are excellent creations and it will be well worth the effort of making the two prize pictures just to see these two thoroughly human beings live before us. It was a pleasure to work them into form for the silver sheet.



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The Shadow Stage

By Mr. Bartlett

(Continued from page 68)

"big scene," it has no intricacy of plot. It is just the story of a girl who, getting away to a bad start in life, by her force of character developed a splendid womanhood. The core of the fable lies in the fact that Jennie, desperately in love with an artist for whom she was a model, realized that he would be socially ostracized if she married him. So she calmly decided to live with him without marriage. Circumstances connected with his family's interference caused her to run away from him without warning. But meanwhile he had come to such a realization of her big part in his life, that he followed and eventually found her. Elsie Ferguson portrays all Jennie's charm and strength. Elliott Dexter gives the sincere interpretation of the artist that one would naturally expect of this always pleasing actor.

BLUE JEANS—Metro

"Blue Jeans" is as inconsistent as a woman's argument, and every whit as charming. Here is the old-fashioned sentimental melodrama of the 'nineties and earlier, done into pictures, with Viola Dana as the winsome waif. The story is so old that it might be recalled for the benefit of them whose memories do not go back farther than the war with Spain. A young man comes to a small town, changes his name from Perry Bascom to Jim Nelson, because the last Bascom there was cordially hated, and for good reason. He becomes a candidate for congress, and secretly marries a waif, June. A woman arrives who claims she is his wife, but he insists that she had a husband when she married him. He cannot prove it offhand, so he is spurned by the villagers, and leaves to locate the woman's real husband. His wife is little better than an outcast. He eventually returns and surprises the various villains. The story is full of real heart-throbs and humanity, despite its mechanical plot, and little Viola Dana wins more laurels as an emotional actress. The atmosphere of the 'seventies is carefully retained. It is a good picture. It has much the same effect as looking through grandmother's old plush photograph album.

THE SECRET OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Selznick

"The Secret of the Storm Country," it should be understood at the outset, is not a sequel to "Tess," though, for reasons not clear, the simple little child of nature who makes the story, is given the awesome name of Tessibel. Norma Talmadge again has something the same sort of role that she had in "Poppy," an unhappy little creature who dreams and has faith. It is not the greatest of the Talmadge symphonies, but neither is it the least.

DRAFT 258—Metro

So great was the success of "The Slacker" that the Metro company has followed with another patriotic offering by the same director, William Christy Cabanne, "Draft 258," starring Mabel Taliaferro. Again there is the fine line drawn between sentimental patriotism and patriotic sentimentality. This picture revolves around a young woman whose elder brother was a rampant pacifist, and who thereby became a tool of a ring of German spies and wreckers of munition plants. But the story is not especially important, for the picture is rather a revue of 1917 preparations for war. The big scene is in the office of an exemption board, revealing human nature as it came to the surface at the call to arms. It is good entertainment, and while not possessing the story value of "The Slacker," it is a good sort of picture for Americans to consider just now.

SUNSHINE ALLEY—Goldwyn

At last a Goldwyn picture, which is only half bad—"Sunshine Alley," with Mae Marsh as the star. For two or three reels we have the old Mae Marsh, the Mae Marsh of "The Wharf Rat," a half happy, half wistful creature, naïve and natural, surrounded by a perfect zoo of birds and small beasties and children. It was all atmosphere, all color, all human joys and woes. Then, evidently, the Goldwyns said, "Now that we have done this we must bring the picture down to the level of the stupid public," whereupon the thing becomes just another of those "She-didn't-steal-the-jewels-I-did" movies, where the bad, bad brother, lured into paths of wickedness by a low, beer-drinking friend, reforms and saves his sister from disgrace so that she can marry Bobby Harron. They didn't let Bobby do anything but wear dress clothes and ride in automobiles, so his art is wasted. But at least this picture is a sign that the Goldwyn producing machine is not entirely devoid of intelligence, as was suspected from the earlier releases.

THE ETERNAL MOTHER—Metro

Ethel Barrymore again in one of her serious, powerful roles. Believing her first husband, a drunkard, and their child whom he stole from their home, dead, Maris marries a wealthy factory owner, who employs child labor. The wife's starved mother-love is awakened by the sufferings of the children, but her husband coldly tells her to mind her own business. The long arm of coincidence comes into the plot. Maris' own child is among the employes of the mill. The former husband tries to blackmail the mill owner. Maris runs away with her child. It is a tangled plot, but it unravels easily. Frank Mills as the factory owner, and J. W. Johnston as the disreputable first husband add great force to the story.

A LITTLE PRINCESS—Artcraft

Mary Pickford's Christmas contribution is "A Little Princess," made from the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The story appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE last month. One of the most delightful passages in it is the story of Ali Baba, an interlude describing pictorially how the Little Princess told the tale to her friends in a boarding school. It is deliciously fantastic. Throughout, it is Mary at her best—the impersonator of the joys and sorrows of childhood. One word must be added in praise of Zasu Pitts, who played the "little marchioness" slavey—great.

THE SILENT MAN—Artcraft

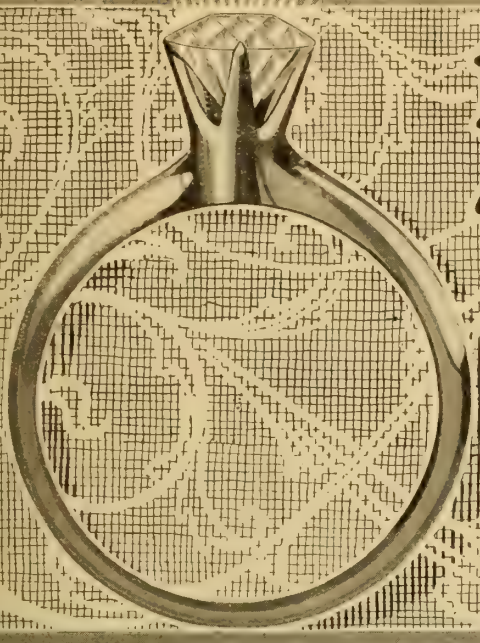
"The Silent Man" is the first of the William S. Hart productions for Artcraft that is not entangled in litigation. It is a story of a lone prospector who succeeds after years of hardship in staking a valuable claim. He is tricked out of it, but finally gets it back and marries the girl. There is the requisite amount of gunplay to bring it up to the Hart standard of drama. The production is of the excellent Artcraft sort, the story by Charles S. Kenyon containing much good material, with unusually striking titles.

DAUGHTER OF DESTINY—Petrova

"Daughter of Destiny" is Madame Olga Petrova's first offering as her own chief of productions. It is Petrova at her best, for she is one of the few actresses who, placed in a court reception, looks as if she belonged there. The story deals with the love and patriotism of the daughter of an American diplomat. She marries a man who pretends to be an artist, but who really represents the German spy system. The story is convincing. Petrova herself has never shown the screen so much of her ability. She is more animated than before, less prone to immobility. The production is beautiful in the extreme. Several of the close-ups of Petrova rank with the highest flights of the camera into the realm of fine art.

REACHING FOR THE MOON—Artcraft

"Reaching for the Moon" is Douglas Fairbanks' December contribution to the gaiety of nations. Again the Fairbanks-Emerson-Loos combination strikes twelve. This time it is the exaggerated notion of the power of concentration—a "new" thought fad as old as Buddhism—that comes in for a larruping. Fairbanks plays the part of a young man so anxious to be one of the "kings of the earth" that he dreams himself into the throne of a turbulent Balkan state. Then his troubles begin. Life is just one bomb plot after another, culminating in a high comedy duel. In these hilariously melodramatic scenes, Fairbanks is all that he ever has been, in the spirit of comedy and in athletic prowess. Then, to quote the title of a previous picture, he comes "down to earth," to find that his "one sympathetic listener" has been concentrating along more practical lines. The satire is delicious, and the final scenes, where Fairbanks races afoot through the streets of the skyscraper section of New York, to get his old job back at the button fact-



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

tory, are unique. This is a fitting successor to "Down to Earth" and its other logical forerunners.

MOTHER—McClure Pictures

George Loane Tucker's drama of Devon, "Mother," is an epic of the soil. The essence of the picture is the characterization of the mother by Elisabeth Risdon. No more heart-imprisoning study has been offered on the silversheet this year, if any year. Miss Risdon reminds one of David Warfield, not merely in a certain fascinating facial similarity, especially a sensitive mouth, but in the spirit of her impersonation. And physically the picture is wonderful. It was made in the Dartmoor country, the rugged roof of the peaceful shire. It is Mr. Tucker's finest achievement.

SYLVIA OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Pathe

If Pathe is serious in its invasion of the feature play field, it had better get a scenario department that never heard of serials. "Sylvia of the Secret Service" is just a lot of itching hand, grabbing claw, gnashing teeth, kicking feet stuff. Irene Castle has become an actress of remarkable talent since she first entered pictures. But, exploited in such junk as this, she will soon lose her appeal. And "Stranded in Arcady" gave such promise of good things to come. What a waste of talent to employ Elliott Dexter for work that any automaton could do. Another artist in the cast is the small but vivid Suzanne Willa, one of the cleverest girls of her type on the screen.

SUNDRY PARAMOUNTS

"Jack and Jill" are Jack Pickford and Jill Huff, pugilist and vendor of chewing gum respectively. It has the comedy of the New York East Side and of the Mexican border, with a finale of melodrama in the latter vicinity. Its weakness is that the two stars are not quite in sympathy with the slum-grown characters they portray. But why the title?

"The Antics of Ann" is the first opportunity Ann Pennington ever had to prove that she is a real film star. A mischiefmaker at boarding school, a still more active one at home, but finally the detector of a scheming villyun after her sister's hand and money—Miss Pennington "displays her versatility, and other things." What there is of her figure is perfect. It is a racy comedy.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a comedy melodrama with Julian Eltinge in one of his ambisextrous roles. There is less female impersonation than usual in this piece, and an interesting revelation of Eltinge as a he-actor.

"A Hungry Heart" is the story of a wife who discovered that she loved her husband only after she had been untrue to him, and had been permitted by him to get a divorce so that she could marry the other man. It is saved from being merely commonplace by the brilliant acting of one Pauline Frederick, one of the two greatest actresses on the screen. (Don't crowd, girls.)

FOX TALES

If you think you ever saw Bill Farnum fight, think again, and go to see "When a Man Sees Red." It's the fightingest picture yet.

"The Rose of Blood" is a story of the pre-revolution, before-the-war days, in Russia, when the greatest of outdoor sports were hunting and being hunted by anarchists. Theda Bara plays the part of the anarchist wife of a prince. It is a splendid role for her. She is so much more convincing than in her Cleopatra that you hardly know her for the same actress. The story sweeps to a terrific tragedy. The cast is remarkable for its men actors, including Charles Clary, Herschell Mayall and Richard Ordynski.

HITHER AND YON

"The Natural Law" is the one picture I have seen this month to which the Rev. C. G. Twombley of Lancaster, Pa., can point and bellow, "That's what I mean." (See page 60.) But it is, fortunately, an obscure thing, and only the very, very pious folk will find it.

NEARLY MARRIED—Goldwyn

A very amusing story of a young couple who marry, then separate because the bridegroom dislikes the bride's brother, elope only to find that they are divorced and have to be remarried, and then find an obstacle to remarriage which is overcome in a lively series of escapades. Madge Kennedy is the star in this as she was in the only other good Goldwyn picture.

OUTWITTED—Metro

A complicated, but well-told story of stock exchange plots, family feuds and fake spiritualism. It is distinctly a "plot" picture. Emily Stevens holds the center of the stage, and in the scenes as the "veiled prophetess" she is delightful.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE—Metro

Franxis X. Bushman in a double role. A man who committed a crime, and another who was railroaded to jail for it, find themselves in adjoining cells, the real criminal having been sent up for something else. If you can swallow this improbability you can stand the rest of the yarn.

RAFFLES—Lawrence Weber Photo Drama Corp.

Has been screened with John Barrymore as Hornung's lovable cracksman. The story is told in a very prosy manner, but it has all the tension that could be demanded. Barrymore has been absent from pictures too long for pictures' good. His example is needed for the benefit of the chest and eyebrow school of leading men.

The Shadow Stage

By Miss Kelly

(Continued from page 69)

the environing of the picture splendid. Crowning delight are the captions.

A GAME OF WITS—American-Mutual

Here is a laughter-tinkling comedy that is bound to put a pleasant spot into the evening, no matter how dull has been the day. It is no super picture at all, but a practical and entertaining twist to the threadbare favorite "He sold his daughter to pay his debts" idea. The successive situations bring one bubble of laughter after another, bubbling spontaneously and legitimately not forced by some grotesquery. The story, the director, and the playing of Spottiswoode Aitken, as the elderly beau with the bank book, contribute chiefly to this happy state of affairs. Gail Kane, vigorous and attractive, the personification of youthful activity, adds immensely on the ornamental side and plays with a dashing freedom she hasn't often shown. It is an all round nicely handled story, resulting in one of the happiest opportunities for an hour's pleasure.

NEW YORK LUCK—American-Mutual

They've taken away William Russell's fist heroics and put him into a full sized suit of comedy—than which he has had few outfits more becoming. For the big player has a way all his own of being humanly funny, and as the lad from Hohokus, Maine, trying to make his dreams come true in the wholly baffling New York, he is material for mirthful contemplation.

INDISCREET CORRINE—Triangle

Olive Thomas has a shining picture presence that makes one hope her time for it is long—that Triangle will preserve her from the kidnapping musical comedy folk for many a day. In this particular pictorial festivity, she is delightfully dowered with opportunities for the displayal of her winsome frolicsomeness, as the spoiled darling of a rich family conscientiously seeking to acquire a "past," aided and abetted by a French maid thoroughly competent in such directions.

PLEASE HELP EMILY—Empire-Mutual

The frothy little play has been put into pictures with a frothy charm, utilizing Miss Ann Murdock, in some of her most



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

enticing moments, and other able assistants. As the mischievous and lawless niece, whose father devotes himself to consideration of Chinese children, she leads all of her dependent and correct family a merry chase, plunges them into desperation—and gets her desired moon at the end.

Miss Murdock excellently fulfills the young minx's devastating destiny, the situations have been cleverly created and mosaiced, and the captions have their share, in making the whole happy pastime for a stray hour. Good taste rules in the relating of the madcap's escapades. But what a Keystone it would have made!

THE ADVENTURES OF CAROL—World

Again, a season is graced by the presence of Madge Evans, attractive, intelligent child of the celluloids, who has been dowered by the World company with an excellent little story, and an adequate presentation of it.

There is a touch of the times in it, and a fine, serious bit of idealism which must needs appeal alike to child and grown-up observer. This is, happily, another to add to the list of photoplays desirable for the family's entertainment of an evening.

Little Miss Evans makes her picture child, though somewhat story-booky, very lovable, moving among the people whose lives she alters by sheer force of her sweet and well-mannered youth. She doesn't do consciously cute tricks, or pose or prance before the camera, but moves seriously or playfully as the case demands through her scenes as if there were no lens eye upon her.

THE KILL-JOY—Essanay

Here's a wonderful opportunity provided by the kind scenarioist, Charles Mortimer Peck, for a feminine star—setting her, as the only feminine player in a large cast of masculinity, with large chance to shine by contrast. And when the star is only about three feet tall as against her playing colleagues, her shining is that much brighter by contrast.

Little Mary McAlister is the lucky lady, with her story pitched somewhere in the wild west—secured around Starved Rock, Ill.—and her companions, and victims, rough creatures who run a town from which women are barred. The way Miss Mary insinuates herself into their good graces, makes a festive little story—though one wonders if sometimes, when she isn't in sight, it isn't a trifle too alcoholic for general family consumption.

THE SAVAGE—Bluebird

Monroe Salisbury takes his first Bluebird flight in this feature, again proving himself an appealing player of character roles. This time he is effectively a French-Canadian, with Ruth Clifford doing delightfully the lady he desired, and Colleen Moore, maid of his own kind, desiring him. There are many exciting scenes gleaned from the big tree country, while he reveals the true heart that really beats in a savage breast.

THE FUEL OF LIFE—Triangle

Triangle does need to take a tuck in its proceedings, for many of their pictures hang heavy before the eye. For the sake of the very good ideas that are sprouting out in the Triangle hot bed and the efficient people that are developing them, that flaw should be remedied. Here, for instance, is "The Fuel of Life," featuring that thoroughly winning young person, Belle Bennett, with a well knit—but too loosely—story of private intrigue and stock manipulation, excellent in idea, but halting dramatically. Miss Bennett appears as much too nice a person to be devoted to vampiring. She is piquant and dainty as well as pretty, with a magnetic personality, quite suited to playing a clever young woman beyond the ingenue fledgling's range. Texas Guinan does the disagreeable adventuress, without much opportunity being accorded her except in one set of close-ups, where her quite marvelously mobile countenance is detected in the act of thought. She gets across a vivid impression of her personality in this brief space that suggests her usefulness in roles of greater range.

FIGHTING BACK—Triangle

Westerns are so well worn in theme and manner that one looks for little new in them, settling down before one to a peaceful resume of familiarities—but "Fighting Back" reverses the procedure. It makes one settle up. The theme, of course, is the same, approximately, and the manner partakes of many horses, pistol shots and wild riding, as of usual.

But there is a bracing spirit through it. It seems to be done with vigor and spontaneity, rather as if the doers were inspired, all of which produces a vivid, glowing, swiftly moving piece of wild and woolly tale that commands an alert spine, and extinguished yawn. William Desmond does the handsome but unhappy hero with convincingness, Claire McDowell accomplishes better as a senorita than a dancing girl, though her passionate earnestness gets her across excellently in an unexpected role, and Jack Richardson sizzles with fine sultriness as the villain.

In addition to the satisfying people and the humanized story there is the great outdoors, splendidly utilized, for framework, and horses, spirited, splendid creatures, that almost excell the humans as interest factors.

THE FETTERED WOMAN—Vitagraph

Here is Alice Joyce in an awkward utilization of Robert Chambers' book, "Anne's Bridge," with all the Chambersesque cleverness successfully extracted. As it stands pictorially, it is a semi-sordid tale of a girl wrongfully sent to prison, and then shunned by her neighbors, living out her life alone on her vast tract of worthless land.

EASY MONEY—World

Again has World committed one of its regular melodramas which must be paying propositions, else they wouldn't happen with such perfect regularity. Again, too, Ethel Clayton is the lovely victim of a lot of maudlin attacks. The picture belongs to the "You-belong-to-me" type of photodrama, with the husband of convenience and the friend of other days both violently asserting their claims.

There is the roadhouse with the locked door, the struggle, the rescuing fight, and a redeeming conjugal kiss for conclusion, proclaiming that she has fallen in love with her husband, though one must wonder why, for no developing niceties of his character have been disclosed. However, on the fifth reel, a program picture must end, and our moral natures demand that it end conjugally, if it does not murderously.

Some years back, during her Lubin connection, Miss Clayton was featured in some domestic dramas, concerned with actual, human, possible, plausible situations, that could find an echo in most mature observers. One wishes her fine talents might be again utilized for something that sends the observer away with an idea in his mind, rather than a seething impression of fighting, struggling men and women, passion led.

No doubt there is money in this—but might there not be money in the other, if it were given a chance. The Drews have demonstrated that domesticated fun pays—why not have a try at domesticated problems?

THE MEDICINE MAN—Triangle

This picture needs to strike up its tempo in such as these, erring on the side of too much deliberation. Under an ill-attached title, is related a bare little tale of a girl and a mine and a man and some villains, mainly, it seems for the purpose of putting out a picture with Roy Stewart at the proper interval.

THE LASH OF POWER—Bluebird

Another of these dream-gone-mad situations with the hero Bunker Beaning himself into a most morbidly cruel Napoleonic career, and happily discovering before he left his simple country home that all was not so.

THE CRICKET—Butterfly

Little Zoe Rae makes the first part of this offering somewhat appealing, being a child who goes on the stage, gets herself adopted by three wealthy bachelors, and then grows into a young lady who runs away with an actor. Put on with considerable care, but not very well humanized.

RAGGEDY PRINCESS—Bluebird

Violet Mersereau is turned loose in rags and tatters with an all day sucker, and a large imagination which works out, amidst beautiful scenery into the old-fashioned Cinderella tale, with a rich father accompanying the fairy prince. A film which might be sacrificed in the interests of the high cost of living.

(Continued on page 121)

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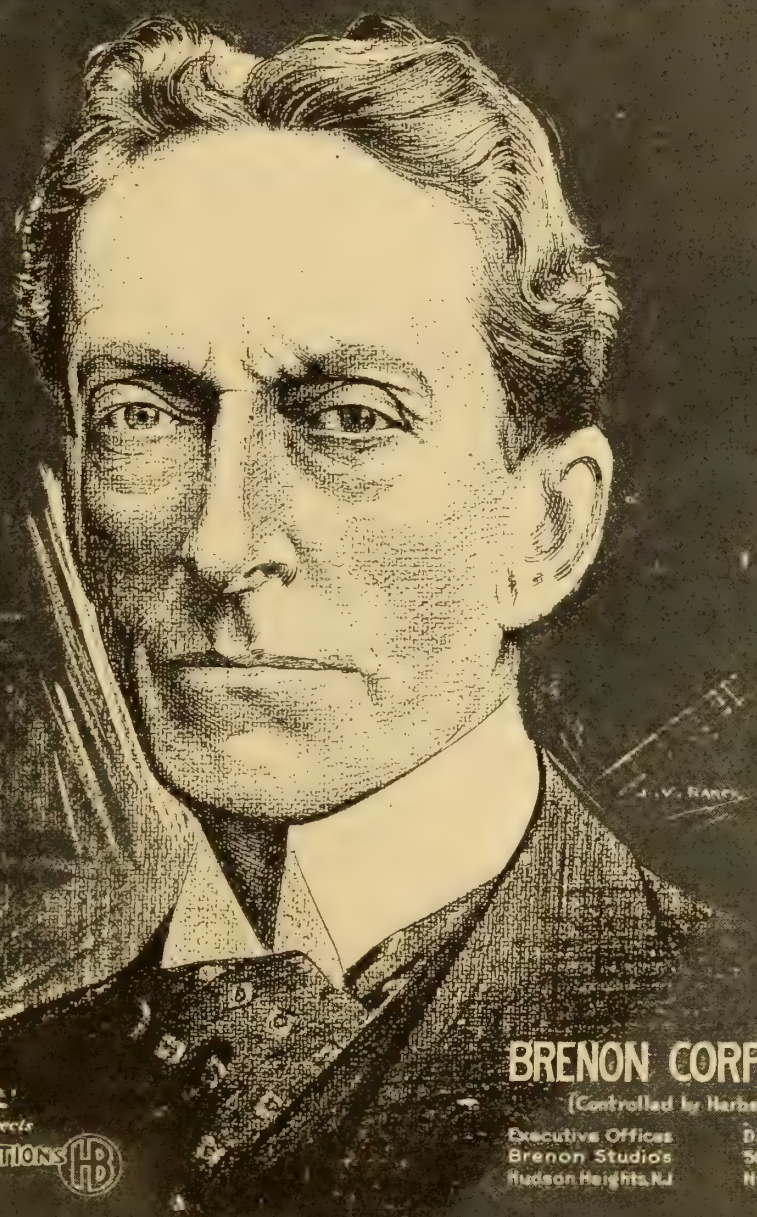
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Betty Takes a Hand

(Continued from page 36)

see if something wouldn't happen to sort of soften the blow. Besides, I found out that this was the first time in his life that Tom had ever been on speaking terms with what is termed honest labor. His idea was, "Dad has plenty of money; what's money for?"

He told me that his father disinherited him on an average of four times a year. He thought it was a joke, but I thought, "What if his father disinherits him some time, on paper?" I'm not mercenary, but I couldn't forget how hard Dad and I had always had it. Things were going to be different in future, you bet!

Tom told me, too, that his father didn't know where he was and was probably hunting for him. If it had been anybody but James Bartlett, I'd have made Tom let him know.

I was learning to run the automobile all this time, and I'd got so that I could manage it pretty well, although Tom would never let me go out alone. We got our stuff in the country two or three times a week, as prices were dreadfully high in town. This time I thought I'd go after things alone. I knew I could bargain better if Tom wasn't along.

I got there in fine shape and loaded up with chickens and butter and eggs and a lot of vegetables. I jollied the farmer until I'd got him down to rock bottom prices. When I started home it was pretty late, and when I came to a fork in the main road, leading off over a hill, I figured that it was a short cut and I could make time by going that way. So I turned off and went down the hill a-sailing.

When I got to the bottom I saw two men nearby waving their arms for me to stop. I judged they were in trouble. One of them was an old gentleman, very well dressed, and the other I knew from his looks was a chauffeur. I stopped and they came over to me.

It seemed their car had slid over the edge of the road and had bumped into a tree and stopped. If the tree hadn't been there this would probably have been a different story. Anyway, they could reach it by climbing and they wanted to tie a rope to my car and have me pull their car up that way.

Well, we tried it. The chauffeur got into their car and threw on the power, but their hind wheels spun round and round and the car didn't budge. They shouted encouragement to me and I let in the clutch again and both engines made a fearful noise. Then—I don't know how it happened, but I was nervous and rattled—by mistake I let in the reverse!

It was all over in a few minutes. I managed to have sense enough to throw the brake and ease up my speed a little as my car shot backward over the edge of the hill. I shut my eyes and tried to pray. I only got as far as "Our Father"—when there was an awful smash and I was knocked half way out of the tonneau.

When I opened my eyes I was still alive and the two cars were piled in a heap. The old gentleman was rushing down the hill toward me, and the chauffeur had climbed out of the wreck of the other car and was hanging onto me, and the gas was pouring out of my gas tank in a flood. There'd been a hole punched right through it.

The old gentleman asked me in a trembling voice if I was hurt. I shook my head, and together we climbed up to the road and stood looking at the wrecks below. It was now quite dark. Then the chauffeur said:

"We can't get help short of twenty miles, Mr. Bartlett:

I jumped when he said "Bartlett."

Then Mr. Bartlett said: "Well, you'd better start hoofing it in the right direction, quick. We'll have to have a complete wrecking crew."

The chauffeur looked at me and grinned as he started away. I didn't grin—I felt sick. It was dark and we were at least eight miles from a house. And I was starved.

Well, there was plenty to eat in the tonneau of my machine. So I looked at Mr. Bartlett a minute and made up my mind. I said: "If you'll climb down to the machines with me we can get a chicken and you can kill it. There's butter and things and we can build a fire at the foot of the hill and I'll cook supper."

He looked perfectly helpless, without any ideas of his own, just a poor, lost millionaire. So he groaned a little and did as I told him. We got the things and then I hunted and found some sticks with which to start the fire, while he took the chicken away and managed to wring its neck, after I'd showed him how. I sent him back to the machines two or three times for the seat cushions and blankets, and by this time the fire was going good, and I'd piled on more sticks and we soon had a bed of coals.

I stood up to brush my skirt and as I did so, I noticed just a little distance away something that looked like a house, in the shadows. I walked over toward it and came plumb upon an abandoned cabin, just as if it had been put there for our benefit.

Well, we got the chicken dressed and I cooked it the best I could. We were so hungry that we could have eaten it raw, and it certainly tasted good. Mr. Bartlett said it was the best he had ever eaten. All the while I kept thinking about the cabin I had discovered. Should I tell him about it or not?

Pretty soon it grew chilly and Mr. Bartlett sneezed two or three times. He groaned a little when he walked, too, as if it hurt him to move. After all, he was an old man like Dad, even if he was a millionaire, and I suppose he hadn't had as much strenuous exertion in twenty years.

When the fire got lower I threw on some more sticks, and then I took one that was flaming and went over to the cabin. It was empty and deserted except for an old cot. I went back and told Mr. Bartlett about it, and that there was a place for him to sleep. He didn't want to go, but I knew he'd be a sick man if he slept outdoors all night, and I made him take a blanket and go. Then he asked me, "Do you know who I am?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I'm Jim Bartlett, and I can afford to make this all right with you, little lady, and be sure I will."

If he'd only known who I was maybe he wouldn't have been so sure. After he had gone I fixed the blankets and seat cushions and stared into the fire for a long time. I couldn't quite figure out what Fate intended to do to me next. Then I thought of Dad, and then of Mr. Bartlett, and of how they'd been chums when they were boys. After a while I got up, took another blanket and stole to the cabin. I couldn't help it, somehow. He was an old man. I tucked the extra blanket in around him. He half woke, murmured something and patted my hand.

I went back and felt a lot better. Then I went right to sleep.

Next morning when I awoke the wreckers were already at work at the top of the hill. I sat up and the chauffeur yelled at me. Then I went to the cabin and woke Mr. Bartlett and told him the wreckers were there.

They got us out about noon. Before we went Mr. Bartlett gave me his card and said he wanted me to come and see him soon. That he had a proposition to make to me.

I'd been so busy I'd hardly thought of Tom. But when I got near home I could hardly wait.

Tom was in the library looking as if he hadn't slept for a week, and when I walked in, my clothes all mussed and crumpled, he just cried, "Betty!" and opened his arms, and I walked right into them.

I knew then Tom Bartlett was going to be my husband, fathers or no fathers. We sat down on the couch with our arms around each other and he told me how he'd been nearly frantic and how many times he'd called the police, with no satisfaction, and I told him all about what a time I'd had. He was awfully excited, of course, and he wanted to know the old gentleman's name, and I told him it was Garrett. Tom simply couldn't imagine who it could be—had never known anyone of that name. I let him keep on being mystified.

That night I wrote Dad that I had met Tom Bartlett, James Bartlett's son, and that we loved each other and I was going to marry him.

As soon as I could I went to see Mr. Bartlett. I had thought Aunt Lizzie's home was beautiful, but the minute I saw the Bartlett mansion I knew hers was only an imitation and here was the real thing. It made me feel sore and angry again, when I thought of Dad.

Then Mr. Bartlett started to talk to me. He rambled around a while and I didn't pay much attention until he started to mention his son. Then, you can believe, I took notice.

He told me how Tom had been a great disappointment to him; how he knew he had good stuff in him but needed something big to bring it out. He said Tom had been missing for a couple of weeks, but that he had detectives looking for him, and that they were close on his trail. I wondered how close.

I couldn't imagine what he was driving at. All at once he said that the greatest fear of his life was that Tom would con-

(Continued on page 123)



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

come prominent in the Red Cross activities of Califilmia society, and he is the despair of his former pie-hurling colleagues of Keystone days.

RUTH STONEHOUSE has left Triangle for the staterighters. She has signed a contract to star in six productions for Harry Berg, a well known state-right promoter, the first of which will be "The Wolf Breed." The pictures are to be made by the Bernstein studio in Los Angeles. Before beginning on the new job, little Miss Stonehouse made a transcontinental trip with the usual personal appearances.

LEWIS STONE is a new Paralta recruit. Lew made his film debut with Essanay about two years ago and his picture attracted much favorable comment. Marguerite Clayton, for several years Essanay's premier blonde, has been acquired by Paralta to play opposite Stone.

THE Answer Man may now answer with truth that Theda Bara is the right name of the famous Fox vamp lady. Bara has also become the family name of all of the immediate relatives of the noted screen home wrecker. The New York Supreme Court gave Miss Bara the right to take that name, discarding the former name of Theodosia Goodman. By the same proceedings, Miss Bara's father, Bernard Goodman, became Bernard Bara, her brother became Marque Bara, her sister Esther Goodman became Loro Bara, and her mother, Mrs. Pauline Bara. In the petition asking for the change Miss Bara explained that she is "an actress who has become celebrated through her own efforts." Her father, according to the petition, was born in Poland, her mother in Switzerland and herself in Cincinnati. Nothing was said about Egypt, the Sahara or the Pyramids. Bara, it was further explained, was an old family name, the mother of the actress having been a daughter of Francois Bara de Coppet.

WALLIE REID has joined the Amalgamated Association of Transcontinental Tourists with his initial effort a trip across from Hollywood to Hoboken, punctuated with personal appearances in the important centers of cinematic civilization. He will make a picture or two in the East before returning to California.

ERIC CAMPBELL, Charley Chaplin's massive foil, is getting lots of free publicity owing to the recent shattering of his domestic romance. The big fellow married Miss Eunice Gilman, a sister of Mabel Gilman Corey, early in August and a few months later, Mrs. Campbell sued for divorce in the Los Angeles courts. She asks for a generous slice of Eric's $40,000 a year salary.

WHAT is probably the most magnificent moving picture theater in America has just been opened. It is the California Theater, at Fourth and Market streets, San Francisco, and it cost $1,750,000, of which sum the organ alone cost $50,000.

BILLIE BURKE'S return to the speaking stage resulted in another failure, her third successive "flivver" behind the footlights. The last was "The Rescuing Angel," which needed something like that. The other two were "The Deluge" and "The Happy Ending," which wasn't. Miss Burke will probably remain on the screen until she is handed a talkie vehicle that is adequate.

LITTLE Madge Evans, the World's kiddie star, in her new picture, "The Volunteer," has *some* support. The names of the people who do their "bit" in "The Volunteer" read like an all-star cast at a benefit performance—Kitty Gordon, Ethel Clayton, June Elvidge, Evelyn Greely, Montague Love, Harley Knowles, Carlyle Blackwell, and even William A. Brady. It happens like this: Little Madge is supposed to be a film star of tender years whose father goes to France, and whose mother joins the Red Cross. In this exigency Madge is sent away to the care of relatives, and her scenes with the big stars consist of bidding each of them a fond good-bye.

FOR the first time in goodness knows how long, Pearl White is about to be seen in a picture that is not a serial. When "The Fatal Ring" was finished Pathe decided to star Miss White in a feature by Charles T. Dazey and Roy Somerville. George B. Seitz will direct, as usual.

TOM MIX has been promoted from a Fox comic to a Fox feature. He is to do only five reel westerns in the future under the direction of Ed. LeSaint, and his leading lady is Miss Wanda Pettit, the beautiful blonde who attracted so much attention when playing opposite Stuart Holmes and George Walsh.

ALMA REUBEN has adopted a simplified patronymic. It's now Alma Rubens. When the dusky eyed brunette was playing at Mr. Griffith's studio, that impresario tried to persuade her to change her name but Alma wouldn't. Then when she acquired stardom, her troubles began. They spelled her name every way imaginable. She was Ruben, Reuben, Reubens, Ruebens and every way but the right way. "It's the easiest way," was the reason she gave the Triangle man who makes out the salary checks.

PEGGY HYLAND has completed a picture with Pathe. She says she never gave the Mayfair company exclusive right to her services. Mayfair made one picture with Miss Peggy as star, "Persuasive Peggy," but at the present writing nobody except a few trade paper reviewers have seen it. It is not stated whether or not Miss Hyland is to be a permanent addition to the Pathe forces. There has been a rumor that she might return to Vitagraph.

S. RANKIN DREW, son of Sidney Drew, co-star with Mrs. Drew in the Metro-Drew comedies, is mastering aviation, over in France. Young Mr. Drew

Plays and Players

(Continued)

has been in the aviation training school of the French army since last May. He has passed full tests in the first class, which is known as the Bleriot, and has recently completed his training in the second or Caudron class. He is now in the last class, known as the Nieuport. The names of these classes are the names of the airplanes used respectively for the training. Mr. Drew's aim is to qualify as a pilot.

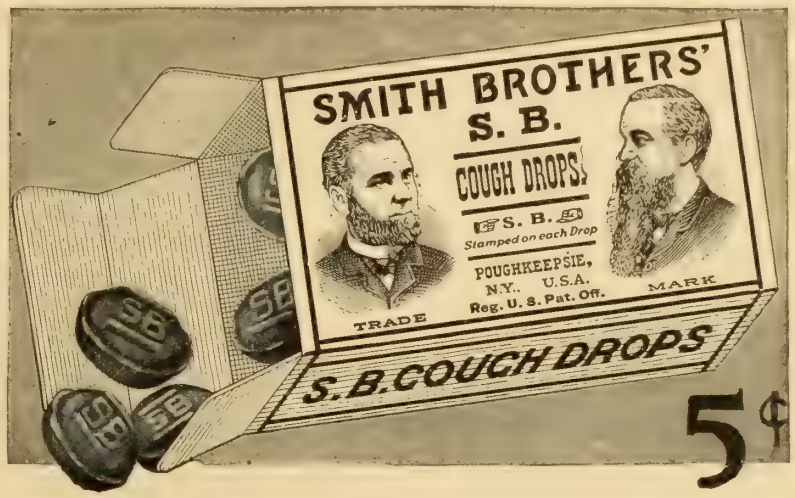
NO more serials for Doris Kenyon. The lady of nine or ninety lives in "The Hidden Hand" will abandon the breakfast-food type of productions at the beginning of 1918 to appear in "Doris Kenyon Features." And after a look or two one admits that the Kenyon features are handsome. A company has been formed for the exploitation of this young woman; with the usual originality of nomenclature of picture corporation organizers it is called "De Luxe Pictures, Inc."

HARRY McCOY remembered enough about piano playing throughout five years of pie hurling at Keystone to get a job in vaudeville and he's now touring on the three-a-day as "The Keystone Boy." He also sings.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD has a new leading woman—Sally Crute. She is to support him in his new Metro play, "The Avenging Trail." Miss Crute has been appearing before the camera for the last six years and previously had extensive stage experience. She has been successively with Essanay, Solax, Edison, Lubin and Metro. She was featured by Edison and Lubin in a number of productions, and her latest engagements have been with Metro, in "Blue Jeans," and "A Wife by Proxy." Another recent appearance was with Sidney Olcott's production of "The Belgian."

TRIANGLE has won the suit brought against it by J. Hartley Manners, husband of Laurette Taylor, to prevent it from using the title "Happiness" for a production in which Enid Bennett was starred. The court intimated that Mr. Manners had exhibited considerable nerve in claiming a right to the use of this title merely because he had widely announced his intention of writing a play under that name.

HOWELL HANSEL, one of the Famous Players' staff of directors, died of pneumonia at his New York home, November 5. He had been ill for nearly six months, as a result of exposure while obtaining snow scenes in the Adirondacks for "The Long Trail," in which Lou Tellegen and Mary Fuller were starred. Mr. Hansel was a member of several Frohman companies previous to engaging in the picture business in 1912, when he became a director for Thanhouser. He directed "The Million Dollar Mystery," the greatest of all serial money-makers, and produced "The Deemster" for Arrow, and several features for Fox.



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CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

EMPIRE ALL-STAR CORPORATION, 220 S. State St., Chicago; Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

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KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

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UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coyetsville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Plays and Players

(Continued)

RUMORS that Marguerite Clark was to desert the screen for a jaunt back into musical comedy have been denied by both Miss Clark and the Paramount people. There was probably as much truth in the stories in circulation to the effect that Norma Talmadge and a number of other film stars were to take a flyer on the noisy stage.

GLENN MacWILLIAMS, of the Douglas Fairbanks' photographic staff, has won him a bride, quite after the manner of the days of King Arthur. While "Reaching for the Moon," Fairbanks' latest Artcraft play, was being filmed, a fight was scheduled between the star and a band of assassins composed of Bull Montana, Strangler Lewis, Spike Robinson, Kid Fleming and Leach Cross. A real gory time was being had by all when a pretty girl rounded the corner, and after one horrified glance, fainted. MacWilliams instantly stopped grinding and went to the rescue. The belligerents, not noticing that the cameraman had forsaken his paying job for a more tender occupation, kept right on registering. Finally Spike sat down heavily as the Fairbanks right connected with his anatomy, and while so doing the unoccupied camera came within his line of vision.

Spike let out a yell which stopped the fighting, and the contestants, angry at so much good blood having been wasted, were inclined to take it out on the cameraman.

The girl was Miss Marie Campbell, of Minneapolis, whose engagement to MacWilliams has just been announced. Douglas Fairbanks is to be best man and all the assassins have appointed themselves ushers at the wedding.

BILLY SUNDAY was recently the guest of Mary Pickford at the Artcraft studios, and was discussing the benefit of films for moral uplift. "There can be no doubt that the moving picture is slowly but surely taking the hide off the saloonkeeper by giving the workingman a better place in which to enjoy his evenings than the filthy booze joints," said he.

MARIE DORO returned to New York in the fall to appear in a stage play, "Barbara," but its delicate charm was a little elusive for Broadway, and it passed away with a sigh after two weeks. Another production is being made in which the winsome Marie will appear early in the new year. Meanwhile she indignantly denies that she ever said, as widely misquoted, that she was leaving the screen forever. Which is good news. Though it must be admitted that the celluloid fails to register fully half of the Doro charm, through its inability to reproduce her exquisite speaking voice.

AFTER reading the descriptions of "The Zeppelin's Last Raid," looking at the picture itself, and recalling Thomas H. Ince's previous war spectacle, "Civilization," a lot of the neighbors about Times Square remarked that apparently Mr. Ince had accumulated the odds and ends of film left over when he completed "Civilization," added a few Zep. scenes, and called it a new feature. With a Zeppelin substituted for a submarine, theme and plot are almost identical, and the same players appear in both. The owners of the picture, however, deny heatedly that "The Zeppelin's Last Raid" is merely a plate of hash, and declare that it was made from a separate scenario, though at the same time Mr. Ince was working on "Civilization." This, of course, explains the similarity.

EARLE WILLIAMS has been transferred from the Flatbush to the Hollywood plant of Vitagraph. He will remain in California six months. This is the first time in seven or eight years that he has visited his native state.

ELLIOTT DEXTER is one of the half dozen leading men who need a secretary to keep a record of demands for their services. He thought he was going west in November to play on the Lasky lot, but a telegram brought him back just after he had started, and he will be seen in the next Alice Brady production, "The Lifted Cross," which is the picture producer's idea of a good title for Charlotte Bronte's famous novel, "Jane Eyre."

BILLIE RHODES has loads to tell her little movie-friends this month. You know she gave a Thanksgiving dinner at her ranch—only she spells it "ranche"—just outside of Los Angeles, and the turkey was a twenty-pounder and everybody was having a real nice time, and then the champagne was served—*yes*—and Billie was called upon for a speech and she said she was so pleased with the turkey and the Thanksgiving and all, because she found a diamond ring in the Thanksgiving turkey's gizzard and she had lost a ring like that anyway—oh, that's not the way *she* told it, but the really important thing is that the ring is an engagement ring and that Billie absolutely refuses to tell the name of the lucky man.

JOHN BARRYMORE is not married. Yes, he *was;* but Mrs. Jack has told the court that the glamor he inspired in her when she was Miss Katherine Harris, has worn off; that she was obliged to appear on the stage with him in order to catch a glimpse of him occasionally; that now all she wants is to be Miss Katherine Harris again. Only fancy.

EDNA GOODRICH has just sold her three highly-bred saddle-horses to United States cavalry officers, her personal friends. There's one with two white fore-feet and another named Ballarat. Ballarat! Isn't that a lovely name? And Miss Goodrich says she told the captain of cavalry, her personal friend, that if he really wants to get to Berlin all he needs to do is to let Ballarat—*Ballarat!*—feel the touch of the spur and Ballarat won't stop until he reaches Mr. Hohenzollern's front porch. Did you ever!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 114)

A CASE AT LAW—Triangle

A terrible, tasteless treatment of the drink evil, dragged through infinite space—it seemed to the viewer—encompassed in five reels. A sordid tale so unpleasantly presented as even to make the moral unpalatable.

HER HOUR—World

This contains Kitty Gordon, and much emotion, matrimonial and maternal.

THE REGENERATES—Triangle

A trim, trig little tale this, of a nice old gentleman with tyrannical ideas about his family tree under whose shade he insisted all his family should linger, to that end ordering his grandson and granddaughter cousins to an immediate marriage. The young people's desires happened to be in the way of this little scheme and things went very badly—for the old gentleman—till finally a crevice was found to his heart, and a melting agent applied which reduced him to humanness again. Walt Whitman does the old gentleman in very fine fashion, and Alma Rubens adds another portrait of a lovely girl, to that interesting collection she is hanging on her celluloid gallery.

WHO SHALL TAKE MY LIFE?—Selig

This is one of the exceptions that proves the comedy trend. It's not particularly timely, but nevertheless it is very powerful propaganda, if almost painful in its attack on the sympathies.

Capital punishment is the object of its protest, the cause developed through a skillful twisting of justice by circumstantial evidence to the ruin of an innocent man. A familiar theme and many times excellently done, but this time very excellently, under the direction of Colin Campbell.

The picture is especially distinguished by the playing of Thomas Santschi as the wrongly accused man, and Bessie Eyton as his wife. Such fidelity in the rendering of the ruthless sundering of two who love truly, has seldom been accomplished.

THE GIFT O' GAB—Essanay

Its avowed intention is to make you laugh—and it will if you fling your reasoning faculties to the wind. At that, it has a grain of an idea underneath all its George Ade fabling—though George had nothing to do with this composition, except as a possibly remote inspiration to the scenario carpenter, and at the conclusion, farcical and fanciful as it all was, one feels as if there was a ledge of foundation for the laughs.

Jack Gardner, transported from the musical comedy stage, has taken along with him his musical comedy air. He cultivates in addition a case of hoppingitis which brings to mind that comparison too familiar for repetition. You should see him leap around on automobiles and street cars, though. His efforts are bent toward making enough money to win the girl, which he does deviously but effectively, not so much by the use of his brains as his agile tongue.

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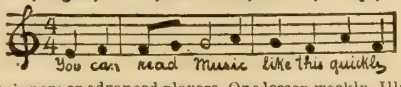
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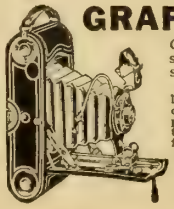
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The Author Gets His

(Continued from page 80)

also netted him a tidy sum which contributed to the fortune he has made from film stories. These Brady stories were among the greatest financial successes ever produced by Vitagraph, others including "The Battlecry of Peace" filmed from Hudson Maxim's book, also on royalty, and "God's Country and the Woman." The latter is reputed to have added something like $31,000 to the bank account of its author, James Oliver Curwood.

Vitagraph also has a royalty agreement with the heirs of O. Henry for the rights to his stories. The last picture produced at the Fine Arts studio was an O. Henry story, "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches," for which Griffith is said to have paid the writer the huge sum of $30.

Although the Griffith pictures stood out in bold relief for several years, his organization spent very little money, comparatively speaking, for photoplay material. Rupert Hughes collected the top price for a short story—$1,800 for "The Old Folks at Home," which was done with the late Sir Herbert Tree, although Rida Johnson Young got $2,500 from the same source when she brought suit after seeing "Daphne and the Pirate" on the screen. She alleged that it was taken from a play she had written and the suit was settled out of court. Opie Read got a check for $200 for the right to film his short story "A Yankee from the West" which was done with Wallace Reid, and Thomas Nelson Page was awarded a like sum for "The Outcast" in which Mae Marsh starred.

Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "Pillars of Society" were also filmed at the Griffith studio but nothing was paid for them as they were not exhibited abroad. But Herbert Quick got $1,000 for "Double Trouble" which was done with Fairbanks.

Another early Griffith success "The Avenging Conscience," cost nothing for the story as it was a combination of Poe's "Telltale Heart" and "Annabel Lee," the copyright having expired on Poe's works.

Up to a few years ago $500 was a very liberal price for the rights to a well known novel or short story and three years ago film circles were given a sensation when it was reported that the American Film Company had paid Harold MacGrath $1,000 for "The Lure of the Mask" and a similar amount to Lloyd Osbourne for "The Infatuation."

With the big prices now being paid for novel rights, the uninitiated would naturally wonder why the producers do not go back a generation or so and gather up the books that were popular then. There are two reasons why that isn't done. The first is that they want the advertising advantages of the modern popular story; the second, that practically every plot contained in a novel has been filmed in some form or other. The good old novel of twenty years ago has nothing in it that can be used except the name and except in rare instances, the name is valueless for a photoplay. Take even the O. Henry tales, masterpieces of short story telling—practically every one had been pirated before any had been filmed under the original name.

An instance of the value which the producer attaches to a name is provided by the case of Peter B. Kyne's "A Man's Man." Kyne, who, incidentally, is rated as the best salesman among story writers, has made a snug fortune from the sale of the film rights to his short stories. His first novel, "A Man's Man," appeared serially in a fiction magazine. Kyne went to Los Angeles with the proofs of the story but could not interest anyone in it at a valuation of $1,500.

About a year later J. Warren Kerrigan wanted a story for his debut as an individual incorporation. The name of the story, and the novel itself, but chiefly the name, appealed to Kerrigan's manager as eminently fitted to his star. He jumped on a train and went to San Francisco where he persuaded the reluctant Mr. Kyne to take a check for $5,000 for the right to make a photoplay of the novel.

On the other hand we have the case of the novelist, who shall be nameless in this story, and the producer, whose identity likewise must remain a secret, who gave the novelist an advance of $500 for his book against a 10 percent royalty. The novel was well advertised and the writer thought he would surely get ten times the advance. It *was* highly successful on the screen but when the author went to the producer to collect, the latter showed him documents to prove that he had disposed of the screen production to a distributing company for $5,000, so that he had been "paid in full." The fact that the distributing company was owned by the producer did not enter into the argument.

This is a rare instance of trickery in these days, however. Practically all of the big producing companies are fair dealers and they are doing their utmost just at present to wipe out the reputation accorded the motion picture industry—and perhaps earned—in the days when the offices of the producers were infested with the lineal descendants of Captain Kidd, disguised as scenario editors.

MORE DEFINITIONS

Leading-Man. Anyone with a soft shirt and lips which will express love, pain, ardor, indifference, passion, purpose, hope, courage, despair, nobility in trying circumstances; nobility under abuse; nobility in distressing situations; nobility.

Leading-Woman. Anyone with eye-brows, a wrist-watch, and Soul. Mostly Soul.

Director. Anyone with the ability and the inclination.

Camera-Man. Anyone with a Bored Expression.

Press-Agent. Anyone with an Imagination and no sense-of-humor.

Ingenue. Eye-lashes, curls, and a Pout.

Child-Actress. Curls, pout, and a Smile.

Vampire. Arms.

Heavy. Heavy.

The Public. Dear, if they swallow it; general, if they don't.

Betty Takes a Hand

(Continued from page 116)

tract a worthless marriage. And that he, Mr. Bartlett, had had ample evidence that I was a sensible young woman, and that he believed a girl like me, who could take care of herself so well in any emergency and who was so unselfish, would be the making of Tom. And he wound up by offering me $50,000 to marry his son.

Do you get it? I didn't at first. *James Bartlett was offering me $50,000 to marry the only boy in the world!* The only boy for me, anyway.

It was all I could do to keep from having hysterics. All that money to give Dad, and me Tom's wife! I know such things don't happen—but this did.

He was a little dazed, but he got the main idea and piled in.

Well, after a little natural shy hesitation, I agreed. Mr. Bartlett was to produce Tom and I was to marry him if he suited me. I was to call again the following afternoon.

I did some swift thinking on the way home. I knew that Dad would simply froth at the mouth when he got my letter, and he'd probably start right for Los Angeles.

I drove up to the front of the house and leaned out and called to Tom, and I beckoned to him to hurry. When he reached me I grabbed him. "Hurry, Tom; we've got to get married right away! Hurry, and get the license."

It didn't take us long to get the license and Tom telephoned for a minister.

Well, James Bartlett's car was in front of the door. I guessed that he'd trailed Tom to his lair, at last. I ducked, and Tom went in.

I drove around for an hour. When I got back Tom told me of the interview with his father. It seems the old gentleman had made up his mind that Tom was to marry a Miss Andrews (that was the name I gave him). Tom told him he was going to marry the daughter of Peter Marshall. His father nearly had a fit. His son should marry Miss Andrews or he'd disinherit him for good. If Tom would marry her, he'd give him half a million for a present. Tom started to tell him where to go with his half million, and his father held up his hand and said, "Wait, wait until you see the girl. She'll be at the house tomorrow afternoon." Then Tom said he was so mad he couldn't speak, and his father went away. I calmed Tom down. I told him it wouldn't hurt to go, as we'd be safely married before that time. Then the bell rang, and it was the minister.

In fifteen minutes I was Tom Bartlett's wife.

Well, you can almost guess the rest of it. I went, as I had promised, to Mr. Bartlett's the next afternoon, and as I sat in the library and waited I got an awful start. For loud and angry from Mr. Bartlett's den came the voice of Dad. I never thought he'd get there so quick. He was denouncing James Bartlett and telling him that his daughter should never marry the son of a scalawag, and my dear papa-in-law was declaring with equal fervor that he had no intention of marrying his son to the daughter of a good-for-nothing prospector. I walked in just in time to keep them from blows.

I called, "Daddy! Daddy!" and had my arms around Dad's neck in a twinkling. You should have seen Mr. Bartlett's face!

He started to say, "I've been tricked!" —when in walked Tom. He said, "Father, this is my wife. We were married yesterday."

Then I thought the roof would go. But it didn't. And after all, what could they do? So they finally shook hands and father found out that his old partner hadn't wronged him as much as he thought; that the mine was worthless and that the Bartlett millions came from a different source. Father Bartlett came across like a true sport and I've got the fifty thousand tucked away for a rainy day, which I hope will never come. And Aunt Lizzie forgave me, after a while, and now Ida is my best chum.

"All's well that ends well," as a famous playwright once said. And I think my boarding-house venture ended pretty well.

Eileen from the Emerald Isle

(Continued from page 78)

"Stop, Look and Listen" with Gaby Deslys.

So it will be seen quite readily that Miss Percy has had quite some stage career before venturing into the realm of the black and white reflections. And during this time she made nine trips to "the ould sod" with her parents.

In the films she made her debut in "Wild and Woolly" and played opposite Mr. Fairbanks successively in "Down to Earth," "The Man from Painted Post" and "Reaching for the Moon." In addition to being an expert equestrienne, this colleen is also a finished ice skater, swimmer and tennis player—and you ought to see the way she knits!

The knitting craze did not catch her unprepared for she had learned the art in childhood. Now all of her spare time is taken up manipulating a pair of long yellow needles and there is considerable rivalry between her and her thirteen-year-old sister, Thelma, who lives with her. When not at the studio, both may be found at their little Hollywood bungalow, busily knitting something or other for the soldiers. Just now it's mufflers and by the way, take another look at the one she is knitting now—the presumption being that you have already looked once.

Well, when completed this is to be six feet long. It's olive drab in color, the uniform color, and it will be sent by Miss Percy to the first American soldier writing her from "Anywhere in France," care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. And maybe she'll enclose some nice photographs and letters and things because Eileen is intensely patriotic and military, if her taste in clothes is any criterion, and if further proof is required, I'll betray her secretest secret. She just loves military parades and she'll play hookey from the studio any time she hears that there is to be a parade in Los Angeles.



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And George Did It

(Continued from page 22)

in "Lost in Transit" and nearly stole the picture—in fact, some say he did. Bob acted right out and did every scene as if he had been before the camera ten or fifteen years instead of that many days. He was scarcely two and a half years old, but he went at it in the manner born.

The watchful eye of the Morosco Company spied Beban on the screen and it was not a great while until he was over at that studio toiling away. "Pasquale," "His Sweetheart," "A Roadside Impresario," "Lost in Transit," "The Bond Between," "The Marcellini Millions," "The Cook of Canyon Camp," and a number of others have been produced there.

Beban works with the picture from the first germ of a story until it is finally ready for release. His director, Donald Crisp, has always guided the Beban pictures and Beban and Crisp swear by and at each other. "Jules of the Strong Heart," which Beban has just recently finished, was directed by both of them—though, of course, Crisp did the majority of the work.

He appears in nothing but clean, wholesome pictures, filled with wonderful sympathy and human understanding. Having been through what he has, this is easily understood.

"You do not have to have hairbreadth escapes or sensational stories to make a hit in pictures," said Beban recently. "You can take a simple little story and if it is human—if it has the personal feeling in it—the average photoplay theatre patron will like it just as well as some big, thundering drama with a lot of battle scenes and such like. Give your audiences something they can feel and it will do just as well as some, and a great deal better than many of the pictures now shown."

George's elder brother, the late Senator D. J. Beban, of California, once said to his father, "If George wants to be an actor—let George do it." And George did.

Co-Stars

(Continued from page 42)

For a moment they stood silent. The clanging of the street cars—the long procession of automobiles speeding up the avenue—the laughing crowds hurrying past the brilliant store windows—all seemed imbued with a new and lively interest. It seemed to Jones as if he had always known her—that she was the girl he had been looking for all his life—and he had only just found her now. She tightened her clasp on his arm as he looked down at her.

"I guess all the things that are fine and brave and noble—and exciting—don't have to happen in plays, do they?" she said. "I guess we had a perfectly good adventure of our own, just as exciting as any Mary Pickford ever acted in."

"Or William Farnum," answered Jones.

And from across the street the big flashing sign of the Strand shed a red and golden radiance over them as they walked up the avenue together.

Perils of a Critic

HOW IT STARTED

"If you are a Pickford-in-any-piece devotee, you'll think 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' is just too sweet for words. . . . . However, this seems to be what the dyed-in-the-wool Pickford fans want, so it was a good picture, with enough of Mary to satisfy everyone, and not enough story to take the mind off the star."—November PHOTOPLAY.

WHAT IT STARTED

I AM not a Pickford fiend—I am not a dyed-in-the-wool Pickford fan. I have other favorites. Your precious Marguerite Clark is among 'em. But Mary Pickford is *Mary Pickford* and above criticism. You highbrows yell and scream and howl about the sameness of Mary Pickford—"the usual Pickford way" and "a Pickford picture" are pet stock phrases of yours. You gorge the public with your superior and intolerant remarks anent curls and pouts. And yet you never once have been known to comment scathingly on a "regular Fairbanks film."

But because poor Mary Pickford happens—no, not happens—because she is unanimously proclaimed first in the hearts of her countrymen—even you magazine iconoclasts and literary lights must admit that she is that—just because she's up you set out to pull her down. Let me implore you to let Mary's wonderful curls and her really excellent child portrayals rest—let 'em be—forget 'em, along with ——'s age and ——'s married state, and ——'s divorce. She's Queen and you might as well leave her there—you can't hurt her popularity much by your ill-natured jabs and pokes—you only get yourself disliked.

Let Mary alone—pick on somebody your size—begin on Hart. Isn't he always the same old Bill? And don't we just flock to see him? Or try Douglas Fairbanks—he's able to take care of himself. Next you'll be stooping to pull Mary's hair. And I hope she slaps you.

Wrathfully,
HELEN RICKER, Des Moines.

TO WHICH WE REPLIED

Bless your loyal little heart, we love HER as well as you do, but perhaps more wisely. We believe SHE is entitled to better stories than the one which we criticised adversely. You will note that it was the story and not HERSELF we did not like.

We believe that the only way we can help to improve pictures is by pointing out their shortcomings. Adverse criticism is bound to offend someone. Would you like to have us abandon adverse criticism altogether?

As for that slap, if we could only persuade HER to administer it publicly, we would be famous.

BUT SHE CAME RIGHT BACK

Goo'ness, goo'ness, goo'ness!! When the postman gave me that yellin', screechin', howlin' and proclaimin' PHOTOPLAY envelope I just stood there, my feet glued to the spot and my knees stirrin' up enough air to give me pneumonia. Scared? Oh lor'! You see, I've always been told that some day I'd be arrested for disturbing the peace—what there is left of it!—and I sez to myself, sez I, "The-hand-of-the-Law hez fell!" And when I got strength to read it, I was worse demoralized than ever, because you were so nice about it.

Honestly now, I don't think that in this case you made yourself clear as to the people who write *her* stories. And to tell the truth, I'm getting kind of tired of that tune too. Mary Pickford is one of the almighty few who don't need a story. She could carry a string of close-ups with a whole lot less to hold them together than these same literary loons have been providing her with.

You know, Mary and I quite firmly believe that it is best to keep in one's sphere—though I admit that I do butt into other people's sometimes! But sometimes I wonder if *she* isn't dead right to leave the plots to Bara and Hart, the action to Fairbanks, and the gowns to Norma Talmadge, and deal in *her* own forte fortissimo, *her* own unique and individual art—kid stuff. Quit hollerin' for plots for Mary—*she* doesn't need them in *her* business.

And who doesn't want them to stay just babies always? Me, a perfectly healthy, and I hope sane, specimen of eighteen-in-May. I can suffer with Norma Talmadge and go the limit with her—and say I've seen a good film. But I can sit and weep long and copiously with Mary Pickford, and go around with a reminiscent grin for a week. Which is the better artist? Nothin' the matter with Talmadge or Petrova or Love—they're certainly all there—as far as they go—which isn't so far as Mary. So let's let Mary play—let other folks have the troubles.

No, I wouldn't stop adverse criticisms altogether. Heaven knows some folks need 'em! Only, if you can't pat Mary on the back, you'd better keep your hands off—or you'll hear from me, I warn you! After all, are you so anxious to keep out of hot water? I'm not—it's so much fun to look back on after you're all cool and comfy again. (I speak from experience.)

Temporarily pacified,
HELEN RICKER.

P. S.—Mary's too nice a girl to slap you anyway, but "we" hope she won't.



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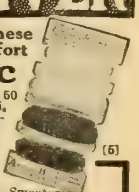
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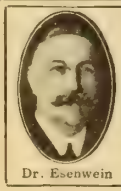
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A Highbrow Villain from the Arctic Circle

(Continued from page 100)

failure to understand what we were trying to do almost drove us insane. Only our sense of humor saved us. But we have a certain satisfaction, these days, in watching the more advanced theatrical producers doing exactly what we were doing then, and being highly commended for it."

Here is something for the intellectuals to ponder gravely. Mr. Oland and his wife gave to the modern drama several years of sincere labor, with absolutely no financial return, although their artistry and the literary quality of their translations were generally recognized. In other words, there are thousands of people who want to be considered high-brow, but only a few who are willing to support a truly intellectual movement in the theatre. So Warner Oland is playing villains in Pathe serials, and enjoying life from the viewpoint of one who can afford a chauffeur.

But the most interesting thing about it all, is that this proponent of modern drama does not hold moving pictures in contempt. From the moment he made his first scene—his debut was under Herbert Brenon's direction in "Sin"—he has brought to the camera all the art he knows, that can be injected into the rather violent incidents in which he participates. He achieves the most remarkable changes of personality with virtually no make-up. He thinks himself into the mental condition of the role he is playing. In "Patria," a fraction of an inch painted off the outer points of his eyebrows, shoulders stiffened and slightly hunched, and he was the plotting baron, a Japanese so real as almost to deceive a Californian. It was because, for the time, he was thinking in terms of his part, that his features naturally assumed the required aspect.

"If they don't kill me off pretty soon in 'The Fatal Ring,' I think I shall do a little solo villainy, and make a close-up of myself committing suicide," said Mr. Oland, anent his future plans. "I have no quarrel with serials—they have been very kind to me—but I am anxious to do something in which there is more opportunity for real characterization. I'm a bit tired of all this killing. Miss White's remarkable vitality has saved her in everything from boiling oil to starvation, and I think some one else should have a chance at murdering her. I've done my best. And it has been good experience. I have accumulated some valuable knowledge. The other day I tried to kill Miss White with a pile driver, and I got the hang of the machinery so easily that the foreman told me he'd give me a job any time. And there would be more money in it than going back to modern drama.

But with all his desire to get into a somewhat more artistic form of cinematic expression, I don't believe Mr. Oland has such a bad time of it at that. Between murders, he and Pearl White get along quite well, and the business of producing serials is not without its lighter moments.

But the question remains, do they know about it in Umea?

"The Learnin' of Jim Benton"

(Continued from page 57)

Sid still shifted in his chair. At last he blurted out:

"Look a' here, Ed, I ain't done no perjury. Honest to God, I *thought* it was Jim Benton's shot that—"

"You *thought*. But at the trial you said you *knew*."

"Well, it looked that way, but they was so much shootin' goin' on, come to think of it—well, if I was to tell it over again, I don't know as I'd care to say I *know*."

"That'll be enough. Come on and tell the Governor," and Ed led Sid across the street to the hotel where the chief executive of the state was holding his constant court, digging for the truth.

But the Governor was not the sort of man to take such a sudden change of story unquestioned. He was no novice at cross-examination, and he went after Sid with all his mental resources in action. It was a third degree such as no man, not absolutely in control of a brilliant mind, could have withstood. It had one motive, and one only, to wear down the witness until his brain was so tired that he could not tell anything but the truth, no matter how hard he tried. But Sid had turned honest again, and sticking grimly to the actual facts, he never contradicted himself through the entire ordeal. The Governor finally understood. Sid had simply been loyal, as he saw loyalty, to his employer. He was not even the kind of man that needed to be bought. He was working for Knowles and automatically he did and said the things he knew were in Knowles' interest.

This inquisition lasted all through the night, and it was not until dawn came that the Governor was satisfied, and told Sid he could go. And as a great, sweeping, galloping army of horsemen approached El Cajon, a girl met them, holding a paper in her hand.

The cattle men were not going to see Jim Benton die, but what they were prepared to do by force, had been accomplished in another way. Jim Benton was pardoned, and Evelyn rode at the head of a triumphant army to head off the procession to the scaffold.

"You see, dear," she said, as they sat that evening on the verandah of the Flying L ranch, and leaned her head on his shoulder, "you see, it's best to obey the law, and get yourself cleared."

"You're shore right," Jim replied, "but I don't mind sayin' that the connections came just a wee mite too close for comfort. Fifteen minutes more, and that date you mentioned just now would be of no particular interest to Jim Benton."

The Good-for-Nothing

(Continued from page 86)

In the meantime, Barbara had been very ill. In her delirium she called constantly for Jerry and revealed the fact that she was his wife. When the crisis was over, Jack, who had been a constant caller, suggested that Barbara and her mother come out to the farm where he was manager, for there Barbara would soon gain health and strength. Gratefully the mother accepted.

Knowing Barbara to be Jerry's wife, Jack determined in some way to bring him to a realization of his obligations, and incidentally to find the stolen jewels, return them to Marion and clear himself in her eyes. With this purpose in mind he followed Jerry from his office one afternoon, traced him to Cozette's apartment, and then followed the couple to a cafe.

Entering, Jack took a table near his quarry, and signaling a waiter, slipped a bill into his hand and directed that Jerry be called to the telephone on some pretext. His ruse being successful, Cozette was left alone.

Jack walked over to her.

"You don't know me," he said, "but I have something very important to tell you. That pendant you are wearing was recently stolen from the Alston home."

Cozette, astounded and resentful, was about to raise an alarm, when Jack seized her by the wrist. "If you utter a sound, I will have you arrested for having stolen goods in your possession!"

Cowed, Cozette sat down again. Jerry, returning to his table, saw Jack and stared at him in astonishment. Then Jack, pointing to the pendant on Cozette's throat, said: "You are the thief!"

"It's a lie!" said Jerry, cringing.

But Cozette knew from his manner that it was the truth. White with rage, she denounced him for bringing her into such a situation. Slipping off the necklace and rings, she handed them to Jack, who in turn gave them to Jerry with instructions to return them to their proper owners. "You can say that I returned them if you are too much of a coward to confess," said he. Then, turning to Cozette, "I will see this young lady to her home."

Out in the sunshine at the farm Barbara's cheeks soon grew round and rosy again. But she still asked for Jerry and Jack could not find it in his heart to tell her that Jerry's marriage to Laurel had been announced to take place within two days.

Jack puzzled his brain for some plan whereby to carry out his intentions regarding Jerry. He was determined to make him realize his cowardice, but nothing occurred to him until he chanced to read in a newspaper the announcement of a farewell dinner which was being given to the bridegroom elect, by his masculine friends, that very evening. This bit of news set Jack's inventive brain to buzzing, and on the night of the dinner he planned to impersonate Jerry's valet, and call for him and spirit him away.

The scheme worked beautifully; Jerry was too much under the influence of liquor to recognize the deception and readily entered a taxicab which Jack had provided.



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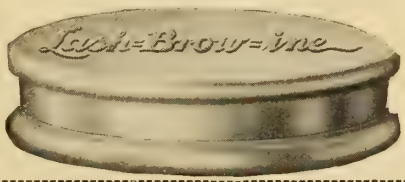
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(February)

The Good-for-Nothing

(Continued)

When Jerry came to his senses the following morning, he was lying on a pile of hay in a barn. He awoke to find himself at the mercy of Jack, who sat, half in shadow, with a shot-gun across his knees.

A shot-gun is a great persuader. By means of it Jack succeeded in getting Jerry to write a letter to Laurel, stating that he intended to remain away indefinitely. Thus was all investigation stopped, and the parents of the humiliated Laurel were obliged to announce a postponement of their daughter's wedding. Of course, every one knew then that there would be no wedding at all.

So, guarded constantly by a husky farmhand carrying a shot-gun, Jerry started in to learn what it really meant to be a man. He was obliged to rise at daybreak, feed the stock and clean the stalls; he did the hard work of a farmhand every day from daylight until sundown. And he grew brown and sturdy under the new regime, he accomplished an enormous appetite, and little by little the old demoralizing tastes left him and he gained a new aspect on life. He surprised Jack one day by coming to him and telling him that his ideas on certain subjects had changed and that he was ready to take the blame of his own wrong doing.

"Would you want to go back to the old life?" asked Jack. "To a loveless marriage for money?"

Jerry thought a minute and then decided to confess.

"I am going back, but not to the old life. I am going to ask the little girl who really is my wife to forgive me."

And of course he was forgiven.

And of course Jack married Marion.

Branded by Cupid

(Continued from page 73)

"But I must tell you," wailed Olive. "It's been a load on my conscience. Every day has been a living lie. It is I who am unworthy."

"Well, get it off your chest," says Tim, lookin' white around the gills. "But remember I didn't ask for it."

"I'll confess if it kills me," wept Olive. "It's this, Tim. The first time I met you I told you I was nineteen years old. It wasn't true. I'm really twenty-seven."

That was more than even I could stand. Stuffin' my hat in my mouth I silently, like the Arabs, beat it. Before I went though, I saw them fadin' into a clinch.

That's why I say that everybody, both man and woman, is naturally darned fool, but when they start to be fools together they get beyond the bounds of reason.

Oh, I forgot. Did they get married, you ask. I hate to spoil a romance, but they didn't. Just before the fatal event Olive discovered that Tim always sleeps with his boots on and uses his saddle for a pillow. When she digested that bit of information it gave her pause, so to speak. She now admits that baths and haberdashery ain't such bad things in a man's life after all.

Tim now uses the kitchen cabinet as a dresser.

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Beating Them To It

(Continued from page 29)

"I'll tell you. I figured out that if they didn't get the script from *me*, they'd keep on trying, and in the end they'd probably get what they were after from someone else. So I thought I might as well put an end to their efforts, once and for all. As soon as I gave them the script, they were satisfied. Began work on their production at once. I hear it's nearly done. They only put this Parker girl down here to get the exact dope on when we would be ready."

"Percy!" I gasped, "are you mad? What good does all this do us? You gave them a copy of the script, didn't you? What's the use of all this talk about your motives?"

Percy gave me a queer look, and then he sat back in his chair and began to laugh. It was just a low chuckle at first, but in a few moments he became almost hysterical. I saw that he was highly nervous and began to suspect that something had affected his mind. His manner did not seem entirely rational.

"For God's sake, Percy," I said, "if there's anything to this that I dont understand, explain it to me. What are you laughing about?"

He pulled himself together then, and began to speak. I listened, spellbound.

"I gave them the script they're working on," he exclaimed, "but it wasn't the one we're doing here. It was a version of *The Noble Sinner* I'd been fixing up for the past three months. Wont they be surprised when they open up, expecting to crab our picture, only to find they've done something entirely different."

I fell back into my chair, absolutely dumbfounded. I could scarcely grasp the whole thing, at once. The joke on the Metagraph seemed too colossal. I could hardly believe it.

"Percy!" I almost shouted. "Is it true —really true?"

He nodded solemnly.

"But," I objected, "why hasn't this Parker girl put them wise?"

"She doesn't know anything about what they're doing. She's only here to report on how we're getting along. By the way —would you mind letting me post that letter now?"

"But—what for?" I asked.

"Don't you see? If we release on the 1st, and they don't know about it, they will never show their picture at all, for they will know they've been stung."

"Well," I asked. "What difference does it make, if they don't show it?"

"A lot, to me," Percy said, without batting an eyelash. "I happen to own the dramatic rights of *The Noble Sinner*. Bought them from the author last year, before the book made anything of a hit. I want the Metagraph people to make that production, because I mean to make them pay me royalties on it. Do you get me?"

"Percy," I said, reaching for his hand, "you aren't a camera man—you're a financier. I take off my hat to you. Here's the letter. Post it by all means. I want to see Jerome Kurtz's face, when he takes a look at our picture, the opening night."

I turned to Bancroft as I finished my story. He was grinning broadly.

"You're excused," he said. "After what's happened you've got a right to laugh your head off. And who was the thief you shook hands with?"

"Why," I replied, "Percy Malone, of course. The Chief has just given him a fifty percent raise in salary."

"Good boy," Bancroft exclaimed. "And what about the thousand he got from the Metagraph?"

"Why, he's keeping it as advance royalty on his picture, *The Noble Sinner*. Jerome won't dare tell the truth about it. And once the film is shown, Percy's got a perfectly good claim for royalties, because he happens to own the dramatic rights. So there you are."

"Say," Bancroft remarked, as he called the waiter, "you better keep your eye on that camera man. First thing you know, he'll own the whole works. Let's have a drink."

Heavens! What a Wonderful Blonde

(Continued from page 102)

the conclusion that musical comedy presented more opportunities and I eagerly accepted an offer to understudy one of the stars in 'Chin Chin.' I had already refused to consider a chance in the Follies. It didn't appeal to me.

"Before I had progressed very far, however, I began having trouble with my voice, a sort of laryngitis, and I had to give up musical comedy.

"Between times I had posed for Mr. Leone Bracker, the illustrator; Mr. Hiller and others, so it wasn't very long before the film people discovered me. Mr. William Fox offered me a splendid opportunity last March and I accepted it. I have been told that I have 'made good,' but I feel that there is a great deal of hard work in store before I can be regarded as a sure enough star. Why, for instance, I can't ride a horse, and for the next week Tom Mix is going to give me daily riding lessons, so I can play with him in a big Western feature."

Miss Pettit made her debut in "The Derelict," a William Fox production starring Stuart Holmes, the well known wrecker of screen homes. She also supported him in "The Broadway Sport," and then William Farnum arrived from the West and she played with him in "The Doctor." Miss Pettit was then transferred to the West Coast studio of the Fox company. Here her first play was "This Is the Life," with George Walsh, and then she played in "Responsibility" with Enid Markey, after which she was switched to the Tom Mix company.

And now the Princess Wanda, once of Seattle and New York, to say nothing of Scranton, lives in a little bungalow in one of the little bungalow courts for which Hollywood is famous and when she sings in the evening, the night watchman at the gate of Mr. Griffith's Babylon, across the way, lights his pipe, tilts back his chair and shuts his eyes.



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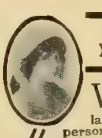
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 106)

ERNEST, TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA.—Enid Bennett, Margery Bennett, Sylvia Bremer and Louise Lovely are the only Australian girls of prominence in the films that we can think of right now. Ethel Clayton is 27.

BETTY, WINFIELD, KAN.—No, Charley Chaplin is not related to the Answer Man. We never *could* save a cent. Theda Bara is 27 and wholly unmarried. Billie Burke is 31. We just *did* escape the draft. You see one must be twenty-one to become a draftee.

E. C., NEW LONDON, CONN.—Screen players work at various hours—in the daylight studios from nine in the morning till the light gets bad usually; in the electric studios sometimes day and night. Yes, we like Girl Scouts, and other girls too. No record of Bliss Chevelier's plays.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Sid Smith of the Sennett Company was born in Faribault, Minn. That is, if he is the same Sidney C. Smith who was with Selig for a half dozen years and we presume that he is.

C. K., PORTSMOUTH, O.—We have no record of the company you mention.

S. W., EAST BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.—It will be regarded as perfectly *recherché* if you write to Antonio Moreno for a photograph. Meantime we'll try to see what we can do about your request. Hope the strike is over by this time, so you can get your PHOTOPLAY.

JILL, POTTSVILLE, PA.—We don't know how he used to pronounce it but now it's *Cor do'ba*. When the stage stars forsake the footlights for the camera they always put the accent on the *dough*. "Close up" rhymes with "dose up." Neither verb nor adjective, but noun. Your friend of "Little Miss Optimist" is not mentioned in the cast. Do you mean that you actually met us once? Judging from the description we must have had our spectacles off. Write again and tell us some more.

D. M. PITTSBURGH, PA.—You must have been mistaken. Tom Forman is with the Coast Artillery and at present is stationed at Long Beach, California, guarding a ship building plant. Mother Maurice is with Vitagraph still. Bill Desmond is sure Irish and Louise Huff's husband is Edgar Jones.

PEARL PATRIOT, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Yep; we've noticed that nearly all of the famous women of history have had red hair—at some time or other. Pathe decided to extend "The Fatal Ring" beyond fifteen episodes. Henry Gsell came from the stage.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Pearl White has been married and divorced, we understand. Marguerite Clark has been neither. Willard Mack was married to Marjorie Rambeau. She was just ahead of Pauline Frederick. Syd Chaplin did not play in any of Charley's pictures. Charley expects to make about eight pictures during the coming year.

M. G. M., CHINOOK, MONT.—We quite agree with you and you are going to see lots of pictures of new movie players in the near future.

AUSTRAL, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—There are numerous agencies which deal in scenarios but it is rather difficult to publish such information in this department. Have you tried submitting synopsis of your scenarios to some of the big producing companies?

L. G., ARDMORE, PA.—Bobby Connelly was the boy in "The Law Decides." Eugene O'Brien will undoubtedly send you a photograph. Address him at The Royalton, New York City.

BUDDY, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—You are some picker, kid. Olive Thomas is married to Jack Pickford but she'll be glad to send you a daguerrotype of herself if you write her at Culver City, Cal.

A. L. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Gladys Brockwell played opposite William Farnum in "The End of the Trail." Write Wallace Reid direct for a photo.

G. V. W., NEW YORK CITY.—Bertram Grassby was the young fellah who played *Hallem* in "To Honor and Obey."

GRACE, HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—Leon Bary played the part you refer to in "The Double Cross." Gladys Smith *was* the right name of Mary Pickford, but now it's Mrs. Owen Moore.

GEORGETTE, CHEYENNE, WYO.—Theda Bara is her right name. Miss Bara was recently allowed to change her name from Theodosia Goodman by order of a New York court. She will be allowed to have 28 candles in her birthday cake on July 20th next.

E. C., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The cliffs in "When a Man Sees Red" are within a short distance from Los Angeles. It was Dustin in "North of 53" not William. Both are married.

MINERVA, PASADENA, CAL.—George Beranger was the hired assassin in Doug Fairbanks' "Flirting with Fate." He is now in the Canadian aviation corps. Dorcas Mathews was Enid Markey's maid in "The Captive God." Jack Gilbert was the man in love with Margery Wilson in "The Sin Ye Do." Douglas MacLean occupied a similar position with respect to Frances Nelson in "Love's Crucible." Frank Bennett has been with Famous Players in New York recently. Here's the "In Slumberland" cast: *Eileen McCree*, Thelma Salter; *Nora McCree*, Laura Sears; *Patrick McCree*, Jack Livingston; *Peter Kennedy*, J. P. Lockney; *Flynn*, Walter Perry.

H. T., SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—Arthur Maude is not related to Cyril Maude, although it has been erroneously stated in this department that he is a nephew. Cyril Maude is now playing "Grumpy" in Australia and Arthur Maude is in vaudeville.

K. A., HENRIETTA, TEX.—Victor Sutherland played with Miss Pearson in "Daredevil Kate." Write him care Fox, Ft. Lee, N. J. Same for the Lee kiddies.

S. F., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Jack Holt played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Little American" and also *Hepburn* in "The Call of the East" with Hayakawa. Seena Owen has never played in a photoplay opposite her husband George Walsh.

A. W., PEARL RIVER, N. Y.—If Francis Bushman and Max Figman are related, they are keeping it from Max. Max is back on the stage slaying the leading role in "Nothing But the Truth." (That'd be a good name for this department wouldn't it?) Miss LaBadie died after the December issue went to press, so her death was not recorded in that number of PHOTOPLAY. Write to Mutual for that information about "The Gentle Intruder."

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. L., RED BANK, N. J.—Glayds Brockwell played in "The End of the Trail" but not in "Daredevil Kate." Joseph Maddern directed local photoplays for the F. F. Proctor circuit.

DORIS DOBBINS, CHICAGO.—The "girl on the outside" with talent and photographic possibilities *has* a chance to make good in Cinemania and the qualifications you enumerate sound like the real thing. For a sixteener you can write *some* letter. Sorry to have made you wait so long for an answer but everybody seems to be writing these days in spite of the increase in postage rates. Glad to hear from you again. Rockcliffe Fellowes is still with World.

HAPPY JACK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Yes, they are now considering bestowing the V. C. on us. Heretofore we have been decorated only with the Double Cross. Clara Kimball Young would certainly write you.

FLORENCE M., NEW ORLEANS.—Have we a Liberty Bond? Well, just what do you mean. If you mean what we think you mean—why no, we are not divorced. Myrtle Stedman's husband is Marshall Stedman. Charles Eyton is studio manager of the Morosco Photoplay Co. Always pleased to hear from you.

J. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Be charitable. Mr. Kerrigan has since denied that he made the statement credited to him.

B. J., MARION, O.—If you have a photoplay which you think would do for Billie Burke, mail it to Artcraft, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

EVANGELINE, TORONTO, CANADA.—Alice May played the wife of *Judge Roberts* in "Bitter Truth" with Virginia Pearson. Glad you like us so well.

NINA, WICHITA, KAN.—So you want to know "where the film stars live, whether they are married and number in the family and the ages of each?" You perfectly funny child; of course we'll tell you. Just have a little patience. And give this message also to Ruth.

HELEN L., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—June Elvidge is five, nine and Irene Castle is two inches shorter than you are. Pauline Frederick has brown hair. Descriptions mean little and photographs not much more in sizing up movie timber. A girl who takes a stunning photograph may look like a last year's birds nest on a strip of celluloid.

R. K., PUEBLO, COLO.—Juanita Hansen is 20 years old and you can reach her by mail at Universal City, Cal. She is now playing in Bluebirds.

A. H., OMAK, WASH.—Jack Richardson is with Triangle and Alice Hollister was last with Famous. Tammany Young and Stanley Walpole seem to be inactive, filmatically speaking.

R. D., CHICAGO.—By all means send the poem to Miss Pickford. She will appreciate it very much. You will find her just as sweet as you visualize her.

JOHN, EASTHAMPTON, MASS.—Joseph Moore is a brother of Owen and both were born in Ireland. Joe is now a soldier at the training camp at American Lake, Washington. Mollie King is 18 and free. She weighs 115.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MAGGIE, NORFOLK, VA.—It *is* rather provoking, isn't it? But how are we going to change it? If these girls insist on calling themselves "Beatrice Beautiful" and "Helen Handsome," why who knows how soon, as you suggest, we will be afflicted with "Warren Winsomes" and "Percy Prettiboys?" Allen Holubar is his name and he's a pretty nice fellah—no bad habits, good to his wife and child, etc. Yes, his wife is Dorothy Phillips, but she allows him to get letters from his admirers of the sensible sex. (Now they'll all say they knew all the time we were a woman!)

J. B., CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.—Most of the male stars have attended some college or other and quite a few of the old timers have a diploma from Keeley.

MARION, TRENTON, N. J.—We can no more tell you why boys do such things as write to girls they don't know than we can tell you why a girl will read in this department that Francis Bushman is not married to Beverly Bayne, and then sits down and writes us if Beverly is the wife of Francis. Horatius wasn't the only guy that had a few guesses coming, or was it Horatio? We're kinda weak on medieval history.

M. G. H., DES MOINES, IA.—Harold Lockwood is married and not divorced. Gail Kane has never been married or divorced. Ditto Douglas McLean. Cast of "Other People's Money": *The Girl,* Gladys Hulette; *Her Sweetheart,* Frannie Rannholz; *Her Father,* J. H. Gilmour; *The Crook,* Yale Benner; *His Wife,* Kathryn Adams.

E. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—Emily Stevens has been on the stage all her life. She was born in New York City and is a niece of Mrs. Fiske. Her last stage success was "The Unchastened Woman." She is considered a very finished player on both stage and screen.

SILVER SANDS, NEW YORK CITY.—Joseph Girard played *Dr. Reynolds,* the "Voice on the Wire." Thanks dreadfully for the symbols of your affection, so to speak.

BLOSSOM, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Mary Miles Minter is five feet two inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Bessie Love is five one and a half, and Jean Sothern five one. Oh, yes, Bessie weighs 100 and Jean tips the beam at five pounds more.

POLO ADMIRER, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Eddie Polo is 36, married and eats a light breakfast, followed by a middling lunch and a rather heavy dinner. He likes to dance, and since "The Gray Ghost" has played in "The Bull's Eye" another serial. Once upon a time he was a circus performer. Write him again about that two-bits you sent him for a photograph. Maybe he's been paid since. Grace Cunard is not playing right now. Tom Forman and Ernest Shields are guarding the shipyards at Long Beach, California, in the Coast Artillery.

DANIEL, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Of those you mention, Eugene Strong seems to be about the only one now active. He is supporting Blanche Bates in "The Border Legion," by Zane Gray. You needn't apologize for criticising our criticisms as we do not regard ourselves as wholly infallible.

A. CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Elmer Clifton is 25 years and married. Francis Ford has a young son. Edna Mayo is unmarried. So is Eugene O'Brien. Rena Rogers was *Lillian* in "Where Are My Children." In private life she is Mrs. Frank Dorzage.

RITA, LAGRANDE, ORE.—So you think we have Solomon "backed off the boards." Granted. Solomon is dead. But if you think it's flattery to call us a woman—well, we'll forgive you because we know you mean it in a complimentary way. Roy Stewart is not related to Anita, or even to Stuart Holmes. Ruth Stonehouse is married, but her hubby is off to war. Jack Mulhall is also married, but George Fisher isn't.

N. F., MACON, GA.—Gee, what a fawncy writer! Francis X. was born in Norfolk, Va. But you'll have to write to the county clerk to ascertain the date. Address, 1476 Broadway, New York care Metro.

J. H. L., CHICAGO.—Theodore Roberts was *Bishop Cauchon* in "Joan" and Winter Hall was *Dr. McLean* in "The Primrose Ring." Different men entirely.

BROWN EYES, CARLISLE, KY.—Rhea Mitchell is now with Paralta; Alice Brady with Select; Louise Lovely, Universal, and William Russell, American. Better fall right out of love with John Bowers and give somebody else a chance. He aint eligible.

M. P., TORONTO, CANADA.—Gretchen Lederer was the girl in "The Phantom Thief." She has been in pictures for several years. We have no record of the girl you mention as having played in "Tale of Two Cities." If she did, it wasn't a prominent part. That was a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Bushman.

W. N., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—*Halkett* in "The Girl Philippa" was Frank Morgan. Jack Barrymore is still in the pictures and also on the stage. "Rudy" Cameron played opposite Anita Stewart in "Clover's Rebellion."

BILLY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mahlon Hamilton played with Miss Clark in "Molly-Make-Believe." Lyster Chambers with Louise Huff in "Marse Covington," Sylvia Bremer with Charley Ray in "The Pinch Hitter." Can't tell why you don't see Dustin Farnum any more. He's still hanging around on the screen. Don't know when Clara Kimball Young is going to have "a decent play." She don't ask our advice any more. Mae Murray's newest play, "The Eternal Columbine," whatever that means. *Kate* in "Kennedy Square" was Muriel Ostriche. Anna Little is Wallie Reid's leading woman at present.

W. F., PORT PIRIE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—You are quite some film fan, William. Zoe Rae is a year older than Baby Marie Osborn. Edith and Mabel Taliaferro are sisters, but Neal Hart is not related to Bill. Helen Holmes is almost an Australian, as she married J. P. McGowan, who is an Antipodean, as the high brows say.

LOTTIE, CHARLESTON, S. C.—It's a pretty big order Lottie, but here it is: Cast of "The Circus Man:" *Richard Jenison,* James Neill; *Frank, his son,* Hubert Whitehead; *David, his grandson,* Jode Mullally; *Isaac Perry,* Billy Elmer; *Thomas Braddock,* Theodore Roberts; *Mary Braddock,* Mabel Van Buren; *Christine Braddock,* Florence Dagmar; *Ernie Cronk,* Raymond Hatton; *Dick Cronk,* Howard Hickman; *Colonel Grand,* Fred Montague. Cast of "Samson": *Maurice Brachard,* William Farnum; *Mme. Brachard,* Maude Gilbert; *Marquis d'Andolin,* Edgar Davenport; *Marquise d'Andolin,* Agnes Everett; *Max d'Andolin,* Harry Spingler; *Jerome Govain,* Charles Guthrie; *M. Devereaux,* George de Carlton; *Elise Vernette,* Carey Leigh; *M. Fontenoy,* Elmer Peterson; *Baron Hatzfeldt,* Edward Kyle.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

B. R., LENORA, KAN.—Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant had the leading roles in "The Melting Pot."

OH BOY, OGDEN, UTAH.—Cincinnati is famous for being the birthplace of Marguerite Clark as well as Theda Bara. L. C. Shumway was *Jose* in "Behind the Lines." Lois Weber has produced "K" with Mildred Harris featured.

SIMPLE, ELIZABETHTON, TENN.—Who is the greatest movie actor and the greatest actress in the world? We haven't got room here to print the list. Crane Wilbur is married and his birth date is Nov. 17, 1889. This would make him of draft age.

F. P., TULSA, OKLA.—Don't know Billy Vernon. We have a "Brownie" Vernon and a Bobby Vernon, however, and we can guarantee them "just as good."

D. M. W., LARUE, TEX.—"Sir" is right. You were probably mistaken as the young lady you mention has never had any connection with this magazine. Betty Scott is the present better half of Earle Foxe. Sorry for the delay.

KIDDO, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Henry Walthall's favorite car is manufactured in Detroit, his last picture is "Hum Drum Brown" and his favorite poem a little thing entitled "The Day It Rained."

A. M. D., KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Must confess we never heard of Hy Russell. Sorry.

RED CIRCLE, BATAVIA, EAST INDIES.—My, see who's here! Quite a trip for that li'l ole letter. Ruth Roland is Mrs. Lionel Kent in private life and you can reach her by addressing her at Los Angeles. "The Red Circle" was filmed in America and her latest picture was "The Neglected Wife." This, however, was made before she was married. Yes, sometimes the players drop in to see us, but we have the telephone girl take their weapons before they pass in.

HELEN, NEW YORK CITY.—Doris Kelly of "Young America" fame is not in pictures, we believe.

HENRY, BUFFALO, N. Y.—We can't give you any information, Hank, that would aid you in becoming a movie star. Stew bad!

R., TORONTO, CANADA.—You may address Mr. Griffith at just Los Angeles and Earle Foxe, care Pathe, New York City. It is not likely that the former will seriously consider a photograph sent him for purposes of employment seeking.

FRED, DENVER, COLO.—Actresses do not paint their lips black—merely rouge them but red photographs black. The darkening around the eyes is for the purpose of accentuating the lights in the eyes. If most of the players went into a scene *au naturel*, as it were, they would look like—well most anything you can think of. Makeup is as necessary under the artificial lights and even the sun, as it is on the stage and did you ever see anyone on the stage without makeup? If you did, you can see the point.

J. D., SWARTHMORE, PA.—Pauline Frederick is five three and a half tall and she is very friendly towards her admirers, so don't hesitate to write her.

MOVIE FAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Gale Henry is a woman and her right name is Mrs. Bruno Becker. Jack Pickford's first name is Jack.



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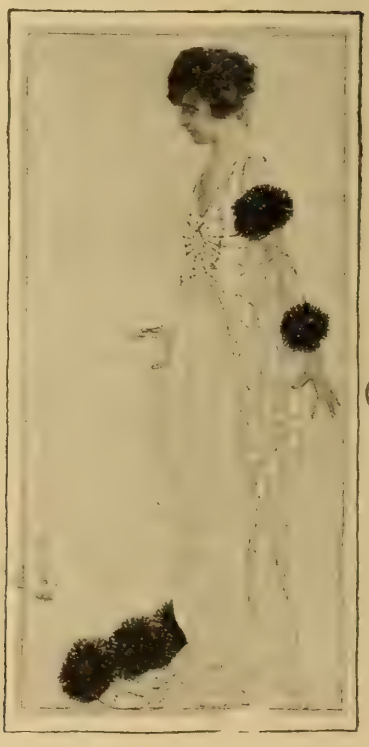
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P-25



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PHOTOPLAY

March
20 Cents

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Not in These Ways

But you can't do that by paring. That's a risky operation, and it never ends a corn. You cannot do it by old-time treatments, harsh and inefficient. They are too uncertain. Soreness too often follows.

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The entire facilities of the company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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No. "P-24" *James R. Quirk, Editor* No. "P-24"

VOL. XIII No. 4

MARCH, 1918

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Bobby Harron

For months the Editor of PHOTOPLAY has been bombarded with letters requesting an interview with Robert Harron, who became a national favorite with "The Birth of a Nation." Bobby started in as an office boy in the old Biograph days, and is as unspoiled now as he was then. The charm of his personality is put into words by Elizabeth Peltret in the April issue. Bobby told her all about his wonderful experiences in Europe while Mr. Griffith was filming the scenes of his new war play.

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Filming O. Henry

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The Girl on the Cover



It's Elsie Ferguson. Haskell Coffin, the celebrated cover painter, has made a beautiful likeness for the April cover.

Elsie Ferguson was a chorus girl, once upon a time. Now she is not merely one of the greatest of stage favorites, but has won distinction in moving pictures, and also is the wife of one of New York's most prominent bankers. Miss Harriette Underhill will tell of "The Rise of Elsie Ferguson" in the April issue.

Photoplay Writing

The third article of the Emerson-Loos series on the art of photoplay writing will be a very important one. It will deal with the construction of the "synopsis." Unless you can build a synopsis right, you can get no further.



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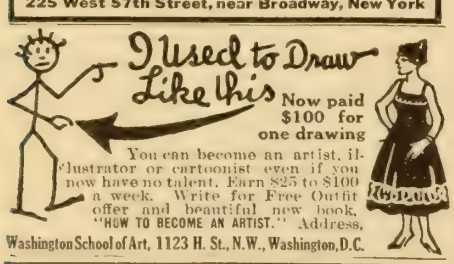
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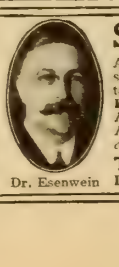
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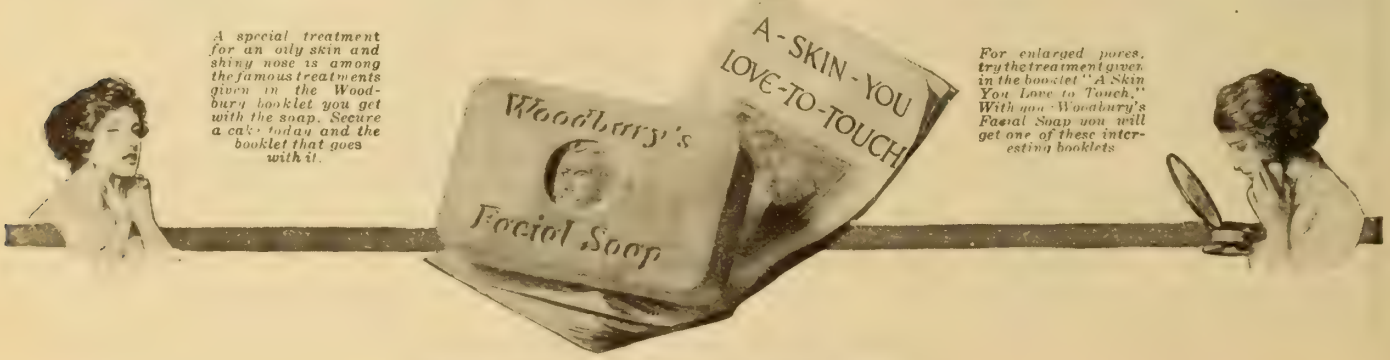
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Mrs. DeWolf Hopper's preference is for mother roles. Her screen work has been done as Elda Furry, Elda Millar, and lately, as Hedda Hopper.



Olive Thomas, sprightly Ziegfeld Follies' queen, now Triangle star and Mrs. Jack Pickford.

Edna Goodrich won fame as a stage beauty. Now she is immortalizing it on the screen.



Marjorie Rambeau, famous beauty and brilliant actress. Her screen career has hardly begun.

Mildred Harris, erstwhile starlet for Lois Weber, plays with Fairbanks in his "Modern Musketeer."



The old "Fine Arts" studio gave Jewell Carmen her chance. She was featured opposite William Farnum and then William Fox had a new star.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIII MARCH, 1918 NO. 4



Don't Murmur—KICK!

WHEN you see a bad picture—kick.

Don't just tell your friends. Tell the man who got your money. Hunt for the owner or manager of the theatre, and tell him that you feel you have both been cheated. Tell him the man that sold him the picture cheated him, and that he, in turn, cheated you.

Don't just say this to the man who takes the tickets at the door; don't just tell the girl in the box office. It is nothing in their young lives. They get their pay every Saturday night, whatever you think of the pictures. They will just label you "Grouch" and let it go at that.

But if you tell the man who runs the place, that he isn't going to get any more of your money if he shows that kind of pictures, you're going to receive a respectful and attentive hearing.

Don't be afraid of hurting his feelings. He wants to know what you think. He doesn't want to show pictures that you don't want. He's a business man. If you bought a package of raisins from your grocer, and found they were mouldy, you wouldn't murmur your woe to your next door neighbor. You'd go back to the grocer, and get your money back. And he would send the raisins to the wholesaler, and the wholesaler would send them to the packer, and everybody would be set right. If you didn't, the packer would go on putting up his raisins in an improper manner.

And another thing—when you see a picture that is deliberately bad, remember the name of the producer. Put him on your black list, and if he repeats the offence, boycott him. If the picture is openly filthy, don't even give him a second chance. Tell the manager of the theatre that you will not enter his house again so long as he shows pictures made by this man, or firm.

You, little girl, paying your dime-and-war-tax to see a picture, are the boss of this huge industry. But nobody can be boss by going around sulking because things are not the way they want them. You have to speak out loud—kick. And also you must be fair. If your kick is the result of a nasty disposition, or a mean prejudice, or stupidity, it will have no effect, because there won't be many like it. But when you kick in a righteous cause, there will be a lot more of the same kind, and the result will be felt clear into the studio where the picture was made.

Don't be afraid to boost, when you are pleased. It makes your kick that much more effective. But whether you boost or not, kick when you feel you have a kick coming, and land it where it will do most good—with the man who got your money.





Virginia *from* Kentucky

By Cameron Pike



Virginia Pearson's husband is Sheldon Lewis, one of the best actors of bad men in pictures

Haskell Coffin worked for three hours making the painting which adorns the cover, the while the two of them conversed upon every topic under the sun.



Miss Pearson can cook, but doesn't, to any great extent. She doesn't have time. She makes so much "dough" in her work that when she does so at home it is only from force of habit.

I HAD told W. Haskell Coffin that Miss Virginia Pearson would be at his studio at 11:30 a. m. to pose for her portrait, which he was to paint for the cover of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

"That doesn't give me much time to work before lunch," he complained.

"I'm sorry," I moaned, "but Miss Pearson said that was the best time for her."

"Well, if she's on time it will be all right," he growled, looking more like Woodrow Wilson than ever.

"Oh, she'll be on time," I assured him, looking surreptitiously at my watch and discovering that it was then 11:33.

At 11:45 Mr. Coffin interrupted the flow of camouflage conversation, which I was pouring out to obscure his knowledge of the flight of time.

"It's nearly my lunch time," he erupted, with a noise like that of a hungry man.

How the next fifteen minutes passed I never will know. Mr. Coffin is more accustomed to having people wait for him, than waiting for them, but as the bells in the Madison Square melodiously informed the artist that it was his lunch time, there was a gentle tap on the door. Miss Pearson had arrived, and I introduced them, covering the situation with a remark that as Miss Pearson traveled in a limousine she naturally could not make as good time as we common folk who ride in the subway.

But Mr. Coffin never heard me. He had stopped chewing up his pastels in rage, and had started furiously blocking out lines on his easel. I supposed he was going to rush the job through and get away to that lunch. I could not bear to remain as a witness to the crayon carnage, and subtracted myself from the studio. Later I learned that the artist worked without a pause until three o'clock, the while the two of them conversed upon every topic under the sun from doughnuts to reincarnation, forgetting all about lunch.

The answer: Virginia Pearson is a beauty of the type that will make any artist forget anything except that he desires above everything to express upon canvas her all-conquering charm. She broke an engagement with me, too, but gosh hang it, I can't help liking her just the same. So if the things I say about her seem a little choppy, put it down to this, that one can only see her momentarily and



The general impression she imparts is that of a typical American girl, possessing boundless health and independence.

on the fly. I never was permitted Mr. Coffin's privilege of three uninterrupted hours of conversation.

Miss Pearson was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and so, of course, her parents called her Virginia.

At one time she aspired to be a painter, and when she was fifteen years old some of her drawings were bought by Kentucky newspapers, but she became impatient and abandoned that form of art.

Her principal hobby is hats. She usually owns about twenty, that being all the room she has for them in her home. She gives away old ones to less fortunate young women, to make room for new ones.

Her hair is dark brown, almost copper-colored; her eyes dark blue, though men who look into them intently soon forget their color.

She is twenty-nine years old, and doesn't care who knows it, because she is not among those who believe that actresses are popular on account of creating an impression that they are merely in their teens.

She can cook, but doesn't, to any great extent. She doesn't have time. She makes so much "dough" in her work that when she does so at home it is only from force of habit.

At one time she had a fad of making tiny silhouettes of her friends out of black court plaster, and wearing them as "beauty patches."

She lives in a country home in New Jersey in summer, and on Riverside Drive, near Grant's Tomb, in winter.

She is almost convinced that there is some truth in the theory of the reincarnation of souls, but hasn't quite decided how much.

A policeman once mistook her for an "extra girl" when she was working on location, and tried to think up some excuse for arresting her because she spoke slurringly of Miss Virginia Pearson, who happened to be one of the cop's favorite screen actresses. When her limousine arrived to take her away, the policeman nearly died of heart failure.

Her husband is Sheldon Lewis, one of the best actors of bad men in picturedom. They are very fond of each other

Among the names the Fox publicity department has given her are "film beauty," "the beautiful Dixie photoplayer," "the beautiful William Fox star," "the modern Cleopatra of the movies," "screen heretic," "the statuesque William Fox star," "the screen's most versatile beauty."

She likes to philosophize about abstract things, one of her most quoted remarks being, "Many people regard repentance as humiliation; in the right spirit it can be the most exalted graciousness."

The most remarkable gown she ever wore was made of a single piece of cerise silk, richly flowered and jeweled, without a button or a hook and eye. It had to be wound around her, sewn on, and ripped off when she was through wearing it. It took two hours and three maids to put it on and an hour and two maids to take it off.

She sends autographed photographs to all persons who write for them and enclose stamps or coin to cover the expense. Her average is nearly a thousand a week. She does not employ a secretary to autograph her pictures.

She likes character parts better than mere heroines, though she says it is much harder to portray grief than joy on the screen.

She is not fond of outdoor sports though she likes to be photographed in hunting costumes and such, because she looks well in them. Aside from her strenuous work in pictures, about all the exercise she takes is getting in and out of her automobile.

When she wants a rest she usually goes to Atlantic City.

Her first theatrical engagement was under the management of Henry W. Savage. The play was a failure but Miss Pearson was a success.

She thinks most of the talk about immoral films is silly, and that pictures which reveal deplorable phases of life are no more objectionable than accounts of similar incidents in daily newspapers.

Her mother was Mary Alice Calloway, a member of an old and distinguished Kentucky family which helped blaze the trail of civilization with Daniel Boone. Her father, Joseph Pearson, had many artists and writers among his ancestors. Both parents were born in Louisville.

She does not like farm life, though the Fox publicity department once sent out a story to the contrary, because they happened to have a picture of her raking hay.

After graduating from high school, Miss Pearson worked in a library, but she always wanted to go on the stage, and finally did. She had no early struggles, almost everything coming easy for her from the start.

It is not easy to get good photographs of Miss Pearson, because while she is a splendid subject, her mind is so active that it is hard for her to sit still for a time exposure.

Her greatest stage success was as the vampire in "A Fool There Was" with Robert Hilliard, in which role another Fox star, Theda Bara, made her first screen hit.

She has the only known chauffeur that is not happy when he has nothing to do.

She plays the piano extremely well and has an excellent singing voice, but she has no ambition to appear publicly as a musical artist.

Like scores of other stars, her first picture engagement was with the Vitagraph company. She went into pictures because she did not want to be idle one summer between stage engagements. She never returned to the stage. And never will.

She once painted a portrait of Charlotte Walker. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has never tried to buy it.

Her Fox pictures are: "Daredevil Kate," "A Tortured Heart," "Blazing Love," "Hypocrisy," "The War Bride's Secret," "Bitter Truth," "Sister Against Sister," "Royal Romance," "Wrath of Love," "When False Tongues Speak," "Thou Shalt Not Steal," "All for a Husband."

After she is through with costumes she uses in playing the parts of poor girls, she gives the clothes to the Women's Rescue Home and the Professional Women's League, to be donated to needy persons. She does not make donations to persons who send begging letters, believing that it is unwise to give things to people when you cannot know their circumstances.

She insists that she has made butter in summer at her country place but never has been able to prove it to the satisfaction of incredulous persons.

She has had requests for information as to how to get into the movies from persons varying from men of seventy-one to mothers offering their infants in the cause of art.

She thinks the most ridiculous effects on the screen are those where players imagine they are impersonating a character merely by making up, and not by thinking themselves into the role.

She regards footwear as more important to the well-dressed woman than gowns themselves.

The fantastic and incorrect stories which have been written about her would fill an entire shelf in the New York Public Library, but never will.

She is seldom to be found in the Times Square district of New York unless on specific business or going to the theatre, which latter she does not often do, because she works so hard she prefers to stay home in the evening, and have her husband read to her.

She does not ordinarily keep engagements, or if she does she is almost certain to be half an hour late. In this she is not unlike most other actresses. And authoresses. And editoresses.

She does not knit. Unlike most women, she says she cannot think while she is doing it. So she buys Liberty Bonds and gives money to war charities instead.

She is five feet seven and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds.

The general impression she imparts is that of a typical American girl, possessing boundless health and independence.



Left, Mrs. Moore, mother of Owen; right, Mother Pickford.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
You seem so glad, you know.
"'Tis plain enough, kind sir,"
she said;
"I love my Mothers so!"

On "Active Duty" *with*

By K. Owen

LONG before Uncle Sam dipped into the European mess, a company of volunteer soldiers was organized in Hollywood, the capital of the Western film empire. Nearly all of the troopers were connected with the picture studios, actors, extra men, grips, electricians, cameramen, etc. They were known as the Seventeenth Company of the California Coast Artillery Corps.

When war against Germany was declared and there seemed a good chance of getting some real fighting to do, the company was swamped with applications. And they were federalized and sent to Fort MacArthur at Los Angeles Harbor and from there were despatched to Long Beach, Cal., for active duty, guarding the water front and the shipbuilding plants where submarines are being constructed for the navy.

The company is commanded by a former Lasky player, Captain Ted Duncan. Walter Long, the famous Griffith and Lasky heavy who played the chief villains in "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "The Little American" and other famous photoplays, is first lieutenant. Two of the sergeants are Tom Forman, one of the best juvenile leads in the films and for three years a Lasky favorite, and Ernie Shields, former Universal leading man.

Among the privates in the company who joined when war was declared is James Harrison, erstwhile American and Fine Arts juvenile and later in Christie Comedies. Jimmie will be remembered for his portrayal of the ukulele playing fellah in "Madam Bo Peep," the last of the Fine Arts pictures.

There have been so many inquiries about the boys now with the colors that PHOTOPLAY asked its staff photographer, Raymond Stagg, to visit the camp at Long Beach and "get" the boys.



Sergeant Tom Forman looks 'em over. From his inscrutable countenance it's hard telling whether it's an auto load of alien enemies he's giving the once over, or a load of visiting film actresses.

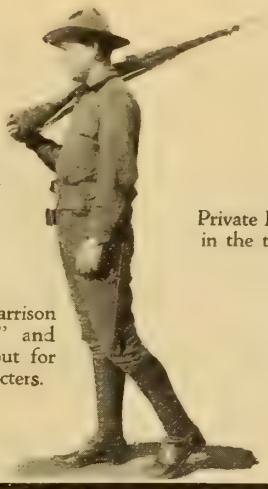


When there is nothing else to do, Lieutenant Walter Long takes some of his reformed actors out and shows them how to dig trenches. That's the Lieutenant with the map. At his right is Sergeant Tom Forman, at his left Sergeant Ernie Shields. Private Jimmie Harrison is the busy little fellow with the spade in the foreground.

the Actor-Soldiers



Left: Lieut. Long at revolver practice.



Right: Private Harrison "walking post" and keeping an eye out for suspicious characters.

Private Harrison in the trenches.





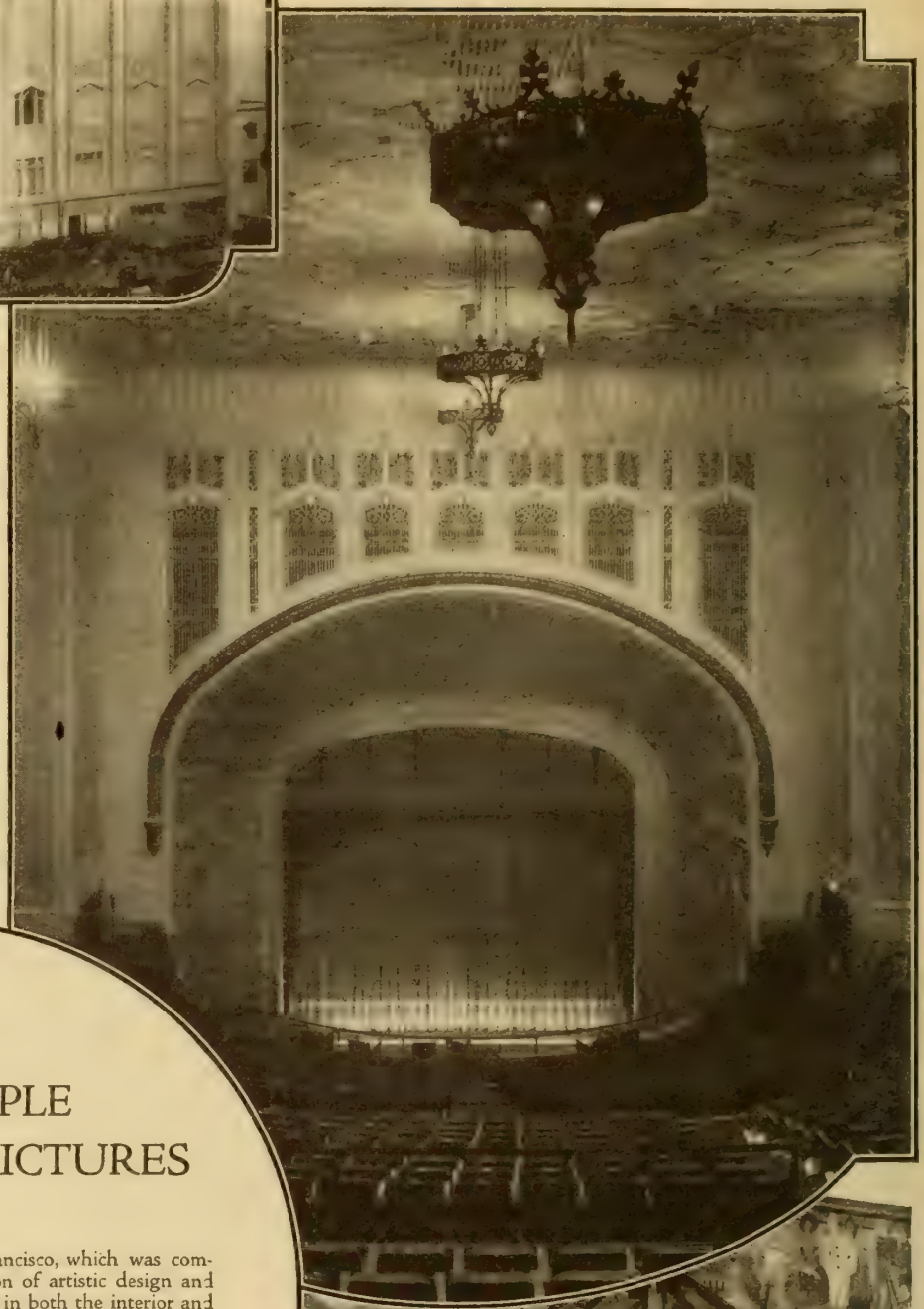


Center: "Signal Drill" in quarters. Sergeant Forman has just misread a signal and his partner, Private Harrison has lost a trick. Lieut. Long is seeing to it that the drill is properly conducted according to the Articles of War and the Hoyle book of tactics. Below: Sergeant Shields beginning a "fade out" in his mosquito proof apartment.

"You wouldn't believe it" says Jimmie, "but this is just as much fun as playing a ukulele if you have a good washboard and warm water.



The New California Theatre, corner Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco. Concrete and steel-constructed throughout, it is absolutely fireproof.

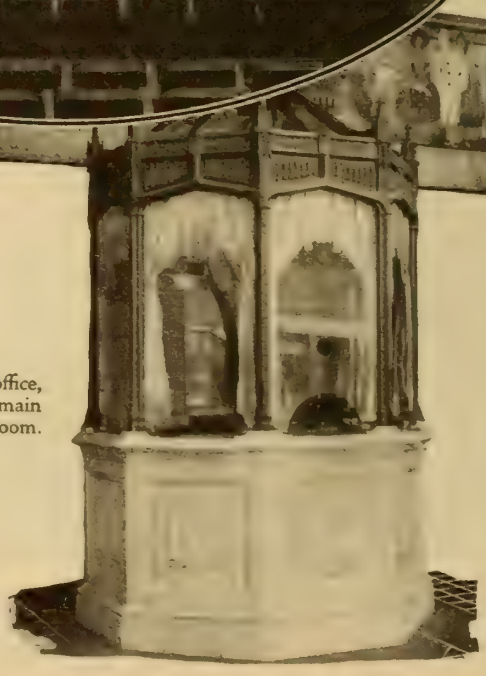


The auditorium and the stage, showing the ornamental plaster work which decorates the proscenium arch. The lighting, which is indirect, provides for four different colors: amber, white, red and blue. There are guide lights set in the floor along the aisles, for the convenience of patrons in reaching their seats when the lights are dim.

A NEW TEMPLE OF MOTION PICTURES

The New California Theatre, in San Francisco, which was completed November first, 1917, is a revelation of artistic design and attractive features. In all the decorations in both the interior and exterior finish, the Gothic style of architecture has been faithfully carried out, and breathes the spirit of idealism seldom found except in the ancient cathedrals of Europe. Nothing has been left undone for the convenience of the patrons, from the elimination of stairs and the easy pitch of the inclined runway, to the two luxuriously appointed lounges. The construction of the mezzanine having made it possible to do away with supporting columns in both auditorium and balcony, there is no seat from which a view of the screen is obstructed.





The ticket-office, and the main lounging-room.

Griffith, Maker *of* Battle Scenes, Sees Real War

By Harry C. Carr

Says Mr. Griffith; "Viewed as a drama, the war is in some ways disappointing. As an engine it is terrific.

"I found myself saying, 'Why this is old stuff. I have put that scene on myself so many times.'"



IT was in the ruins of the Court of Belshazzar. A decayed and very tough looking lion who once graced the Imperial throne of Babylon looked down with a dizzy smile. One of the beast's majestic hoofs had been chipped off and some graceless iconoclast, with no respect for art, royalty, or lions, had thrust the decapitated member in the lion's mouth. And you know that none of us could look our best with an amputated foot in our mouth.

And the lion saw—what he saw.

In the middle of Belshazzar's court stood a small stage and at the edge of the stage stood a tall man with a straw sombrero punched full of holes. There was never another hat like this in motion pictures. David Wark Griffith, maker of canned wars and mimic battles, having looked upon a real war at very close range and having been in the midst of a very real battle, is back on the job again—making another war picture in the midst of the studio where "Intolerance" was filmed.

Of all the interesting events of this great war, not the least interesting was the visit of Griffith to the front line trenches.

I have met many men who have seen the great battles of Europe face to face and I have never been able to get anything satisfactory out of them. I went to Europe as a newspaper correspondent myself and saw one of the greatest battles of the war; and I never could get anything out of myself.

For months I have been waiting anxiously to hear what Griffith, maker of battles, would have to say.

The question that naturally rises in every one's mind is this: "Was the real thing like the battles of his imagining?" And that question is naturally followed by another, "Now that Griffith has seen a real war, what use will he make of the material?"

I asked him and he threw up his hands and laughed.

"There was a man once," he said, "who contended that fiction was a good deal stranger than fact and a darned sight more interesting. He had some grounds for his contention."

And then he went on to explain. "Viewed as a drama, the war is in some ways disappointing. As an engine it is terrific.

"I found myself saying to my inner consciousness all the time, 'Why this is old stuff. I have put that scene on myself so many times. Why didn't they get something new?' Do you catch what I mean?

"It was exactly as I had imagined wars in many particulars. I saw, for instance, many troop trains moving away to the front. I saw wives parting from husbands they were never to see again. I saw wounded men returning to their families. I saw women coming away from the government offices, stunned with grief, a little paper in their hands to tell that the worst had happened.

"All these things were so exactly as we had been putting them on in the pictures for years and years that I found myself sometimes absently wondering who was staging the scene. Everything happened just as I would have put it on myself—in fact I have put on such scenes time and time again.

"By rare good luck I was able to get into the front line trenches. It was exactly as I had imagined wars in many particulars. I saw many troop trains moving away to the front; I saw many wives parting from their husbands, I saw wounded men returning to their families—all these things were so exactly as we had been putting them on in the pictures that I found myself wondering who was staging the scene."

"By rare good luck I was able to get into the front line trenches. This honor was never before accorded to any American motion picture man.

"The Misses Gish, Robert Harron and the others of my company were permitted to go to one of the ruined French villages and we made the greater part of the picture there that I am now finishing here in the studio.

"The conditions under which these

girls worked were exceedingly dangerous. The town was under shell fire all the time. We all feel that, as we shared their dangers, we would like to give the proceeds to alleviating the hardships of those who were left behind and have to face it through to the end. The entire proceeds of this picture will go to some war charity—probably for the benefits of the mine sweepers whose lives are sacrificed to make the seas safe for the rest of us to travel."

I asked Griffith what the battle looked like when he got into the front line trenches. He looked at me narrowly.

"*You* saw a battle; what did it look like?" he countered.

"It looked like a meadow with two ditches in it and some white puffs of smoke and no signs of human life anywhere."

Griffith laughed. "It looked something like that to me," he said.

"I said that many of the scenes of the war made me think of our own motion pictures; but not the battles—not the battles.

"A modern war is neither romantic nor picturesque. The courier who



Dorothy Gish, with her sister Lillian, worked in a ruined French village which was always under fire. The house before which she stands is over 500 years old.



Griffith is here shown going over the plans for a set which he drew "Over There." He real war scenes. "Billy" Bitzer, camera wizard, was with Griffith during his stay in Europe

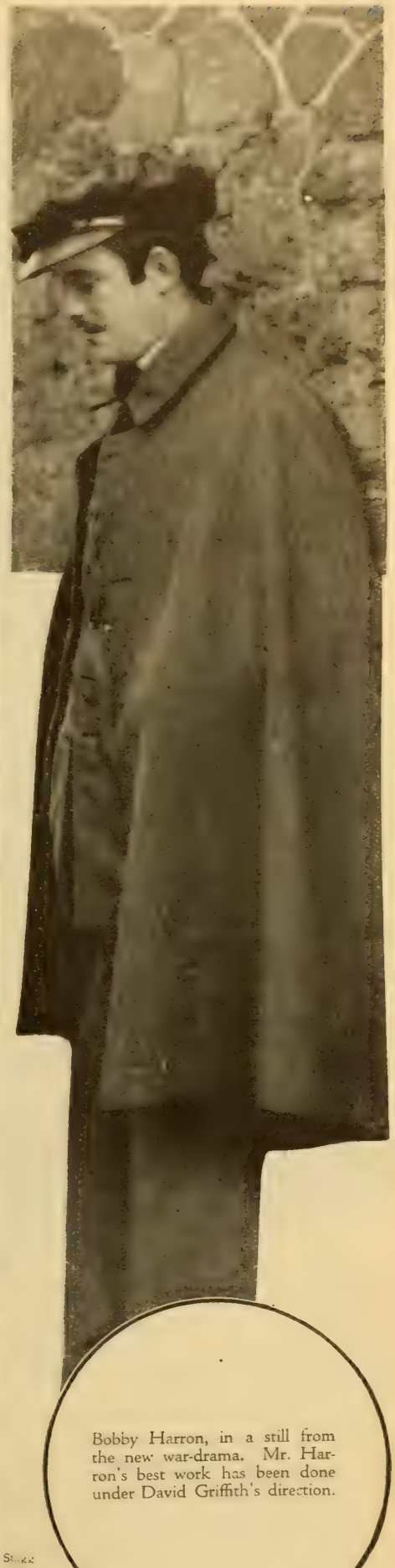
dashed up on a foam-covered charger now uses a desk telephone in a dug out. Sheridan wouldn't bother to dash in from Winchester twenty miles away. He would sit in front of a huge map at Winchester and rally his troops by telling two draftsmen how to arrange the figures on the scale map while a man in a corner at the phone exchange with a phone head piece would send out the orders over the wire.

"Every one is hidden away in ditches. As you look out across No Man's Land, there is literally nothing that meets the eye but an aching desolation of nothingness—of torn trees, ruined barbed wire fence and shell holes.

"At first you are horribly disappointed. There is nothing but filth and dirt and the most soul sickening smells. The soldiers are standing sometimes almost up to their hips in ice cold mud. The dash and thrill of wars of other days is no longer there.

"It is too colossal to be dramatic. No one can describe it. You might as well try to describe the ocean or the milky way. The war correspondents





Bobby Harron, in a still from the new war-drama. Mr. Harron's best work has been done under David Griffith's direction.

is now completing in his Hollywood studios the picture for which he went abroad to get and either personally took or supervised the taking of many thousand feet of negative.



of today are staggered almost into silence. A very great writer could describe Waterloo. Many fine writers witnessed the charge of Pickett's army at Gettysburg and left wonderful descriptions. But who could describe the advance of Haig? No one saw it. No one saw a thousandth part of it.

"Back somewhere in the rear there was a quiet Scotchman with a desk telephone and a war map who knew what was going on. No one else did.

"A curious thing that everybody remarks who has seen a modern war is that the closer you get to the front, the less you know what is going on.

"I know a war correspondent who was with the Austrians when they retreated before the Russians in the Carpathian Mountains in the spring of 1915. I asked him to tell me just what the rout of a modern army looked like. My friend looked sheepish and finally told me he would kill me if I ever told but—'The truth is,' he said, 'I didn't know they were retreating until I got back to London three months afterward and read about it in the files of a newspaper.'

"The most interesting and dramatic place in a modern battle is four or five miles back of the line. Back there you get something of the stir and thrill of the movie battle. Artillery is moving, ambulances come tearing down the roads with the dying screaming as they take their last ride. Streams of prisoners are marching in tatters and dejection back to the bases; wounded soldiers are making their own way. Motorcycle messengers go tearing to and fro. Strange engines of war covered with camouflage are trundling by on their way to some threatened point.



Opposite page: The nonchalant gentleman at the film-gun is of course Mr. Bitzer. And this is the selfsame miracle box with which he shot "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," and the latest Griffith subject in France. The lady in black is Lillian Gish, in the real ruins of a shelled village just a few miles from the front line trenches. This picture was enlarged from a negative taken "Somewhere in France." Miss Gish worked under exceedingly dangerous conditions.

Griffith directing Mrs. Josephine Crowell, the "Catherine de Medici" of "Intolerance."

Stagg

"It is back there that you begin to catch the meaning of this terrific machinery of battle.

"You begin to realize that, after all, you are face to face with a drama more thrilling than any human mind could conjure up.

"The drama that is in modern machinery is not at first realized. The world of art used to bewail the passing of the picturesque old phases of life and the coming in of machinery. It took a Pennell to see the wonderful artistic possibilities of machinery.

"Just so it finally comes to you that the real drama of this war lies in the ingulfment of human soldiers in these terrible war monsters men have built in work shops.

"Promoters often boast of having made motion pictures for which the settings and actors cost a million dollars. The settings of the picture I took cost several billion dollars.

"When you see the picture you will see what I mean. I thought in my mimic war pictures I was somewhat prodigal for instance in the use of cannon. In my picture made at the French front, I made one scene showing thirty-six big guns standing almost wheel to wheel firing as fast as the gunners could load and fire.

"I think I will be able to make good the claim that I will use the most expensive stage settings that ever have been or ever will be used in the making of a picture."



Lillian Gish in another scene from the new Griffith photoplay.

a better idea than as though they had seen a real battle.

Although Griffith speaks of it lightly, he had a very narrow escape from being killed in the battle that he saw. In fact it may be said to have been a little private battle of his own.

A British officer had been detailed to take him into the trenches. He had a new pair of boots and was unwilling to drag those gorgeous foot coverings into the filthy muck of the trenches. When Griffith insisted upon going into the front line, the officer started to walk along the top of the trench. Griffith had no choice but to follow him. It happened that the Britisher was carrying a map case that was very shiny. It caught the gleam of the sun and the other end of that gleam evidently hit a German artilleryman in the eye. At any rate, there came the peculiar whining howl that tells you that a shell is on its way.

There was a good marksman at the breech of that distant .77. The shell struck not a dozen yards away and threw up a shower of mud. It happened to be a "dud" and did not explode. Otherwise there would have been no Griffith left to tell the story.

They both made a dive into the trench. It was one of the old Hindenburg trenches that

(Continued on page 119)

Griffith smiled and declined to state his plans for the use of this war material. "This first picture is for charity," he said. "After that, I will go on making Artcraft pictures."

Motion picture people are looking for another spectacle from him. "Intolerance" proved to be a big hit in London and Paris and has practically paid for itself over there, without counting the receipts on this side. In the older culture of Europe, the story of Babylon was better understood and better appreciated.

"These ruins are more impressive,—to me at least, than anything I saw in war-torn France and Belgium," said D. W. Griffith as the man with the camera pressed the button. The plaster elephants are the only ones left of the many who looked down on the orgies of Belshazzar's court in "Intolerance."

In fact, it was "Intolerance" that got Griffith the rare boon of a pass to the front line trenches. His previous spectacle also made a great sensation abroad. "The Birth of a Nation" happened to go in London for the first time when the Battle of Loos was in progress.

It translated the war for the Londoner into terms that the human mind could comprehend. As I have said before, no one can comprehend a modern battle any more than any human mind can comprehend the real significance of a billion dollars.

You can look at a dollar and dimly realize what a billion of them mean. So they needed an epitomized battle to make them comprehend the conflict in which their husbands and sons were dying. They found this in "The Birth of a Nation." It gave them a better idea of a battle than any one could tell; in fact

Who Said Nazimova was Temperamental?



Director George D. Baker is trying to convince Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryant that the scenario of the Metro picture "Revelation" is a corker. Mrs. Bryant's opinion is especially important, as she is Nazimova, who is the star of the picture.

Somehow or other, Nazimova acquired an undeserved reputation as a "temperamental" star. The Metro studio folk have been rather astonished to find she is less tigress than kitten. On this occasion she essayed to make a movie of her director George D. Baker, (the gentleman with the sore finger) and her husband, Charles F. Bryant, the tall person with the pleased grin, but did not notice that she had the camera aimed at the N. G. sign on the slate. But then, after all—



Charles Spencer Chaplin——

"Well, let's break the ice" said Charlie and it was done —the beginning of his first scene for his first picture, "The Floorwalker," under Mutual's $670,000 contract.

EVERYBODY knows about Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest screen comedian, but only those who have been closely associated with the funny fellow, know him as a director. For two years and a half Chaplin has been directing all of his own pictures and they have made him the highest salaried person in the world. The accompanying snapshots were "shot" by Fred Goodwins, for a long time a member of Chaplin's organization, both as a player and a writer.



Perhaps you'll remember the owner of the store in "The Floorwalker," Alfred Austin. Here Charlie is seen rehearsing him.



Doping out a "gag" for "The Floorwalker." Charlie is the one with the elevated "dogs" while his double sitting alongside is Lloyd Bacon.

And a Pretty Good Director Too



Charlie giving an imitation of a friendtelling a story. He has since discarded the fluffy hair dress. Leo White, once the French count, in the foreground.



It was during the filming of "The Vagabond" out on location. Charlie was "stumped" on a piece of business so he got out the trusty fiddle and doped it out.



And Alfred seems to have done it to Charlie's satisfaction. "That's fine," he says.



"Now stick out your tongue, Alfred."



At the end of a perfect play.

I Love You

A romance of a lovely girl of Italy, whom they called "The Passion Flower"

By Felix Baird



"BUT you will come back to me soon; you promise?"

"Soon, sweetheart. For this picture will make us both famous—you, the Passion Flower, and I the man who put you on canvas. And when that time comes I will come back and take you away with me—to live in a palace, maybe, on the Grand Canal. . . . . Kiss me again, Felice."

They were in a garden, underneath the blue Italian sky. The soft air was heavy with fragrance, for there was a riot of blossoms everywhere. Felice, the daughter of a florist, had been born, literally, among the flowers. Perhaps that was why she was so much like a flower herself in her velvet peasant's bodice, with a white puff of lawn for a yoke, outlining her creamy neck. Her great dark eyes were raised to her lover's face. They held implicit faith and confidence, but were shadowed with the pain of parting.

For Jules Mardon, the young artist who had chanced to stop at her father's house while on a rambling pilgrimage through Italy, was the Prince of her dreams. She knew the moment she saw him why she had held aloof from all the village peasant love-making. Jules had accepted her father's hospitality, had chanced to see Felice—and had stayed. He had been struck with the beauty of the girl and had asked permission to paint her.

Ah, that had been a wonderful summer! For Jules was not only an artist with brush and canvas, but in the ways of love as well. He had painted Felice as "The Passion Flower," and by the time the picture was finished the world held little for Felice besides his smile.

Now that the picture was done, Jules must take it to Paris. He knew that it was the achievement of his life. In the eyes of the girl on the canvas was a depth of longing, a hint of deep waters faintly stirred; in the curve of her mouth and the freshness of her oval face were innocence and youth. The picture was a living, vibrant thing. The artist in Mardon thrilled in response to his own creating. It had been a pleasant as well as profitable summer. Now for Paris—and the laurel wreath of Fame.

In the days that followed Felice wandered about the garden alone, living over the scenes of the past. Here was the wall on which she had leaned, where the rough stone had bruised the soft flesh of her arm and Jules had kissed the pain away. Here was the bench on which they sat when first his lips had touched her hair. Here was her casement window from which she had reached soft arms out to him in the darkness, her father asleep. . . . . She would try to be patient, but the waiting was long.

The days passed and Jules did not come. Well, perhaps wealth and fame had not come to him so quickly as he had hoped. She still believed. But—perhaps it would be well to say her prayers more faithfully. In her happiness, she

I Love You

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name by Catherine Carr; produced by Triangle. Cast as given in the picture.

CAST

Felice	Alma Rubens
Ravello	John Lince
Jules Mardon	Francis McDonald
Armande De Gautier	Wheeler Oakman
Prince Del Chinay	Frederick Vroom
Princess Del Chinay	Lillian Langdon
Boy	Peaches Jackson

had grown neglectful, she knew. And as the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months Felice spent long hours before the Virgin's little shrine. Every day she cut fresh flowers and placed them before the little holy image in the niche in the garden wall.

Poor Felice! She was only a peasant girl in spite of her beauty. She could not read and there was no one to tell her that "The Passion Flower" had won the grand prize at the Paris Exposition, and that Jules Mardon, the gifted young artist, was the lion of the hour with riches and favors showered upon him. To him Felice was but a pretty peasant girl whom he had immortalized on canvas. But only on canvas—not in his heart. For there were scores of pretty peasant girls—and if one had to remember all one's pleasant summer love-making, it would be like remembering all one's pleasant summer days. As for marriage, that was something to be taken seriously. For Jules Mardon there were many pretty beckoning hands, hands that never need know no burden heavier than the jewels on their fingers. He could pick and choose. There was plenty of time.

So Felice burned candles before the Virgin's shrine, and offered gifts of flowers, and knelt beside her bed into the small hours of the morning, praying that her lover might return. But after a while news came to her, in that dim vague way in which news travels to the most obscure parts of the world, and she learned that Jules had become rich and famous. Then her heart broke, for she knew he had deceived her; that he never intended to return.

The peasant lads besieged her with their homage, but she hardly heard them. She would study herself in her little mirror. Jules had raved about her beauty—he had cared nothing about her heart. Very well, she would make her beauty serve her. Never again would she trust a man, never again let one enter into the sanctuary of her love. She would make them her playthings as she, herself, had been a toy. Once more she sang about her work—but there were no tender cadences to the song.

Among the many thousands who gazed with delight upon "The Passion Flower" was a young Frenchman, Armand De Gautier, a wealthy patron of the arts and a man of serious purpose. Never had he seen such a face, so pure and yet with such a wealth of latent fire. He bought the painting and had it hung on the wall of his study. Each morning the girl of the canvas greeted him with the same enchanting freshness of lips and the same deep, haunting eyes. Each night she came to him in his dreams. De Gautier realized at last that he had fallen in love with the original of the painting, a girl he had never seen. He told himself that he would find her, and if she were all that the picture promised, he would make her his wife. Accordingly he met Mardon, and obtained from him the address of his model. It took Mardon some time to find it, for he had forgotten Felice's name.

De Gautier went to the little old Italian village. It was easy enough to locate the old florist, and De Gautier came upon him pottering with his flowers, while Felice sat in her favorite seat on the edge of the garden wall.

De Gautier held his breath. She was more beautiful, by far, than the picture. And innocent, too, he knew, as he had always dreamed of innocence but had never known it, in his gay world of Paris.

The old florist was pleased to meet a man with the same hobby as his own—rare flowers. Over their pipes and a jug



In the eyes of the girl on the canvas was a depth of longing, a hint of deep waters faintly stirred; in the freshness of her face were innocence and youth.

of wine the two men became fast friends, with Felice hovering nearby, a picture of artlessness. But she was not so innocent as she seemed. She did not love Gautier,



"Felice, my little Felice," he whispered; "I love you. I want you to be my wife. Felice,—will you marry me?"

but she did not intend to let that make any difference. And when the day came that he led her to the old stone seat—where Mardon had first kissed her—she knew what was coming.

"Felice, my little Felice," he whispered. "I love you. I want you to be my wife. I fell in love with your picture—and I had to find you. And when I had found you, you were so much sweeter, dearer—Felice, will you marry me?"

She looked up at him in round-eyed innocence. "You are rich?" she breathed. "You can take me away from here—give me beautiful things?"

A shade passed over his face. "Yes, I can give you everything your heart desires. But I love you, Felice. Don't you—can't you love me?"

She lowered her eyes. "I—I don't know what love is."

His arms closed around her, every doubt removed: she had spoken so because of her innocence; she gauged life as did a little child. "You will love me," he promised. "My little Felice!"

So there was a gay little peasant's wedding in the old Italian town. And afterward De Gautier took his wife away to a palace in Venice, a palace such as Mardon had promised her. He did not take her to his home for two reasons: He realized that his peasant wife, with all her sweetness and beauty, would be sadly handicapped beside the cultured women of his world; and he was so proud of her that he wished her to take that world by storm. So they lived in seclusion for a while, and patiently and lovingly De Gautier taught her the ways and speech of people of his own station in life.

To his surprise and gratification, Felice proved an apt and diligent pupil. In fact her zeal for her own advancement outdid his. Her fallow virgin mind absorbed learning, and in one short year, De Gautier saw, with inexpressible pride, the last trace of the peasant girl disappear.

Now he was ready to introduce Felice to society. His opportunity came when they received invitations to a ball, given by an Italian nobleman. De Gautier conceived the idea that his wife should go in the simplest of dresses, and without ornament of any kind. The exquisite simplicity of her appearance contrasted with the jewels and rich costumes of the other women, made her beauty shine like a pearl in the midst of tawdry ornaments. The next day she was the toast of the town and proclaimed the reigning beauty. All of which added to De Gautier's pride in her.

But through it all Felice remained cold. She ensnared men's hearts by her very coldness. Sometimes her husband wondered, a little wistfully, if this snow woman of his would ever live up to the promise in her eyes. For he was obliged to acknowledge the fact that so far Felice had not learned the meaning of love, as he knew it. Perhaps—with the coming of her child—

For there was to be a child. De Gautier's cup of joy ran over, and Felice looked forward eagerly to the time when she would have something that would love her for herself alone. For the lesson she had learned from Jules Mardon had been a bitter one. She could not believe that there were men in the world who would value—not her beauty less, but herself more. She had no measure, as yet, of the quality of her husband's love.

Back to France De Gautier took his bride, now a grande dame who had once been a peasant girl. There in the old home of his forefathers, a beautiful country estate, his son was born.

The little boy grew strong and handsome and was a delight to look upon. He had the great dark eyes of his mother, but his handsome, highbred features showed that the blood of aristocrats was in his veins. He was adored by both his parents, and this common bond brought Felice very close to her husband. Almost her love was his without reserve.

It so happeneed that Jules Mardon was asked to loan his famous painting to a charitable bazaar. Never dreaming that Felice, the peasant girl who had been his model, was now the wife of De Gautier, Jules called upon him one afternoon to ask permission to make use of the painting for sweet charity's sake. De Gautier received him and listened courteously to his request. "Upon one condition I will loan you the painting," said De Gautier, "that is, of course, with my wife's permission. The condition is that you paint Madame De Gautier and our little son, as the Madonna and Child."

Noting a slight hesitation on the part of Mardon, De Gautier touched a bell and summoned a servant. "Will you ask Madame to step into my study for a minute?" Then, to Mardon, with a smile, "You will soon see how I have honored you."

Felice entered the room, and De Gautier, pride in his accents, presented her to Mardon.



In her happiness, she had grown neglectful: and as the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months Felice spent long hours before the Virgin's little shrine.

The artist looked up and was almost bereft of words, so great was his astonishment. Could it be possible that this regal, stately woman was the little gauché Felice? She was a thousand-fold more beautiful than when he painted her so long ago, a passion flower beside the old garden wall. It all came back to him: the moonlit nights, the scent of orange and jasmine blossoms, the little peasant girl looking up at him with great dark eyes of adoration. What a fool he had been! He had held this priceless jewel in his hands, and had thrown it away. Why, the woman was a queen! A flame swept over him; from the dead ashes of the old romance leaped a consuming fire. He had been first with her; he would be last. . . . . He became aware that De Gautier was waiting for his answer.

"I will be most humbly proud to be permitted to paint Madame as the Madonna," and Mardon bowed over her hand. "A thousand thanks for the loan of the picture. I will begin work on Madame's picture at once."

Felice never knew how she got to her own apartment without betraying the tumult that was rending her. She could have cried out in horror when she heard her husband's proposition. She had never wanted to see Jules Mardon; this was playing right into his hands. She did not wish her husband to know that there had been anything between them; she must endure, passively, being near him, having him talk to her, touch her!

A new thought struck her. She was safe now—no word from him would evermore disturb one beat of her heart—but if she could make him love her again? There had been the old look in his eyes— Her little hands clenched. She would play with him, and in the end he should know the agony of disappointed love—as she had known it. He should suffer as she had suffered. She sat late into the night thinking, planning.

Shortly afterward, when the painting of the picture was well begun, De Gautier was called away on business. Seizing the opportunity, Mardon asked that he might dine with her, alone. Felice, with pretended reluctance, consented.

She gave orders that dinner should be served in her private sitting room, and she selected the choicest fruits, flowers and wines. She spent hours over her toilet, and when she entered, to await the coming of Jules, she knew she had never looked more lovely. She sat down, and while listening for his footsteps, the clanging of the village church bell, a discordant note, came to her ears. For a minute she wondered what the disturbance was about, then turning to greet Jules, forgot the occurrence.

As a cat plays with a mouse, Felice played with Mardon during dinner. The climax came when he clasped her in his arms and declared

(Continued on page 120)

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a Place where they change trains and, in the sad mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

IT was Awful,
The Day She Came.
It
Half-snowed,
Discouraged Itself, and
Rained Instead.
It Isn't
So Pleasant in Chicago
On a Day like That.
And then She Came.
Not
That Jackie Saunders
Came to Chicago
On Purpose; none
Of Them do. Only, when
You Live in Los Angeles, and
You Want to Get to New York,
Chicago Is a Convenient Place
To Lunch. Besides,
You Have
To Change Trains.
Besides,—
There's *"Photo-play."*
And Now, I Wish
I Hadn't Met Her.
Then I could Call her
Jackie.
Only, she
Looks Like
A Jacqueline.
Before, I never Thought
Anyone was Pretty Enough
To be Called That; but Now—
Why, Folks,
She Has
Blue Eyes—
The Kind that Poets Mean;
And her Nose
Is the First
Real Tip-tilted One
I've Ever Seen; and
Her Teeth Gleam White
When she Laughs;—but
She's Not a Vampire—
And when she Came Up
To see Photoplay, she sat down
In a Swivel Chair, before
A Big Desk, that Didn't
Match her Eyes
At All; and
She looked at me, and
She said: "I Can't
Talk about Myself,
Very Well";
And For Once I Knew
I'd Heard the Truth
About That;
And she's Married,
And Happy—
(I Know;
It *is* Hard);



But
She has the First Real Laugh
I've ever Heard—
Only It's a Giggle—
And she still
Blushes, when you Say
Something Nice; and I Said
A Whole Lot.
She Wore
Blue—Jacqueline Blue.
It Used to Be
Something Else; but
It's Jacqueline, Now.—
And she Looked
At the Papers and Things,
On the Desk, and
She Looked Away—
Right Then,
I Knew
She was One of These
Essentially Feminine Women—
You Know—
One of the Helpless Sort;
The Kind
That Look Up at One, through
Lowered Lashes, and then
Look Slowly Down.
The Kind
That Sometimes Stumble, and
Often Mispronounce Words.
They
Duck their Heads
When They Shake Hands
Jackie Saunders
Was Like That.
I Loved her.—
One Meets
So Few
Of these Old-fashioned Girls
Nowadays.
I Was
Watching her Eyes,
And not Hearing
Half she Said, when
I Heard a Shriek.
I
Had Shrieked It.
"Did
You See That Mouse?" I
Asked her.
"A Mouse? Why," she Smiled;
"I
Play With
A Dozen White Mice
In My Latest Picture."

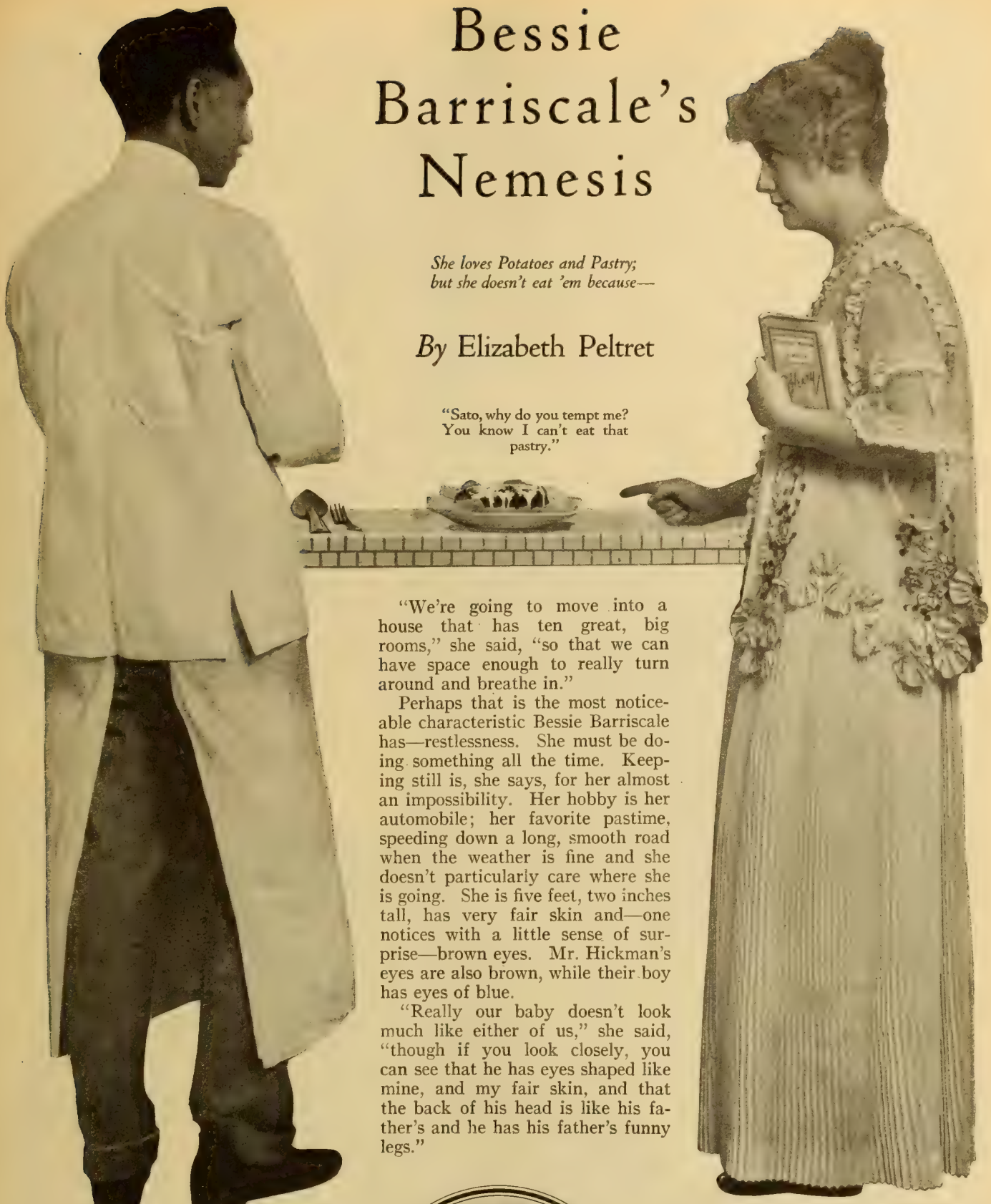
More and
More,
Every Day,
I Realize
That G. B. S. Said Something—
You *Never*
Can Tell.
And then I Remembered
All I'd Heard
About Jackie Saunders—
Driving her Own Car, and
Winning Cups—
Well, and
I Stopped Watching her Eyes and Began
To Listen
To What she Said.
"I was Wishing
It Would Snow," she Sighed;
"I *Love* Snow.
Long Beach, of course,
Is Awfully Nice—there's
One Hotel, and
A Beautiful Ocean—
But
I'd Like to Work
In Los Angeles Half the Year, and
In New York
The Other Half.
And I Want
To Do Worth-while Things—
I'm Studying
Hard—Music, and languages—
Just Now, while I can.
I'll do
"Joy" Pictures—
Boy Parts—
And Oh,—
I Do Love
Every Bit of It!"
And Now, Miss Saunders,
I Want to Tell you
Something.
Please,
When
You've Seen
One of Your Own Pictures,
Don't
Go Home and Cry.
And Don't
Go Without your Dinner.
You Said
That in your Latest Picture,
"Jackie the Hoyden,"
You're
A Boy, and
You Wear Knickers—
Why,—Jac—Miss Saunders,
That's Nothing
To *Cry* About!



Bessie Barriscale's Nemesis

She loves Potatoes and Pastry; but she doesn't eat 'em because—

By Elizabeth Peltret



"Sato, why do you tempt me? You know I can't eat that pastry."

"We're going to move into a house that has ten great, big rooms," she said, "so that we can have space enough to really turn around and breathe in."

Perhaps that is the most noticeable characteristic Bessie Barriscale has—restlessness. She must be doing something all the time. Keeping still is, she says, for her almost an impossibility. Her hobby is her automobile; her favorite pastime, speeding down a long, smooth road when the weather is fine and she doesn't particularly care where she is going. She is five feet, two inches tall, has very fair skin and—one notices with a little sense of surprise—brown eyes. Mr. Hickman's eyes are also brown, while their boy has eyes of blue.

"Really our baby doesn't look much like either of us," she said, "though if you look closely, you can see that he has eyes shaped like mine, and my fair skin, and that the back of his head is like his father's and he has his father's funny legs."

THE Hickmans—Howard, Bessie Barriscale, and their little boy—live in a six-room bungalow in Hollywood that Bessie Barriscale calls the doll's house. Being great believers in the power of mind over matter, they have a number of Maxfield Parrish landscapes around to give the suggestion of great distances, and the ceiling of her bedroom is sky blue, possibly for the same reason, but "Bess"—(everyone calls her Bess)—is too restless to be satisfied with suggestions.



Friend husband was not in the room at the time she made this remark which was, perhaps, just as well. Later, however, he came in dressed up as a pirate—well, anyway, "do you want your boy to be an actor?" she was asked.

"Why certainly," she answered promptly, "if he should want to be. I've been on the stage since I was five years old and I know that stage children are given more care—more gentle consideration—than any other children in the world."



Like so many others, Bessie Barriscale and her husband "went over" to the movies so they could be together.

Miss Barriscale's first appearance was with James H. Hearne in "Shore Acres." "I never think of him without at the same time thinking of peanut brittle," she said. "He must have kept me constantly fed up on peanut brittle. I have the same vagueness of impression about Margaret Anglin, with whom I worked the following season. All I remember about her is her way of saying, 'Oh, *DON'T* do that, Little Girl!'"

Bess has played everything from *Little Eva*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the children of Shakespeare with Louis James.

"The last time I played *Little Eva*," she said, "I was a great deal too old for the part. The company had taken me with them on tour in case the little girl playing *Eva* should be removed by the Gerry society. One night, the performance commenced and was going along as usual, when someone spied the Gerry man out front. It was just before the moment when *Little Eva* falls into the river and the manager dared not await any longer than was absolutely necessary to substitute me. I've often wondered what the audience thought when *Eva* came out of the river a head taller and several years older than she was when she went into it."

Bessie Barriscale met Howard Hickman when they were playing in stock at the Bush Temple theater in Chicago. He was the villain of the company and perhaps this lent him an added fascination, for she fell in love with him almost at first sight. Her mother, however, disapproved, not of Mr. Hickman, but of Bess getting married at all just at that period.

"She thought I was too young; that it would ruin my career—oh dozens of things. She was utterly heartbroken over the whole affair. There being nothing else to do, we eloped. Poor Mother! For her, it was like the end of the world!

"We are very happy together," she went on, "and I think much of this is due to the sacrifices we have made in order not to be separated. Frequently, we have accepted engagements where we could be together when we could have made twice as much money and had very much better parts, if we had been willing to work separately."

This was the chief reason that they "went over" to the pictures. At present,



The Howard Hickmans have signed the Food Pledge. Here it is in the window.



We've been told so many times that these screen stars are the hardest working-girls of all. And yet, every day we receive pictures like this one of Bessie Barriscale at home.

both are at the Paralta studio, but even were they at different studios, they could still have their evenings together. Then, too, they are free from the necessity of long separations from their boy. "We have a real home," said Miss Barriscale.

Her first picture play was "The Rose of the Rancho," made at the Lasky studio by Cecil de Mille and it was one of Lasky's first offerings.

"I wasn't a bit nervous," she said. "Perhaps because I had played the part so many times—18 weeks—in stock at the Belasco theater (Los Angeles).

"The first day at the studio is rather hazy—dream-like—in my memory. The things that impressed me most about the studio were the click of the camera—which bothered me a great deal for awhile—and the men in evening dress for a scene, wearing yellow shirts. Later I put on a white dress for one of my scenes, and the director made me change it, explaining that white wouldn't photograph white as well as yellow would. It was a long time before I got used to that. Whenever we used yellow linen in the place of white, I went through the scene with a strong feeling that something was wrong. It made me feel very awkward."

From Lasky's Miss Barriscale went to Culver City where she stayed for two years. Some of her most successful Ince pictures were "The Reward," "The Cup of Life," "A Corner in Colleens," "Bullets and Brown Eyes," "The Payment," and "The Golden Claw." For Paralta she has made "Rose of Paradise," "Madam Who?" and "Within the Cup." In this last picture, she had



"We have a real home," said Miss Barriscale. And Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman evidently think there's no place like it.



Left: Miss Barriscale as "Bawbs o' the Blue Ridge." Oval: a scene from "The Devil." Right: as the kitchen wench in "Borrowed Plumage."

a part which required her to do some "vamping."

Now "Bess" is a good actress but she has never been very strong for the rag-and-the-bone and the-hank-of-hair stuff. However, on this occasion, she was vamping all over the set, and enjoying herself very much, when she heard Robert Brunton, the general manager, remark to his wife, who was visiting on the lot:

"As a vampire, Bess looks like a naughty child that ought to be spanked."

"You have nothing on me," said Bess. "I can't imagine myself as a vampire either."

To look at her, no one would suspect Bessie Barriscale of having a trouble in the world—and she hasn't. But she has something just as bad. She is afraid that she will have a trouble in the world, and the trouble in question is adipose tissue, as the experts call it. As a matter of fact, she doesn't seem to be in any particular danger. She not only doesn't have to lace, but she doesn't even wear a corset—only a little elastic girdle. (Such a thing may be said, may it not? in an "intimate" interview?) Any way, she isn't taking any chances. She has a regular beauty parlor arranged in her own home, including electric bath, electric massage, physician's chair, and everything that a beauty parlor naturally would contain. Also, she never eats anything she really likes on the theory that it will be likely to add a pound or two of the aforementioned adipose tissue. There is only one exception to this rule. Occasionally she must have a potato.

"I can go about three weeks without a potato," she said, and then I absolutely must have one if it adds three pounds. Not that I ever noticed it adding three pounds, but it might. However, I must take the chance. The other day my husband thought that he'd be good to me—"

"For a change?" suggested Howard Hickman, poking his head in at the door.

"For a change," his wife went on, quite as if he hadn't interrupted her, "so he brought me a big box of chocolate creams. I keep them on the sideboard so I can sit here and look at them!

"This is all because I remember myself as I saw me first on the screen," she went on. "It was three years ago, and I haven't gotten over the shock yet. To this day, I can't bear to look at one of my own pictures! I had been very excited over the idea of seeing myself—I expected to have a sort of curious yet pleasant sensation. I did have a curious sensation, but as for pleasant—I was a little late reaching the projection room and it happened that I walked right in on a close-up of myself. I didn't wait for any more. Instead, I made the finest emotional exit of my entire career! Once outside, I leaned against the side of the building and had a good cry. As I cried, I repeated over and over to myself, 'I'm not that fat!' "

Bessie Barriscale was the original *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise." The play was written especially for her and was first put on at the Belasco theater in Los Angeles.

The Fan's Prayer

FROM Billy West's imitations; from Wm. Brady's idea of Russia; from Theda Bara in "Cleopatra" gowns; from News Weeklies of Shriners' Parades; from Fox's Made-in-America Russian Vamps; from movie ball-rooms; from actress managers; from "Chats"; from Violet Mersereau's joy-plays; from anybody's joy-plays; from picture posters; from the sorrows of Alice Joyce; from Dustin Farnum in "The Spy"; from missing a Bill Farnum picture; from silent prima-donnas; from screen coincidence; from George Walsh's smile; from "The Last Raid of the Zeppelins"; from fictionized photoplays; from antiquated ingenues; from "The Master of Screen-Craft"; from decorated captions; from Winifred Kingston's kisses; from Sm. Goldfish's reforms of the industry; from Kathleen Clifford in anything but boys' clothes; from Clara Young's light comedies; from sweet villains; from sweet leading men; from the continued absence of Blanche Sweet; from advice to the screen-lorn; from most war-plays; from believing that "Sirens of the Sea" is an uplift effort; from uplift efforts; from News-weekly inserts in "super-films"; from "super-features," "super-films," and other soup; from fifth-reel grabs; from Broadway, Santa Barbara, and from Africa, Fort Lee; from Eileen Percy's tears; from Vivian Martin's poor girls; from ticket-tax dodgers; from film-racing operators; from photoplays with a mission; from Julia Sanderson as a country-girl; from Marguerite Clark with her hair straight back; from missing "Mickey"—when it comes; from more Selznick corporations; from sprocket-scarred films; from morality camouflage—from all these evils, kind Providence, deliver us!

Shooting the Music



BEING a veracious account of the proceedings by which Joseph O'Sullivan, Mutual's music master, paints tune poems to accompany the presentation of the pictures in the theatres.

Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan is a slight and picturesque person with a lot of hair and some temperament. He came out of Louisville, Ky., some years ago and broke into opera as a composer and expert in incidental music. Captured for the movies, he is now devoting his genius to the musical crazy-quilt business which is known as "cueing motion pictures."

Which means that a "cue sheet" offering hints of themes and motifs is made by the motion picture distributor for distribution to the theatre orchestras. These cue sheets determine largely what you hear from the pit along with what you see on the screen. There is presumed to be a close artistic relation and Mr. O'Sullivan is the artist.

The O'Sullivan method of extracting the musical essences of a motion picture and converting them into printed directions for "playing the picture" are highly technical, scientific, modern, and all that.

The usual conception of a music cue-writer is a taper-fingered young person tickling the piano as the picture rolls by, dictating notes to a self-effacing stenographer.

Nothing of the sort. O'Sullivan works out his music cues without even looking at a piano. It is as systematic as the compilation of a railroad time-table and at least twice as accurate. The first step in this operation is to "can the picture," this being shop talk for the operation of dictating the plot and action of the picture, in the order of its happening and at the rate of speed with which it happens, to the wax record of a recording phonograph.

The musical Mr. O'Sullivan sits in the projection room, dictates his notes, then goes to his desk, listens to himself talk on the record and jots down the musical selections which seem to fit the case. For example, the music and each thematic change of the music must keep step with the action on the screen and start and end at the proper times. This is worked out by a timing adjustment of the recording phonograph, which enables the cue sheet writer to tell at just how many minutes and seconds of elapsed time the comedian fell down-stairs on the screen, or at just what point the leading lady flows into the arms of our hero on the iris fade-out at the finish.

And this is how Mr. O'Sullivan's dope-sheet reads, however unintelligible it may sound to the uninitiated:

O'Sullivan, reading rapidly from screen caption—"Say, young fellow, I'm Nick Fowler from Hohokus and I want to see Mr. Blunt."—This is the big rube talking to the office-boy.

Scene in studio at twenty-two and a half. The kid starts a crap game with two pickaninnies. (Use an allegretto giocoso here; sure, that's the dope.)

Back to the office—twenty-three and three quarters—Kid and two coons. "Oh you little Joe! Seben come eleben!" The dinge gets the six bits all right. Kid registers disgust—bellicoso; back to allegretto giocoso.

Back to the office at twenty-seven. Trixie Friganza getting impatient. Lots of movement here—popular stuff, what? Con moto, I guess. The rube bumps into Trixie. She says, "Out of the way, you boob!" Kid returns at twenty-eight.

Time now twenty-nine. Subtitle: "Palter, the Loonie's butler, who hourly awaits," etc. Scene shows a horse-faced butler nosing from behind portieres. Mysterioso andante here—sumpin's going to happen anyhow—

Our hero is led in to a den of cutthroats who mistake him for one of them.

Time sixty and a half. Lord Cheesel enters—they're all excited—here you go now—agitato, agitato!

Then comes the fight. Biff—bang! Furiorioso agitato!

And then — here comes the bride. Give 'em "The End of a Perfect Day" to the finish.



Mr. O'Sullivan sits in the projection room and dictates his notes as he watches the picture.

ONCE UPON A TIME



When Louise Huff was a Lubin ingenue, Edgar Jones was her leading man. Today, Louise Huff is a Lasky star, and Edgar Jones a Universal director. But he's still her leading man.



We loved Gene Gauntier in the good old "Kalem" days for her genuine ability; we loved her more for her shy little smile. But we loved her most because she was Irish. Miss Gauntier is here pictured with the members of her company just before they sailed for Ireland, where they made three-reel features. Sidney Olcott, Miss Gauntier's director, stands at her right; her husband and leading man, Jack Clark, right of Mr. Olcott. Miss Gauntier has been retired for several years; Mr. Olcott is still a director.

In 1912, Kalem sent a company to the Holyland, to film Biblical subjects. Helen Lindroth was one of the players. This snapshot was taken in their "Studio" at Jerusalem. Miss Lindroth is well-remembered as a character actress; her latest appearance was made with Famous Players.



In those days, when a star bought a new car it was good for a story. This was an "exclusive" picture for PHOTOPLAY of Mae Hotely and her new electric. The p. a. wrote: "Miss Hotely honestly has three automobiles—a huge seven-passenger, a five-passenger, and her favorite, the new electric. It is upholstered in mauve, and—" Miss Hotely's Lubin comedies were among the most popular of their time.



Remember when every other good picture bore the "Liberty Bell" stamp? "Pop" Lubin, a picture-pioneer, is now back in the optical business.





How they did make up in those days! And now Marshall Neilan, the famous Lasky director, and Miss Pauline Bush —(Mrs. Allan Dwan)—will have a chance to see themselves as others used to see them.

1913! Only five years ago. But five mighty, racing years; five years which have broadened more outlooks, disrupted more theories, and changed more minds than any other period in the history of time.

There were movies, in 1913. You went to a "nickelshow"; you passed one hour in the dark, stuffy silence; you stared ahead of you at a queer patch of black-and-white that quivered and shivered and stumbled and shook; you heard the great emotions cut out of that patch and fingered on a black-and-white keyboard until they screeched in agony. But, as you watched, you sometimes caught a glimpse of the light in a pair of pictured eyes; of the terror in them, or the grief. And for one short hour, you were in the land of pictured dreams.



A scene from "The Telegrapher's Peril." (Lubin.) But we remember when we would have been only too glad to get a chance to see Ormi Hawley. With Earle Metcalfe, Lubin had a team which was extremely popular. Miss Hawley recently appeared in "Runaway Romany."



"Sophie Clutts"! If you ever saw her, in those Essanay western comedies, the recollection will bring a smile even now. Margaret Joslin isn't acting now; but we wish she was.



Edwin August may not have been the first matinee idol; but his smile was much admired once upon a time. Of late Mr. August has been a director.



Incidentally Miss Dana's director is her husband—or perhaps it would be better to say that incidentally, Miss Dana's husband is her director. Anyhow Director John Collins *is* her director at the Metro picture plant in Hollywood. But after they leave the studio— but what's the use of butting into private affairs. All parties concerned agree that they are an ideal couple—on and off—and that's official. But you'd never think they'd been married three years, would you?



"I've been down here at least a dozen times," he said. "Mr. Brockton, the head of your scenario department, won't see me."

The Rejected One

In this case one man's loss was everybody's gain, and certainly no one could blame McKay

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"GIVE me a chance!" the man opposite me exclaimed, his face twitching. "For God's sake give me a chance."

I glanced from the manuscript I had been reading to the young fellow who had so unceremoniously burst into my office. His unwarranted intrusion annoyed me. It is not my habit to listen to the complaints of disgruntled authors. The scenario department is supposed to take care of all such unwelcome visitors. I made a mental note to find out by what means this eager-faced young man had managed to force his way into my sanctum.

He supplied the information himself.

"I've been down here at least a dozen times," he said. "Mr. Brockton, the head of your scenario department, won't see me. His secretary says that he is either out, or in conference, or down in the projecting room. I've sat in the outer office until I've worn the varnish off half the chairs, and no one pays the least attention to me. Not only here, but at most of the other studios as well. This morning I got desperate. I told the boy at the desk I had an appointment with you and walked right by him into your private office. Your name on the door told me where it was. I want a chance."

"What do you mean by a chance?" I asked. His nervous manner, his lack of self-control as evidenced by the twitching of his mouth, the high strained key in which he

spoke, the quick nervous clasping and unclasping of his hands, did not prejudice me in his favor. A man has got to keep his "front," both mental and physical, in this diamond-cut-diamond game of the movies. Keep it, indeed, when his pockets are as empty as his heart is of hope. There is no room for failure in the film business. "What do you mean by chance?" I repeated.

"A chance to make good writing for the screen," he replied.

I took a closer look at him. He was not over twenty-five, pale, slender, very nervous. He had not, however, been drinking. His eyes were too clear for that. His clothes were of good quality and well cut, but decidedly threadbare. His linen, thoroughly clean, gave evidences of having been laundered at home. The soles of his shoes were paper-thin, but the uppers shone with defiant brightness. Clearly he was making heroic efforts to keep up appearances, sartorially at least, and I wondered the more at the break in his self-control. The man began to interest me.

"Chance?" I said. "You've got as much chance as anybody else. Write your stuff and send it in. We want short synopsis, not scenarios. Our scenario department will give you an answer inside of a week. We employ a competent staff of readers."

The young man smiled. It was not an agreeable smile.

"I've been submitting material to your company, and others, for two years," he replied, "and I've still to sell my first story."

"Then your material isn't what we want," I told him, wondering why the unsuccessful writer always blames the picture companies when his work is turned down. Some of the material that comes in to us—most of it, in fact—would make a cigar store Indian laugh. And the indignation of the writers, when their stories are returned, is generally in inverse proportion to their merit. One fellow, I remember—or was it a woman—threatened to bring suit against us for two hundred thousand dollars for not immediately accepting a masterpiece she sent in called "The Bandit's Revenge," and forwarding her a check by return mail. It was *some* scenario, believe me. Twenty thousand feet of film wouldn't have done it justice. This young fellow, however, did not look like that kind.

His smile suddenly turned to a disagreeable frown.

"If my stuff isn't what the picture companies want," he said, "why do they steal it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. Apparently he was like all the rest.

"That's what they all say," I returned.

"I know. I've been in the writing game long enough to understand that more than one person may have the same idea. There aren't any new plots, and I haven't any copyright on the old ones. I know all that. But what I'm telling you is true, just the same. In at least three cases stories that I have submitted and had returned to me with the usual regrets have appeared on the screen within a few months, under another title. I won't name the companies, because I'm not looking for any libel suits, and I'm giving it to you straight, just the same. No—your company wasn't one of them."

"Why don't you sue for damages?" I asked him.

He gave an unpleasant laugh.

"Swell chance I'd have, with ten dollars in the bank, bucking a ten million dollar concern. And besides, how could I prove anything? You know it's a cinch to steal any story ever written, by changing it just enough to get by. It's done every day in the year. I know a man who used to be a reader at one of the big coast studios. He has put me wise. Do you know what he did? Anything that came along with a well-known name attached to it—there were mighty few, he tells me, for the big fellows don't submit stuff that way—he'd pass along without even bothering to read it. The other stuff he'd read, make a brief synopsis of the plot, and return. The plots, situations, ideas he got in that way were card-indexed in the company's files. Nothing was accepted, except the big-name stuff. The open boast of the office was, 'Why pay for anything you can steal?' When one of the staff writers of the company, working on salary, wanted an idea, or half a dozen of them, he'd go to the files and get them. Everything was on hand. It was just like mixing a drink—a novel angle of the triangle here, a new comedy situation there, a unique gun play and an original love scene, he'd grab them all, shake them up in his hat, and turn out a corking five-reeler in two days. And why shouldn't he, with five thousand brains working for him? I've seen situations of mine, stuck in the middle of a picture like currants in a bun, but how could I prove the staff writer didn't think of them himself? I'd have about as much chance as an ice-cream meringue in the middle of hell. And the worst of it is, you can't protect yourself. You can't copyright a scenario. Of course you can go to the trouble of writing your story out in narrative form, have it printed, bound, and issue it as a book. You can copyright a book, but it costs a lot of money, and wouldn't do any good. They'd steal your idea just the same, if they wanted to, and take a chance on proving it wasn't new. So what's the use?" He sat back in his chair with a groan of dejection. "I guess I'm down and out. I gave up my job on the paper two years ago to write for the screen and I've still got to make my first sale. My stuff's all right. I know that. But I can't get a chance. If it wasn't for an occasional magazine story, I guess I'd starve. My wife advises me to have patience and keep at it, but I'm through. I'm rejected, all right. Rejected! I told her that last night. The poor kid hasn't had a decent dress for twelve months—lucky to have something to eat, I guess, but she's game. What do you think she said? Go back to the newspaper job? Not a bit of it. Said if you don't see your opportunity, *make* one. Get that? *Make one!* Then she quoted the Bible to me. Fact. Something about the stone the builders rejected becoming the corner of the arch. So I came down here to see if there isn't some way I can get a chance."

"What can *I* do for you?" I asked, in a kinder voice. The excited way in which my caller rattled on showed me plainly that his nerves were almost at the breaking point. "I don't select the company's pictures. I merely put them on."

"You have a lot to say about it," he returned. "I've found that out. The other night I was talking to a man who knows Peter Fleming. Writes a lot of stuff for you, he says. Well, he tells me Fleming won't bother with any twenty dollar a week readers. Takes his stuff in synopsis form right to Brockton, or Mr. Goldheimer, or you. Won't you look over this one of mine?" He drew a thin typewritten manuscript from his pocket and offered it to me.

I shook my head.

"Mr. Fleming's material is of unusual quality," I said. "His name and reputation as a dramatist and writer of fiction justify us in modifying our rules in this particular case. But you can see how impossible it would be for me to do it in yours. If I made an exception in your favor, I'd have fifty like you on my hands every day, and that wouldn't leave me time for anything else. Now if you were as well-known as Mr. Fleming is—"

"In other words," he interrupted harshly, "the best you can do is to tell me to go and get a reputation."

"That's about the size of it," I said, and turned to my work. I had just an hour in which to go over an important scenario, and I'd already wasted a quarter of it on this young man and his troubles.

He rose, scribbled something on a bit of paper, and laid it on the desk.

"Here's the title of my story," he said, "and my name and address. I'll hand the thing in at the scenario depart-



We had begun work on the interiors, and everything was going along smoothly when one day the chief walked into the studio and handed me a letter.

ment, same as usual. If you want to get one of the best pictures that ever came into your office, ask your readers to give this one special attention. In fact, it wouldn't take you half an hour to read it yourself." He made a movement as though to lay the manuscript before me.

"Nothing doing," I laughed. "Give it to Mr. Brockton's secretary, Miss Bradley. Tell her I said would Mr. Baker please give it the once over. He's the best reader we have. That's about all I can do for you. More, in fact, than I ought to do. Baker has troubles of his own. I don't like to add to them."

He thanked me with a quick smile and went out. I glanced at the bit of paper he had given me, with his name and title of his story on it, and slipped it into a pigeonhole of my desk. Then I forgot all about it.

A few days later the Chief came into my office and handed me a manuscript.

"Here's that story Fleming's just done for Betty Mason," he said. "Look it over, will you? We'll need something for her in about a week."

"Fleming's stuff generally makes a hit with me," I said. "I'll take a look at it tonight. *The Verdict,* eh? Not a bad title." Without glancing through it I laid the script on my desk and went out.

We were working on location that day, and it was late when I returned to the studio. The manuscript lay where I had left it, and I placed it in my portfolio and went up to town.

I stopped in at the club for a cocktail, and by chance met Fleming at the bar.

"Just taking home a script of yours," I said. "Called *The Verdict.* Not a bad title."

"I'm not stuck on it," he replied. "See if you can't hit on a better one."

I said I would try. All my friends think I'm a shark when it comes to titles. I've named dozens of pictures that I had nothing whatever to do with, just to help out some friend. Consequently I rather pride myself on my abilities in that direction.

I went over the synopsis carefully that night, and found it all that I had hoped, and more. The situations were novel, the plot ingenious, with a unique twist, the whole thing so brilliantly worked out that I longed to work on it. Fleming had outdone himself. And somehow the only title that I could see for the picture was *The Man of Her Dreams.* I didn't originate it. It came right out of the synopsis itself. One of the paragraphs began, "Frances meets the man of her dreams." I decided then and there to discard Fleming's original title of *The Verdict* and use the one I had selected. I frequently did this, on my own account, but in this case I was especially authorized by Fleming himself, to make the change, so I gave the matter no further thought. I scrawled the title over the outside cover, scratching out *The Verdict,* and the next morning reported to the Chief.

"That Fleming story is all right," I said. "The very thing for Mason. I'll have Nelson put it in scenario form at once."

"Go ahead," he replied. "We need it to follow *The Refugee,*" and a few moments later I had turned the synopsis over to George Nelson, our crack scenario writer, with instructions to have it read for production the following week. George is a wonder. He once turned out the complete working scenario of a five-reel picture, with over three hundred and fifty scenes, in four days, which is going some.

We had begun work on the interiors, and everything was going along smoothly, when one day the Chief walked into the studio and handed me a letter.

"What do you make of that?" he said, shoving it into my hand.

I stopped the scene I was rehearsing and glanced at the letter. It was from Fleming, and he protested violently against the change I had made in his title.

"*The Verdict,*" he wrote, "wasn't much of a title, I'll admit, but *The Man of Her Dreams* is punk. Better find something more suitable."

I handed the letter back to the Chief, not at all pleased by Fleming's caustic criticisms of my selection.

"I think *The Man of Her Dreams* is a corking title, myself," I said, "but if Fleming doesn't want it, it's nothing in my life. I was trying to help him out. Let him think up his own titles after this."

The Chief went away and I heard nothing more about the matter of the title for another week. Then one day a boy came out to me on location with another letter from Fleming, who, it seems, was off in the country somewhere with a party of friends.

"I suggest calling the picture either *The Missing Witness,* or *Not Guilty,*" he wrote. "Either would suit it admirably." At the bottom of the letter the Chief had written in pencil—"How do these strike you?"

By this time I had begun to think that Peter Fleming was losing his mind. The story he'd sent in was a delightful love story, with plenty of strong situations, and all that, but nothing whatever about it to suggest the titles he had sent in. That night, when I returned to the studio, I went in to see the Chief and told him so.

"*The Verdict* was a pretty bum title," I said, "although it might apply well enough to the final decision made by the girl when she accepts the hero. But when it comes to *The Missing Witness,* and *Not Guilty,* I threw up my hands. You'd better write Fleming and ask him where he gets all this courtroom stuff. There's none of it in the picture. And tell him to answer quick, because we'll finish shooting our final scenes this week."

That ended the matter, so far as I was concerned, and I went ahead and finished the picture. On the very day that I had arranged to run it off for titling, Fleming called me up from the city and said he wanted to see me. It appears he'd been away on a cruise, or something, and had just received the Chief's letter. I told him to come right down, take a look at the picture, and decide on the title after he had seen it. He said he'd come and I went in to tell the Chief.

There wasn't anyone in the projecting room but Fleming, Brockton and myself. When the opening scenes were run off, I noticed that Fleming was very quiet. Once he turned to me as though about to speak, but he didn't say anything. When the first reel was over, he spoke.

"Changed the first part a lot, haven't you?" he asked.

I told him we'd made a few changes, but nothing very important, and he turned to the screen again to look at the second reel. He was as silent as the grave until it was over, and then he got up and shouted something at me in a way that almost bowled me over.

"Say!" he cried. "Where in hell did you get this picture, anyway? *I* never wrote it!"

"You never wrote it?" I gasped, staring at him.

"Certainly not! This isn't *The Verdict.* You've got it mixed up with something else."

We adjourned to my office at once, and I had George Nelson, who had prepared the scenario, bring me in Fleming's original manuscript, the synopsis from which Nelson had done his work. I handed it to Fleming.

"Here's the original," I said. "Your name's on it. If there has been a mistake, it isn't ours."

"That's my cover all right," Fleming said, glancing at it, "but"—he quickly turned over the pages—"the story inside isn't mine at all. I never saw it before. What I want to know is, what have you done with my script of *The Verdict*—the script that I mailed you in this identical cover? Someone has stolen it, and I shall hold the

company responsible." He was working himself up into a fine fury, so I thought it best to smooth him down.

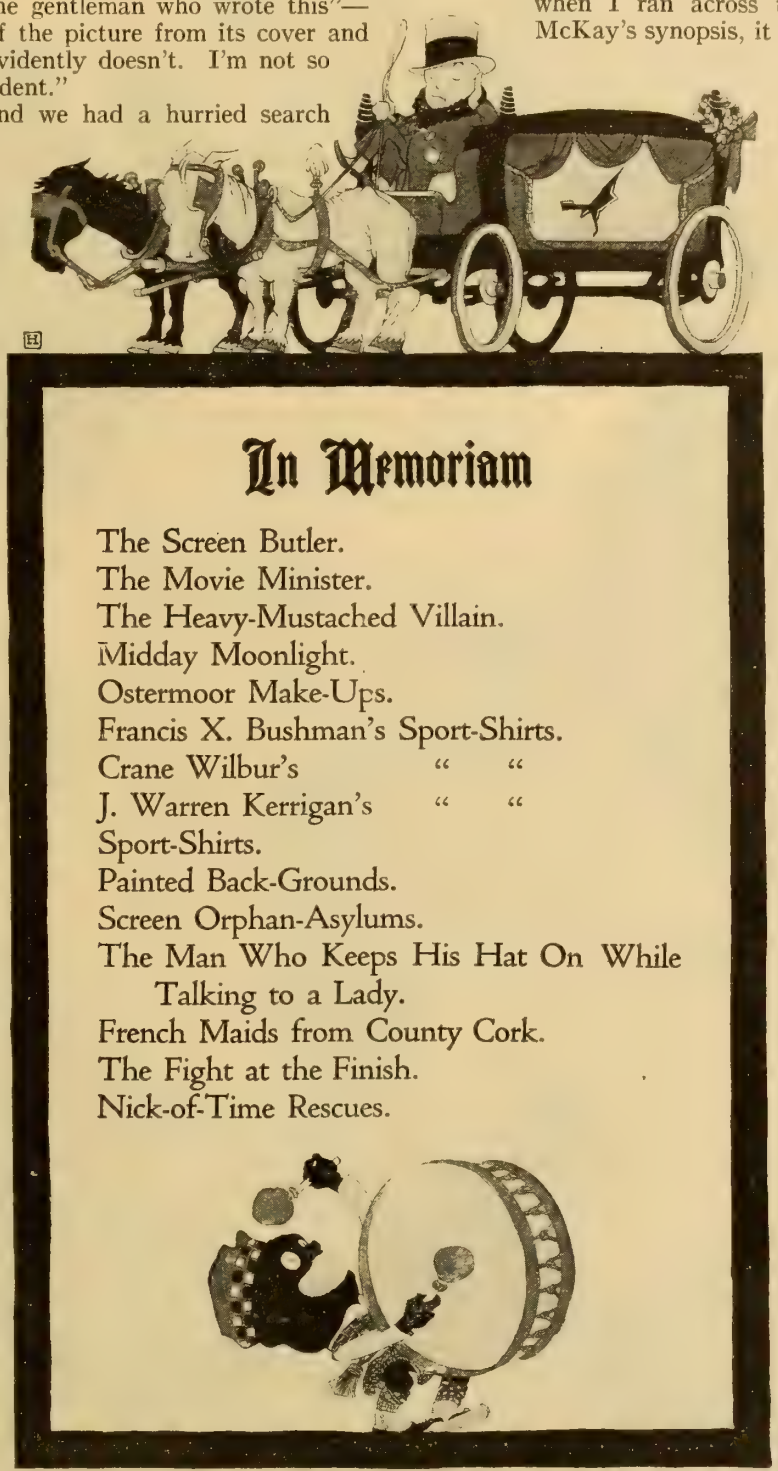
"I give it up," I said, "but I'll have a thorough search made. In all my experience I never knew such a thing to happen before. How are we going to recognize the manuscript, though, when we find it, if it's been accidentally placed in another cover?"

"Easily enough," said Fleming, with scorn. "I always place my name at the head of my manuscripts, as well as on the outside cover. The gentleman who wrote this"—he tore the manuscript of the picture from its cover and threw it on my desk—"evidently doesn't. I'm not so sure the thing was an accident."

I sent for Brockton and we had a hurried search made. At last, at the very bottom of the manuscripts on Baker's desk, we discovered Fleming's synopsis, minus a cover, and still unread. I handed it to the irate author, and he put it in its binding at once.

"I'm going to have a talk with Mr. Goldheimer personally," he announced. "Someone has been trading on my reputation." Then he went out.

When I thought of that splendid picture down in the projecting room I felt that the author of it, whoever he was, had small reason to worry about Peter Fleming's reputation. That picture didn't require anybody's name on it, to make it a success. But just the same I realized that we would have to find out who wrote it, before we dared release it, because it wasn't our property, in spite of the fact that we had invested some eighteen thousand dollars in it, and until we secured a definite contract with the author, giving us the right to exhibit the picture, our eighteen thousand wasn't worth a plugged nickel. I knew that Goldheimer would want some explanation of the queer state of affairs, too, so I sat down and began to think things out. It was some mixup.



Fleming had mailed his manuscript to Goldheimer personally. Goldheimer had opened it, and without reading it, had at once handed it to me. I had received it in the morning, and left it on my desk until night. Then I had taken it home. It had not been out of my possession until the moment I handed it to George Nelson, to prepare the scenario, the next day. The thing seemed inexplicable. No one could enter my office, unless—I paused in my train of thought. Something slowly came back to me. I reached up, and took from one of the pigeonholes of my desk a slip of paper. On it was written. *The Man of Her Dreams,* by Gilbert McKay.

I began to understand a part of the mystery, at least. The title, which I had barely glanced at when the young man handed the slip to me, had fixed itself firmly in my sub-conscious mind, but my conscious or waking mind had completely forgotten it. Consequently, when I ran across the same phrase in Mr. McKay's synopsis, it instantly suggested to me the title I had previously read. All that was clear enough. But how had McKay's manuscript gotten inside of Fleming's cover? That I could not understand. Clearly, however, the best way to find out was to talk to McKay, so I sent him a letter, asking him to come down and see me the following morning.

McKay arrived the next day, looking paler and more nervous than ever. He also seemed a bit frightened, as though he thought I might be going to order his arrest, or something of the sort. I laid the original synopsis of *The Man of Her Dreams* before him.

"Mr. McKay," I said, "you wrote this, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"We have made a picture of it," I went on, "under the impression that it was one of Peter Fleming's works. In fact, it was contained in a cover bearing his name."

"You've really made it?" he cried, his face lighting up. "You've made the picture? How did it come out?" He was completely ignoring the latter part of my question.

"It came out very well," I said. "What I want to know is how it came in—in Mr. Fleming's cover?"

McKay looked at me for a few moments, then burst into a nervous laugh which threatened to become hysterical.

"You remember that day I came down here with this manuscript, and you told me to hand it to the scenario department?"

"Yes," I said. "I remember it very well. What of it?"

"Well—I did what you told me. I gave the script to Miss Bradley, and told her you wanted Mr. Baker to

(Continued on page 113)

Pity *the* Poor Studio

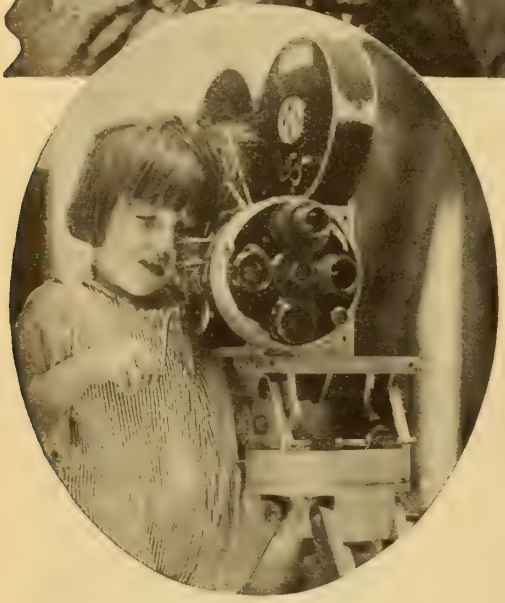


Monroe Salisbury with three little Geisha girls in "The Door Between."



Annie Seymour is raising her little brother Buddy to be a soldier.

Isn't it a shame that children have to work so hard in moving pictures? Here are pictured a few of the tragedies of childhood.



Little Mary Sunshine would rather take pictures than play in them. But it's a safe bet she'll never be a camera-man.

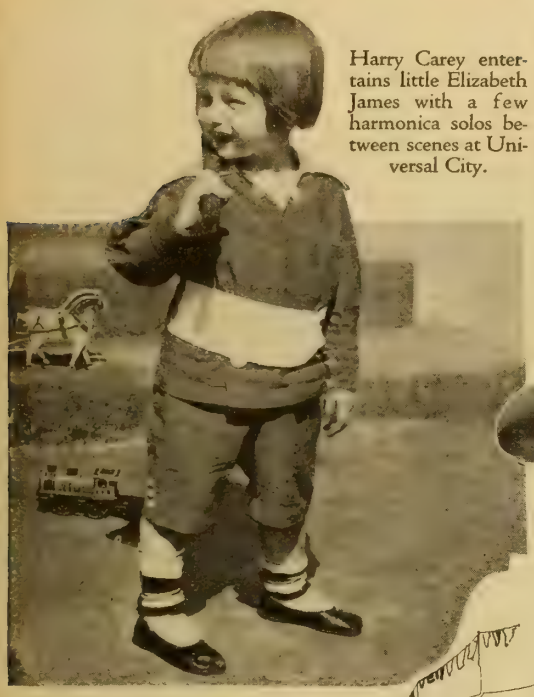
TIME was when the big day of the year was the arrival of the circus. Little Johnny would rush to the circus lot without breakfast, to win the privilege of lugging heavy buckets of water to the elephants. But the circus is passing away. Now the boy—and the girl as well—has found a place where there is just as much fun in the spare hours; and he gets paid for having a good time. If this be child labor, in the name of boundless joy let's have more of it.





Left: Georgie Stone is about to give Charley Spofford a ride in his Rolls Royce. Right: Zoe Rae decides to improve Universal pictures by directing them herself. Elsie Jane Wilson at the camera.

Children



Harry Carey entertains little Elizabeth James with a few harmonica solos between scenes at Universal City.





George Washington Jones imagines he's a camera-man.







This is how the Vitagraph kiddies kill time. Mabel Ballin reads fairy-tales to them between scenes. Bobby Connelly is perched on the chair arm; little Aida Horton, his leading lady on Miss Ballin's knee; and Bobby's sister Helen at her feet. No fairy-tale is complete without Marguerite Clark; and there she is, looking out of her frame on the table.



"Oh Mickey, is that the way I look?" exclaimed Mary as she saw herselt for the first time on the celluloid in her new character of Amarilly in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." The masculine person of course is Director Mickey Neilan who will be among those present in the army soon.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Second of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art



By
John Emerson
and
Anita Loos

IN considering the Art of the Motion Picture it is necessary to keep in mind its extreme youth as compared with the hoary age of other forms of modern literature.

Modern drama, for instance, found its beginnings in the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages and only after centuries of development reached constructive perfection in the work of Henrik Ibsen. The modern novel required the labor of thousands from Richardson and Fielding to George Eliot and Thackeray to attain its highest form. The short story was chanted by troubadours centuries before the nations of Europe learned to read, yet never reached its highest state until infused with the genius of de Maupassant and Poe.

The motion picture as a form of literature is about ten years of age, so it is hardly just or reasonable to expect from this infant, however lusty it may be, the same degree of technical perfection attained by its ancient brethren in art. The movie technique is indeed suffering greatly from growing pains, but growing it is, getting stronger and more self-reliant every day, and approaching nearer and nearer the happy state where it may discard all props borrowed from the novel, the short story or the play, and stand squarely on its own feet as a distinct and separate entity in the world of Art.

The very best school for instruction in photoplay writing is the picture theatre itself

And with this technical growth has come an ever widening field from which the subject matter of the motion picture may be drawn. In the beginning of the photoplay production it was thought necessary to keep the players constantly in violent action. One of the pioneer directors (who long since has passed out of the game) used to instruct his people to keep constantly on the move, his pet injunction being, "Step lively! Step lively! Don't die on your feet—we aint takin' portraits!" And for a long time photoplays were confined to the type of melodrama in which a chase, a race with a railroad train, or some such thrilling incident was considered positively necessary to success.

Gradually, however, the field widened, and little by little other types of stories were put forward and met with success on the screen, until nearly every subject used in the novel or drama was also being used successfully in the motion picture. But—the stage still claimed for itself a monopoly of one thing. It said, through the mouth of none less than George Bernard Shaw, that the movies could rival the stage in every way but one, they could never deliver with proper force or meaning the spoken word, that brilliancy of dialogue and literary quality in the expression of thought could never be realized in the motion picture play. At that time the ideal photoplay was conceived to be the one that was nearest in form to pantomime—but David Griffith was already experimenting with something new—the literary sub-title. And the sub-title has stolen the last thing the stage held back.

We believe that the recognition of the great importance and value of the sub-title has provided an endless fund of material for writers of the motion picture. It has admitted them to the rich field of high comedy, poetic fantasy and satire, and made it possible for authors who pride themselves on literary niceties to find a fitting medium of expression in the motion picture play. In fact the great G. B. S. himself may live to see his own name flashed on the screen as the author of a photo play, in which not one whit of his brilliance and satirical wit shall be lacking.

And as the field of material widens the amateur also will find more scope for his efforts. No longer is the "punch" absolutely required; conflict need not be a physical clash of two railroad trains or indeed a physical clash at all, and the deep-dyed, melodramatic villain may be entirely eliminated. Conflict there must be, but it can grow out of the clash of minds, prejudices, manners, social conditions, et cetera, et cetera, and take any one of a variety of forms from tragedy to burlesque.

But, however broad the field may become, stories can always be divided into two leading types—the story of pure plot, and the story of plot growing out of theme. The play of pure plot interests us in a detached way—we are merely the spectators, while in the drama of theme we invariably feel a certain personal interest, because every theme of any value deals with a question that touches in one way or another the lives of all of us, and thus we

become, in a way, part actors in what we are witnessing.

We would suggest to the amateur that he try to get a theme for his story, because the story of pure plot (such as the Sherlock Holmes stories, or the plays, "Arizona" and "The Thirteenth Chair") requires a master technician—an artist who is completely in control of his medium,—and this, of course, an amateur seldom is. Themes, on the other hand, are great human truths that may be revealed to any of us, master and novice alike.

To define and point the difference—A pure plot (one without a theme) is a series of incidents, one growing out of another, and producing a conflict which after a period of suspense reaches a climax, followed by a denouement and finish. To be really worth while, such a story must be a masterpiece of technical form. On the other hand a play of theme is one in which the writer starts with a basic idea, and from this idea or theme grow the incident, the conflict and the climax. For instance, in "The Doll's House," Ibsen started with the basic thought that women have outgrown their ages-old position as parasites and playthings of men, and on this theme is built the whole superstructure of the play.

We would suggest to the amateur that he try to get a "theme" for his story rather than a "plot."

New themes are very hard to get and when an amateur happens upon one he is pretty sure of a market for it—whether his development be good or not. Let him try the story of involved plot after he has ceased to be a novice.

The very best school for instruction in photoplay writing is the picture theatre itself. It is well to see plenty of pictures—good and bad—one can learn almost as much from the bad ones as from the good, for there are a few rules that every good story ought to live up to—and by applying these to the picture we happen to be witnessing, we may learn by comparison what to strive for and what to try to avoid in our own work. In the first place let us ask ourselves, "What is the author trying to 'get over' to us—a plot growing out of a theme, or is he trying to amuse, interest or thrill us with a plot pure and simple?" If the former, let us apply this test—"Is the author sticking to his theme? Is his conflict growing logically out of it or is he wandering about and forgetting all about it? Are his characters acting true to themselves as they were established in the beginning? Has he at the finish reached the point for which he started?"

If the picture is of the second type we might ask, "Is the story developing logically? Has the author constructed a unified, coherent plot, or is he wandering off on unrelated side issues? Does the story gradually gain in interest, reaching its highest point at the climax? And, again, are the characters behaving like regular human beings?"

The seeing of many pictures is also of great benefit in learning what type of play the various companies are producing, and hence the type of story each requires. By doing this one may overcome many mistakes, such as a budding author recently made in sending a script entitled "The Tomb of Tears" to Douglas Fairbanks. If your script calls for a Lady Macbeth type don't send it to Mary Pickford—or if the leading part resembles Little Eva, save yourself the cost of giving it a round trip to Theda Bara.



This service flag tells the story—271 Universal employees have joined the colors. President Carl Laemmle is proud of that record.

FACE VALUE

Joan looked as if she could be trusted—and it was so, in spite of appearances

By Jerome Shorey



Joan never knew where she came from before she was Mrs. Murphy's slave. And as soon as she was big enough to carry a bundle she began delivering laundry.

"BERTRAM!" Mrs. Van Twiller was more than astonished—she was flabbergasted, though she never would have used the word. "You can't seriously mean that we should take this young person into our home."

"That is just what I do mean, mother," the heir to the Van Twiller millions replied. "Come now, let's do something for somebody else for a change. We all live the most selfish existence, not because we're really selfish, but because we never think. Well, here's a chance. Oh I know it 'isn't done' and all that sort of thing. But I guess the Van Twillers don't have to ask anyone's permission, if they take a notion to do something out of the ordinary. Why mother, we might even make it fashionable."

"But, my dear boy, it isn't safe just to pick up a girl like that, and bring her into our home. You don't know what she is. You wouldn't want her associating with your sister."

"It might do Margaret a lot of good—wake her up and give her something to think about. And besides, you can't look into Joan's eyes, and believe anything wrong of her. I'm willing to take her at her face value."

Mrs. Van Twiller began to recognize in her son the same qualities that had made his father the ruler of his household. He had not often asserted himself. He had submitted, more or less gracefully, to petticoat rule. Yet, of late, he had shown that he was not entirely contented with the butterfly existence that constituted their daily and monthly round. He made no open protest, but began declining invitations with no excuse except that he was not interested. He went for long rides through the country alone. He passed his evenings at clubs. Several matrimonial plans that his mother suggested tactfully, aroused nothing but his laughter. He could not take them seriously. So his mother, who really loved him and was willing to humor his every whim, could not find it in her heart to deny this, the first earnest desire he had expressed in a long time. After all, it was only a whim, she decided, and he would soon tire of it, and the girl could be packed off, cared for properly of course, but vanished from the life of the Van Twillers. So she consented, and said she would do all she could to make of the bedraggled waif as presentable a person as possible.

Meanwhile, the subject of this family council was enjoying a wonderful dream. She knew it was a dream. Nothing like this could really happen to Joan Darby. She plucked idly at the silken comforter on the bed, prodded the soft, deep pillows, and rolled luxuriously about on the cushiony couch. She knew that she would wake up, any minute, find herself back in Mrs. Murphy's home laundry, and feel the heavy hand of Mrs. Murphy herself.

Joan never knew where she came from before she was Mrs. Murphy's private slave. It was her earliest recollection, first playing around in the hot, steaming rooms, careful not to get in the way. Then, as soon as she was big enough to carry a bundle of laundry, she began working, de-



Face Value

NARRATED by permission from the story by Robert Z. Leonard and Mae Murray. Produced by Bluebird with the following cast:

Joan Darby .....Mae Murray
Mrs. Van Twiller..Clarissa Selwynne
Margaret Van Twiller.....
..... Florence Carpenter
Bertram Van Twiller.....
..... Wheeler Oakman
Louie Patrick Maguire.....
..... Casson Ferguson

livering the wash and collecting the money for it. This introduced her to street life, and she learned to fight her own way in the world. Everybody she knew had to fight. Even when they did not have to, they fought from sheer force of habit. There were, for example, the Louie Patrick Maquire and Jake Schugle gangs. Louie and Jake had nothing against each other in particular, but each, by reason of being a bully, had organized a private gang, and one of their principal interests in life was finding excuses for fights—on the streets, in saloons, at dances, everywhere. Joan, one day, discovered that fighting was a business, too. She read in a newspaper of the thousands of dollars that were taken in at a big prize fight. An idea dawned in her mind.

Joan, considerably off her usual beat, noticed in the window of a store, a gown that attracted her fancy. To own that dress immediately became her one and only ambition. Here was a way. If fighting was a business, she would go into business. There were enough fighters around to provide principals without difficulty. But she would promote no common bout. It would be a championship affair—the championship of the neighborhood, to be fought out between Louie and Jake.

The gang leaders approved the idea. They were both friends of Joan, and she soon arranged the details. It was to be staged in an empty shack, and the promoter and the pugilists would split the receipts 50-50. The word was passed around, and the principals began training. Mrs. Murphy groaning over her tubs, was about the only person in the neighborhood who knew nothing about it. And Joan was anxious she should not know. She wanted this money for herself.

The great day finally arrived. Joan posted herself at the entrance to the shack, with two tomato cans on a packing box for a box office. One can was labeled "For me," the other "For Louie and Jake." When the admissions were paid, she put half in one can and half in the other. At last the crowd had arrived, and the fight began. But the fight was of no interest to Joan. She wanted to learn whether or not she had enough money to buy her gown. She counted her half, and discovered, to her dismay, that it would take the contents of both tins to buy the coveted dress. And she had to have the dress. So she did not wait to learn the outcome of the battle. She quietly appropriated the gross receipts, and departed, to let the future take care of itself.

Of course Mrs. Murphy, whose scent for money was keener than that of a bloodhound for his quarry, discovered that Joan had suddenly acquired much wealth. There was but one explanation—Joan was a thief. So Mrs. Murphy took the money from her upon the curious principle that, since it did not belong to Joan, she herself was entitled to it without further investigation. In vain did Joan explain and plead, and finally storm. Mrs. Murphy had the money, and that was the end of it. So Joan, who had harbored a germ of rebellion for months, rushed out of the place and never returned.

For weeks she lived in the most precarious manner, but at last managed to get a position as cashier in a restaurant, and believed herself in a fair way to achieve independence. Then Louie dropped in one day, recognized her, and trouble began again. It had not occurred to Joan that she had stolen from Louie and Jake—she had just taken money to buy a gown. Of course, she felt that she had played a mean trick on the fighters, but she failed to realize, until Louie explained it quite carefully and in detail, that she could be sent to jail for this.

Louie had no intention of sending her to jail. He needed her for a certain scheme he had on hand. He had graduated from gangster to thief, and outlined to Joan a scheme he had hatched for a holdup. But Louie lacked the technique for successful crime, and the thing ended disastrously. He managed to escape, but Joan was caught. The judge believed her story, but said he thought the best thing he could do was send her to a reform school for a few years.

So, a few days later, Joan found herself on a train, headed for one of those institutions she had heard about, and which, she knew, were far worse than any tyranny she had undergone from Mrs. Murphy. It was not the disgrace she objected to. Disgrace meant nothing to her, because she had no relative or friend whom she would be afraid to face. It was the confinement that appalled her. Anything but that. She was desperate.



Joan was not so "impossible" as a member of the fashionable household, as Mrs. Van Twiller of the proprieties and she soon learned to talk as

As the train was crossing a low trestle she went out on the platform, glanced for an instant at the stream below, and not caring much whether she drowned or not, plunged into the water. She had learned to swim at the settlement house baths, but her fall almost knocked her breath away. So by the time she reached the bank of the stream, she was exhausted, and lay there almost unconscious.

It was at this moment that Bertram Van Twiller, riding aimlessly along, entered her adventurous career. She was

still unable to talk, and Van Twiller decided that the best thing to do was take her home. As she revived sufficiently to look up into his eyes, and smile her thanks, Van Twiller received a little tingling shock that was as pleasing as it was hard to explain. He automatically ceased to be bored with existence. He had no definite plan in his mind, but he decided that it would be very interesting to play fairy prince to the waif, whoever she might be, so he turned her over to his mother, and requested that she be given every care. He asked no questions, and Joan offered no explanations. She simply said that she was running away from Mrs. Murphy, and had no relatives. She was weak from her adventure, weary from the exciting events, and contented just to lie in the wonderful bed, in the wonderful room, and let the dream dream itself out.

After two days of this, Mrs. Van Twiller became uneasy, and asked Bertram what he proposed to do with Joan. When he said he proposed to adopt her, and make her one of



had feared she would prove. She had a keen sense they talked.

the family, it started the debate which ended with Mrs. Van Twiller consenting, as was inevitable from the outset. And Bertram broke the news to Joan.

"Where do you want to go when you leave here?" he asked.

"Oh, I dunno. It don't make much difference," Joan replied listless'y. She refused to face the future until the future faced her first.

"You have no home—no friends?"

"Not a one."

"Then how would you like to stay here?"

"Stay here?" Joan exclaimed. "Aw, quit yer kiddin'."

"I'm not kidding. I've talked it over with Mother, and she has agreed."

"Pinch me and wake me up," Joan sighed. "I can't stand it any longer."

"You're awake," Bertram laughed. "And you'll stay."

"Will I stay?" And Joan sank back into the pillows. Then a sudden thought came to her. "Wait a minute. What're you doin' all this fer me fer? What kind of a place is this?"

Bertram laughed, but the question made him unexpectedly happy.

"Don t be afraid," he said. "We've been a very selfish lot, my family and I, but we're going to try to reform, and we've decided to start with you. It's just that you've —well you've kind of made a hit with us, and we want you."

"It sounds foney," Joan observed, shaking her head. "It don't sound like the kind of things that happen to me, but I'll take a chance."

"That's right," Bertram said, pressed her hand, and left the room.

Picking up the morning paper he read an account of the suicide of a girl who was being taken to a reform school. The name was Joan Darby. The train had been stopped as soon as possible, after she jumped, but by the time the searchers had returned, Joan had disappeared. It was taken for granted that she had drowned. Bertram said nothing to his mother. The newspaper story exonerated her from any criminal charge. She had just been an unwilling tool of Louie Maquire, it said. More than that, Bertram did not care.

Joan was not so "impossible" as a member of the fashionable household as Mrs. Van Twiller had feared she would prove. It is not the thoroughbred that is quickest to adapt itself to new conditions, but the mangy cur which has had to hunt and fight for every meal. Joan, thanks to the vigilant school authorities, had learned to read and write. When she was surrounded by the denizens of the slums, of course, she soon learned to talk as they talked. But she had a keen sense of the proprieties, and in conversation with the Van Twillers, whenever she lapsed into her old slang, it made her intensely uncomfortable. So her lapses became less and less frequent.

And besides, she was pretty. That was very evident now, though even in her forlorn condition she had not been unlovely. But dressed in some of Margaret's half-abandoned clothes, she was a new and radiant being. Bertram noticed it, naturally, and Mrs. Van Twiller noticed that he did not spend so many evenings away from home as formerly. At first the thought dismayed her, but she resolutely refused to face it, until finally Bertram insisted that Joan should be introduced to society, formally.

"Bertram, it's absolutely unheard of," his mother protested.

"All right," he replied cheerfully. "All the better. Let's be original. Mother, what in the world is the use of having achieved the position we occupy if we can't do what we like? One would almost think, from the way you talk, that we were afraid of doing something that might get us looked down upon. Well, it's impossible. Where the Van Twillers sit, they can't be looked down upon, because there's nobody any higher up to do the looking. If we can't run things a bit now and then, there's no use of being boss."

His mother was not convinced, but she did not know what to reply. Besides, Bertram's remark showed that he had a real sense of the family position after all. He might take an interest in this little waif, but feeling as he did that the Van Twillers were at the apex of society, there was no danger that he would so far forget himself as to—and there Mrs. Van Twiller struck. She refused to admit that, in any event, there was only danger of Bertram doing anything that any other Van Twiller would not do. What she did not realize was that Bertram did not give a nickel for all the dignity and social position which his family had acquired in several generations of wealth and prestige. But he understood his mother perfectly, and he knew that while he might be able to get his way either by stubborn insistence or by appealing to her

generosity, the quickest and easiest way was to appeal to her sense of pride. The queen could do no wrong. She was queen. He showed her that to do as he suggested was merely to prove her authority. And she fell for it.

So Mrs. Van Twiller let it be known here and there, that there had come to live with them a young woman from a western city, the daughter of a friend and former business associate of the late Mr. Van Twiller, an orphan. And people were accustomed to accepting what Mrs. Van Twiller said and asking no questions. One did not cross-examine a queen. Joan was introduced to a few friends, first at little informal teas, then at theatre parties, then at small dinner-dances. And always she charmed everyone. In fact Mrs. Van Twiller discovered that so far from being a burden, this pretty little waif was actually an asset. She brightened everything. She lent a certain air of vivacity to functions which, it must be admitted, occasionally were rather dull.

And as for Joan—she had long ago decided that this was no dream. It lasted too long. Besides, one could not dream things that one did not know something about before. She had had only the vaguest idea of how the fashionable world lived, and now here she was a part of it. And there was something else too, that she had not known. She did not even yet quite know what it was, but it had something to do with the way Bertram looked at her in quiet moments as they sat on the broad verandah, or rode together through sun-kissed lanes. Or if she did know what it was, she dared not call it by name. Sometimes it was a happy feeling, but sometimes, in the middle of the night, she would awake and think about it. Then the years she had passed with Mrs. Murphy would pass in review, and she knew that it was silly to think of any such thing as Bertram's eyes. But as soon as she believed it silly she was unhappy, and wanted to run away. So while Joan was always radiant when others were around her, there was a presentiment that insisted upon returning and clutching her heart when she was alone with herself.

At length it was decided that Joan should make her formal debut at a great Charity Ball, the big event of the season. She was now entirely at her ease in any circumstances. Her youth and beauty already had attracted widespread attention, and more than one eager swain had shown symptoms of more than passing admiration. Mrs. Van Twiller, still more or less fearing for Bertram, concluded that the best thing was to offer every opportunity for Joan to be captured by someone else. So she took a personal interest in preparing Joan for the occasion.

Her pains were well rewarded. At the Charity Ball there was a constant buzz of inquiry and gossip.

"Who is she?" "Joan Darby." "Where did she come from?" "Oh, she's a protege of Mrs. Van Twiller." "You don't say so." "A beauty, isn't she?" "They say Bertram Van Twiller is quite smitten already." "I'm not in the least surprised." And so on.

But there was one guest at the ball who did not need to be told who Joan Darby was. He seemed to be a stranger to everyone. He did not dance, but just strolled about, his apparent boredom belied by the darting glances he shot in every direction — especially toward the women who wore the finest jewels. He glanced toward where Joan was sitting beside a highly decorated dowager, whose bosom looked like the show window of a Fifth Avenue jewelry store. He stopped short, and stared openly. Joan did not see him, and a moment later left the dowager and went out upon a balcony. Then the stranger went on with his nonchalant stroll, and, as he passed the dowager's chair, with a quick movement, removed a garish necklace of big diamonds, and slipped it into his pocket. It was a neat bit of work. Then he followed Joan out upon the balcony. She was alone.



"Sh! Don't make a noise. If you squeal I'll tell all your fine friends about you."

"Here," he called, in a whisper. "Here, Joan, take this handful of sparks. I'll get 'em again later."

"Louie!" she gasped.

"Sh! Don't make a noise. And if you squeal, I'll tell all your fine friends about the time you pinched the receipts of the fight."

In a daze, Joan took the necklace in her hand, and slipped it into the bosom of her gown. Louie went back into the ball room. He had not been out of it ten seconds. Just as he returned, there was a scream from the dowager. She had discovered her loss. Immediately there was a commotion. The private detectives, who are always present to guard against just such things, blocked the doors. No one would be permitted to leave. In the turmoil, Bertram hunted for Joan. His eyes had not been off her, most of the evening. He knew she had been sitting beside the dowager. He remembered her past, her association with criminals, which he had always supposed had been involuntary. But what if it had not been entirely innocent on her part? Or worse, what if she had wanted to go straight, but had inherited a criminal taint? He

(Continued on page 117)

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Goldfish Squeals. Just before the merry Yuletide, Mr. Samuel Goldfish emitted a piercing scream, like unto the sound of a man wounded nigh unto death. Mr. Goldfish, be it known, is the president of Goldwyn, which concern, a year ago, announced that it was going to spend a million or two otherwise idle dollars in bringing pictures up to par. Most of the Goldwyn pictures released thus far have failed to cause any vast commotion in the industry. Whereupon Mr. Goldfish, conversing shrilly through his chapeau, emits this gem:

"The motion picture industry is in a dangerous condition. Disaster is very close indeed."

But to whom is disaster close? Who feels the hot breath of the pursuing wolf? Mr. Goldfish seems to know about it, but other producers insist that they are doing quite nicely, thanks. Mr. Goldfish, however, insists that his company is getting more than its share of something or other — he doesn't specify what — and this places him in the position of a Noble Soul. He is not satisfied to get more than his share. He wants others to get more than their share. Eventually, it would appear, if Mr Goldfish were heeded, everybody in the business would get more than their share, and Mr Goldfish, being a natural genius, would doubtless evolve the means by which the assembled parts can be greater than the whole.

❦

How Much Does Mary Garden Get? One of the things which irks Mr. Goldfish is the high salaries paid to stars. In its naive way, this is as fascinating a remark as we ever encountered. In December, 1916, or thereabouts, Mary Garden, a veteran opera singer, refused an offer of $100,000 to appear in a production of "Thais." She liked the producer, but it wasn't enough money. In view of Mr. Goldfish's disapproval of high salaries, it might be pertinent to ask how much more than $100,000 he paid Mary Garden? And how much he paid Maxine Elliott? To say nothing of Jane Cowl and Madge Kennedy —all virtually unknown previously to picture fans. Which leads to another of the gems from this highly jeweled gentleman:

"The joke of it is that there aren't twelve stars in pictures that really draw money to the box office."

Each of the readers of PHOTOPLAY can give Mr. Goldfish his own list of stars whom he willingly pays to see on the screen. Here is one that will serve for Mr. Goldfish's enlightenment: Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, William S. Hart, Theda Bara, Marguerite Clark, Blanche Sweet, Pearl White, the Drews, Ethel Clayton, Mary Miles Minter, Petrova, Earle Williams — have we named twelve yet? And of course there are all the expensive Goldwyn stars as well. At least there is Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, the former used to draw well, before she joined Goldwyn. Mr. Goldfish can tell whether she does now, in the kind of productions they have been requiring her to act in. No, Mr. Goldfish, the trouble isn't that salaries are too high, but that not all producers are adepts in selecting the persons to whom they should be paid.

❦

Why Pictures Thrive in War Time. In England, burdened as it is with the war, the effects of which this country has hardly begun to feel, moving pictures, so far from suffering, are actually increasing in popularity. This is not mere talk of men in the business, trying to keep up their courage, but an official report. The annual attendance at moving picture theatres in the British Isles, according to the latest statistics, is 1,075,000,000, or an average of one visit every two weeks by each person. Yet the British are not as enthusiastic fans as Americans, for while picture theatres there average one house to about nine thousand population, in America the average is one to every five thousand. There is a good reason, too, why the moving picture should increase, rather than decrease, its hold upon the public in time of war. First of all there is the fact that it brings home speedily and vividly, war conditions, through the news weeklies. Then too, it is cheap. But socially, its position is still more important. There is something traditionally garish about the brilliantly lighted theatre of the spoken drama. To go there is, in a measure, in the nature of an "occasion," a festivity. The moving picture house has become almost a part of the home, it has crept into the family life. So it is the first thought of the war-weary folks at home, who must have some recreation, and yet cannot endure the thought of any entertainment that carries a suggestion of ostentation.

❦

Reaping the Whirlwind. That low, moaning sound, which is wafted westward across the continent from New York, is the wail of the theatrical managers. They say "it is a rotten theatrical season." The truth is it is a "rotten theatrical condition." For years the New York public has been gouged. With a few unimportant exceptions, the box offices of theatres will sell nothing but gallery seats. To get good seats it is necessary to go to one of

the "brokers" and pay 50 cents commission. If the play is a hit the broker whose proud boast is that the firm does not speculate, will tell you that they have no seats either, but can get them "at a price." This means an extra charge of from 50 cents to $5. At the Biltmore hotel, a broker recently asked $18.00 for two seats that were marked $2.50 each. So extensive has this custom become, that the public has been educated to believe that if it can buy seats in any other way, the play is not worth seeing. With the war tax added, a seat that is advertised to cost $2, costs $3.20 to $8.00. This year the public is not paying fancy prices, and the Broadway shows are playing to the worst business in years. Nothing so bad is to be found in the records of the theatrical business. And as between paying 60 cents for a high class picture show at, say the Strand or Rialto, and paying $3.20 for the display of spinal columns at, say the Winter Garden, the public is flocking to the cheaper and, in the vast majority of instances, better entertainment. Until the managers come to their senses and throw overboard the speculator gouge, conditions are not likely to improve. The picture industry owes these gentlemen a vote of thanks.

❦

Putting the Story in History. What would you give to see an authentic moving picture of Napoleon's Old Guard as he reviewed it on that historic occasion in Egypt, before the Pyramids? Think it over, and you will realize what it is going to mean to your grandchildren, that the United States government has decided to keep a motion picture record of America's participation in this war. Cameramen, drafted into the national army, have been ordered to report to a special department, and scenes at the various parts of the country where troops are being assembled, are being made. Scenes in the trenches will be made also, and battle scenes so far as possible. This is certainly putting the story in history for generations now unborn.

❦

The Silliest of All Traditions. "Whatever you do, don't say that I'm married," a handsome young "juvenile" actor said to a writer who was preparing an interview for publication. But the other day we received a letter from one of our favorite correspondents asking for information about another actor remarking: "I don't care whether he's married or not, or whether he has seven children. I want to know something about his career, his personality, his private likes and dislikes. It isn't sentiment—it's just a natural curiosity about an artist whose work I admire intensely."

And a certain young leading woman whom we met recently, told us that nearly half of the hundreds of letters she receives, mention her baby, the arrival of which she not only did not conceal, but proclaimed. And when there was an unfounded rumor that she was about to separate from her husband, she received a flood of letters pleading with her not to—her screen friends wanted to think of her as happy in a domestic life. Yet she plays romantic roles.

An actor or actress who thinks he or she is admired because of the romantic, silly ideas of schoolgirls and boys, is a victim of egotism—of the lowest kind of conceit. Does anyone love Mary Pickford the less because the whole world knows she is Mrs. Owen Moore? Or is there less admiration for Elliott Dexter and Marie Doro because the fact that they are married and happy is common knowledge?

This stupid tradition is one of the things that frequently makes us tired, but the reconciling thought is, that it is seldom encountered except in the ranks of mediocrity.

❦

Take off the Baby Clothes. Whenever anyone connected with the business of producing moving pictures issues a statement of principles, or makes any general remarks about conditions, he invariably prefaces his outgivings with the observation, "Of course, pictures are only in their infancy."

It is high time that this apologetic attitude ceased. It is demoralizing within the ranks and fools nobody outside.

The pictures are not in their infancy. They are grown up. They are established. In the hands of the masters of the craft they are often as near to perfection as the best written drama. They have commanded the respect of the most intelligent critics of art. In fact, the truth is that they command a great deal more respect outside of the ranks of producers than they do among the producers themselves.

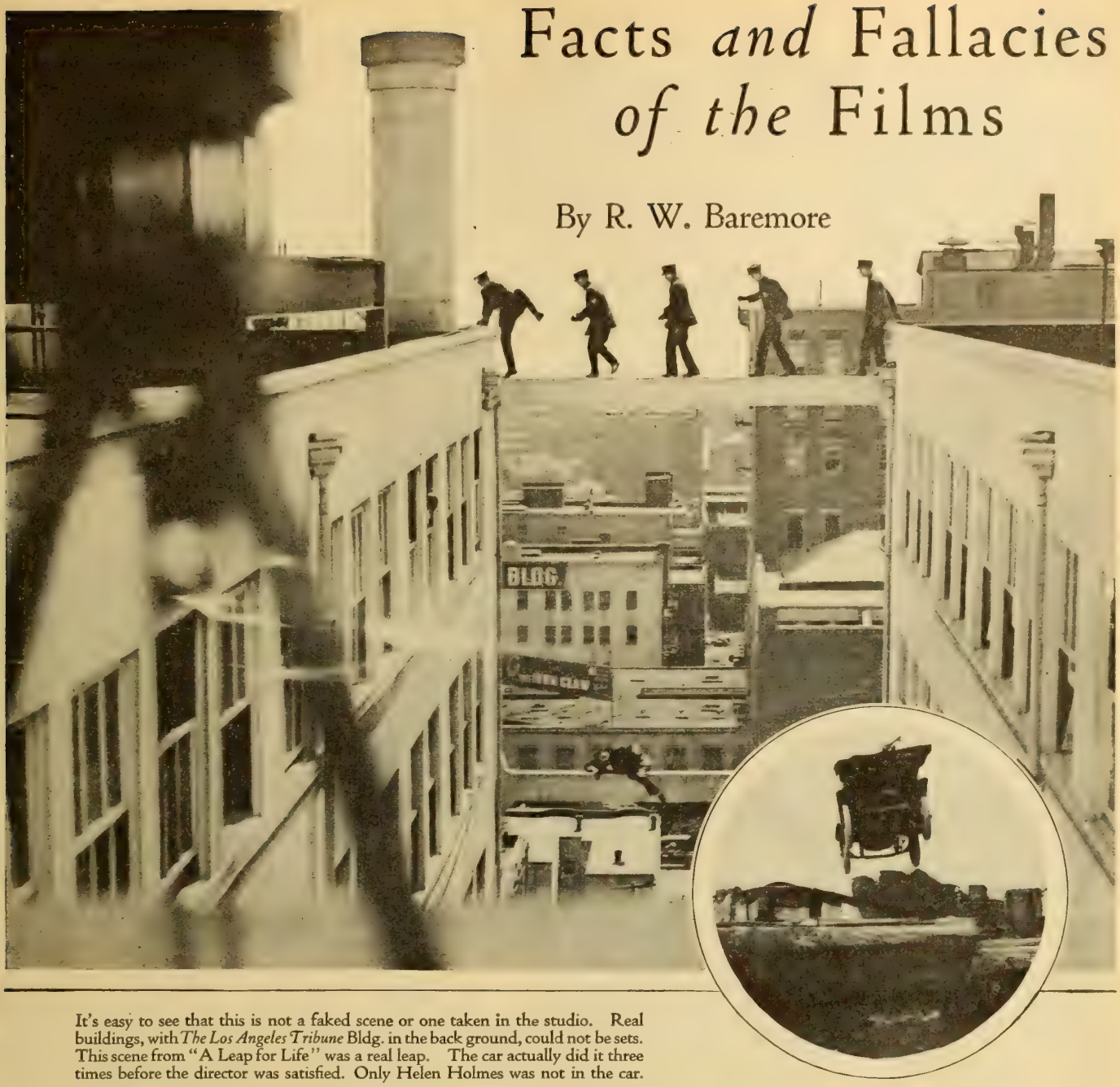
If we must have an infant in the house, we would be nearer the truth if we said that the average manufacturer of pictures is still in his infancy. He has been absorbed too much with the financial problems. He has devoted most of his attention to the problems of distribution. He has been satisfied, in too many instances, to turn out pictures pretty much like the last ones he turned out, because these sold at a profit, and why tinker with a good thing?

It does not follow that the pictures themselves—the art of visualizing drama—must still be spoon-fed. Classics can be produced, and are produced. Films are being created today that will be permanent additions to screen literature, as the writings of Shaw, Galsworthy and Hauptmann are permanent additions to the published drama. The mere fact that ever greater results are to be expected does not class the photo-drama as an infant.

The moving picture is an adult male, husky, deep-chested, two-fisted, virile, masterful, intelligent, and, most of all, ambitious. He may not be old enough to vote, but—he's no baby.

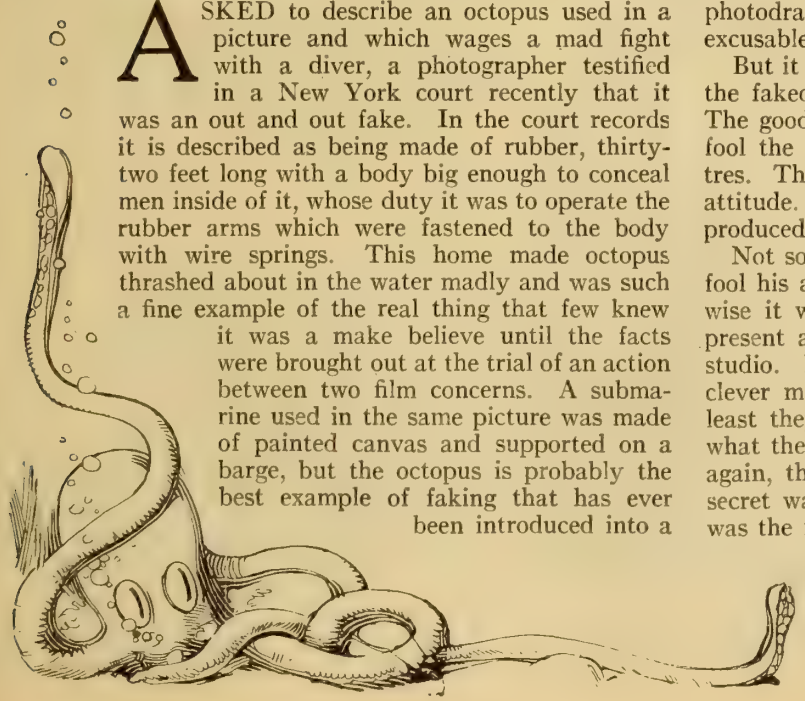
Facts *and* Fallacies *of the* Films

By R. W. Baremore



It's easy to see that this is not a faked scene or one taken in the studio. Real buildings, with *The Los Angeles Tribune* Bldg. in the back ground, could not be sets. This scene from "A Leap for Life" was a real leap. The car actually did it three times before the director was satisfied. Only Helen Holmes was not in the car.

ASKED to describe an octopus used in a picture and which wages a mad fight with a diver, a photographer testified in a New York court recently that it was an out and out fake. In the court records it is described as being made of rubber, thirty-two feet long with a body big enough to conceal men inside of it, whose duty it was to operate the rubber arms which were fastened to the body with wire springs. This home made octopus thrashed about in the water madly and was such a fine example of the real thing that few knew it was a make believe until the facts were brought out at the trial of an action between two film concerns. A submarine used in the same picture was made of painted canvas and supported on a barge, but the octopus is probably the best example of faking that has ever been introduced into a photodrama. It was well done and for that reason is excusable.



But it was when the "movies" were in their infancy that the faked picture was continually fostered on the public. The good old days have gone forever. It's a hard job to fool the patrons of the present day motion picture theatres. They are skeptical and have acquired the "show me" attitude. So much so in fact that many real thrills are produced that are branded as fakes pure and simple.

Not so long ago the producer found that it was easy to fool his audience, just as Barnum had before him. Likewise it was much less expensive, so, when he wanted to present a railroad wreck he used miniature trains in the studio. It must be admitted that these were worked in a clever manner and produced quite a realistic effect. At least they were effective enough not to be discovered for what they really were until they had been used again and again, then some one didn't do it very carefully and the secret was out. What the producer did not reckon with was the fact that constant attendance at the "movies" was educating the fan in the art of picture making. With this education came skepticism and they still are skeptical, especially Mrs. Fan.

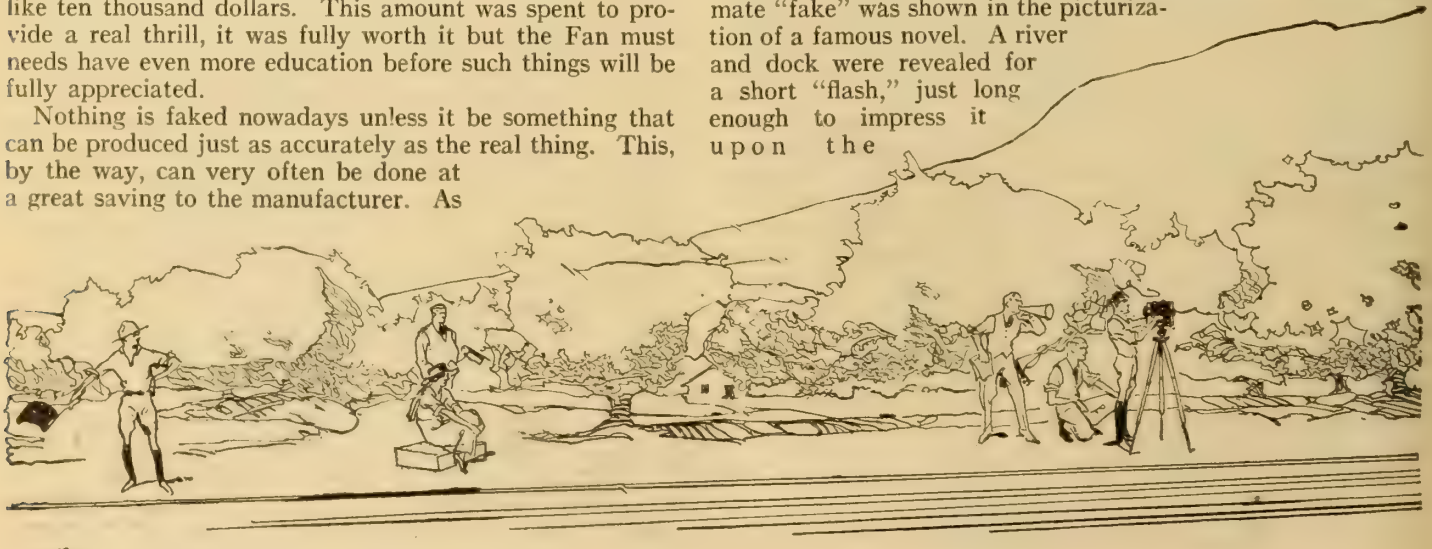
Recently while in one of the most popular motion picture theatres in the country a man chanced to sit near a couple who imagined



A rubber octopus, thirty-two feet long with a body big enough to conceal men inside of it, is one of the best examples of faking ever introduced.

they "knew pictures." The photodrama was one produced by a well known company. In the telling of the story it became necessary to show a railroad wreck, in fact two fast moving trains met in a head-on collision. Now these people who thought they were well informed on the subject remarked that it was truly marvelous how the picture people could "fake" such a scene. As a matter of fact it was real in every particular. Two real trains were used, they were actually wrecked and the cost was something like ten thousand dollars. This amount was spent to provide a real thrill, it was fully worth it but the Fan must needs have even more education before such things will be fully appreciated.

Nothing is faked nowadays unless it be something that can be produced just as accurately as the real thing. This, by the way, can very often be done at a great saving to the manufacturer. As the octopus already mentioned or, for instance, a small model of a building can be fired and burned in such a way as to give the appearance of the genuine, providing no other object is shown in the same scene that will destroy the illusion. This should not be termed a "fake," as it requires as much care and attention to detail as would the filming of a real structure. It does simplify matters. No location need be hunted up and no real and expensive building has to be destroyed. Another instance of a legitimate "fake" was shown in the picturization of a famous novel. A river and dock were revealed for a short "flash," just long enough to impress it upon the



minds of the audience. This scene was painted on canvas, the player acting before the drop. Not one person in any ordinary gathering would think this scene unreal, unless they happened to be an expert. This sort of delusion, that even the most skeptical will not question, gets over because of its simplicity.

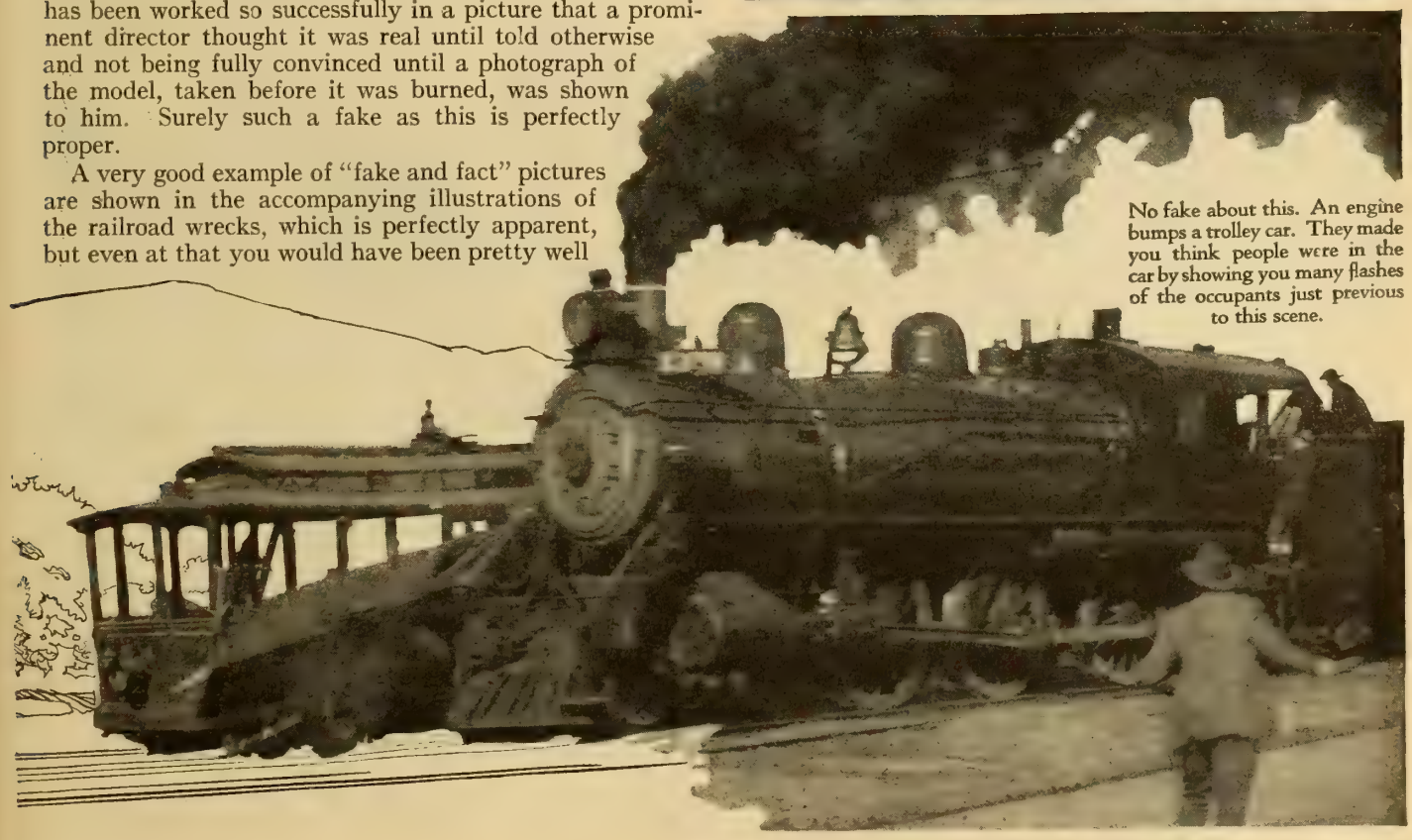
How are the "fakes" done? Consider the burning building incident mentioned. A small miniature is constructed by the studio carpenter, in exact duplicate of a larger building shown in other scenes. This model is perhaps less than four feet in height. It is placed on a platform and the camera focused in much the same manner as when a close-up is taken, thus giving the doll house the appearance of the larger one. When this is set on fire it gives exactly the same effect as the real thing, but great care must be taken to have all other objects in the scene in precise proportion. If trees are shown, they must be in exact proportion to the size of the house, for otherwise the deception can be seen plainly. This stunt has been worked so successfully in a picture that a prominent director thought it was real until told otherwise and not being fully convinced until a photograph of the model, taken before it was burned, was shown to him. Surely such a fake as this is perfectly proper.

A very good example of "fake and fact" pictures are shown in the accompanying illustrations of the railroad wrecks, which is perfectly apparent, but even at that you would have been pretty well fooled had you seen the fake wreck on the screen. In this picture you would have seen first many flashes of a real train, to make the impression, then, when it came time for the wreck, the miniature trains would be brought into play. They were pulled across the scene by invisible wires and the smash-up accomplished by means of a quick jerk. Perhaps you may not believe it, but this produced a mighty lifelike effect. Of course the small trains were exact duplicates of the real ones shown previously.

On the other hand, look at the real thing. Would it be possible to fake this? Isn't that



Here's the house that Jack—(the carpenter)—built and that was burned up in a picture so that it looked like a regular house and not a miniature.



No fake about this. An engine bumps a trolley car. They made you think people were in the car by showing you many flashes of the occupants just previous to this scene.



The smash-up of two real trains, locomotives and all, to put the punch in a Vitagraph feature. Nobody could make you believe that this was other than the real thing.



This thrilling "rescue" is not faked. Ella Hall and Bob Leonard in "The Master Key." The rope was about to break and that made it even more so.

real grass, real hills in the background and real smoke and steam escaping from the engines? Not much doubt of it and you have seen long stretches of film showing both the exterior and interior of the same train. Then again the wreck is photographed in detail, not in a few feet of film, with many close-ups. Many such scenes are obtained from the news weeklies and are of actual wrecks, others are staged specially at great expense. Still the fans are skeptical.

A laughable fake is the ocean scene filmed in the studio tank. Perhaps you think it is not possible to produce ocean waves lashing the rock bound coast, inside a building. This has been done often and it is really quite simple. Just get a dozen husky men, stand them in the water out of range of the camera, supply each with a board. If you want a wild ocean just tell them to move the boards up and down as fast as they can, but if a more calm looking body of water is needed the men can work more easily. Not so long ago mo-

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This is how they used to put it over on the old-time film fans. It shows the thrilling wreck of the Toyland Limited and looked fairly realistic on the screen.



The sight of George Walsh, Fox star, climbing blithely to the twentieth story of a New York building, made thousands of Gothamites pause on their way to work one morning. He did it for a scene in "The Pride of New York."



Our Mary's First Leading Man

With such an auspicious beginning, Edward Earle was bound to succeed.

By John Dolber

"PERHAPS you have heard of an old melodrama called 'The Silver King.' No? Well, it's not surprising. Things grow old, die, and pass away quicker in the theatrical world than anywhere else."

I looked at this Ancient Mariner and grinned. From his words you would have thought he wore chin whiskers and could speak of Abraham Lincoln from personal knowledge. The fact is that he was a young, boyish chap, slim and eager-eyed. It was Edward Earle, who thus calmly adopted the role of a Thespic Rip Van Winkle. He grinned at my grin and went on with the yarn.

"It was while I was playing in 'The Silver King' in Toronto, years ago, that I first met the girl referred to in the company at that time as 'that little Smith girl.' For years I carried about in my trunk with me a photograph of her in the ragged costume she wore in the play. She had a shawl, her toes poked out of her shoes and she carried a bundle of papers. The autograph in round childish letters said 'Yours truly, Gladys Smith.' It was not until several years later, when, looking at a Biograph picture, that I realized that 'that little Smith girl' was Mary Pickford.

"During the run of 'The Silver King' 'the little Smith girl' annexed a whole family of kittens which she kept in her dressing room during performances. She often caused consternation to the stage director by bringing them out during rehearsals, and in a tragic moment would precipitate them upon the keys of the piano where they would scramble up and down until corralled by a property hand and taken back to the Smith dressing room.

"It was also at this time that 'the little Smith girl' seeking to avenge herself upon her mother for some necessary chiding she had received from this thoughtful parent, took her best ring and buried it out in one of the Toronto gardens, announcing the fact of its disappearance to her mother, thereby securing, as she thought, a sufficient revenge."



Director Graham Baker explaining the set to Edward Earle and Miss Agnes Ayres, who is playing opposite Mr. Earle in his series of "polite" comedies, for Vitagraph.

Having started life as Mary Pickford's leading man would seem a sufficiently auspicious beginning for any young actor, but then, of course, it didn't bring Edward Earle the attention in those days that it would today. He was fourteen and Mary Pickford eight. Still, the course of true love ran quite smoothly for him, his true love being the stage. "Blessed," remarked a philosopher of old, "is the nation whose annals are vacant," referring, of course, to annals of wars and vicissitudes. There



Mr. Earle's success did not just happen. He had to get out and unearth it.

have been no wars or vicissitudes in the annals of Mr. Earle. I said something of the kind, commenting that he must have found success rather easy of attainment.

"Easy!" he almost shouted. "Easy! Why, I've had to fight for everything I ever had.'

"Do you remember Alice in Wonderland? How she ran and ran until she couldn't go any further and when she dropped by the wayside she discovered that she was just where she started from? 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'I've run so fast and I haven't gotten anywhere at all!' 'No indeed,' they answered, 'if you want to get anywhere you'll have to run twice as fast!'

"It is so with us. We work and work and work, and if we stop for breath we discover that we are just where we were when we started. If we wish to advance we have to work twice as hard, so I have worked twice as hard and I have been rewarded by a fair amount of success."

Fair amount indeed! Mr. Earle has attained, in four years, a very enviable position. He breezed into the New York film colony four years ago and said, "I'm here." That's all but it was enough. Immediately the Edison Company took advantage of the fact. He was a success from the start, for not only did he screen well, but they learned that he could skate and dance—not just well, but wonderfully—and besides he could do anything else that they wanted him to do—fight, swim, row, fence, drive a car, and has added to the list of his accomplishments, aviation.

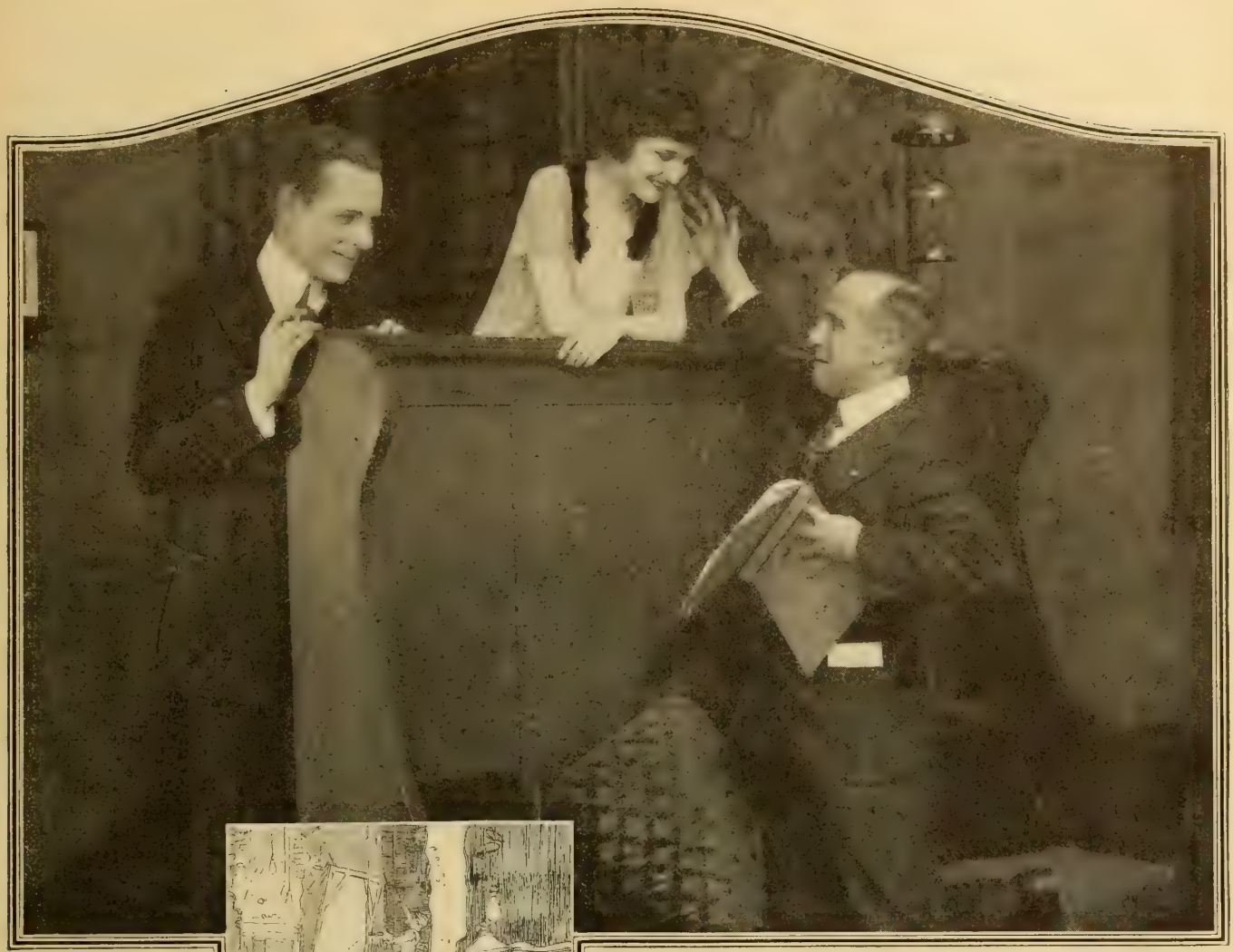
So you see Mr. Earle's success did not just happen. It didn't even come knocking at his door. He had to get out and unearth it.

From the Edison, he went to the Metro, but his greatest success has been with the Vitagraph Company where he is now working. This is because his director had perception enough to know that Earle's greatest asset was not his clothes nor his appearance nor his histrionic ability but his keen sense of humor. He is about to be launched in a series of comedies. Wesley Ruggles, who directed "For France," Earle's biggest success, has been drafted and the polite comedies in which Earle and Agnes Ayres are starred, are directed by Graham Baker.

But while Mr. Earle bears no battle scars from his career, lengthy for so young a man, he has collected a lot of interesting anecdotes about stars with whom he has played. He says that his most enjoyable stage experience was with De Wolf Hopper.



Edward Earle is essentially a leading man, not a villain. Consequently he needs expert direction in this gun-man scene they are about to shoot. But he'd better throw away his cigarette before he starts in; it's a good prop, but rather out of place in a big scene like this.



"Now, do it like this, Mr. Earle," says Director Baker. "If I did it like that I'd be a director, not an actor," said Mr. Earle, while Agnes Ayres looked on.



The "little Smith girl"—(Mary Pickford)—would bring her kittens out during rehearsal and in a tragic moment precipitate them upon the piano keys.

"Few stars I have known are so well loved by their companies," said Earle. 'We all called him Wolfie, though he seldom barked or growled, and I never knew him to bite. He was a wonderful entertainer and thoughtful for the comfort of each member of his company. Many, many nights after the performance we would sit around the stove in the lobby of a small town hotel listening to the wonderful stories Wolfie could tell. It was a remarkable fact that he never repeated himself.

"Sleeping late was one of the things he liked best to do. He always had a note put on his door, 'Please do not disturb,' and would make an appearance only in time for the performance or to catch the train. One morning, however, getting down to breakfast at 10 o'clock, I was startled to find Mr. Hopper, his breakfast already finished and he reading a newspaper. With a proud smile he anounced he had been up since 6 o'clock, adding the explanation that a little child in the next room had waked him at that hour with the repeated inquiry of its parents, 'Is beakust 'eddy?'

That was the pass word among the members of the Hopper Company for several weeks following.

"I passed several Christmases with Hopper on the road. One that comes particularly to mind was celebrated on a private car between Cheyenne and Denver. Getting into Cheyenne I had been delegated to go out and get a Christmas tree. So before the evening performance I sought a grocery store, bought an eight-foot tree and all the ready-to-eat groceries available, and marched down Cheyenne's main street to the train with the tree over my shoulder. Mr. Hopper bought out the five-and-ten store, and after the performance that night we had a wonderful celebration."

David Belasco has no more devout admirer than this same Mr. Earle.

"There is another example of the necessity of work to success," he said. "I suppose many people think that all Mr. Belasco does is order other people around, and sit back and enjoy the results. Nothing could be further from the truth. He is indefatigable. For two years I was in a Belasco Company. I recall a Belasco rehearsal which began on the afternoon of a balmy fall day and ended twenty-four hours later in one of the most awful blizzards I have seen."

But while Mr. Earle is an entertaining story teller, that is not the thing one likes most about him. If you must know, you who are acquainted with him only from seeing his shadow on the screen, it is this—that he confines all his acting to this same silversheet. He is at once a pleasant young chap, with whom any one would be glad to sit around for an hour and swap yarns, for he's just as good a listener as he is a talker.



Photo by Stagg

They were just admiring the mirror effect when the photographer came along and "shot" it with his camera. The girl who is doing the Lorelei in the foreground is Sally Starr, a new Universal "find" who is now playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson. The smiling Herbert may be noticed as the piece de resistance in the looking glass, while seated alongside the camera is Elmer Clifton, once the "Rhapsode" of "Intolerance" and now a full fledged Megaphoniac (meaning director).

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review



Billie Burke is more of an artist than ever before in "The Land of Promise" (Paramount). Mary Alden is fine too.

By Randolph Bartlett

SHORTLY before O. Henry died he conceived the idea of writing a series of stories in which the essential romance of various cities would be portrayed. The first, and I believe the only one he wrote, related an adventure in a dull little southern city—I have forgotten even the name of the place—where a patient little woman was trying to make a living by writing, while her brutal husband stole her money and disgraced her by his drunkenness. The story breathed with the veritable pathos of exquisite dignity. And the final "O. Henry twist" was, "I wonder what's happening in Buffalo."

This is the duty of art in democracy—to prove that democracy is capable of producing art themes. It was the spiritual force behind O. Henry's virtuosity of style. It is the secret of Dickens' immortality. Whereas the romancer of democracy will weave his fantastic web in an endeavor to place a halo around the life of common folk, the true artist will prove that the common folk need no halo to make their lives interesting and dramatic.

So we come to this year of epoch-making events, when heroes are springing to life in every office and home we enter. The panoplied knights of Malory and Froissart are thin, watery creatures beside the soldiers of today. The odds encountered daily in Flanders make the adventures of these armored creatures mere nursery games for children. And so our modern knights have had their praises sung. The epic bard must raise his voice in their service, or admit he has no talent for singing. So this vast chorus resounds daily in our ears, causing us perhaps to forget that there are other heroes, not entitled to the full choir, and yet who should not remain unsung. Democracy calls upon all, not merely upon those who can and will fight with the weapons of the battle-field. The noblest passage in America's noblest poem, "The Commemoration Ode," begins,

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field.

And another poet wrote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." We know these things well. We feel them, but not often do we realize the heroic stature of men who are *living* this truth. Earl Derr Biggers realized it, however, and wrote a story called "Each to His Gifts," which has been vitalized by the camera, under the title, "The Gown of Destiny."



In "Alias Mrs. Jessop"—Metro—Emily Stevens does the finest acting in the shadow symphonies this season.

THE GOWN OF DESTINY—TRIANGLE

Andre Leriche is a designer of fashionable gowns for an American modiste. He is a slender little man, French by birth and instinct, but, more or less consciously, a physical coward. At length, unable to endure the spoken and implied scorn he encounters daily, he offers his services to the French consul, and, elated, tells everyone he meets that he is going to fight for his beloved France. He is rejected, however, as physically unfit, and his soaring spirit is crushed. Still determined to win the respect of the world, he decides he



Fox's "Les Miserables" is a worthy revival; and William Farnum is powerful and convincing as Jean Valjean.



"The Gown of Destiny", a Triangle offering by Earle Derr Biggers, is one of the greatest pictures given to the screen.



Clara Kimball Young in "Shirley Kaye" (Select) has not much time to pose, and for once lives happily ever after.

will do so by designing the most wonderful gown that has ever been seen. The remainder of the story is of the events set in motion by the gown.

First of all, the splendid creation saves one of the models in the establishment from dismissal, as she wears it for display. Then it wins back for the woman who buys it, the wandering affections of her husband, who, in commemoration of their wedding anniversary, sends three ambulances to France. The buyer passes it on to her clothes-poor niece, who suddenly shines in new glory for a young Englishman, visiting in California. He loves her, but decides he must redeem himself from the taint of being a slacker, before he can claim her love. He goes to France, and in a raid drives the Germans from the little town of Pont au Cresson, whose mayor was about to be shot as a scapegoat. The mayor finds the young officer, to thank him, and says:

"I had two sons. One has been killed. The other is in America—perhaps you met him there—Henri Leriche. But wherever he is, I know he is doing his duty for his country."

In the modiste's establishment, the little designer of gowns reads the newspaper account of the capture of his native village, and sighs.

"To have had something to do with that—that would have been magnificent," he sighs.

And the little model quietly kisses his hair, and sighs in sympathy.

That is all. There is no cheap and tawdry romance to tickle the syrup-sippers. It is big, too big to be subordinated to any personal marriage or non-marriage. It is life—the life of the many millions of Americans who will remain in America, doing unimportant things, while important things are being done in Europe. It is the life of the book-keeper, the stenographer, the bill-poster, the chauffeur, the kitchen maid, the postman, the trolley conductor, the elevator operator. It is the human epitome of the stone thrown into the pond, sending ever-widening ripples to lap, who can say what shore?

And more than that. Here we have a tremendous exposition of the spiritual force of any work sincerely done. Andre's gown was no mere thing of silk and satin. It was a symbol of truth and earnestness of purpose. It glowed with the immortal fire of genius, for what is genius but a passionate need to impart to the world some of the fire that otherwise must consume the breast in which it burns? Whenever such a creation is born, whether it be fathered by painter, poet, novelist, musician—or manufacturer of kitchen tables—the world is enriched infinitely beyond the mere fact in itself, enriched beyond its own knowledge.

Therefore "The Gown of Destiny" is one of the greatest pictures given to the screen.

LES MISERABLES—Fox

"Les Miserables"—and let's get together on the correct pronunciation, *lay-meez-air-ahbl,* all syllables accentuated equally—is the world's greatest novel. And, curiously enough, it is a perfect scenario, as it stands. The only problem confronting the producer of a picture based upon the Hugo masterpiece, is to select the incidents which will best tell the story within the limits of an evening's entertainment. It has been impossible to make an adequate speaking play from the book, because the stage drama moves too slowly. But it is no coincidence that the Fox production of this epic follows almost exactly the lines of the Pathé production, made several years ago. The incidents used by the Pathé scenarioist are the logical ones, almost the inevitable ones. It would, doubtless, be a grave injustice to say that the Fox scenarioist did his work after studying the older picture. The Fox sequence is as follows:

Jean's theft of the loaf of bread; his conviction; his imprisonment (both productions using a stone quarry instead of the galleys); his release; the incident of the bishop's candlesticks; the theft of a coin from a boy; Jean's rehabilitation as head of a big factory; the befriending of Fantine; the pursuit by Javert; Jean's voluntary revelation of his past to save another man who has been arrested for his robbery of the boy; his escape and adoption of Cosette; the treachery of the Thernardiers; the romance of Marius and Cosette; Jean's rescue of Javert from the revolutionists; Jean's escape with Marius, carrying him through the sewers; Javert giving Jean his freedom; the abandonment of Jean by Marius and Cosette, and the final reconciliation.

It is a tremendous story to tell in an evening. The Fox picture is in ten reels, and while it covers all of these points, it leaves the impression of a calm and unhurried creation. Yet there is more "meat" in any one of the incidents mentioned than in most five-reel productions, more humanity, more emotion, and, because it is the undiluted work of a great genius, actually more plot. The growth of a great soul in the heart of a hopeless brute is here epitomized, not in platitudes nor even in mere poetical phrases, but in splendid deeds and magnificent renunciations.

William Farnum as Jean Valjean is powerful and convincing. Not only as the ruthless bear, but, as his soul awakens, as the man whose last thought is of himself, he compels you to say, "He lives. He *is*." His smooth, unfurrowed cheeks, when Jean reaches the close of his long and troubled life, slightly offend the keen sense of the perfect fitness of things, but this is soon forgotten in his masterly impersonation. Hardy Kirkland has the companion role, the stern, relentless Javert, the embodiment of duty and cruelly consistent justice. He is no less impressive than Farnum himself, though not called upon for such a variety of expressions. He is the portentous diapason, rumbling his menace throughout the story. The scores of minor roles are all well taken. There is no false note. For this thanks is due to the director, Frank Lloyd.

It is a worthy revival. It is a picture that anyone can enjoy at least once a year. It should never go upon the shelf. It is a lost soul indeed that does not feel itself bathed in pure light with the final scene, when Jean, taking leave of life, sees in a vision the form of the gentle Bishop, who bought his soul for God.

LES MISERABLES—Pathe

Nor would it be fair to leave the subject without reference to the Pathé treatment of the same theme. Done years ago in France, one of the first ten-reel pictures ever made, directed by Albert Capellani, it labored under certain handicaps. Camera methods have been improved, the close-up and the fade-out have been developed, and the refinements of production multiplied. Yet the picture is still a fine piece of work. It has lately been cut to seven reels, and as a result the plot jumps here and there. But the photography is beautiful, and the spirit of the story retained. Jean is played by Henry Kraus (French, despite his name) and in certain respects his impersonation is better than that of Mr. Farnum. He is taller, huger, more of a brute in the earlier scenes. But he is not more of a saint at the close. Much of the acting is melodramatic to the American sense, but the French actor is always intense, inclined toward exaggeration rather than repose. To anyone wanting to be advised as to which of these productions he should see, I would say without hesitation, "Both."

ALIAS MRS. JESSOP—Metro

Polish up the insignia of the award of merit, Class A, and present it, suitably engraved, to Miss Emily Stevens,



Boys and girls will enjoy the Jack Pickford-Paramount "Tom Sawyer," but only men and women will truly understand.



With that consummate artist, Sessue Hayakawa in "The Secret Game" (Paramount) appears delightful Florence Vidor.



In Metro's "Square Deceiver," Pauline Curley is a lovely foil to Harold Lockwood.



"Empty Pockets" (Brenon) is a swift-moving story excellently acted. Bert Lytell makes his first appearance since "The Lone Wolf."



"My Unmarried Wife," (Bluebird) is a charming story, delightfully done. Carmel Myers is as sweet as she sounds.



"Red, White and Blue Blood" (Metro) is a production worthy of the Bushman-Bayne popularity. It is a splendid story, well directed.

for that she has done the finest piece of acting in the various shadow symphonies of the season. In "Alias Mrs. Jessop" she plays the role—banal in its conception—or rather the two roles, of cousins who are identical in appearance but as black is to white in character. The wicked cousin uses the good cousin's name in certain escapades, disgraces her, and marries Anthony Jessop. She behaves scandalously, and events so transpire that the good cousin is called upon to impersonate her, in the absence of her husband. Of course, the good cousin reaps the romantic reward of virtue in the final close-up and fade-out. It is as cheap and cheesy a story as it has always been. It is a constant mystery to me why producers continue to pay royalties on new versions of this ancient and mouldy fable. To this yarn, Miss Stevens brings all her splendid artistry. She has more technique in her little finger than most screen stars have in their entire anatomy. And that she should shine in so dull a plot is the highest praise I can offer. In certain scenes, by clever photography, she is shown in conversation with her other self, and here the study of her art is fascinating. She knows the psychology of gown and gesture and facial expression. She calls to her aid none of the obvious helps in such circumstances, but makes the opposites distinct by sheer subtlety of acting. The whole thing suggests Caruso singing "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

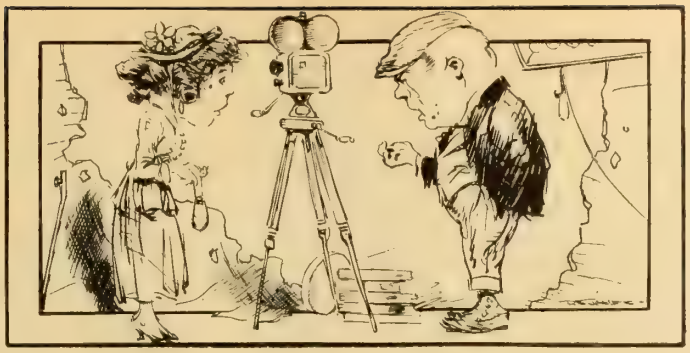
THE SECRET GAME—Paramount

Out on the Pacific Coast, where the Lasky studio is located, they don't believe it is kosher for an American girl to marry a Japanese gentleman. So the Lasky scenario department has to cudgel its brains for plots which will not offend the American demand for a matrimonial ending to the pictures in which that consummate artist, Sessue Hayakawa, appears. In "The Secret Game," the Japanese star plays the part of an emissary of the Mikado, sent to discover why news is leaking from the office of a certain American quartermaster. Nara-Nara, the oriental detective, discovers the German intrigue, though it leads to his own death, and a converted spyess marries the quartermaster. Hayakawa, given any humanly possible situation, is as subtle as the diplomats of his native land. He challenges the intelligence, without eluding the casual spectator. Florence Vidor, as the feminine tool of the German spy system, is delightful. Raymond Hatton has a queer and interesting bit, as "Mrs. Harris," the supposed housekeeper of the chief conspirator. It is an interesting film, timely, and done in the best Lasky manner by Director William C. DeMille.

TOM SAWYER—Paramount

Nearly two decades removed from my last previous reading of Mark Twain's classic of American boy life, "Tom Sawyer," the Jack Pickford-Paramount reintroduction of this 100 per cent boy was a happiness not easily described. The incident of the whitewashing of the fence, the love affair with the new girl in town, the fight with the "model boy," the clandestine friendship with Huck Finn the disreputable, the first smoke, the pirate adventure, the attendance at his own funeral—to mention the incidents alone is to revive memories of pleasures that come once in a lifetime. If Hood had been blessed with the privilege of seeing such a picture, he might not have written his plaint that he was farther from heaven than when he was a boy, because he had learned that the tops of the fir trees did not touch the sky. The tops of my fir trees touched the sky again as I watched this picture. Boys and girls will enjoy it, but only men and women will truly understand.

(Continued on page 104)



The Climb of Clematis Clancy

A Sad Tale

By Delight Evans

I NEVER thought it would come to this.

Of course, I always knew I was different. There has ever existed in me the supreme knowledge that I am not of the common horde. But I never guessed that I was quite so different as I am.

When Henry proposed to me, I accepted; and I am now Henry's wife. But I have always impressed upon him the great sacrifice I made for him then, and the great sacrifices I have made for him every day since then. That I, the daughter of Lushington's only Dramatic Artiste, and the grand-daughter of the late Silas Clem, Lushington's first Dramatic Artiste, who founded the great Art of Dramatics in Lushington,—I say that I, Stella Clem, should have cast to the four winds my great Dramatic possibilities and opportunities, and married a Shoe-clerk! It is unbelievable.

But it is true.

Thus it is that I write my Story for other sufferers of my sex to read and profit by. Thus it is that I bare my inmost soul-recesses to a scornful world.

It was not because of Henry. Henry was a good husband. When he stayed out nights, he always came back about noon of the following day—almost always. Whenever I begged him for money, he invariably replied that if I wanted some I might earn it by taking in washing as my mother and my mother's mother did before me. And Henry used to let me play the Victrola every Friday night. No, it was not, decidedly not, because of Henry.

Looking back, I find that I really don't know why it was. But, after all, I am inclined to the belief that it happened because I chanced — or chanced because I happened upon an old Fifth Reader over which I used to nod. The peach-juice and the inkblots and the battered edges of it all, recalled to me my dear old School-days, the happy days when Henry delighted in such simple pleasures as chewing chalk and breaking his slates over my head. Henry was always so playful.

Well, when all those happy memories came surging and crowding and rushing back to me, I simply could not restrain myself—I put my apron to my eyes, and wept, and wept. Then I searched in the cellar for a mirror, and looking into it saw the great, round, bitter salty tears chasing and racing and coursing down my cheeks; and the thought flashed over me:

"What a Movie Actress I would make!"

And, then and there, I was a changed woman.

When I had in some measure recovered my naturally sunny disposition, I remembered my dear old Father, even now, perhaps, reciting "The Bells" to my mother, while that dear old soul kept time to the rhythmical cadence on her wash-board. I thought of my dear old Grandfather, who used to recite that same dear old selection to Grandmother, as she listened between the regular chopping of her busy axe. I even thought of my dear old—of myself, soon to thrill and move and sway the hearts of countless movie-fans all over the country. And the thought thrilled me. There was something thrilling about it.

And now I will tell you how nearly I reached the realization of my desire.

First of all, I decided, with—I do really believe—quite admirable foresight and insight, that I must change my name. Not for worlds would I give Henry's family an opportunity to point to me and say, "That girl married Our Henry." No—a thousand No's. I would Be Myself; and to myself and myself only would any of the credit fall.

I was really determined about it.



And I decided upon "Clematis Clancy." "Clematis"—because of a tender and, I fear, almost childish sentiment for my paternal cognomen; and "Clancy," because it would rhyme so nicely with "fancy" and "dancy" in those dear little limericks which the fans write.

I felt that I was faring forth upon a Career with more assets than many of these silly little school-girls could think of in a week. I had chosen my name, and thus saved the director the trouble. And I was young, but not too young. And although I am inclined to be more brunette than blonde, still I was quite determined not to risk my reputation in one of those Vampire parts. So much good may be accomplished by the tender, sweet little films; and because I am blessed with a lovable, cheery disposition, I knew I should succeed. I couldn't be a Vampire if I tried.

And before I write another word, I must give my advice to Girls About to Enter the Movies. Girls, do not listen to the advice which these so-called Stars of the Silent Drama give to you. Do you know, Girls, that they discourage you, and only discourage you, because—and heed this — because, Girls, they are Afraid of You? It is true—they are afraid of you, all you Girls from All Over the Country who are About to Enter the Movies.

Listen to this advice from one who knows; from one who has trod the hard path of disillusionment and heart-ache; from one who wishes you well: There is no chance for you. The Field is Overcrowded. There are thousands on every waiting list. Stay at Home, Girls, and marry some worthy man, even as I did. Above all, Girls, remain deaf and dumb to the Call of the Screen.

Now I feel that I have discharged my duty to the Girls of America; and may therefore proceed with my own narrative.

There are so many different ways to Enter a Studio, it is sometimes most perplexing to the novice. But although Getting In requires a certain amount of courage, most people have no trouble at all in Getting Out.

But Persistency Wins. I have always known that. Why, I shall never forget how I overcame Henry's innate bashfulness and finally brought him to the proposing stage. But of course, in a studio it is different—that is, the methods are different, but they arrive at the same conclusion. If I had not remembered this, I should never have become Clematis Clancy.

The Studio which I selected was one of the very best. It is in a new red brick building—at least it looked new, but it may have been painted, you know. I opened a door and walked in. It was a queer, deserted sort of place, and looked like an office building—that is, it looked as I imagine an office building would look. When I saw a stairs leading up to somewhere else, I took them.

As there was nobody around, they paid no attention to me. I roamed up and down, and came to another door. This one was marked "No Admittance. Visitors Absolutely Prohibited." I was not a visitor, of course; so the rule had nothing to do with me. I opened the door, and came upon a large floor.

There were all sorts of people standing around; and in the midst of a conglomeration of scenery and furniture, cameras and lights, they were Taking a Picture. You know, I said afterward that it was perfectly remarkable that I should

have known it. Think of it—I had never been inside a Studio before; yet the minute I saw one, I knew what it was. To this instinct of mine I may attribute much of my success.

They were making a comedy. There were oddly-dressed people who fell down and got up whenever a fat man told them to; there were other people who acted just as dear Father used to act when he recited "The Bells"; and among the scenery there was a tub and wash-board, which reminded me so of Home, I had to bite my lip to keep back the tears.

I stood around. There was really nothing else to do. Then, so suddenly that it made me jump, someone screamed:

"Sara! *Sara!!* SARA!!!"

And everybody stopped standing around, and began to look for Sara. They wanted her for the new picture they were making, it seemed—this comedy. So I wasn't at all interested.

The fat man paced the floor, muttering to himself. "Sara—where *is* the woman? I gotta have Sara."

Another man went up to him, and talked. Then he began to pace.

I was debating whether I had better stay, when the fat man spied me. "Hey," he screamed. "You. Comere."

I went. Again I say—to that instinct which bade me be persistent in spite of all; to that something which urged me to obey the fat man, I attribute all of my success.

I went. And the fat man looked at me, and summoned three men, who looked at me. I must say, though it be to my discredit, I never once thought of poor Henry.

"She can do it," said the fat man.

"You're crazy—whasmatter?—Bill's lost his head," said everybody.

"Comeon," said Bill to me. "You've gotta take Sara's part in my new comedy. Comeon. You'll do as you are for the first scene."

I followed him into the scene, which I learned is called a set. There, I established my reputation.

I was about to remove my hat, which I myself had trimmed from a picture in "The Wife's Helper," when Bill grabbed me by the arm and shoved me into the set.

"You're all right as y'are. You enter—now listen—you enter through the right window, and sit down by that table and pick up a book. Then your husband comes in, sees you sitting there, beats you up. He sends you back to the wash-tub—and we fade-out on you wringing-out clothes. Come on, now; go through it."

Of course, if I had had time to think, I never should have submitted. If I couldn't be an Ingenue, I certainly wouldn't be a slap-stick comedienne. But one of the things Henry taught me, was always to do as you are told. So I entered through the right window.

I needed scarcely any direction for that. It was all so natural—you know, Henry used to lock me out many times, just to see me climb in through the window. Henry was always so fun-loving.

The director—Bill—was very hard to please when it came to sitting down and reading a book. He said I acted as though I had never sat down and read a book before. But the rest was easy.

The man who played my husband was a large man—larger even than Henry. But he was a very good actor, and made it seem quite like old times.

When I went through the wash-tub scene, I looked into the foamy suds, and all the memories of my past and my mother's past and my grandmother's past, came back to me. And there was no heredity-and-environment struggle, either; for Henry had not been an advocate of Electric Washing Machines for Women.

And before I knew it, I was weeping into the tub just as I used to do; and the director was crying, "Great! Keep it up, and we'll give you a contract. Your expression's got it all over Sara's. Keep it up—There. Thatsall."

This—only this and nothing more, is the Story of Clematis Clancy. Now that I am a famous comedienne, and drawing my little old $500, I don't look at ingenues. It was hard at first, all of it; I didn't like the monotony. But the pretty babies who do nothing but pout, and the Vampires who do nothing at all, don't know what it means to be a Natural Actress.

STARS OF THE SCREEN *and* THEIR STARS IN THE SKY

By Ellen Woods



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Nativity of George Beban, Born December 13th.

FROM the position of the planets at Mr. Beban's birth, I should say that he would have made an excellent judge in a juvenile court, for I have never before cast up a figure that indicated such humane qualities towards children. Intuitively he would grasp the truth and would do the right thing at the right time. In his stage or picture work he should, therefore, be best in stories where he comes to the rescue of abused or helpless children. If Mr. Beban should ever engage in original authorship, I would advise him, from the positions of the planets at his birth, to furnish plots and let someone else elaborate on them under his direction. In such case, I am sure his stories would be successful and that he would display his deep sympathy and sense of justice for the rising generation. He should not be connected in any financial way with theatres, summer resorts, or any other places of amusement, nor with real estate, other than to draw a salary. He should stake nothing on any games of chance, and should not think that every one he meets is as innocent as he. The latter part of life with Mr. Beban will be more pleasant than the first part, both financially and mentally. He should have many acquaintances but few friends, and they should be highly educated. He should not try to run two things at once. The two or double runs all through his life. Los Angeles is the most fortunate place on earth for Mr. Beban according to the rules laid down by the father of astrology, Ptolemy.



Evans

Nativity of Miss Constance Talmadge, Born April 19th.

THE configuration of the planets and the zodiacal sign on the eastern horizon at this birth, produce a timid, bashful, but cheerful disposition, very refined in thought and action—one who will look on the bright side of life in the face of all troubles. She is truth and honor personified. With a searching mind, this soul is always on the lookout for sympathy, and will attach itself to a new fancy as fast as the preceding one loses its attractions. Miss Talmadge is discreet, independent, and open-minded; will be clever in business matters and fit to command if the position or object is provided for her, but will be too timid to push herself forward and ask for it, but she will always have relatives to select her career for her. Therefore, I would say that she is born very fortunate. Travels will be long and fortunate for her unless the travels are connected with the church. At least one of the long journeys will make the native famous. This native will never know the want of a friend in life, especially among artists and literati. Short journeys will be profitable—journeys from fifty to sixty miles, and she would have no trouble if she wished to start a mail order business on a large scale. Marriage should not occur until the age of thirty-three years, I mean the real *love* marriage, the one that will ride the worst storm and come through without a mar. Miss Talmadge will have many offers, but she should not accept any until the year mentioned. Things to avoid: water journeys and the care of children.

BRENON—*the* MAN

Facts and impressions gathered from actual knowledge of the man and his work

By Randolph Bartlett

AMONG moving-picture folk there is no subject so productive of extensive conversation as Herbert Brenon. And there is none so productive of diverse opinions, most of them, however, taking the form of emotional outbursts. For instance, one day I met a man at Forty-third and Broadway, and Brenon's name being mentioned, he launched into a furious tirade of abuse; going one block down the street I met another friend, and, just as a test, mentioned Brenon again, and he delivered himself of a paean of praise. Both men were intelligent, both stand high in the world of pictures, both had known Brenon for several years, and both had been associated with him. So it goes. Among the opinions of Brenon I have heard expressed from time to time, here are a few samples:

That he is an egotist.
That he is a genius.
That he is insane.
That he is a martinet.
That he is a dreamer.

In fact, you will hear almost everything, except that you will be unable to find a man or woman who will stake his reputation for good judgment upon a statement that Brenon doesn't make good pictures.

The explanation of this vast difference of opinion is extremely simple. It is that the majority of people form their opinions by judging a man in terms of other men, and Brenon, without regard to his ability, is so essentially different, so fundamentally an individual and not a type, that he has to be studied to be understood. And few people take the pains to study him. He is, in the best meaning of the word, eccentric—away from the center. He does not twirl with the teetotum. He does not move with the crowd. The crowd doesn't especially interest him. And that sort of a man is always doing one of two things at the same time: He is going at a terrific speed in the direction half the people think he should go, and thereby winning their plaudits; and he is going, at the same rate of speed, in the opposite direction to that in which the other half think he should go, and thereby winning their condemnation. It would be much easier to stand in the center of the teetotum, and move with the crowd. But Brenon was never built to do easy things. So he is misunderstood equally by his friends and his enemies.



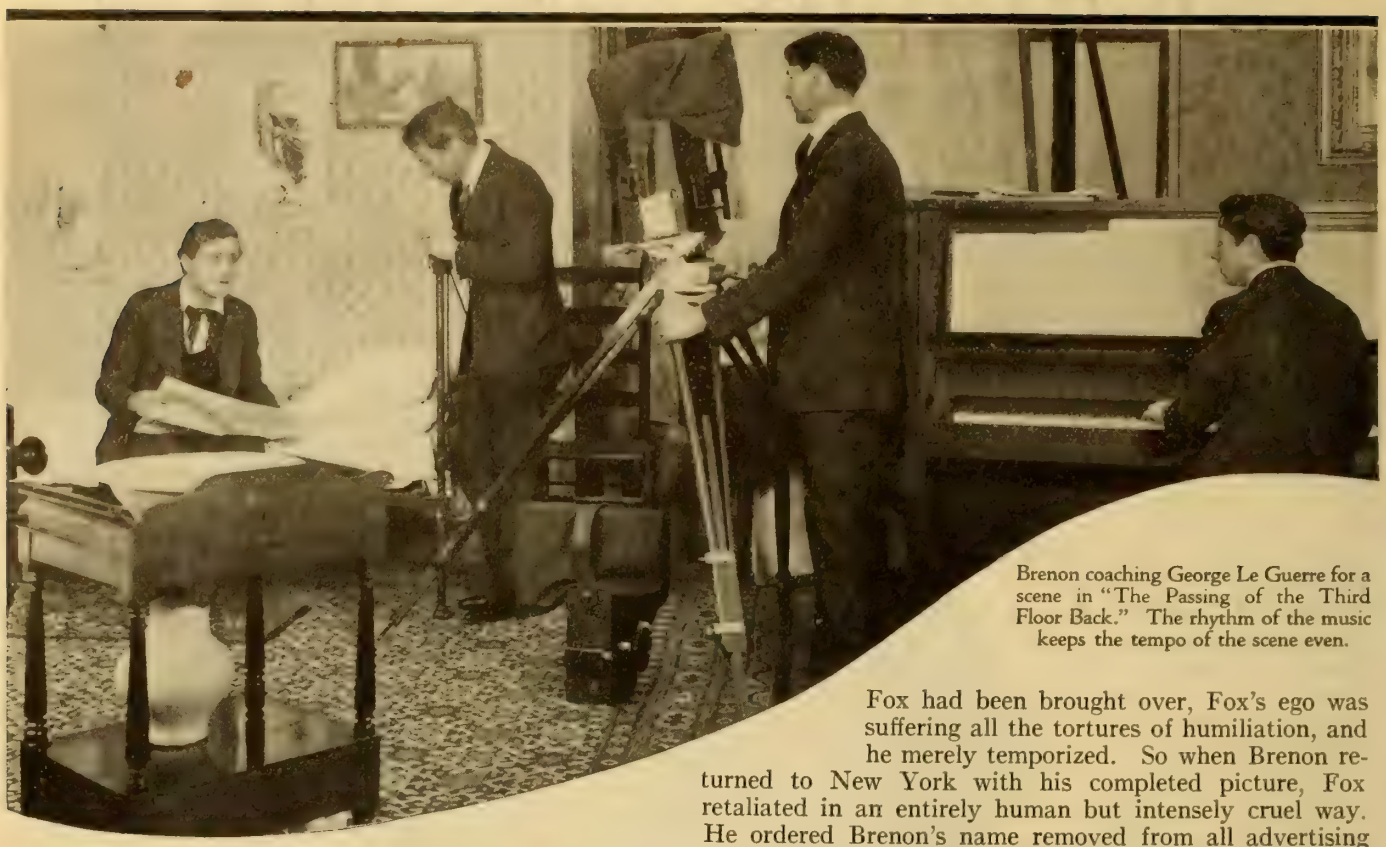
Herbert Brenon is so essentially different, so fundamentally an individual and not a type, that he must be studied to be understood. . . . . He does not move with the crowd, even though it is the easiest way. But Brenon was never built to do easy things.

Now, if I may intrude a personal note to establish my right to speak with authority about this unusual personality, I have worked for Brenon and with Brenon, I have fought for him and with him, I have wrangled with him and agreed with him, I have seen him at work and at play, I have seen him enraged and happy, perturbed and serene, so ill he could scarcely walk and so well he seemed able to hurdle the moon. But I have never seen him when he did not have an inner faith in his own destiny. This is egoism.

Few people distinguish clearly between egoism and conceit. Egoism says "I can and will"; conceit says "I am and could." Egoism is active; conceit is static. Egoism is fecund; conceit is sterile. The egoist believes that he is the center of a great world of ideas, which he can employ to his purpose. The conceited man believes he is the great idea at the center of a world, which the world could use to its purpose if it were sufficiently intelligent. Fully eighty per cent of the men and women of the picture world are conceited—they are the mediocrities and the failures. Not more than twenty per cent are egoists—they are the successes.

Herbert Brenon was not a success until he found his calling in the making of pictures. He was getting along, but not a dominant figure. Born in 1880, in Dublin, he passed his early years in London, and was educated at St. Paul's and King's College. He came to America when he was sixteen, and found a position as office boy for Joseph Veon, a theatrical producer. To eke out his earnings he obtained employment evenings, as a super. Later he was call boy at Daly's. By gradual steps he became an actor. He played in vaudeville. He bought a moving picture theatre. He went to Universal, first as an actor, and then, as the force of his ideas became apparent to the management, directed a number of pictures. Every now and then a reminder of these days crops up in a reissue, the wily exhibitor discovering the now famous Brenon in the film, and featuring him in electrics in front of his house, in some weird and curious relic of the past. He then made his first great spectacle—"Neptune's Daughter," with Annette Kellermann as the star. The observant William Fox soon drafted Brenon into his service, and the result was a series of features that attracted widespread attention. Theda Bara scored her first great successes. Then Fox accepted his plan for a great spectacle, with Annette Kellermann as the star.

At this time there was a friendship between Fox and Brenon which neither fully understood, because there could not possibly be two men of greater contrast. It was a friendship almost emotional in its intensity, for the very reason that it seemed a contradiction to exist at all. But Fox recognized Brenon's imaginative powers, and Brenon appreciated the opportunities Fox gave him. Each was a supreme egoist in his own field—Brenon as the creator, Fox as the business man. The story of the shattering of this friendship has never been fairly told. It shall be told now.



Brenon coaching George Le Guerre for a scene in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The rhythm of the music keeps the tempo of the scene even.

Brenon went to Jamaica, with an army of players, an expensive star, a shipload of supplies, and a belief that he had *carte blanche*. He had made a certain general estimate of probable expense, but soon it was apparent that this would be far below the actual cost of the picture. The tropics present unexpected problems. There was trouble in keeping the film in condition. A marsh had to be filled in. And Brenon never was an economical producer. This was the natural result of his egoism. If he believed that a certain thing would be an improvement in the picture, that thing was ordered done. He believed the results would justify the expense. Back in New York, Fox, free from the Brenon magnetism, and not able to see the results, found a torrent of money flowing, where he had had in mind only a good sized stream. This offended his business egoism. And a business egoism has just as much right to existence as a creative egoism. So Fox sent to Jamaica J. Gordon Edwards, with instructions to take charge of the Brenon production, with a view to reducing the cost. If Fox had had the slightest bowing acquaintance with Brenon's egoism, he never would have done it. It is almost inconceivable that he did not foresee what happened immediately upon Edwards' arrival in Jamaica.

Brenon simply called a strike. And so complete is the loyalty which Brenon inspires in the men and women who work for him that, with one solitary exception, every individual in the Fox employ on the big production stood by Brenon. For twenty-four hours the Kingston-New York cable was strained to capacity with Brenon-Fox-Edwards messages. But Brenon had the key to the situation. Even if the mechanics and actors had consented to return to work, it was Brenon's story, and no one but he had any idea of what to do with it. Edwards was called off.

Still, so deeply imbedded were the roots of this friendship, that the slightest touch of mutual understanding would have brought these two egoists together. But while Brenon believed that Fox had been brought over, Fox's ego was suffering all the tortures of humiliation, and he merely temporized. So when Brenon returned to New York with his completed picture, Fox retaliated in an entirely human but intensely cruel way. He ordered Brenon's name removed from all advertising material, and instructed that he should not be mentioned in connection with "A Daughter of the Gods" as author of the story or director of the spectacle. This resulted immediately in a series of law suits which never have been carried to a decision, both sides since having almost forgotten them in matters of vastly greater importance.

After this experience, it was obvious to Herbert Brenon that he could not reap the full harvest of his ideas until he was the supreme power in his own business. So he organized his own company, joined the Lewis J. Selznick alliance, and produced "War Brides." Although the philosophy of this picture is so easily misunderstood





Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson came to America to film "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," under Brenon's direction.

by unthinking people that it has been found necessary to withdraw it from circulation for the duration of the war, it proved at once that Brenon was one of the most powerful figures in the creative branch of the industry. Since then he has repeated with "The Fall of the Romanoffs," and tossed off two whirlwind melodramas, "The Lone Wolf" and "Empty Pockets." Meanwhile he has still further established his independence as a producer. When future chroniclers relate the steps in the Brenon career, one of the most important will be discovered in his acquisition of his present business manager, Alexander J. Beyfuss, a young man from California, who combines with financial acumen a high appreciation of the Brenon genius.

I have said that Brenon inspires loyalty in his subordinates. There is no mystery in this, for Brenon offers the same loyalty that he expects. In his studio force there are several heads of departments who have been with him for years, in various corporations—George Fitch, technical director; George Edwardes-Hall, scenario writer and research expert; Roy Hunt, cameraman; Miss Minola De Pass, private secretary; Thomas Tomaine, chief carpenter. As no man is a hero to his valet, few directors are heroes in the property room. To learn whether these executives were loyal to Brenon through selfish interest, or because they believed in him, I asked two of them to explain the chief elements in Brenon's success, from their own viewpoints.

"Mr. Brenon's power lies in his untiring industry, concentration, and capacity for taking infinite pains," said Hall. "He has an exceptional knowledge of dramatic construction. But perhaps his greatest strength lies in his ability to impress his inherent emotionalism upon players, so that even those who through long stage careers have been unknown, become, under his direction, sterling artists."

Fitch, on the other hand, attributes Brenon's success to his talent for leadership. "Even back in the old stock company days," he says, "he was always the moving spirit in every enterprise. His strength of will in seeing that his orders were carried out, made him a factor to be reckoned with. On one occasion, the man who was supplying the funds for the company was also desirous of being an actor. His work was



Herbert Brenon believes that the photodrama is an art, should be respected as an art, and should be created in surroundings as free as possible from the unlovely. He insists that his studio be respected, be regarded as a studio, and not as a carpenter shop.

so poor that Brenon dismissed him—fired his own employer. He was only a young man at the time, but even then he was just a natural 'boss.' "

You will often hear that Brenon "has a lot of freak ideas." As a sample, they will mention the fact that he has a musical accompaniment for every scene. As the music does not show on the film, many regard this as "highbrow" and therefore foolish. The fact of the matter is that it is for an intensely practical purpose. Of greater importance than the emotional aid that the music gives the player, is the fact that the rhythm of the music keeps the tempo of the scene even, and it is impossible for the actor to get out of step.



Above: Brenon dictating to his private secretary, Miss Minola De Pass.

Below, with his neice, Miss Eileen Brenon, who is in his publicity department.



Perhaps it is freakish also that Brenon insists that his studio be respected, be regarded as a studio, and not as a carpenter shop. He does not permit any unnecessary sound when his scenes are being played. He does not like to see men going about in shirt-sleeves, unless the weather demands it. His messenger boy is garbed in a neat page's uniform. This is not ostentation. It is all tributary to the Brenon belief, that the photodrama is an art, should be respected as an art, and should be created in surroundings as free as possible from the unlovely and unpicturesque.

The one thing that Brenon cannot endure is stupidity. It enrages him just as a red rag does a bull. I have seen him patiently explaining a scene to an actress, and coaching her with the most explicit attention to detail. Then, either in a fit of stage fright, or sheer dullness, she would repeatedly do the thing he told her not to do. After about the third offence he will fly into a terrific rage. He cannot help it. It comes as suddenly as if he were leaping from a chair which harbored an unwarned tack. And it is over as quickly. I have watched him at times, with such an attack inevitable, and wondered what would happen if I said, "Look out Herbert, you're going to explode in a minute." The result would probably be that I instead of the actress would get the full effect of the explosion.

The same thing will happen to any highly sensitized nature. It is the reason most parents spank their children. It is not because they want to, nor (oh, eternal fabrication!) because they think it will do the child any good. They just can't help it. But where stupidity is not the cause of the error, Brenon's patience is monumental. When a noted player, such as Nazimova, or Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, confronts the camera for the first time they have a lot to learn. And Brenon will go through the alphabet with them indefinitely. I tremble to think what would happen if they were stupid in learning.

The gentler side of the Brenon character is seen in his relations with his family. It is something deeper than the mere clannishness of the Celt. Perhaps this is because it is a rather remarkable family. His mother is his most valued adviser in matters pertaining to art. She herself is a writer of no small talent, with various plays and stories to her credit. In the course of important production work, she is his almost constant companion. A brother, Algernon St. John Brenon, at the time of his death two years ago, was regarded as the most brilliant musical critic in America. One of his daughters, Miss Eileen Brenon, is in her uncle's publicity department, and counts it one of her golden days when she gets a story printed about "Uncle Bertie." Her sister has appeared in several of the Brenon productions. And, youngest of this energetic clan, Cyril Brenon, Herbert's son, is already an actor. As the street gamin in "Empty Pockets" he displays already a keen sense of humor.

This is the man Brenon as I know him. These things are not in any sense an interview, written from carefully prepared notes, or rehashed from a press agent's adulatory outgivings. They are facts and impressions gathered from actual knowledge of the man and his work. Of his ideas and his ideals, his spiritual side, his hopes and his ambitions, I could write at great length. But why? After all, when we know a man, we know more than his principles—we know his individuality. And whatever the stars hold for Herbert Brenon in the future, he is at least and forever that—an individual.

Triangle's Spring Fashion Show

ONCE upon a time the studios and stars inhabiting the far-off West Coast looked to Paris and New York for their fashions. Now, to use the vernacular, they dope 'em out for themselves. Each of the big studios has its own gown designer and modiste establishment, and Miss Peggy Hamilton is the designer for Triangle. All the gowns displayed herewith were made from Miss Hamilton's plans and specifications and under her supervision, with the exception of the Gown of Destiny a Hickson model, worn by Alma Rubens in the photoplay of that name.

To left and right: Two poses of Miss Rubens wearing the Gown of Destiny. The gown exploits the bustle frock, which is the first real silhouette America has ever introduced. Fashioned of rose and silver brocade; trimmed with crystal and bugles, with shoulder-straps of rhinestones—and worn by Alma Rubens! Is it that the Gown becomes the girl, or the girl becomes the Gown? At any rate, you don't have to be a critic to remark that "The Gown of Destiny"—(Triangle)—is bound—just bound to succeed.





This wrap was made from a court gown worn by Clara Morris in 1875. Pink brocaded satin with green plush leaves woven into the material, it is lined in old rose. Posed by Alice Crawford.

The "Lillian Gail." Of white chiffon,—draped with a solid embroidery of pearls and white sequins, over old rose and Georgette. The train is of panne-velvet and sequins. Posed by Draxy Harlon of Triangle.



The "Model La Reine." Satin bodice is draped with hand-embroidered net of pearls and sequins. A strap of ermine from the left shoulder crossing to the right at the waist, adds the military touch. Posed by Josephine Sedgwick of Triangle.

Both ermine and seal are used in this "Model Le Fautel." Orchid chiffon lines the sleeves; orchid satin, the train. And there is a black ostrich fan, orchid-tipped. Posed by Kathleen Emerson.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK



Miss Anita Stewart, whose continued absence from the screen has left a place that no one else can fill.

CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK was called to Washington soon after he received his ranking at the Plattsburg training camp, and by this time he is probably very busy somewhere in France. As he speaks French fluently, he will be of unusual value to the American forces.

Captain Warwick, as an actor, appreciated publicity. He is singularly modest, however, about his services for his country. He entered the Plattsburg camp without any blare of trumpets, and when his former press agent asked him to have a photograph made in uniform he declared that he would not capitalize patriotism for publicity. "This uniforms means more to me than anything else I ever owned," he said, "and I'm not going to go bragging about it until I have done something in it to brag about." Which is one way of looking at it, of course, though it is no reflection upon the viewpoint of the man who wants his friends to see him in his regimentals. It's just how you feel about it.

GOOD news for Allison-Lockwood fans. May Allison is coming back and will again co-star with Harold Lockwood in Metro Pictures.

Miss Allison has been off the screen for about six months devoting her time to getting her voice in shape to fulfill a London Musical Comedy engagement. Maybe you didn't know that Miss Allison was gifted with a wonderful voice, and has been tempted time and time again by the producers of musical comedies.

However, because of the difficulties of obtaining pass-ports as well as other conditions arising from the war, she has cancelled her London engagement and decided to return to the screen.

IF there's anything we like more than another thing, it's Russian vamps. Better still—near-Russian vamps. Why, one has only to whisper "Russian vamp" to us, and we shiver in icy anticipation, in warm sweet delight, at the so-pleasant prospect. For near-Russian vamps—next to Russian vamps and Billy West and the crown prince,—are the funniest things in our little lives. Think, then—contemplate upon our infinite distress at the pleasure denied us:

When we heard of Hedda Nova; of her first appearance in Odessa, Russia; of her subsequent appearances in a Berlin convent and a Russian ballet; lately as a Vitagraph star—we fairly shook with joy. Another near-Russian vamp, this time from Brooklyn; another cloying name to paw, to exult over in these calamitous columns. We had it all doped out. And it was beautiful. Then, came disillusionment, grief and heartache. Our barbed-wire witticisms, our stinging sarcasms—merely a waste of time and a wearing-out of typewriter ribbon. For Hedda Nova, Vitagraph's Russian vamp, *was* born in Odessa; danced in Russian ballet; came to America; *was* discovered—a real-Russian vamp! We are too wise to assay any very clever remarks.

MARSHALL NEILAN will continue to direct Miss Pickford for Artcraft. He was drafted, but rejected because of poor eyesight.

EDWIN THANHOUSER, one of the pioneers of the moving picture industry in this country, retires this month from all his activities. The Thanhouser Film Corporation will continue, however, and in the near future will probably engage once more in active production. The last picture from the New Rochelle plant was the last picture in which Miss Florence La Badie appeared before her death, "A Man Without a Country." While



Fay Tincher always used to be original, with her stripes and all. Now she's counting stitches just like all the rest of them, between scenes for her new comedies at her new studio.



Captain Robert Warwick. Now filling an important engagement "Over There."

the Thanhouser pictures have not been the greatest pacemakers in the industry, there is this to be said of them. Edwin Thanhouser never permitted a scene to be photographed, that was touched with the slightest taint of sensuality or suggestiveness. The rules governing conditions at his studio were further proof of the innate cleanness of the man. He made a success of his career, and retires with the highest respect of all who know him, in the studio as well as in the business world.

AFTERNOON motor calls and pink teas are quite the thing at Fort Lee. Nowadays when a director can't find his star, he goes out and hunts for her in one of the neighboring studios. If he can't find her there, he begins a systematic search of all the studios in Fort Lee. Generally he'll find her after a while, having tea with a group of fellow-players, whose directors are also hunting. Alice Neilsen, Fannie Ward, and the Dolly sisters have all been found at different times at the Goldwyn plant and have been dragged forcibly back to work by their respective directors. (The director doesn't really drag his star back to work, you understand; he wouldn't dare.) But they should have some sort of a system about it; make Monday "Goldwyn" day; Tuesday "Pathe" day; and so on. This would save time; and insure the pictures keeping up to release date.



Viola Dana is now an official member of the Los Angeles Photoplay Colony. She has been photographed with Charlie Chaplin and you know that is a sort of initiation rite. Charlie registers glee, and no wonder. In a similar position we would do likewise.

ERIC CAMPBELL, well-known as the "big fellow" in the Chaplin comedies, was killed in an automobile collision in Los Angeles, in December. Jean Croby, an actress, and Harold Schneider, a scenario writer, who were in Campbell's car, were injured; and the driver of the other car suffered a broken leg. He assisted however, in extricating Campbell's body, which was buried under his machine. Campbell leaves a wife in San Francisco.

MONTAGU LOVE and Madge Evans are studio chums, at the World's Ft. Lee workshop. One day Madge was required to play an emotional scene, displaying great grief over the parting of her picture parents. Before the scene was photographed she went to one side, buried her face in her hands, and soon her whole little body was shaking with sobs.



The late Eric Campbell with Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance in a scene from "The Adventurer."



Mary Pickford and her wee niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, who has just learned to walk. The baby calls her aunt "Nanna," and shares the opinion of the wide, wide world in that she believes Mary is a little bit of all right.

She acted the role to perfection. "What did you think about to make yourself cry like that?" Love asked. "I thought how awful it would be if I had to go back to school," replied little Madge, wiping away the last of the tears.

CRANE WILBUR—melancholy eyes, wavy hair, and all—has been filling a stock engagement in Oakland, California. He has received an offer from a north-western picture company; but it is not yet known that he will accept.

S. L. ROTHAPFEL is the manager of the New York Rialto. He is the manager of the New York Rialto because he believes in the psychological effect in

moving pictures. Every program in his theatre is a remarkable combination of music and picture—and sometimes he even chooses his musical selections first and then chooses a picture to suit the music. He supervises the color schemes used throughout his programs. He believed in psychology even in a photoplay theatre and his success is proof that a photoplay theatre is one of the places where psychology is most needed.

IRVING CUMMINGS has been retained by Metro to play opposite Nazimova in her second Metro photoplay. Cummings supports Ethel Barrymore in "An American Widow."

NATALIE TALMADGE, sister of Norma and Constance, plays with Fatty Arbuckle in "A Country Hero." The young lady is also Arbuckle's private secretary. She will entertain her sister Constance when the Select star comes to Long Beach, California, for a few weeks' rest.

THEY had to have tea from a samovar at the Metro studio, when they were making "The Legion of Death," a Russian picture, so they put it up to Danny Hogan, the Pete Props of the organization. He was warned to burn nothing in the contraption but charcoal. But darned if he could light the charcoal, even with coal oil. The coal oil would burn off and the charcoal remain dull and defiant. At last someone was found who understood that the charcoal had to be put on a hot fire and started, after which it would 'tend to everything for itself. "An' if yez go to all thot throuble for tay," said Hogan, "sure and phwat wud yez do to get somethin' t' dhrink?" And while we're on the subject of Hogan, here's another: He went to the bungalow where Edith Storey is living, on business, one day, and noticed a sun dial in the front yard. "An' phwat is thot?" he demanded. Miss Storey explained how the dingus on top told the time with its shadow. "An' will yez listen t' thot!" Hogan exclaimed. "Sure, phwat'll they be invintin' next?"

HERE is another invention which its originators claim will give that long-sought stereoscopic effect, and will have a field of action nearly twice as wide as the ordinary picture. It is the work of a Kansas City inventor. Of course it will "revolutionize the industry" as usual.

WHAT do you think? Another celeb. has come in. The really-truly niece of a really-truly ex-Senator has joined the Balboa company. Ex-Senator's nieces are very, very rare; so be sure to watch out for Miss Eloise Lorimer, of Chicago. She came with her Mamma to Long Beach, sometime ago; and she just loved the movies, and decided she'd like to act in them. So she's doing atmosphere now.



Chorus: "Doesn't he look just like his Dad?" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with his cousins, the daughters of John Fairbanks, made his screen debut in "A Modern Musketeer." The money earned by the children will be given to the Fairbanks Chapter of the Red Cross.

CHARLES MURRAY put one over on Charles Chaplin at a Los Angeles Red Cross benefit recently. Charles sent his famous derby to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, adding he would start the bidding with one hundred dollars. Well, Murray put up the hat and called out, "Charles Chaplin bids one hundred dollars for this hat,—first, second, and last times. This hat goes to Charlie Chaplin for one hundred dollars." So C. C. is out one hundred dollars; but he still has that hat.

HAROLD HOLLACHER won a name for himself opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." And now he's with Edison. He plays a Belgian in a forthcoming Edison feature. "The Unbeliever," taken from a story by the lady-author with the names, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Harold has also volunteered his services to Uncle Sam and has been appointed mascot of Company G, 305th Infantry. His orders are to report every day in uniform. He is just five, and is madly in love with Mary Pickford.

WILFRED LUCAS has been engaged by Bluebird to direct Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford. Mr. Lucas, who is one of the best actors on the screen, will be particularly remembered for his work in "Acquitted."

EDNA PURVIANCE paid a visit to New York recently. Of course the beautiful blonde spent most of her time in the shops and being photographed and interviewed and everything. She forgot to say she likes New York but prefers California.

HARRY EDWARDS, chiefly conspicuous as an ex-member of the "Only Their Husbands" club, for Louise Glaum, is a Triangle-Keystone director now. His first comedy will be a story about two artists, and gives Alatia Marton the role of a model but not a model wife. Miss Marton is one of the prettiest of PHOTOPLAY'S "Beauty and Brains" girls. Louise Glaum, by the way, is now making her first Paralta Picture, which contains not a single vamp.

AGNES AYRES—she's a Vitagraph leading woman—did her bit recently in a slightly different way. Her brother is a sergeant in the National Army and is stationed at Yaphank. Agnes paid him a visit and during the course of it was introduced to the camp cook, who told her that the boys were well and happy but craved one thing they didn't have—cake. So what did Agnes do but give him a recipe and show him how to mix the ingredients? Now they're eating her kind of cake at camp.

APPLE-PIE was the cause of a press-agent's down-fall. Mary Garden's press-agent isn't, any more. It all happened when Mary and her company went down to Florida for scenes in "Thais." The P. A. had to acquaint the local press with the lady's arrival; but Mary had done nothing to warrant a story—nothing at all. But the story had to be. So the P. A. thought up



Maurice Tourneur, now directing "The Blue Bird" for Artcraft, with two of his assistants. They are Tula Bell, who plays "Tyltyl." and Robin McDougall, who will enact "Mytyl."

a beautiful one; he told the hotel chef that Mary Garden loved apple-pie, and that she wanted a nice large one for breakfast. The pie was baked; the representatives of every paper came down to see Miss Garden eat it; and the guests of the hotel smiled to themselves and said: "Fake, fake—she'll never eat that pie; you can't believe anything you read in the newspapers." But Mary Garden ate that pie. She made good—she ate every bit of it. For breakfast. One apple-pie, for breakfast. Well, and the story ends—"You can't change nature; but you can change press-agents." But who is Mary's press-agent now?

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos have left the Douglas Fairbanks company, and will probably produce independently. Mr. Emerson, as director, and Miss Loos, as scenario writer, have created for Fairbanks the semi-satirical comedies, such as "Reaching For the Moon," "Down to Earth," "His Picture in the Papers," "In Again, Out Again," and others of a like hilarious character. They have found their partnership very prolific and productive of high class comedy results.

IN California, one of Bessie Love's favorite indoor sports was roller-skating. When she went east to become a Pathé star, she looked forward to skating on ice. Soon after she arrived in New York, she was introduced to an ice rink. She gazed pensively at the gyrations of the boys and girls for a while, and then decided not to try it. "It looks kind of different," she said, "and if I ever fell on that hard water my picture would be delayed quite some time." So Bessie didn't skate.

WHEN Edith Storey started for Los Angeles from New York, she entrusted a white poodle to the mercies of the baggage car crew. When she reached the City of the Angels she demanded a white poodle, but the best they could do was a dark grey one. The animal seemed to recognize the star however, and upon careful examination its identity was established. "Car camouflage," Miss Storey sniffed, as she gingerly led her live stock to the waiting taxi.

CHARLES MILLER, Norma Talmadge's director, went around bragging what a perfect chauffeur he had found, until exactly three o'clock the morning of December 11. At that moment a telephone call from the New York police department informed him that all that was mortal of his car was being sent to him in a cigar box, having been gathered up from the bottom of a New Jersey embankment over which his jewel of a chauffeur had driven it at a time when Mr. Miller thought the machine was sleeping peacefully in its garage.

A SCURVY trick has been played upon Constance Talmadge. Her first Select picture, "Scandal," was shown at a benefit performance at Greenwich, Connecticut, and she was present, with the distinct understanding, promise, and guarantee, that she would not be called upon to make a speech. In the course of the evening she was lured out of the box where she was seated by somebody who said he wanted to introduce her to somebody. And then all of a sudden she found herself facing a crowded house, with someone holding her by the arm so that she could not escape, and telling the audience that she would say a few words.

"What did you say," a friend asked her, when she told the crool fale.

"I think I said 'Bla bla blooey blooey,' but when I came out of the hospital they said I made a very nice speech."



"You had a whole page of mothers in your magazine recently. Don't you think the old Dads are entitled to some attention? Here's mine." Thus Harold "Lonesome Luke" Lloyd delivers himself. Harold is a bachelor, and he and Dad do each other's cooking, meaning that Dad usually does it, while Harold specializes in the heavy looking on and eating. While the latter washes the dishes, Harold tries out comedy ideas. If Dad laughs and breaks a dish, the idea goes into the next Rolin comedy. If not, not.

ALMA RUBENS says she isn't married, isn't engaged, doesn't want to be married, and won't be married. Alma isn't saying this as a hint to any special admirer, but in reply to numerous mysterious congratulations she has been receiving of late upon having entered double harness.

GAIL KANE, whose removal from the American studios at Santa Barbara was lately chronicled in these pages, together with the reasons why, has signed with Pathe. Her first film for the French company has not yet been announced.

THEDA BARA and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont disagree. On the little matter of the suffrage pickets—Mrs. Belmont approves and Theda Bara doesn't. But just wait until Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont hears about it.

MADAME OLGA PETROVA has received a remarkable letter from a former hospital worker behind the French lines. The writer of it, who has just returned from the battle-fields of Europe, where she was in the services of the American Ambulance Hospital, ascribes her courage and fortitude under harrowing circumstances to the inspiration she received from Madame's screen work. "So it was you, not I, Madame," she writes, "who did your bit Somewhere in France." Petrova considers this the greatest tribute she has ever had; and she has had *some*.

MARIE DRESSLER says: "I like the movies better than the stage. In the movies work is a la carte and the pay table d'hote." Miss Dressler's other gift to the world was Charles Chaplin. At least she says he acquired fame in that Keystone she made.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is on the lookout for South American stories. He's going to take his company down there for three or four pictures.

MRS. and Mr. J. P. McGowan have left the Signal Company. Helen Holmes is tired of dodging locomotives and wants to go in for the more thoughtful stuff, to the extent of five or six reels. Their plans, beyond that, are not definitely known.

HAMILTON REVELLE will be Mary Garden's permanent leading man. That is if Mary Garden doesn't change her mind.

(Continued on page 92)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

"I want to assure every film enthusiast that there is not a star who doesn't delight in reading a well written letter."
—*Douglas Fairbanks.*

IF I may be permitted, I am going to crave the indulgence of PHOTOPLAY'S readers and talk a little about myself and my job—chiefly my job.

The film player has one problem with him all the time, no matter what measure of success he has won, he never knows for sure whether his current production is going to "get over." Even when the returns start coming in from the big centers showing that it is a success from the box office viewpoint, he doesn't know whether he has augmented his popularity or lost a few notches in standing. So he, or she, relies largely on "fan mail"—the letters from unknown admirers, or critics, for the verdict on the photoplay. When "fan mail" and box office returns coincide, it is a pretty fair indication of a success.

These letters which daily swamp the personal offices of the stars are more often the guide of the producing player, than the opinions of those in charge of the picture's dissemination—the box office people. A particular play can reap a big harvest of dollars but if the public as a rule didn't fancy it, the star's popularity is so much less, so the word from the ultimate consumer is eagerly awaited. Perhaps if the public realized this more—that the player really seeks its opinion—the mail of the stars would be more than swamped.

Just as a few instances of the inability to tell how a picture is going to pan out, we will take first one of my earliest film plays, "The Half Breed." We, who had a hand in its making, regarded it as a "knockout"—another highly technical term, synonomous with a big hit. But the public, again using the more expressive vernacular, couldn't see it. Then we did "Reggie Mixes in," an altogether different type of play. It didn't look good at all and we dreaded the coming of the verdict. But it was a tremendous success. We were beginning to get an idea as to what the public wanted to see me in.

But really that's all we've ever had—just an idea after two and a half years of it. Even now we get fooled occasionally. Take as an instance, "The Man From Painted Post." It was made in a hurry, without the aid of a worked out scenario—just made up as we went along—yet according to the financial boys, it's probably the best money maker of all those I've done for Artcraft. And the verdict of the "fan mail" has been generally favorable.



Douglas Fairbanks in the character of "D'Artagnan" of Dumas fame in which he appears in the opening scenes of "A Modern Musketeer." (He wears it only in the first part of the picture.)

There is a less agreeable phase of the mail proposition though. It is more pronounced around Christmas time than at any other season. It's the letters from people who want something. It's pretty hard to refuse things, particularly to the youngsters who write in the innocent belief that their's is the only such request. Yet if I were to comply with every request that was made of me around the holidays, I would have had nothing left with which to pay my income tax, and I want to state right here that this little old tax is going to make a lot of well known stars do a lot of Hooverizing for the next year. But I haven't heard any of them complaining.

One of the most amusing letters I received just before Christmas was from a Chicago boy. Here it is:

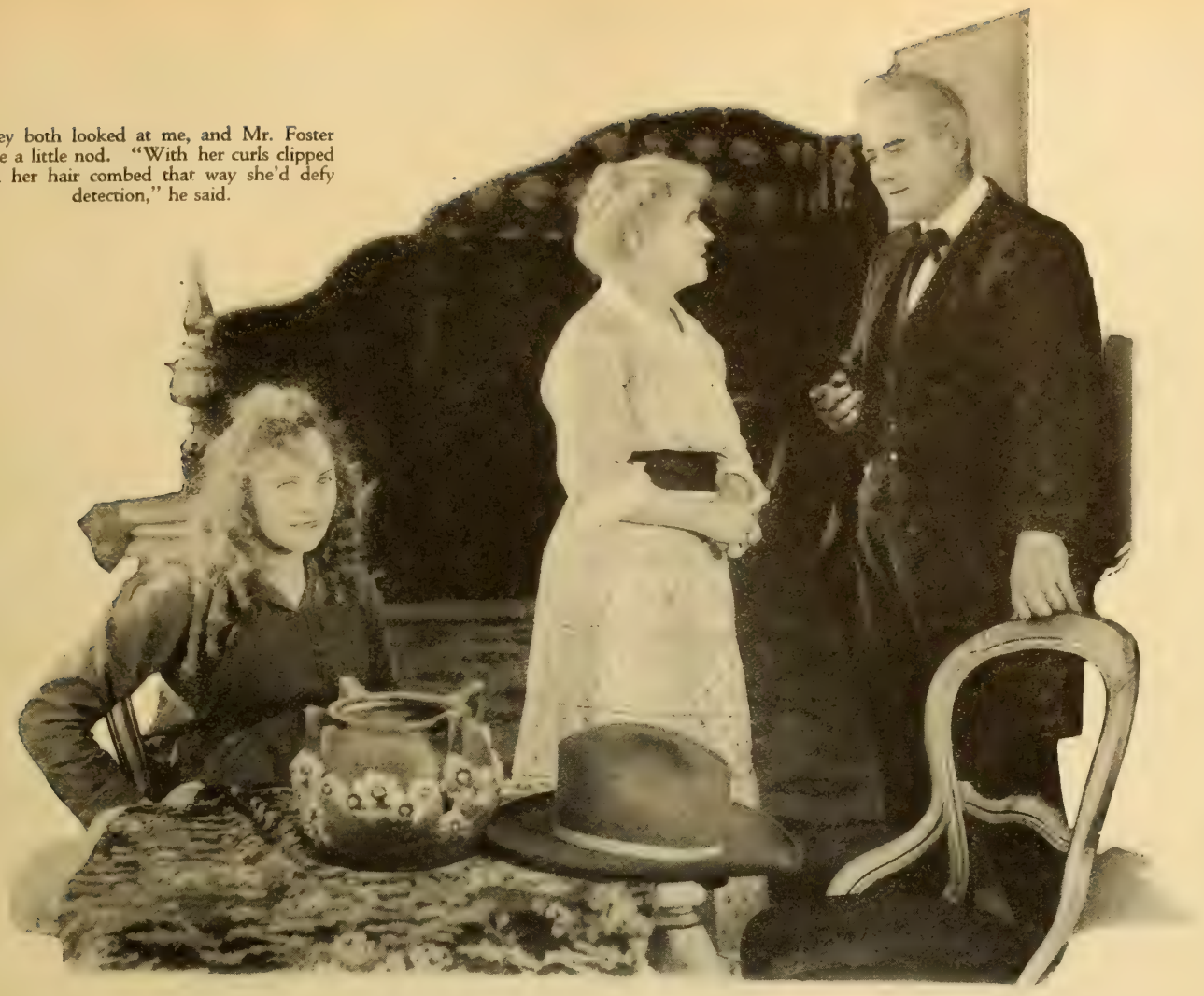
"Dear Mr. Douglas Fairbanks:

"Seeing that you own a corporation of your own I thought you could do this favor for me. I wondered if you could send me a suit of steel armor with a helmet and a double edged sword like in King Arthur's time. Please do not send me card board armor with silver gilt painted over it and a rubber sword. I wear a twelve year old suit so you will know how to pick out a twelve year old size suit of armor. I want it because at school I take care of the steps going up to the door to keep the children from raising rough house and when I tell the big boys not to make so much noise they hit me but if you send the suit of steel I can just pull out my sword and scare them and make them mind. Please send it for you are my favorite motion picture actor."

He also asked for two six shooters and said I shouldn't worry about him handling the guns as he has a .22 rifle and "can handle a gun as good as anybody."

There were other letters from various parts of the country requesting automobiles and in some instances the favorite machine of the writer was stipulated. But these letters form only a small part of the star's daily mail.

As to the oft repeated query which seems to be a source of continual annoyance to the Answer Man, I want to assure every film enthusiast that there is not a star who doesn't delight in reading a well written letter of intelligent criticism.



They both looked at me, and Mr. Foster gave a little nod. "With her curls clipped and her hair combed that way she'd defy detection," he said.

THE HOYDEN

The story of a girl who wanted to be a boy—and when her wish came true, wanted to be a girl again!

By Frances Denton

I USED to think there'd been an awful mixup in Heaven—or wherever it was that the babies came from, because I was surely intended to be a boy. I always wanted to be a boy so hard that if wishing had had anything to do with it, I would have grown into one. I always hated girls—starched-up 'fraid cats, and I had just as much muscle and could throw just as straight and hard as any of the gang. They used to be glad to let me play with 'em, for I was a star pitcher and could steal as many bases as the next one. But the male sex, in my Aunt Mary's calculations, didn't exist. She couldn't see one of them through binoculars. And I know now that the way I used to act just naturally made my dear Aunt Mary gray long before her time.

She was awfully touchy. The time I put a saddle on Blossom, our brindle calf, and tried to ride him around the yard and he got away from me and rushed right into the house and through the parlor, you'd have thought the end of the world had come. She was having tea and cake with a lot of maiden lady friends of hers, and of course we did break a few cups and things and muss things up, but I didn't know the calf was going to bolt through the parlor. And I didn't think it was the square thing for Aunt Mary to take my clothes away, and lock me in my room without my supper. I hadn't intended to upset her old tea party.

I'm writing this in the past tense because now, of course, I realize that I must have been a good deal of a trial to my aunt. In fact, as I look back, I don't really understand why I wanted to do the things I did. I'm sure I wouldn't now. I feel so much older, though it's only been a year—

I'll have to go back to the calf, to get started. After Aunt Mary sent me to bed that day I stuck my head out of the window and whistled for the gang. They came and stood below, and I told them the fix I was in. Then Red Jenkins went home and sneaked a suit of his brother's clothes and threw them up to me. I had them on and had shinned down the tree that was just outside my window, and was at the bat, over in the vacant lot, before you could say Jack Robinson.

It was my Jonah day, all right. For with my first swipe at the ball it sailed through our side yard and went smash through our parlor window. And Aunt Mary thinking I was still in bed!

The gang saw Aunt Mary coming and beat it. I didn't; I never was a quitter. She took me by the ear and led me toward the house, but she didn't seem to be as mad as you'd expect, under the circumstances, and she didn't scold, only seemed to be thinking hard. And if she didn't lead me right into the parlor and there sat Mr. Bruce Foster, who is a nice middle-aged gentleman who has a law office in our town.

I felt like a nickel. Red's brother's trousers were too long

evening, in my honor, and that Paul would help me dress for dinner. I was willing to make a good-sized bet with him that Paul wouldn't. But when I got upstairs I had an awful time to get rid of him. I told him that I was used to waiting on myself, that he'd only be in the way, but it wasn't until I threatened to throw the water pitcher at him that I convinced him. Then I locked the door.

That night I was given the seat of honor at the table. There were several kinds of wine, but I managed to spill mine under the edge of the table each time, without attracting attention. Everybody got pretty well warmed up and then one of the guests began to tell a story.

I tried desperately to attract Mr. Foster's attention, but he was too interested, the brute! I stood it as long as I could, then I ducked. They never noticed me; they were too busy. If Aunt Mary had known what she was letting me in for, she would have gasped with horror. Then I heard them talking, from the head of the stairs, when they noticed my absence. They were saying to each other that they were to blame; I was only a young boy, and all that sort of thing. Two of them insisted on coming upstairs and apologizing to me, but Foster, who had come to his senses, persuaded them not to.

I sat on the edge of the bed, thinking. I began to see that my pathway, as a deceiver, wasn't going to be exactly padded with roses. One thing I'd have to do—when I knew Paul a little better I'd have to take him into my confidence. It was the only way.

Next morning I was wakened by Paul at my door, carrying hot water and a shaving set! He said he'd noticed that there was none in my trunk, and he wanted to come in and shave me. Finally I managed to get rid of him. I carried the shaving set into my bathroom, and then I sat down on the floor and howled. It was too funny.

When I got downstairs, everyone had finished breakfast. The butler told me mine was ready for me in the dining room, though. It was sure nice, this dining in state alone and being waited on, hand and foot. I was as hungry as a bear, and although I heard voices, it wasn't until I was through eating that I paid any attention to them; then I realized that the dining room door was open a little and I could hear what was going on in the library.

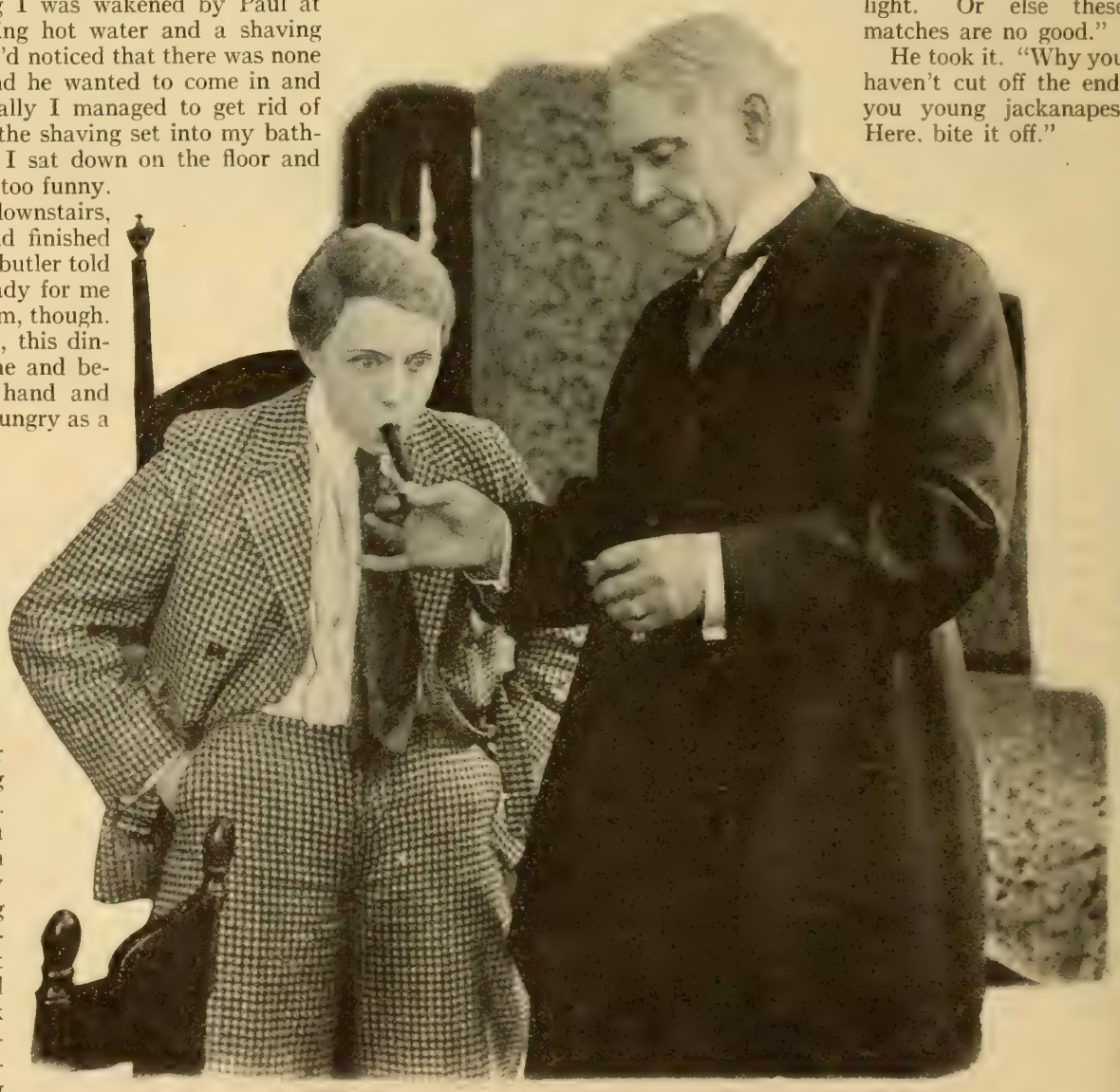
There was a visitor with Uncle and they were talking about the factory. The night before I had heard a remark or two which indicated that Uncle was having trouble with his men. Evidently the caller was arguing from the men's standpoint, for pretty soon Uncle flew into a fury and lifted his voice until he could have been heard across the street. He wouldn't budge an inch, not an inch, nor give those cut-throat employees of his an extra cent! And so on and so forth, with lots of emphasis in the proper places.

I heard him call his visitor Trippet, and I knew this Trippet was foreman of Uncle's factory, so I crept to the door and watched him as he went out. Why, he was young! —and the handsomest man I'd ever laid my eyes on. I went to the window and watched him clear down the walk as far as I could see him. I made up my mind I was going to meet him—and not as a boy! But how? All of a sudden I was sick of the whole game. I didn't care a snap for Uncle's money. I wanted to be a girl, a girl!

That afternoon I was in the library eating candy, waiting for Uncle to come in and go riding. He came and saw the candy. He nearly had a fit, snatching the box from me and throwing it into the grate fire. "Do you think for a minute I'm going to have a candy-eating milksop around me?" he howled. And growl, snort, sniff, bang! Then he took a big black cigar out of a case in his pocket, and handed it to me with, "I want to see how much of a man you are, Jack. Smoke this and I'll let you have your pick of any horse in my stable."

Well, I had to be game, whether I wanted to or not. I tried for about five minutes to light the thing, and then I said, "There's something wrong with it, Uncle; it won't light. Or else these matches are no good."

He took it. "Why you haven't cut off the end, you young jackanapes. Here, bite it off."



Then Uncle took a big black cigar out of his pocket and handed it to me, with "I want to see how much of a man you are Jack!"

for me and I'd turned them up about a foot at the bottom. There was an open place on one leg where a patch had been, but wasn't. I stood digging my toe into the carpet and getting redder and redder. Of course, I thought Aunt Mary had brought me in that way to punish me.

Mr. Foster took off his glasses and rubbed them, and put them on and took them off again. He seemed to be a little excited. "Miss Tolliver," he said to Aunt Mary, "I believe I see a way out of our difficulty. Miss Joyce certainly looks the part of a boy to the life. I don't believe anyone, not knowing her, could tell the difference. We will send her to Mr. Bolton as his nephew."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Mary, flushing a little. "I—couldn't bring myself to practice such deception."

Mr. Foster put his glasses on, crooked. "It's a splendid opportunity," he said eagerly. "All that vast wealth—Miss Joyce has always—er—seemed to favor the society of boys and has been with them so much that she knows their mannerisms and—er—her part will come quite natural to her. It seems to me as if a special Providence had willed it so. Undoubtedly she could carry it off to perfection."

I looked from one to the other of them. What on earth were they talking about?

"Go wash your face and hands, Joyce, dear," said Aunt Mary. "And—leave the boy's clothes on and comb your hair straight back."

When I came back they both looked at me, and Mr. Foster gave a little nod. "With her curls clipped and her hair combed that way she'd defy detection," he said. "Very well, I'll write Mr. Bolton that she's—that he's coming. Good afternoon, Miss Tolliver."

"Has he got bats in his belfry?" I asked Aunt Mary. "Or what's the big idear?"

Aunt Mary pulled me to her and put her arm around me. "I ought to punish you for using such slang, but under the circumstances probably it's best that you talk that way,—well, naturally. Oh, dear; I wish I were sure that I am doing right."

Then she explained. It seemed that I had a rich uncle by the name of Lester Bolton, my mother's brother. He owned a factory in a big city, a long way from Dyersville; and he hated women, wouldn't have one of them around him, not even a servant. I gathered that Nunky was getting along in years and that his gout and indigestion and general disposition was making him feel dissatisfied with life. Also that he was beginning to realize that he couldn't hold onto his coin for ever, and so he was looking up the records to see if he couldn't find some sort of a satisfactory male heir. He hadn't been what you might call chummy with his relations and he didn't know whether he had any heirs, but he'd set Mr. Foster, who was an old schoolmate of his, to finding out.

I was an heir, all right, but the trouble was that heirs of my sex were taboo. There wasn't any use trying to get Uncle Lester to abandon his prejudice; it couldn't be done. So after seeing me in Red's brother's clothes, Mr. Foster had an inspiration: I was to go to my uncle as his nephew, and that as such, he might grow fond enough of me to forgive me when he did discover the deception.

When I learned that I was really to pass for a boy, and act like one without being scolded for it afterward, I was so happy that I turned three handsprings, right in a row. I hugged Aunt Mary until her switch came loose and I was going to chase out and tell the gang, when she stopped me:

"Remember, no one but us must know of this. I—am not sure but what I could be held responsible under the law; at any rate discovery would be a serious matter for all of us. I would not consent to it except that I think your uncle most unjust in his attitude toward women. It is his intention, I understand, if he finds he has no male heirs, to endow a home for aged bachelors."

I went upstairs and dressed for dinner according to my sex. Afterward, Aunt Mary and I sat in the library and she told me something more about Uncle Lester. It seems she was engaged to him when she was a girl, and her folks objected to her marrying him because he was so wild and dissipated. He insisted upon her eloping with him and this she refused to do. In the meantime my dad, Aunt Mary's brother, who, I guess, was always held up to Uncle Les as a good example, married his sister—Uncle's sister. This so enraged Uncle Lester that he left for parts unknown. He never forgave his sister for marrying into the family that was denied him, and he never saw Dad or my mother again. Incidentally, he cut out his reckless ways and buckled down to work, with the result that now he never need to worry about the high cost of living. And I was to be his heir. Whoopee!

I think maybe I take after my uncle.

The next day Mr. Foster and I started. I had on a brand-new suit of tweeds, with a hat to match and a pink-striped shirt. I was some dude. The rest of the camouflage was contained in a trunk and suitcase, which went with us.

Before we entered my uncle's home, Mr. Foster stopped and gave me final instructions. "Always remove your hat when you go into a private house, Jack;"—Jack was my new name—"take as long steps as you can, and when you meet your uncle, be sure to shake hands with him."

Uncle Lester never even looked at me but rushed up to Mr. Foster and began to pump his arm up and down and talk about old times. I stood on one foot and then on the other. I put my hands in my pockets and took them out again. I began to wish I was appearing in my proper character. I realized I didn't know half as much about boys' ways as I had thought. Then Mr. Foster remembered me.

"Here's the boy, Les," he beamed. "This is your nephew, Jack Tolliver."

At the word Tolliver an expression came over my uncle's face like when you bite on a sour pickle with the mumps. I mean, when you have the mumps, not the pickle. "How do, Jack," he said shortly.

I advanced and held out my hand. I guess I must have a rather winning smile, for the old boy suddenly forgot his grouch and grabbed me and kissed me. Then he pulled me to his knee and in a few minutes we'd started to be pals. He asked me about my school and what I was studying, and then he pushed a button and summoned a tall man with a solemn face and told him to send for all the servants.

They came filing in, one by one, every last one of them men. Even the cook. They stood in a row, like pallbearers at a funeral, and they looked just about as cheerful. Uncle Lester introduced me and I shook hands all around. The gloom deepened; I got desperate. So I started at the first one, Paul Daudet, Uncle's valet, and I breezed around him for a few minutes and told him my best joke. He doubled up and went purple, then the rest of them laughed, and in a few minutes the place had quite a human natural air.

Uncle told me that he had invited in a few friends that

The Hoyden

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name by Lee Arthur. Produced by Balboa with the following cast:

Joyce Tolliver.....Jackie Saunders
Mary Tolliver.....Mollie McConnell
Lester Bolton.....Daniel Gilfeather
Paul, the valet.....Bruce Smith
Bruce Foster.....Gordon Sacksville
Guy Trippet.....Arthur Shirley
Bolton's secretary....Charles Lightfoot
Corenne.....Ruth Lackaye

I did. It tasted like asafoetida. Then at last the thing burned and I took a big puff.

It almost strangled me. Uncle pounded me on the back and said, "Fine. You'll be a man, if you keep on. Now another."

I took another puff. Then Paul came and told Uncle it was time he dressed, and Uncle left the room. It was a good thing he did.

I felt my way to a chair. There was a green haze over everything and I thought I was going to die and didn't much care. The cigar dropped to the floor. Never again!

Then I heard Uncle's step on the stairs. I rallied a little; I wanted that horse. I got the shears out of the library table drawer and cut most of the cigar off and threw it in the cuspidor, and lighted the bit that remained.

I was just in time. Uncle pounded me on the back again and said I was a credit to him; that I could have any horse I wanted. I made mental note of the fact that I must have Paul get me some liniment and sew pads inside my coat. I was black and blue all over my back, from Uncle's good will.

While we were out we passed the factory just as the day's work was over. And out came Guy Trippet. He was more gorgeous even than I had thought. I pulled rein and dropped behind to get a better look at him. Uncle said, "if you are interested in the factory, Jack, I will take you through it some day." Interested in the factory!

That night I asked Paul about him when he came up to lay out my dinner clothes. He said that Guy was one of the finest ever, and that Corenne, Paul's wife, was as fond of him as if he were her own son. I couldn't stand it any longer. I said, "Paul, I'm not a boy at all; I'm a girl—and I've simply gone dippy over Guy Trippet. Can't you fix it up so I can meet him some night at your home, in my proper character?"

Almost I had to revive him with smelling salts. At first he was all for going to Uncle Lester and telling him the truth; said it would be worth his place to keep my secret. But I begged and pleaded and coaxed. But it wasn't until I cried that he weakened. His wife, Corenne, kept a little hair dressing shop and lived in the rear. He said he would tell her and let her arrange it. I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

Next morning Uncle called Paul and me into the library and told us he'd received a telegram which would take him away for several weeks, and that he was leaving me in Paul's care. I could see a look of relief on Paul's old face. It was postponing the day of reckoning. As for me, I could have shouted. Fate was just pouring her sugar plums right into my hands.

That afternoon Paul took me to his wife's shop, and we all had a long heart-to-heart talk. Corenne said: "I have been expecting my niece, and told Guy that I wanted him to meet her. If it wasn't for that, I could pretend that you were her—" Just then a messenger boy came in with a telegram and—I know it sounds fishy, but it's so—it was from her niece saying she couldn't come. "Oh, please, please, Corenne, let me be the niece," I said, dancing around, and so it was all settled. Guy was coming to supper with us that night.

Uncle had left me a blank check book, and I blessed him fervently for his thoughtfulness. I filled one out and gave it to Corenne and told her to go out and buy me everything I would need as a girl. There was a wig right in her shop that was a perfect match for my hair. You see, I'd cut off my curls when I'd turned myself into a boy.

Corenne was French and she had good taste, and she got me some dreams of things. When I looked into the mirror, I felt as if I'd never fully appreciated myself before.

(Continued on page 94)



Guy came up to me, and asked me in a whisper if I could ever forgive him. I could; we're going to have a double wedding.



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

No, Not the Captain, Her Fairy Godmother

IN a recent showing of "This Is the Life," with George Walsh, Wanda Petit is taken by force off a ship before it reaches port. The next day she is seen with an entirely new dress on. Are we expected to believe that the captain had anticipated her needs in the matter of wardrobe?

LESTER KROLL, N. Y. C.



A Knock and a Boost

HER DOUBLE LIFE," featuring Theda Bara, contained more than one absurd situation. Fancy going to a dressmaking establishment to pick out nurses for the front. They don't do it in this part of the world. Then Theda has an "eye-rolling" interview with Stuart Holmes while wounded soldiers are carried in. Is it likely a nurse would neglect her duty in that manner? No, not even for Stuart!

I think this new page in PHOTOPLAY is a most attractive addition to a first rate magazine. If my humble opinion may be added—I think we are in need of more homely, natural, every-day-life pictures and not so many of the villain-still-pursued-her kind.

ELSIE PEARCE, Wellington, New Zealand.

Samson Stuff

IN "The Cold Deck," Bill Hart after confessing the stage hold-up is jailed behind some good steel bars about one and one-half inches in diameter and when he decides to escape he proceeds with bare hands to dislodge them.

C. M. FOSTER, Cleveland, O.

In Dry Virginia

IN "The Adventures of Carol" (World) Beppo, the Italian, takes Madge Evans to sunny Virginia. You see him enter a bar room and get a drink of liquor. Virginia is a dry state and bar rooms and booze are nix.

HARRY AUSTIN, Jersey City, N. J.

Brady Educates Rasputin

THE other day I saw the World-Brady production of "Rasputin, the Black Monk." I was very much surprised to see "Rasputin" write. History tells us that Rasputin could not write.

R. B. G., Racine, Wis.

Referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission

IN "An Even Break," with Olive Thomas, a scene was shown of the manufacturing plant with a Santa Fe switch-engine switching some cars. The plant was located in a small town supposedly a night's speedy auto ride from New York City, and every one knows that the Santa Fe doesn't extend east of Chicago.

R. S. A., Wichita, Kansas.

If They'd Only Pin 'Em Up for a Change

WHY do the ingenues always wear their hair hanging around their faces? I don't object to curls but I think they can be arranged very prettily without allowing them to hang. Vivian Martin in "Giving Becky a Chance," wore her hair about her face through the entire play. She didn't look over twelve but she was supposed to be at least eighteen in the picture. It certainly made her part less convincing.

ALINE HAYNES, Kansas City, Mo.

Perhaps He Gave Them His Pedigree

IN "The Fighting Trail," Vitagraph's new serial, during the first episode we see the Hero arrive at the hotel, register, and then go upstairs to his room. He is presently followed by the Villain who, likewise, begins to put his name in the register. Then we see the words "An hour later," and the very next scene shows Mr. Villain, Esq., just putting the finishing touches to his signature. That man certainly must have had some name to have taken an hour to write it!

OBSERVER, Orange, N. J.



A Reel Celebration

LASKY must have some particular aversion to quotation marks. I counted thirty-one captions (all quotations) in "Each to His Kind" and nary a quotation mark. Perhaps Lasky is trying to be original.

I saw Alice Brady in "A Self-Made Widow," and I was a bit puzzled over some mistakes made therein. Our hero (John Bowers) was seen taking a walk on his wedding morn, dressed for the ceremony which was to take place at noon, in his evening clothes. Now in New York when a man is seen in evening dress in the morning, it usually means that the party the night before was both long and merry. Besides evening dress at a noon wedding isn't committed in the best circles! Later in the picture our hero made his will and had it signed by *one witness*.

MARIAN STOUTENBURGH, New York City.

A Southerner Protests

WHY is it that so few pictures of the south ever ring true? Except "The Birth of a Nation" I have never seen a true representation. No wonder the people of the north think the south is a vast expanse of wilderness, plantation homes, log cabins, and people with the habits and speech of negroes.

Having read of the splendidly carried out atmosphere of the south in "They're Off" I hoped to see at last a picture of the *real* south. But disappointment was in store for me. The hero wrote with an old fashioned quill; little coons played on the lawn of an aristocrat's country estate, and an elderly gentleman and scholar used dialect that is never heard except among the lower classes of white people and negroes.

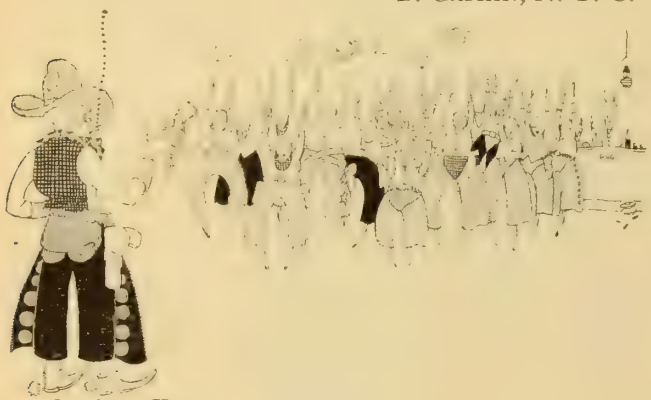
Why not have less of the log cabin stuff and more of the beautiful homes of our pretty southern cities. There are a few you know.

ANNE DUNNING, New York City.

Surfing in Antony's Time

IS Pharon, the astrologer in "Cleopatra," an ardent surf bather or does he go lifesaving at Coney in summer, or did he take Cleo surfing in the Nile? When Cleo pulls the first spell-bind, Pharon turns and shows a dandy tan as produced by the regulation two-piece costume. I do not read hieroglyphics well, but I don't think city ordinances ran to the modern rig for male bathers in Antony's time.

B. GASKIN, N. Y. C.



You Oughtta Know

I AM a great admirer of William Hart but would like to know how Mr. Hart and his director think the observing public can assimilate the following. In "The Narrow Trail" Mr. Hart holds up bar rooms and dance halls full of people all of whom pack guns—and beer bottles handy. Being familiar with the Barbary Coast resorts in their palmy days I know a man can't get out alive after being attacked by proprietor, bouncers, hangers on, all at once. The writer has seen great husky Swedish loggers sent to the hospital for weeks, in fights that lasted thirty seconds, and Mr. Hart so easily vanquishes the same single-handed with only slight scratches.

This line of stuff may get by in the East, but never in the West. It's absurd—

J. VAN ESS, San Francisco, Cal.

Mickey! Is It Possible?

EVERYONE who knows anything about motion pictures at all knows that Marshall Neilan is one of the most careful and thorough directors in the business. Consequently it is still a mystery to me why he ever allowed the school children in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to salute the flag with their *left* hands! Horrors! I wouldn't have thought it of you, Mickey. And why, oh why did Eugene O'Brien have to change his clothes between the circus parade and the performance? Some lightning change work, believe me!

"OBSERVANT," Glendale, Cal.

Some Stunt, And It Requires Practice

WHY can't we all know how to do this trick? In "Bab's Diary" Marguerite Clark is taken from a bath tub of water her dainty gown and hair dripping. In a few minutes she is carried out, her dress all dry and fluffy and her hair as soft and wavy as ever. How is it done?

MRS. R. V. MILLER, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Here's Two on Mae

A VERY lovely picture is "Sunshine Alley," a Goldwyn release, with Mae Marsh. Yet in the scene where she goes into the garden to find the bullfinch, she has no hat on, but when she finds the bird, and enters the house her hat is on her head. Where did she get it?

In one scene she goes out in a *pouring* rain, to find her brother, who has stolen the money. When she enters the room where he is she is drenched, but when she leaves there, and goes across the street, and remember it is still pouring, she enters her house absolutely dry! Her brother comes in a few moments after, and he too is not a bit wet! Why and how do they do it?

ELSA R. LONG, Baltimore, Md.

Herbert, How About It?

CAMERA men, dark room men, and amateur photographers—what do you think of this?

In "The Lone Wolf," an excellent photoplay, possessing power and punch, there is involved a valuable drawing of an anti-submarine device, which has been photographed on a small piece of film. The Lone Wolf, in the course of his business as a cheerful burglar, obtains possession of this, and conceals it in a novel manner. He extracts a cigarette from his case, slits the paper with a knife, removes the tobacco and substitutes for it the film, which he rolls up tightly for that purpose. Then he seals the whole by moistening the edge of the cigarette paper with his tongue.

It would be practically impossible to refill a cigarette with tobacco after it had been cut in this way. How about filling it with a rolled strip of elastic celluloid film? Could you do it?

DONALD F. ROSE, Bryn Athyn, Pa.

Who Could Remember Orders with M. M. M. Around?

IN "The Call to Arms," Mary Miles Minter discovers the plot of the border ruffians to rob the jail of ammunition. She goes to the armory, seizes a bugle (from where, God knows) and blows the call to arms. The soldiers rush forth and line up against the prison walls. Good dramatically, but, oh! what military tactics. Then a detachment hides in the bushes near the jail, and when the bandits arrive they rush from their concealment, exposing themselves needlessly. When the bandits are either killed or captured they march back to town, and when they see M. M. M. they break ranks (no word of command is given), form round the heroine, and give three cheers. Very pretty! But not according to military stratagem or discipline.

LAURENCE COHEN, New York City.

So Thoughtful of "Doug"

IN "The Man from Painted Post," we see Doug Fairbanks suddenly turn on the approaching "Bull Madden," cattle rustler, and shoot his hat off. The hat falls to the ground and a bullet hole through the crown is clearly visible. "Bull" wears the same hat earlier in the picture and the same bullet hole can be plainly seen, from which we conclude that someone else had taken a pop at the hat of this bad man and Doug, not wishing to do further injury to the lid, shot through the same hole.

"C. M.," Syracuse, N. Y.



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 83)

VIRGINIA PEARSON has two brooches which she prizes highly not only for their intrinsic value but for their psychic powers as well. One brooch has been in her family for three hundred years. She has always worn it when acting in the spoken or silent drama. The other was given her by Bert Reiss, the celebrated psychic. You know—Bert Reiss. No? Neither do we. It came from Italy and is over two hundred years old. Miss Pearson is a firm believer in the powers of these brooches. She says that from the day she got them she felt their strong influence. "Immediately that the least thing goes wrong," she says, "I seek consolation in my brooches. I simply concentrate and everything comes out all right."

NAOMI CHILDERS is coming back. A Chicago concern has engaged Miss Childers as leading lady for their next production. The Grecian Girl, who first won recognition with Vitagraph, has been absent for almost a year.

"AMBASSADOR GERARD HONORS MARY PICKFORD," is the caption under which they tell about his visit to Mary's studio. James Neill conducted the introductory ceremony between the two celebs. And Ambassador Gerard visited the Fox Studio, too. And what do you think—it happened that Gladys Brockwell was in the midst of scene-shooting for her latest picture which deals with the international situation. The Ex-Ambassador to Germany was exceedingly interested because when he was in Berlin he had lived just what Miss Brockwell and her company were acting out. Coincidences like this do happen—and especially at the Fox studios.

BELLE BRUCE, who used to be with Vitagraph and more lately with Metro, is now Mrs. C. C. Pettijohn, wife of the general manager of the American Exhibitors' Association. The ceremony was performed at the home of Miss Rose Tapley, in East Orange, N. J. Miss Bruce is leaving the screen and will in the future live in Indianapolis, Indiana.

AN agreement has been reached between the Charles Frohman Estate and the Metro Pictures Corporation whereby Miss Ethel Barrymore, star for both, will combine her work on screen and stage. She is appearing on the legit. in New York; but during her leisure hours reads manuscripts of new screen productions and passes on their merits, deciding upon the equally interesting program of photoplay activities to follow her other work.

GEORGE ARLISS won the first lap in his suit to compel Herbert Brenon to pay him $22,500 for services tentatively contracted for, but never employed. Brenon claims that the contract to star Arliss in a production of "Faust" was never completed, as it lacked ratification by Lewis J. Selznick, then treasurer of the Brenon company, who held the veto power. Notwithstanding that Arliss never did a day's work for Brenon, a jury awarded him all he asked, but Brenon will appeal the case. Arliss' recent stage ventures have been notoriously unsuccessful, and it is understood that a close examination of the Arliss drawing power, irrespective of the fact that he is a great artist, convinced the producers that $22,500 was more than he was worth for one picture.

WHEELER OAKMAN, recently with Bluebird, will play opposite Edith Storey for Metro, for the following year.

FANNIE WARD'S daughter, who has been attending school in England, was married recently. Miss Ward is making photoplays for Pathe of such w. k. stage successes as "Innocent" and "The Yellow Ticket."

EDNA MAY, who made a picture, "Salvation Joan," for Vitagraph and gave the proceeds to charity, it is rumored will return to the stage. Her banker husband, Oscar Lewisohn, died recently. It is just as likely that Miss May will come to the screen if she returns to public life; she was more successful in the films than in her return to the stage in a benefit performance.

SIDNEY DREW's son and Mrs. Sidney Drew's brother are both enlisted under the colors. S. Rankin Drew is now in France; while Hartley McVey has received his commission as a lieutenant in the aviation section of the army.

IT is reported that Billy West has composed a set of waltzes. The speculation intrudes—from whom did Mr. West, who borrowed Charlie Chaplin's make-up, borrow his tunes, if any?

MARGUERITE SNOW will appear in a Wharton serial, opposite King Baggot.

VITAGRAPH has won another round in its battle to retain the services of Anita Stewart. Meanwhile, Miss Stewart is in a condition neighboring upon collapse, at Hot Springs, Virginia. She has not been in communication with her friends for many weeks, and it is learned that her failure to establish at once her case for freedom from her contract, has been a serious shock, and has resulted in an illness which may make it impossible for her to return to work, whatever the final outcome of the litigation, for many months to come. As the case now stands, the Vitagraph suit to retain Miss Stewart must go to trial, unless the star gives in, the courts having granted a permanent injunction "pendente lite," which is the legal phrase for "Show me."

DRAFTED cameramen probably will not be called upon to shoot anything but scenes. The government has decided to keep a film record of America's participation in the war, and the cameramen are being relieved from camp duty and assigned to this new task.

COLLEEN MOORE, a Griffith discovery, plays "Little Orphant Annie" in the Selig photoplay of that name.

KATHERINE MacDONALD no longer will be referred to as Mary MacLaren's sister. She has come to the front so rapidly that she has quite put her sister out of the limelight. Miss MacDonald, soon after finishing "The Spirit of '17" opposite Jack Pickford, appeared with Charles Ray. Now she is leading lady for "Doug" Fairbanks.

AFTER a six months' vacation, Kathlyn Williams is back under the lights. She has one of the principal parts in the new C. B. de Mille production, "The Whispering Chorus." Others in the cast are Raymond Hatton, Elliott Dexter and most of the Lasky stock company. It will be the first photoplay made by Mr. de Mille in which there will be no star—the story will come first. It is by Perley Poore Sheehan.

DONALD CRISP, first known to fame as the "Bull McGee" of "The Escape" and later a successful director, is among the newlyweds of the Hollywood film colony. The bride was Miss Marie Starke, who met the director several months before when she was engaged to play a minor part in one of his George Beban photoplays.

FROM out the West comes the story of another romance in which one of the leading roles was played by Anita King, once of Paramount and now of Balboa. The other principal was Major McKnight, formerly a member of the California state legislature and now an officer in the National Army. The ceremony occurred in San Francisco.

ONE of the few remaining stage celebrities, Fred Stone of the once famous team of Montgomery and Stone has been captured for the movies. The Lasky Famous-Player Company was the lucky concern and early in the summer Fred will hie himself to Hollywood for his film debut. Being a son of the West and an expert in all outdoor stunts, it is pretty safe to assume that we will soon have a new type of Western film hero.

THE California film capital has also been more or less exercised over the government's handling of "The Spirit of '76," or rather, its handling of the producer of that alleged patriotic picture, one Robert Goldstein. The latter was arrested and thrown into jail by the federal authorities the night his film was placed on exhibition in Los Angeles on a charge of violating the espionage act. The picture is alleged by the government to have been made as pro-German propaganda.

JULIAN ELTINGE has deferred his return to the flickers for a few months to take advantage of a nice vaudeville offer. He is said to be pullling down the biggest salary ever handed a male star on the two-a-day.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)

ALTHOUGH it was Marguerite Clark's acting in "Prunella," the fanciful Granville Barker play, which so attracted Adolph Zukor's attention that he engaged her for the screen, "Prunella" was thought not available for moving picture purposes. The translation of the most idyllic ideas to the silversheet, however, has been so successful, that Miss Clark is now making a picture from the play that started her on the road to her present position.

TWO weddings took place at Universal City in December. One was that of Myrtle Gonzales and Capt. Allan Watt, U. S. A., recently assistant director at the Laemmle plant. He it was who made the trip around the world with Homer Croy, taking pictures for Universal, just after the outbreak of the war. The other wedding was that of Gladys Tennyson and Chester Bennett, location manager at Universal City. Owing to a similarity of names, the Universal's eastern press bureau temporarily confused the bridegroom with the actor, Chester Barnett, who has been constantly in the east, recently appearing in productions with Gladys Hulette and Bessie Love, and is already married. The matter was straightened out before any harm was done.

WALLACE REID is in New York, from which city he has been absent for six years, all spent in Pacific Coast moving picture studios. His first move was to jump into a taxi and visit his mother, whom he has not seen since he left Gotham. His next was to rubber at the high buildings. And his next to tell the gang at the Astor of his experience in Baltimore where he sold Red Cross memberships. He was seated out in the street, trying to keep warm by thinking of California. The buying of memberships flagged. Then someone told the crowd that Mr. Reid would take out one membership for each one taken by any of those present. The rush that followed cost Mr. Reid $187 in subscriptions, his handkerchief, and his watch, the latter having been neatly nipped by a pickpocket in the way of collecting souvenirs. The handkerchief was grabbed from him by an admiring damozel, and another demure southern girl asked him for his vest.

ETHEL CLAYTON'S contract with the World Film Corporation expires in March, and it was reported about the first of the year that she would not renew it, but would sign a contract with Paramount. Another concurrent rumor was that she would be directed by her husband, Joseph Kaufman, when she joined Paramount. Nobody would give the rumor final confirmation, but a lot of people who should know looked wise and said there might be something in it.

CLAIRE WHITNEY and John Sunderland played sweethearts during the screening of "Shirley Kaye" and then went and married. Mr. Sunderland is in the British aviation corps, and was in New York on leave. Shortly after the wedding he left for the Flanders front.

The Hoyden

(Continued from page 88)

Guy came. Corenne introduced me as her niece and he never took his eyes off me once during the meal, except occasionally to look at his spoon and fork to guide them right. I don't believe he had any idea what he was eating. It was love at first sight with him, just as it was with me. And I had wanted to be a boy!

I suppose some people will think it is dreadful for me to talk about my love affair in this bare-faced manner, but I can't see why. If love is the most beautiful thing in the world, as the wise books say, it surely isn't anything to be ashamed of. And I wasn't ashamed to be in love with Guy; I was proud of it.

Every night after dinner I would slip away to Corenne's and change my tweeds for fluffy ruffles, and every night Guy came to see me. It was like living in a story-book or a dream.

I forgot to say that all this time poor Guy was having troubles of his own. The men in the shop were determined to strike; he was having hard work to keep peace until Uncle came home. He'd promised the men he'd make one more effort to get Uncle to meet their terms.

One afternoon Guy and I took a walk and came to a poor section of the city. Guy told me that here many of the factory hands, of whom he had charge, lived. The streets were thronged with ragged children and there were signs of poverty everywhere. As we passed a house, a woman came out and called Guy. One of Uncle's hands lived there and he was sick. There were several little children in the room and their faces were pinched and pale.

It made me sick at heart. I made Guy go out and get food and I watched those babies eat until it seemed they must burst their little hides. Then I gave the woman some money and told her I would come again. I thought of the servants in Uncle's home, the horse he had given me to ride. No wonder his men wanted to strike! I said to Guy: "Isn't there anything you can do?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid there will be worse sights than this, before long. Mr. Bolton is a very stubborn man, and he declares he will shut down his factory

"Mr. Bolton is—" I began, then stopped. Uncle had been good to me; he was fond of me. Maybe if I talked with him I could get him to do something. It was worth a try when he came home.

We stopped at Corenne's as usual. There was to be a charity ball the next night, given by the workmen, and Guy and I were going. I had a bundle of lingerie that I wanted to run fresh ribbons in, for the occasion. I ran upstairs to get my boys' clothes, as soon as Guy went, all filled with pleasant anticipations. Heavens! If I could only have looked ahead and seen what was coming!

Paul went home with me, as usual, and when we got there Nuncky had arrived and was walking up and down the library, giving a good imitation of a bear with a bad attack of indigestion. The butler whispered to us that he was furious at finding me out so late, when he came home. We didn't need to be told. So Paul and I took off our shoes and tried to tiptoe upstairs. My luck held, as usual. I dropped a shoe and it hit a big vase in the hall, and smashed it all to pieces. Uncle came running out, and spied us. I was so scared I dropped my bundle, and Paul had presence of mind enough to step quickly in front of it, so Uncle wouldn't see. But he was so scared, himself, that he couldn't talk.

Then I thought "There's no time like the present," and so I said, "Uncle, what kept me so late was that I was in a poor section of the city, where the people who work for you live. No; they don't live, Uncle; they starve and suffer. Wont you give your men the wages they want, so they can feed their babies?"

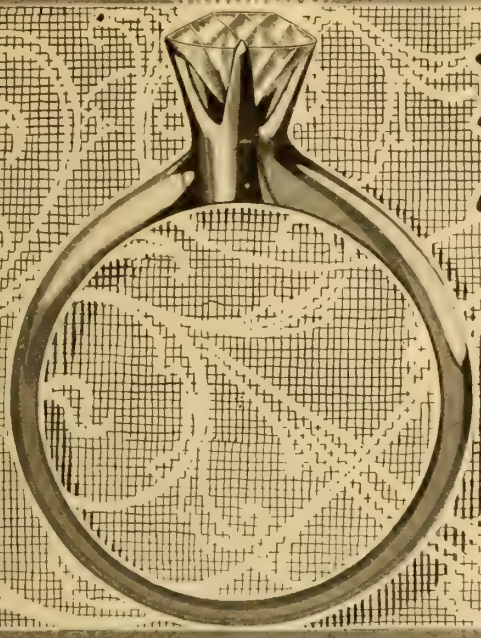
Well, if Uncle was mad before, you should have seen him now. I thought for a minute he'd have a stroke. When he could speak, he shouted: "I forbid you to ever mention the subject again. And don't you go around prying into business that don't concern you. I don't need any of your help—yet."

Next morning I learned something new. I was eating my breakfast when a man called to see Uncle, a black, greasy looking fellow. They went into the library and shut the door, but I listened at the keyhole. I wasn't a bit ashamed; I felt that it was time I was taking a hand in things, and I was going to find out what was going on. And I discovered that the fellow was a detective whom Uncle had hired to watch Guy.

I went back to my coffee and finished my breakfast. The man went away, and Uncle, too. Then I took a fashion magazine that Corenne had given me and sat down in the library. Pretty soon I heard voices. Heavens! Uncle was coming back and Guy was with him. I just managed to get away in time and I reached my room and sat down on the edge of the bed, panting for breath. *Then*, up came one of the servants to say that Uncle wanted me in the library—to meet Guy, of course!

Was there ever such a pickle! Poor, innocent Guy, so in love with Corenne's little niece—and suppose I burst in upon him in my suit of tweeds and golf stockings! I told the servant I couldn't come down; I was feeling very ill.

But it didn't work. Pretty soon I heard steps on the stairs and voices. Uncle was bringing Guy up to my room! I heard him say, "The young cub is bashful; I'm



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The Hoyden

(Continued)

determined you shall meet him." I rushed wildly into the bathroom and began to soap my face and lather it with a shaving brush. Uncle came in, and I stepped out, my face a mountain of lather.

It was some disguise, all right. I acknowledged Uncle's introduction in a voice muffled with soapsuds, and Glory Be! Guy didn't recognize me. He was so worried about the factory and things that his mind was distracted. My poor boy! How I ached to let him know who I was and comfort him.

Well, there was no settlement of the strike situation, and as I watched, out of the window, Guy walked away, his shoulders were bowed with the weight of his failure. I felt awfully worried and uneasy.

The next night we went to the ball, but Guy was too busy to do much dancing. He told me a secret strike had been declared. There was tension everywhere. People weren't dancing; they were gathering in little groups and talking. Pretty soon a man came for Guy and he left me for a minute. I looked up, and I saw Paul. I wondered what he was doing there. He caught my eye and beckoned to me. I went to him. "I have come to take you home," he said in a whisper. "Your Uncle has had a sort of a stroke and is calling for you."

I ran, without waiting for my things. I realized then that I liked my crusty old Uncle a whole lot. "Is it the strike?" I asked breathlessly. "Has he found anything out?"

"A man brought him some news," answered Paul, "and he fell to the floor. I don't know what it was about."

I knew. That darned detective!

As we went out a girl brushed against me, and looked insolently into my face. I recognized her as one Paul had told me he'd been obliged to discharge, some time before, but I didn't give her particular attention, I was in too great a hurry. As we went along I saw her standing on a street corner. If I'd stopped to think, I'd have known she was following me, but everything then paled into insignificance beside the fact that Uncle was calling for me. As we went through the big iron gate my dress caught. I jerked it free and a piece of it was left hanging.

For just a second I wondered what Guy would think when he came back and found me gone. Then I knew he'd go to Corenne—and she would tell him I was sick or something. But I'd have to see him in the morning and square myself. To tell the truth, I was so rattled I couldn't think connectedly about anything.

When I got my dress changed and went to him, he put his arms around my neck and kissed me, and then went right off into a natural sleep. The doctor, who was still there, said he thought everything would be all right, now.

I slept late the next morning and when I went to Uncle's room, Paul told me he had got up and dressed and gone in his car to the factory, sick as he was! Said he would show the strikers who was boss! He would close the factory down. "But the excitement may kill him," I said. "Why did you let him go?" Paul shrugged his shoulders eloquently. Who could stop Uncle when he had made up his mind? So I grabbed my hat and coat and hurried to Corenne's shop. Corenne told me Guy had come hunting me the night before, and she'd told him I got tired of waiting for him to come back, and didn't feel well, and had gone home.

Pretty soon Guy came in, panting with excitement. The first thing he said was: "I've just come from the factory. Mr. Bolton was there and somebody has betrayed us. I had hard work to make the men let Bolton go. He has found out that a secret strike has been ordered and has closed the factory down. The men are wild with rage."

We talked a little while and then we heard a sound, like a lot of people running. Guy went to the window. "It's the strikers," he said. "I thought I had quieted them. I wonder what's gone wrong?"

The leader of the mob was a girl. Guy opened the door and called: "What do you want, Tetine?"

She flourished something that she held in her hand. "We want the girl who wore this dress last night. She is the one who betrayed us. I followed her to Bolton's home."

She had the bit of cloth that had been torn from my dress by the iron gate.

Instantly there was Bedlam. A big fellow thrust a whip into Guy's hands. "You said you'd horsewhip the person who betrayed us. There she is; keep your word."

The puzzlement in Guy's face began to turn to black anger. I threw my arms around his neck. "I did not betray them," I cried. "I did not! I am Lester Bolton's niece, that's why this girl saw me go to his house. But I did not betray them."

He tried to pull my arms away, but I clung to him, pleading. He threw me to the floor and the strikers around us jeered and laughed. One of the men thrust the whip into his hand, saying, "Keep your word." Guy, my Guy, raised the whip to strike me. I looked up into his eyes and it fell from his hand. Then the man who had spoken picked it up and raised it high in the air. It would have fallen on me, but Guy ran between us and received the blow. Then he picked me up and fought his way through the crowd with me and set me down outside of the door.

I started to run as he held the others back. Then I saw him go down as a stone struck him in the head. And I was running for my life with all the howling mob after me.

I reached the edge of the wall that surrounded Uncle's place, and I saw that I never could make the gate. So I made one desperate leap and scrambled to the top of the wall. Then a stone hit me, and I fell, thank Heaven, inside. After that nothing bothered me any more.

When I came to I was in my own bed with my head bandaged and a physician and Paul bending over me. They told me I had barely escaped with my life, as my Uncle, not knowing who I was, refused to let me be carried inside. But fortunately Paul had arrived in time to save me from being delivered to the strikers. Good old Paul, again. Now my uncle was pacing the floor of his library and had telegraphed to Mr. Foster to come and get me. I asked weakly, to see him.

Paul went away and came back, saying that he would not see me. I shut my eyes and turned over on my pillow. So the jig was up. I had lost everything.

That night when I was sleeping, I dreamed that Uncle came into my room and kissed me. I woke with a start and thought I heard stealthy footsteps going down the stairs. In the morning I wondered if I had really been dreaming.

Next morning I got up and dressed myself. I was pretty shaky, but I knew Aunt Mary was coming and I wasn't going to subject her to the ordeal of staying in that house a minute longer than necessary.

I had Paul pack my grip. My trunk could go later. I was sitting by the window when a taxi drew up. Mr. Foster got out and went in. I began to put on my hat and coat, slowly. It didn't seem to me that I could go away without seeing Guy again, but I had written to him, and it was all that I could do.

As I went down stairs all the servants were lined up to say goodbye to me. Some of them were wiping their eyes. Anyway, I still had some friends, even if they were humble.

Mr. Foster was in the hall. He took my arm and led me toward the library door. Uncle saw me coming and turned his back. I started to go away. Then Uncle came to me and put his arms around me, saying, "You are not going away; you are going to stay with me."

But I had been hurt too much. I shook my head. "No, I'll go with Aunt Mary." Then Uncle, like the big child he was, began to plead. I looked at him and wondered how bad he really wanted me. So I said, "I'll stay under these conditions: Make up your quarrel with Aunt Mary and telephone Guy Trippet that you will give the men what they want."

I never thought he'd swallow such a bitter pill as that, but he did. He called Foster, shook hands with him, and told him to bring Aunt Mary in. Then he got Guy on the wire—and the strike was ended. It was hard—he swallowed a couple of times, but it was good for him.

Aunt Mary came in. When I saw her sweet face, and her white hair, I ran to her and hugged her until she could hardly breathe. Then I reached out my hand to Uncle and he came over and took her hand. And I saw by the look in the eyes of each of them that they still cared, after all these years.

We were having a regular family party when Guy arrived, with a bunch of his men behind him. Uncle told him he could thank me for ending the strike. Guy came up to me, with his eyes downcast, and his hat in his hand. He asked me in a whisper if I could ever forgive him.

I could. We're going to have a double wedding. And say, it's great to be a girl again.

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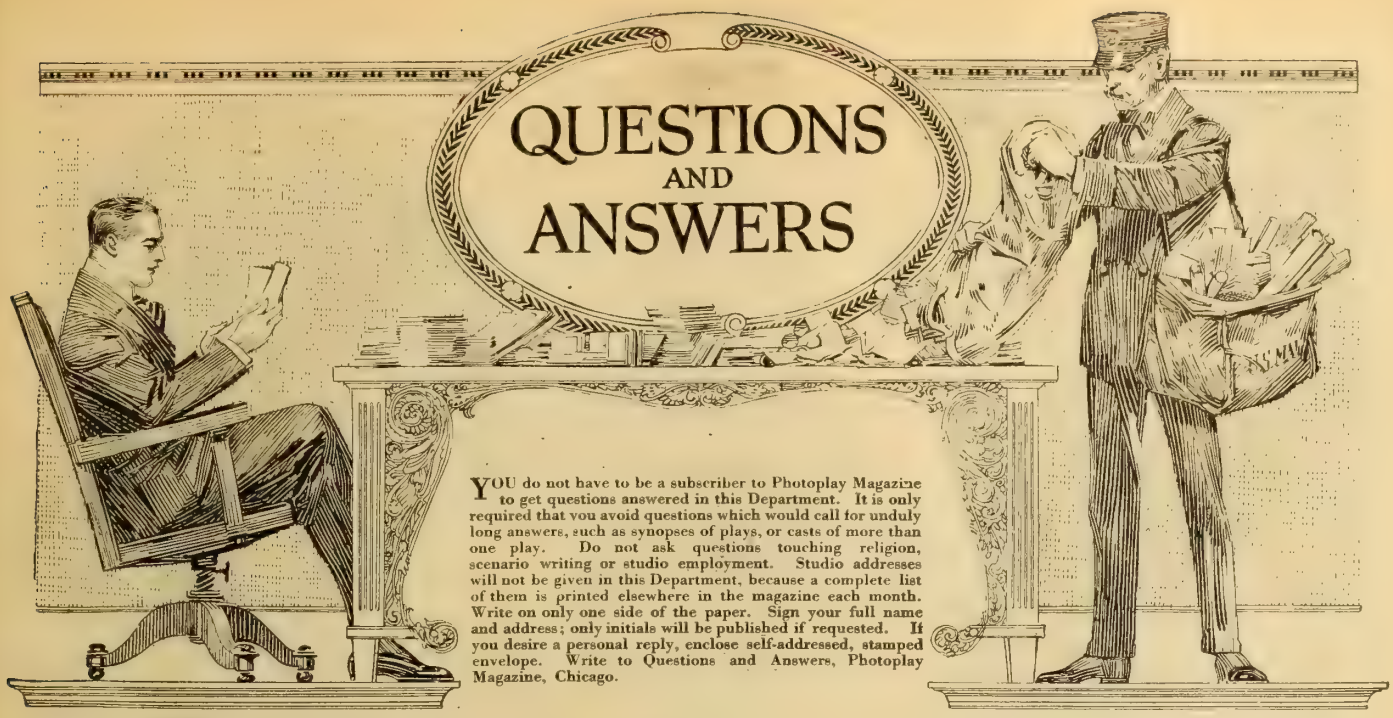
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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

ELSIE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Nothing foolish about those questions. Mabel's "Mickey" was turned over to Triangle when Mack Sennett withdrew from that concern and Triangle in turn disposed of it to an independent distributor. It will be distributed, generally this spring. The song which *'Poleon* sang in "The Barrier" and which was used as the musical theme for the production was "The Song of the North," which you should be able to purchase at any music store.

D. C., HARRISBURG, PA.—Yes, it was easy to guess the identity of the drawing you enclosed. That is, we know for sure that it was intended as a picture of either Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin. If you aren't an artist you're nothing. Zasu Pitts is the right name of the girl who played *Becky* in "The Little Princess."

D. H., CHICAGO.—Of course if your aunt lived eight months in Los Angeles and was introduced to Mrs. J. Warren Kerrigan "and also held the baby in her arms," why that settles the matter. But perhaps it was Mrs. Wallace Kerrigan and J. Warren's baby niece that she met. Did you ever think of that? And did you ever consider the advisability of putting sufficient postage on your letters so that the recipient doesn't have to pay it? We thank you.

I. B., ST. JOSEPH, MO.—"Is it true that the movies will be no more after quite a time because enough stories cannot be gotten for them?" Just a moment till we gaze into our crystal ball. Ah, the answer is "No." If the photoplay industry was to die because of the lack of suitable stories, the funeral services would have been held some time ago.

H. W., DECATUR, ILL.—We will have new pictures of Geraldine Farrar's boudoir, with other views of her new abode, in our April issue. She's five feet three and weighs 135 when she's feeling well. That is, she feels best when she weighs 135.

B. T., HAVANA, CUBA.—Francis MacDonald is now with Triangle and two of his best roles recently are in "I Love You" with Alma Rubens and in "Real Folks," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S first prize story.

L. H., CHICAGO.—We are perfectly willing to give "Doug" more space, but if he spends all his time writing for PHOTOPLAY, you won't see much of him on the screen. We're more than willing.

LITTLE NELL, MEMPHIS, TENN.—My, what a relief to get a letter from a girl who wants to be an authoress or a politician! Billie Burke never lived in Memphis. Theda Bara, Earle Williams and Warren Kerrigan (our Chicago friend to the contrary notwithstanding) are not married. Fay Tincher was the girl in "The Love Pirate." William Hinckley was *Martha's* lover in "Martha's Vindication."

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

IMA PEST, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We are compelled to stick to it that Miss Pickford has been married for about seven years, despite your assurance to the contrary. Audrey Berry seems to be off the screen at present. The younger sister of Norma Talmadge in "The Battle Cry of Peace" was Lucille Hammil.

CURIOUS, MINNEAPOLIS.—Ann Little's latest is "Nan of Music Mountain," with Wallie Reid. Frank Borzage is not related to Herbert Rawlinson. Herb is 32.

G. C. J., CLEVELAND, O.—No offense taken. It is indeed a compliment to be regarded as "witty enough to be a woman."

ALLISON, TRURO, N. S., CANADA.—William Hinckley, who played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Amazons," is not working at present, owing to poor health. He is in Hollywood, Cal. Miss Clark and Mr. Reid will be glad to get letters of appreciation from you.

SALLY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Most stars read the interesting letters which are sent them by admirers, but it's only the most interesting ones that get personally to a star whose mail averages several hundred letters a day. Mr. Lockwood is married and has been for ten years. Pauline Curley is not related to him. How would we meet our favorite actor? Just drop him a note and tell him to call.

HART ADMIRER, WINNIPEG, CANADA.—That was a trained horse in "The Cold Deck" and it wasn't killed by that fall. Mr. Hart's hair is dark brown and his eyes are blue.

IBON, HAVANA, CUBA.—Sorry to dispute your word, but Myrtle Gonzalez is not a Cuban but a Californian of Spanish descent on one side of the house. She recently married Captain Allen Watt, of the National Army. Billie Ritchie is still in the movies, with Lehrmann's Sunshine Comedies. Neva is probably trying to figure out what to write you.

M. W., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Emmy Wehlen's leading man in "The Pretenders" was Paul Gordon. J. W. Johnston played opposite Mable Taliaferro in "God's Half Acre" and Raymond McKee in "The Sunbeam." William Worthington, Jr., was the little boy with Ella Hall in "Polly Redhead." Vivian Rich was William Farnum's leading woman in "The Price of Silence." Kathlyn Williams played in "The Rosary" and Wheeler Oakman, now Edith Storey's leading man, played oposite. Don't hesitate to write at any time. We're here to tell you what you want to know if you want to know anything that we know.

VOYAGEUR, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Just drop a line to Miss Mae Murray, Universal City, Cal., and she'll send you a photograph. Mabel Normand is not married.

RIGAL, MODESTO, CAL.—Enjoyed your Kayseebee very much, but pardon us for declining to enter any controversy. We've only one life to live and if we must give it up, the U. S. has the first call. Wonder if it wouldn't do some of our stars good to live in your town a while, that is, of course, if the name of a town has any effect on its inhabitants. We have a few candidates to start the migration.

JACK, NEW YORK CITY.—Sorry, old top, but we're not running an exchange bureau.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

H., ROSLINDALE, MASS.—It's much easier right now for a boy of 18 to break into the army than into the movies. But if you decide for the latter, the nearest center of activity is New York City. Maurice Costello seems to have vanished from the screen. His last appearance was about two years ago in "The Crimson Stain," a serial.

THREE BELLES, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.—The only "hint" we can give you is to become the three most beautiful girls in the world. Then your ambitions will be realized. But don't forget to keep the wrinkles out of your thinking works at the same time.

E. W., NEW YORK CITY.—The only way to get in is to see the employment directors at the studios. If they like your looks they'll ask for photographs and if they like the photos, they'll make a film test of you and if they like the test, they're likely to give you a job. But see them yourself.

MAUD, CANTON, ILL.—Nina Byron is 17 and a native of New Zealand. Never believe a divorce rumor till you see in the papers that a suit has been filed. Even then it may be a mistake. Enjoyed your criticism of the players and the magazine, to say nothing of the personal bouquet. T'anks terribly.

E. B., WAVELAND, IND.—Helen Holmes has been with the Signal Company which suspended operations at the completion of "The Lost Express." But the suspension was probably only a temporary affair. James Cruze is with Lasky. Francis Ford with Metro-Yorke and Grace Cunard is "at liberty."

MAURICE, QUEBEC, CANADA.—Not acquainted with "Every Girl's Dream" so can't give you the cast. But we can guess the dream—to be a movie queen. That right? Doris Grey isn't married. Corinne Griffith hasn't confided her age to us.

MORENO ADMIRER, SHEFFIELD, IA.—No, he isn't married. He is five feet ten tall and has brown hair and ditto eyes. Write as much and as often as you like.

BERYL, LINCOLN, NEB.—Charlie Chaplin has his own company and he is not married. Perhaps you have an exaggerated idea of our forbearance. You just ought to see us lose our temper when the boy doesn't put enough—chocolate in our ice cream soda.

E. A., PHILADELPHIA.—Milton Sills' latest was "Souls Adrift." We have instructed the editor to have an interview with Milton in the immediate future.

R. P., BATAVIA, ILL.—No, thank hevings, we don't know *everything* about them. Vivian Rich is still in pictures and May Allison is about to come back, we are told. May is not married.

H. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Mae Murray played in the Follies in 1915 and 1914 and Ann Pennington was in the same gang. Yes, she took a very prominent part so you win the parfaits. Congratulations.

MEXICAN, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Gladys Hulette has no other name. Write Mollie King and Pearl White, care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

B. T., MUSKEGON, MICH.—Frank Keenan is under contract to Pathe so it is a pretty safe bet that you'll be seeing him back on the screen soon.

F. M., PRIMGHAR, IA.—You're right; both Hobart Bosworth and Walter Long were Prussians in "The Little American." "Stella Maris," adapted from William J. Locke's novel of that name, is Mary Pickford's latest release. So far as we know none of those you mention charge for their pictures.

R. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Pearl White's hair is still red. June Caprice has light hair and blue eyes. Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. No we haven't blue eyes and curly hair; wrong again.

J. M. L., ROANOKE, VA.—Victor Slim Potel is with Sunshine Comedies, Hollywood; W. E. Lawrence can be reached at Lasky's. Tom Chatterton, Orrin Johnson and Billy Quirk are not permanently associated with any company at present. Our usual love to the Bushman Club.

H. C., EPHRAIM, UTAH.—Because of war conditions there is little activity in foreign studios. The Itala in Italy, the Great Northern in Denmark and the Ideal in London are three of the leading foreign companies.

MARGUERITE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Julian Eltinge's right name is William Dalton; he is not married and his age is somewhere around 34. Seena Owen is not playing at present. She is in her early twenties. Sorry you were neglected in the past.

LUCY, PEN ARGYL, PA.—For the lovva Mike, don't ask us why certain things were or weren't done in any serial. Even a mind reader couldn't tell you because there is no way he could find out. If you don't get this send a three cent stamp for diagram. Frank Andrews was Pauline Frederick's first husband, but he was not Frank Andrews, the actor.

W. R. U., 2ND., TORONTO, CANADA.—Vernon Steele is nearly six feet long, has a nice disposition, is good to dumb animals and loves flowers. He was last in "Bab's Matinee Idol." Wallie Reid was in "The Little Country Mouse" with Blanche Sweet. Write again; your chirography is so easy to decode.

L. V. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary Pickford was not one of those in the Hollywood Studio Club picture. Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas were married on October 25, 1916.

SKYROCKET, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—William Hinckley has played in "The Children in the House," "The Three Brothers," "The Lily and the Rose," "The Amazons" and other photoplays. As he is very ill, it is doubtful if photographs may be obtained.

SPIZZERINKTUM, INDEPENDENCE, MO.—So you think Wallie is wonderful because he comes from Missouri? Well, we never thought of that. Missouri is a dandy place to come away from, isn't it? Doug is from Denver but his parents went through Missouri to get there. Personally we never cared for Missouri in our early days because we could never remember whether St. Louis or Kansas City was the capital of the state. Harrison Ford isn't telling his age, except to the exemption board.

SILVER SPURS, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Yours is probably an incurable case but it's pretty hard to remain true to one screen favorite when he insists on playing each time with a different company. We're going to have an interview with him some day but it won't be a six pager. Last with Emily Stevens in "Outwitted."

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

GERTIE, CALGARY, CANADA.—If you mean "The Marked Woman," the leading roles were played by Barbara Tennant and W. J. Bailey; if "The Masked Woman," the chief parts were played by Gretchen Lederer and Lloyd Whitlock.

G. M., PANAMA, R. P.—Charles Ray is married and his wife is not of the screen. We don't know the Silent Menace, but we bet we know his nationality. Theda Bara will send you a picture if you write her.

A. E. P., WESTVILLE, N. S., CANADA.—Grace Darmond is now with Vitagraph. She was born in Toronto. Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual at Santa Barbara, Cal.

A. B. R., LEOLA, S. D.—Bryant Washburn is married and his wife was once on the screen under her maiden name, Mabel Forrest. He is now with Pathe, Glendale, Cal. Hazel Daly is now with Selig and can be reached care of that company in Chicago.

L. M., PHILADELPHIA.—We understand that Miss Farrar does not make a practice of sending out her photographs. She is no longer with Lasky.

PATRICIA, QUEBEC, CANADA.—Knowledge of English is not a requisite. If you have the ideas you can get by as a scenario writer but of course you must know enough of the language to get your stuff over. You seem qualified in that respect.

ALLEN, HARTFORD, CONN.—Eileen Percy is the girl who played with Fairbanks in "Down to Earth" and "Painted Post." She is a native of Ireland and seventeen years old. Charles Ray never played with Sir Herbert Tree.

F. A. F., HARTFORD, CONN.—Carl Ullman and Melbourne MacDowell were the fighters in "The Flame of the Yukon." Kenneth Harlan was the guy "wot won out" in that production.

DOUGLAS, TORONTO, CAN.—Irene Castle is five feet six inches tall. Eileen Percy, five feet four. Elton is Douglas Fairbanks' in between name. His birthday is May 23rd. We'll do our durndest to get that picture.

S. S., NEW YORK CITY.—We are glad you came again even though it is the third time. We hope it won't be three and out. All right, here goes: Samuel D. S. would like to correspond with some young men. He promises to answer all letters sent him. There, we've done it.

F. V. B. Jr., NEW YORK CITY.—Mary Miles Minter will be sixteen on April Fools Day of 1918. 1515 Santa Barbara Street is her address. Enjoyed the jokes. Especially the one about the two feet. How under the sun did you guess that we had two? Some intuition you possess.

J. W., LEES, ENG.—Your letter was a *real* treat. Fannie Ward isn't a product of your own beloved country, though she lived in England for many years. Her daughter is on your side of the pond now. Miss Ward is forty-four or five.

L. O. T., ROCKFORD, ILL.—It would be great to come out and visit you at camp, but we can't get away. Who'd answer for the Answer Man if we skipped?

G. L., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Better ask Artcraft Corp. just how far Mary had to jump—we never exaggerate.

G. B., ALBURY, N. S. W.—"The Americano" was made more than a year ago. No cast for "Nicholas Nickleby." Bessie Love was the *shero* in "The Good-Bad Man." Loretta Blake opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "His Picture in the Papers." Marjorie Wilson in "Double Trouble." Marshall Neilan with Mary Pickford in "A Girl of Yesterday." David Powell with Mary in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." You are wrong. Doug has blue eyes and brown hair. The cast of "The Governor's Lady" follows: *Daniel Slade*, James Neill; *Mary Slade*, Edith Wynn Mathison; *Robert Hayes*, Tom Forman; *Senator Strickland*, Theodore Roberts; *Katherine Strickland*, May Allison. It is necessary for the screen folk to furnish all ordinary wearing apparel which means everything but costume-play finishings. Mary Pickford has been married seven years and Douglas Fairbanks about eleven. Edna Hunter was *Rita* in "The Common Law" and Arthur Hoops played opposite Olga Petrova in "Playing with Fire."

EDMUND, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—You ought to be glad just to have Charles Chaplin alive and with us without bothering us monthly about his religion. We'd like to tell you if we knew, but couldn't if we did, so what's the use in worrying.

A. K., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—You flatter us by saying you hate to bother our brains. Perhaps you are taking a little too much for granted. It is possible that we haven't any. All the stars when appearing before the camera use makeup. It has to be did. Can't give you the names of all those episodes. Here are some: One, "The Seven Pearls;" two, "The Air Peril;" five, "Between Fire and Water;" six, "The Abandoned Mine;" seven, "The False Pearl;" eight, "The Man Trap;" nine, "The Warning on the Wire;" ten, "The Hold-Up;" eleven, "The Gems of Jeopardy;" twelve, "Buried Alive;" thirteen, "Over the Falls;" fourteen, "The Tower of Death." "The Fatal Ring:" Episode one, "The Violet Diamond;" eight, "The Switch in the Safe;" eleven, "The Short Circuit;" twelve, "The Desperate Chance;" fourteen, "The Painted Safe;" fifteen, "The Dagger Duel;" sixteen, "The Double Disguise;" seventeen, "The Death Weight;" eighteen, "The Subterfuge;" nineteen, "The Crystal Maze." And so people come up to you every day and ask you if you are an actress. My, my, how very thrilling. People come up to us and say, "Poor old man, he must be ninety." You just come along for information any time, we'll be glad to have you.

TIDDLE-DE-WINKS, CHARLESTON, S. C.—Editorially speaking we are *we*. Olive Tell doesn't *tell* how old she is. She is not married. Don't know about that Charleston company with Edna Mayo. Is Charleston seeking one of those expensive places in the sun?

MINKY, FORT DODGE, IA.—The price of film rental depends almost entirely on how soon your theater receives it after release. The pictures you mention are no more expensive than other high-class pictures.

L. B., INDEPENDENCE, ORE.—That was Creighton Hale opposite Marguerite Clark in "Snow White." Florence Vidor was Sessue Hayakawa's leading lady in "Hashimura Togo." Elliott Dexter played with Blanche Sweet in "Public Opinion." Dorothy Dalton's hero in "Wild Winship's Widow" was Joe King. We are glad you like us; few people do.

(Continued on page 123)

How I *Saved* $50 on My Clothes This Season

By Marion Louise Taylor

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new blue one-piece dress and was getting ready to go downtown when the door bell rang and who should it be but Janet Burson. Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little place in the country last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but, anyway the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh! Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I'll admit I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I announced, "I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion!" she fairly gasped, "made it *yourself*—how—when—where did you ever *learn?* You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't," I answered quite as readily, "but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I have ever had before and—if you please, in our safe deposit box is a $50 Liberty Bond bought with what I *saved* from my clothes allowance this season."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked $35. It cost me exactly $10.50 for the materials and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crepe de chine petticoat that would have cost at least $6 in any shop. I paid for the materials just $2.90. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and materials, braid and everything cost exactly $11. Sister bought one downtown that is not nearly so nice and she paid $28 for it.

"THEN I made two house dresses, four aprons, a taffeta petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether more than $10 on. Beside, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I bought that Liberty Bond with what I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder. You've never had such clothes—and to have them for *less* than you ever spent before. Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living.'"

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. About four months ago I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan of teaching dressmaking and millinery by which you could learn right at home in leisure time. That was a new idea to me but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that told all about their courses, explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery even though you had had no experience whatever. Possibly even then I might have doubted if they had not told me about the success of so many other women and sent me copies of their letters. Why, think, Janet, more than 9000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. Among them are more than 4000 home women, 700 dressmakers, 300 teachers and hundreds of business women, girls at school or college, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. You see it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, on ranches in the far west, even in China, in Australia, in South Africa, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a class room. Isn't it wonderful?

"WELL, I joined the Institute, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. Once I began studying, it was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute on my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments—in the fourth lesson I made this waist!

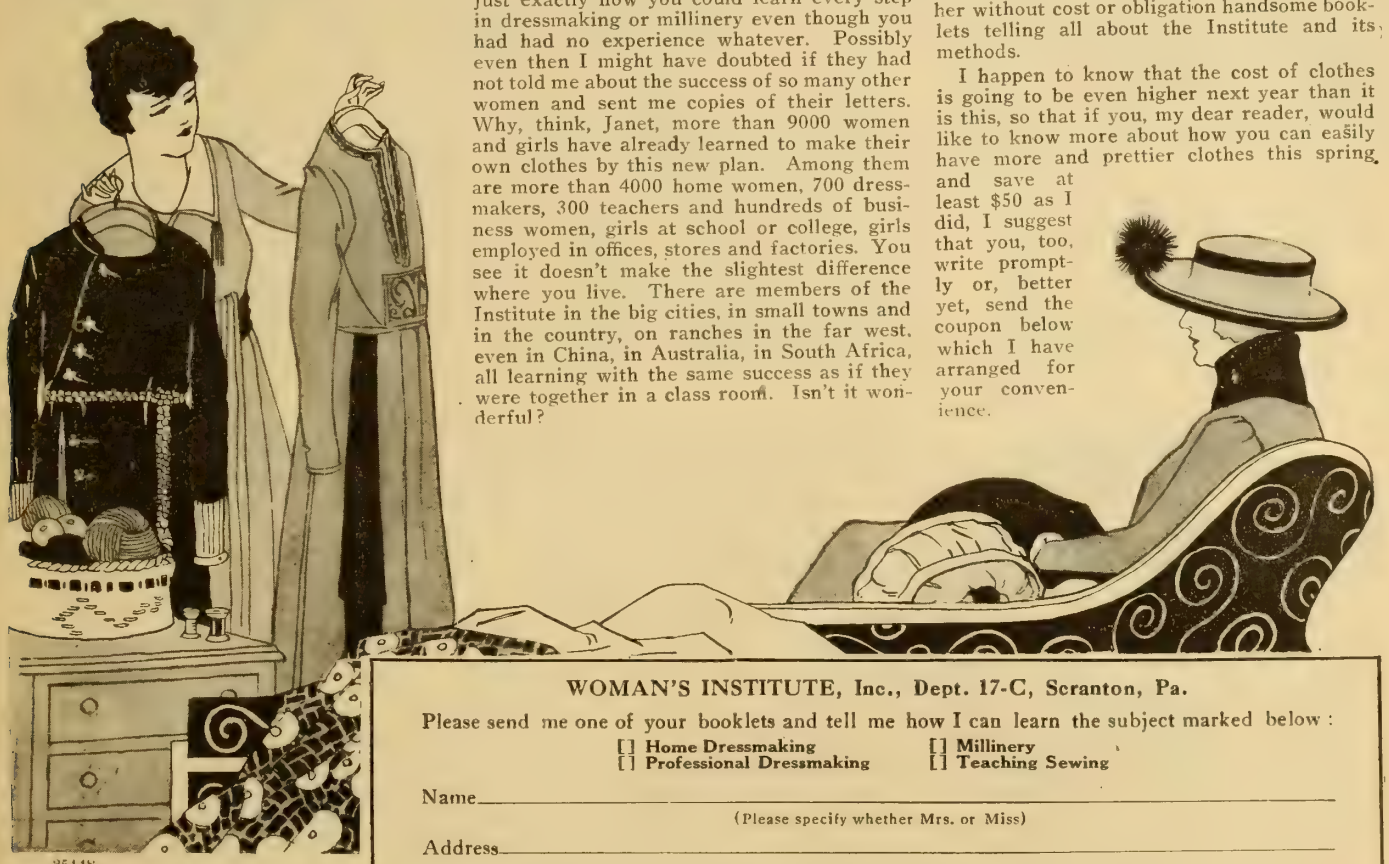
"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to, or if—by any chance—I should ever be left to make my own way. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and have splendid incomes.

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery next. I can make my own hats then for a fourth of what they cost in a shop—"

BUT Janet broke in right there, "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dept. 17-C, Scranton, Pa., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home dressmaking or professional dressmaking or millinery, they would send her without cost or obligation handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

I happen to know that the cost of clothes is going to be even higher next year than it is this, so that if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this spring and save at least $50 as I did, I suggest that you, too, write promptly or, better yet, send the coupon below which I have arranged for your convenience.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 72)

A MODERN MUSKETEER—Artcraft

Draft the dictionary, order the thesaurus into intensive training, mobilize the superlatives and equip the book of similes for the first line trenches—"A Modern Musketeer" has arrived. Here is Douglas the Fairbanks at his most Douglasish and eke at his Fairbanksest. Here is the breaker of all speed records in the speediest of all forms of entertainment making all his past performances look like the funeral march of a colony of paralyzed snails. Here is Briareus threshing about with every one of his hundred arms at once. D'Artagnan, forsooth! Fairbanks makes the Dumas swashbuckler seem a popinjay, a milksop, a wearer of wrist watches in times of peace, a devotee of the sleeve handkerchief, a nursery playmate, an eater of prune whip, a drinker of pink lemonade, a person susceptible to hay fever, a wearer of corn plasters, an habitue of five o'clock teas, a reader of "Polyanna." Ned Thacker was born to the tune of a Kansas cyclone, and absorbed the message of the elemental Donnybrook into his small person. From that moment his energies consumed him with a desire for adequate expression. There was not sufficient elbow room in the Kansas town, so Thacker headed west. On the rim of the Grand Canyon he found his proper battlefield. Even his dynamic soul contemplated with awe that vast chasm, so that he could barely gasp, "Gosh, what a gully!" Here, up and down the mile-deep ditch he fought with a nest of outlaws to win The Girl. He bathes in hair-breadth escapes as a lady daintily points her immaculate, pink digits at the finger-bowl, and with no greater disaster. There is nothing left but for Doug to scale the bare face of El Capitan in the Yosemite, and he will have trampled the entire geography of this hemisphere under his never-slips. Here and there in the rush of it, one catches glimpses of a supporting cast, in particular Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall and Marjorie Daw. But it is hard to remember just what they did. Undoubtedly their performances deserve highest praise; the point of the stiletto is like a needle, but it is not much of a weapon with a few tons of shells being dumped in your back yard every few minutes.

BETTY TAKES A HAND—Triangle

"The voice with the smile wins," is one of the most popular mottoes of modern business life. It is equally true that the picture with the smile wins. "Betty Takes a Hand" is a picture full of smiles. The story, by Katherine Kavanaugh, won the second prize in the scenario contest conducted by PHOTOPLAY for Triangle, and is the first of the prize winners to be produced. The plot is known to readers of this compendium of cinematic knowledge, as it appeared in fiction form last month. One fact concerning the drama is especially worth noting, as it is unique—this is a comedy, not a farce, and yet it has a dramatic motive. Betty Marshall believes her father is poor because he has been defrauded by relatives and a former mining partner in conspiracy. She sets out to even things up. Yet there is no villain in the tale. Even when the spectator is most anxious that Betty should get the better of the man who owns the millions that she believes should belong to her father, he feels no rancor against the millionaire. For this man, too, has a smile. Even when the society dame refuses to take Betty on a yachting cruise for fear her own daughter will be outshone, there is no bitterness, since this autocratic lady also has a smile. Still the drama remains, strong and insistent. Betty meets the man she thinks ruined her father, but she is not vindictive. She smiles, and sacrifices her comfort to his when they are marooned in the hills. It is all charming, wholesome, free from daggers of steel or thought. And on top of it all comes a little O. Henry twist of plot at the end that sends everyone away loving every character in the story. Olive Thomas as Betty is sparkling as champagne and nonintoxicating as spring water. George Hernandez as the supposed villain is picturesque as always. Charles Gunn is more than a mere leading man; his comedy supplements that of Miss Thomas delightfully.

TOTO COMEDIES—Pathe

Toto is like the filet of sole you get at the restaurant—he looks as if he's boneless, but you know he isn't. This lively person with the reversible knee-joints, after two years of hilarity at the New York Hippodrome, was procured by Pathe for picture farces. His first two creations have just been divulged—"The Movie Dummy" and "The Junk Man." In the former, Toto—the man's real name is Novello—takes the place of the dummy which is used to double for the villain in explosions and such, in moving pictures, and is handled roughly, to say the least. He flops about like a sack of excelsior, but he gets in his little digs now and then as well. In "The Junk Man" he is a more purposeful hero, and skips nimbly through numerous acrobatic stunts. The success of these comedies lies in the fact that Toto is a new figure on the screen, with talents widely differing from those of Chaplin, Arbuckle, Lloyd, Semon, et al. He is no imitator.

BASHFUL—Pathe

Harold Lloyd will soon be better known under his own name than under that of Lonesome Luke, if he does many pictures like "Bashful." Here all the essential fun of "Baby Mine" is condensed to a single reel. Bebe Daniels grows prettier every day.

EMPTY POCKETS—Brenon

Be not misled by the title. "Empty Pockets" is not a story of the poor, nor yet of the impoverished rich. It is a description of the condition in which a certain dead man's garments were found. "Copper Colored Hair" would have been a better title. There were three young



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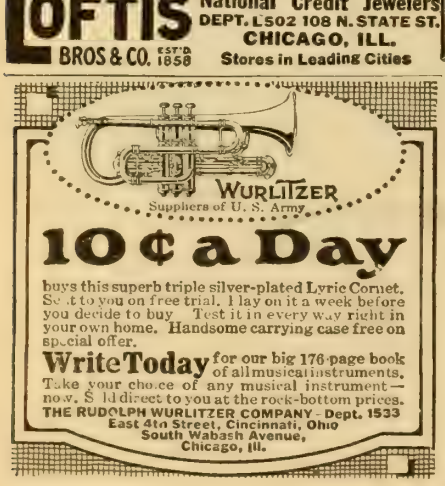
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

women with copper-colored hair who might have wished the death of the man in question. So it sets you guessing, this swift-moving story, beginning with the discovery of the body, and then going back and relating the events in sequence, leading to the man's death. In the dead man's clenched fist were found a few strands of copper-colored hair. Was it the rich girl, the poor girl, the cabaret girl, or the cast-off mistress? I'm not going to tell you, for guessing is half the pleasure in watching this latest lightning melodrama from the workshop of Herbert Brenon. It is the nth degree of speed. Yet it does not run so fast as to cloud the fact that there is a lot of excellent acting. Barbara Castleton, Ketty Galanta, Peggy Betts and Suzanne Willa form a quartette of interesting young women such as are seldom found in a single picture. Bert Lytell is present again, his first appearance since "The Lone Wolf," pleasing as before. The story is better in its screen form than as originally written by Rupert Hughes, because it moves more swiftly, and is much more mysterious. And that is saying a lot.

THE SEVEN SWANS—Paramount

Did you ever see a troop of fairies dance on a moonbeam? No? Then your education has been neglected. They perform this feat in "The Seven Swans," the annual Christmas offering of the crown princess of all fairies—Marguerite Clark. The moonbeam in question is not just an ordinary every night happen along moonbeam either. It is kissing the delicate tip of Marguerite's pert little nose, and suddenly, along its gleaming path, a score or more of the good little folk appear, no bigger than the thumbs of the littlest girl in the audience. And they tell Marguerite what has become of her seven brothers, and how she can rescue them. And then there are the seven swans themselves, who swim up a stream until they come to the place where Marguerite is waiting, and recognize her, and flop, flop, flop up the bank, and are just as glad as glad to see her. Real swans, they are, and if you want to know who inspired these usually stupid birds to do such a wonderful piece of acting you'll have to ask J. Searle Dawley, the director, who, I suspect (but don't ever say I said it, for I wouldn't want him to come after me with all his magic tricks) is himself the King of the Fairies in disguise as a moving-picture director. There's a lot of other things you'll like in this pretty fable. There's Dick Barthelmess, that youngster who is displaying such remarkable versatility. He is Prince Charming for the Charming Marguerite. "The Seven Swans" is a worthy companion to last year's "Snow White." It is a marvel of beauty and screen magic.

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE—Paramount

Much was to be expected of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," with Pauline Frederick as Henry Arthur Jones' lovely but mendacious heroine-vampire. While Miss Frederick lends to the character a charm and sympathy not common among actresses who have played the part on the stage, the picture is so badly constructed that much of this value is lost. The entire success of the original play lay in the long dialogue between Mrs. Dane and the clever lawyer. It would have seemed obvious that the thing to do was make this the core of the picture, fading in the hunted woman's replies. Instead, the scene is ended before it is well begun, and it leaves the impression that Mrs. Dane was a rather stupid liar. Perhaps this will not be felt by the thousands who are unfamiliar with the drama, for the picture will be seen by hundreds where the play is known to dozens. Miss Frederick again triumphs over circumstances.

OH, DOCTOR!—Paramount

Roscoe Arbuckle's "Oh, Doctor!" is an adventure among thieves and race-track gamblers. It lacks the "pep" of the robust Roscoe's eastern frolics, such as his Coney Island melange. Nor is there the embellishment of beauty which comedy requires to elevate it to the realms of art—as the well-known Tired Business Man knows. "A Country Hero," from the same cachinnation factory, is quite original among the farcettes of pictures. It begins with a series of typical athletic mishaps, staged in a village garage, and then developes into a melodrama, the only difference between it and a common thriller being in the manner of telling the story. It is a curiosity—a farce with a story.

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Paramount

All the thrills of western gun-feuds are to be found in "Nan of Music Mountain," made from Frank H. Spearman's story, with a triumvirate of stars, Wallace Reid, Ann Little and Theodore Roberts, under the direction of The De Mille. It is "Lorna Doone" transplanted into the Sierre Madres, and Lorna Doone is a good story. The title part fits Miss Little like one of her riding habits, and this girl knows both how to ride and how to dress. What a relief not to find the desperadoes wearing the hair pants affected by most of the western movie plainsmen! Harry C. Carr of Los Angeles, California, is my authority for the statement that in all his desert wanderings—and he has been as far from town as Calabasas—he has never seen a cowboy with any self-respect wear hair pants. Apparently he has registered this idea upon De Mille. "Nan of Music Mountain" contains a lot of shootin' and ridin' and apparently quite a bit of killin', though they don't chalk up the score, and is as good a wild west picture as you could want to see.

AN AMERICAN WIDOW—Metro

Here is the Ethel Barrymore of "Cousin Kate" days. In "An American Widow," they who admired this aristocrat of the stage for her beauty, will be delighted; they who have found her more



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

mature art of greater value than her ingenue essays, will likewise be gratified. Miss Barrymore has never been more lovely, in her own distinguished manner, and her impersonation of the role flashes with brilliant comedy instinct. The story was made from the Kennett Chambers play by Albert Shelby LeVino on one of LeVino's best days. It is sheer comedy—as sheer as Georgette crepe—and the fable should not be dissected for too close examination. A young widow wants to marry an earl, but finds that a codicil of the will of the late unlamented provides that if her second husband is a foreigner, the most of the estate will go to another relative. But it says nothing about the third husband. So they arrange a formal marriage (name only) to an American who is paid $50,000 for his trouble, with a divorce to be arranged immediately. And so on. It is not an unfamiliar idea, but the story never has been told so well as in this production. The cast is inimitable. Charles Dickson, as the good-humored fixer, Irving Cummings as the obliging American, H. Dudley Hawley as the earl, Ernest Stallard as a scheming lawyer, Alfred Keppler as the hungry relative, Arthur Lewis as a backer of the earl, and Pearl Browne as a stage lady who aids in the intrigue—there is not the least flaw in any of the characterizations. And throughout it all Ethel Barrymore is regal.

THE CINDERELLA MAN—Goldwyn

Not all the ability of Director George Loane Tucker could make a story out of "The Cinderella Man." One of the first requisites of a story is that you don't know how it is going to end, or, guessing that, how it is to be brought about. After the first reel you know Mae Marsh is going to marry Tom Moore, her other suitor having been unmistakably planted as a fortune-hunter. And you know that George Fawcett is going to give them both his blessing, and that the old uncle is going to relent, or die, or something equally pleasant, and that they will live happily ever after. So you have nothing to do but notice how many cute things Mae Marsh can do with her hands and mouth, which occupation, albeit fascinating for a few thousand feet, palls at length, and one is bored long before the final hug-and-kiss. The production is lavish—so lavish that at four o'clock in the afternoon they dress the characters in full "soup and fish." They simply can't wait to show off their clothes.

THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING—Harry Rapf

Allegory is something, and realism is something else again, and never can you make these twain twin. "The Struggle Everlasting," made for Harry Rapf by Director James Kirkwood from Edwin Milton Royle's drama, tries to establish a certain philosophy of life by dodging back and forth between the two uttermost poles of narrative method. And what is the philosophy? Simply that Mind, Soul and Body are forever tugging in different directions. Body, in the person of a woman, enslaves men and degrades herself. Mind, at first fascinated by Body, later stands aloof and watches events coldly. Soul eventually redeems Body, who typifies her salvation by being shot accidentally as she tries to save a girl from the Slimy Thing. As philosophy it is pure bunk. It is a revelation of forces without relation to the Individual upon whom these forces react. We must also believe that Soul is superior to all conditions and temptations. And Mind—what becomes of Mind in Mr. Royle's whirligig? We leave him, the dominant function, humanly speaking, back somewhere about the middle of the second reel from the last.

But if it is bunk philosophy, it is beautiful photodramaturgy, if one may think of the separate scenes separately, and not as parts of a hodge-podge whole. Florence Reed as Body, has never been so brilliant. Intelligence and magnetism leap from every shadow she casts upon the silversheet. Milton Sills as Mind plays with incisive exactness, a very rapier of character study. And Irving Cummings almost humanizes an impossibly supernatural role, in which he is supposed to act, physically, as a man, but disseminate the aura of a god. Scenically the picture is gorgeous, in both its splendid vistas of crag and sea, and its interior trappings. It is not yet too late to rip out the Royle bromides, and with exactly the same scenes, make a beautiful and dramatic photo-novel. Mr. Rapf deserves high praise for his sincerity and courage in attempting such a work, but had he consulted with any mere tyro in metaphysics, he would have done it differently.

THE DEVIL STONE—Artcraft

Out of the maze of history and fable comes Geraldine Farrar, in a modern romance that reminds us that she is a great actress, "The Devil Stone," directed by Cecil De Mille, and with the inevitable Wallace Reid on hand just before the "Next Week" slide shows up. But Wallie plays a very second fiddle this time. It is Geraldine's ownest own picture, with honorable mention for Tully Marshall. A fisher maiden of Brittany finds a jewel, cast up by the storm, worth a fortune. An American miser, owner of the fisheries, sees and covets it. He tempts the girl with improved conditions for the fishermen, with wealth for her family, and she marries him. In America she finds herself starved amid plenty—no love, no finery, almost no food, in the home of this curmudgeon of great wealth. She meets his manager, a young man, and the old man hits upon the idea of divorcing her, using his manager as corespondent, and getting the jewel without the encumbrance of a wife. There is tragedy, mystery—and a fine denouement. Miss Farrar has not equalled her work in this picture since her "Carmen" and "Maria Rosa." She is strong, subdued, convincing. Tully Marshall, as the husband, is



Come: let's go back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again!

BEDTIME stories over, tumble-time all through—good-night to Johnnie and Dollie.

7:30 by the clock.

"What shall we do? That's it! And it will be good because they show Paramount and Artcraft pictures. But hurry—we don't want to miss a minute of it."

* * *

You don't know exactly how it all comes about. And what's more you don't care. But before you realize it those vexatious big little things that were so important at a quarter to six aren't of any importance at all.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

likewise in his supreme form. The tale has charm, mystery and drama, who could ask more?

RED, WHITE AND BLUE BLOOD—Metro

There are people who think that a reviewer likes to write "roasts." And, if the truth must be known, there are critics who do like to write "roasts" because in this way they believe they establish their own superiority. Recently I have taken occasion to criticize adversely the acting of Francis X. Bushman, and I will hereby prove that it was not for either of the reasons stated above. I enjoyed "Red, White and Blue Blood," because in it Mr. Bushman reveals himself as the artist I have always believed he could be if he laid aside certain mannerisms—if he would forego a tendency to pause and pose. It is not easy to tell, in such instances, whether the player or the director is at fault. In "Red, White and Blue Blood," Mr. Bushman *acts*. He imparts a clean cut idea of the character of the role he is playing by showing the man in constant action. And he inspires Miss Beverly Bayne to a charming artistry such as she has not displayed of late, as well. And, that no one who may deserve credit may be overlooked, the director was Charles J. Brabin, the scenario author Miss June Mathis. It is a charming story, told with much humor, of the conquest of the heart of a frivolous girl by a man who started out to teach her a lesson, and ended by falling in love with her. The titles are delicious. Two samples: "Old Patrick Spaulding was as good a golfer as his tailor could make him;" "It's sometimes hard to tell who's the spider and who's the fly." Jack Raymond makes his bit-part, a weazelly valet, a minute gem. This production is worthy of the Bushman-Bayne popularity.

THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK—Fox

George Walsh, the nimble, is more himself, and less reminiscent of anyone else, in "The Pride of New York," than in any of his previous efforts. It is a melodrama with much comedy. It shows war as the great democratizing element in society, the patriotic son of a contractor's foreman finding his mate in the unspoiled daughter of wealth. It begins in New York and finishes, after a sanguinary battle, behind the firing line in France. R. A. Walsh, the star's brother, loves to do battle scenes, and they are probably as near the real thing as anything fiction pictures offer. Regina Quinn, who plays the society girl in the Red Cross service, is a delightful acquisition to the screen. This is said to be her first picture. It certainly will not be her last.

THE LAND OF PROMISE—Paramount

Perhaps you didn't know that Billie Burke can emote. Neither did I. But she does it in "The Land of Promise," and does it rather well. Used to the refinements of an English home, a girl is forced by circumstances to go to Northwest Canada, where her brother has a farm. She does her best to adapt herself to circumstances, but her sister-in-law makes life miserable, and she marries Tom Meighan in desperation—one of those "name only" bargains. The husband falls in love, but keeps his bargain for a year. Then he ruthlessly breaks it. In these passages Meighan is magnificent, dominant, the primal male. The censors in squeamish states will, perhaps, find it too frank an exposition of life. But how the little wife, who believed herself miserable, found her land of promise a land of fulfillment is a pretty denouement. Miss Burke is less Burkish but more of an artist than in most of her sentimental comedy essays. J. W. Johnston gives a fine study of the brother, torn between love of wife and love of sister. Mary Alden, as the embittered farmer's wife, renews the belief that she is a great actress.

THE SQUARE DECEIVER—Metro

In its numerous disguises, the story of Cinderella is always popular. The scorned, neglected and scolded little girl who marries the fairy prince in the end, is always loved. The latest reincarnation of this fable is "The Square Deceiver," in which Harold Lockwood is starred. Pauline Curley plays the part of the poor relation of a family of social climbers. Their chief desire in life is to be recognized by the aristocratic Van Dykes. Lockwood is The Van Dyke. He falls in love with the poor relation girl, and disguised as a chauffeur, woos and wins her. The story is then made slightly banal by developing the fact that the poor girl is an heiress after all. But the humor of the situation is not lost. Each deceives the other about finances, and the cruel relatives receive their deserts in the end. Mr. Lockwood is happier than he has been for some time. It is a fine, clean bath, after the turgid "Paradise Garden," which was anything but heavenly. And Pauline Curley is a demure and lovely foil.

SHIRLEY KAYE—Select

"Shirley Kaye" calls upon Clara Kimball Young for rather more vivacity than she has displayed in the last year or more. I still regard the pictures which she played in before she became so famous, as much better than those she has done since. She worked harder, and posed less. In "Shirley Kaye" she has not much time to pose. She plays the part of a girl who wages a fight upon a railway man to compel him to leave her father in his titular position as head of the road. The mere fact that the father was not fitted for a big executive job is ignored. His daughter saves him his title and salary, and one visions his future as devoted principally to golf. And this time, Clara lives happily ever after.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

is very young, she lacks finesse, she has not the perfection of spontaneity which comedy demands. But she is vivacious and pretty, and she smiles as if she feels smiley all over. "The Honeymoon," like her first picture after she arrived at stardom, "Scandal," is one of those "married but not convinced" tales. The jealous bride quarrels with her husband at the altar because she thinks he is flirting with a bridesmaid. His later actions confirm her suspicions, albeit unjustly, that he is a philanderer. There is a hasty divorce, mostly by mail and telegraph, permissible only in farces like this, and a remarriage. Earle Foxe plays the husband. Charles Giblyn directed. It is an amusing affair, but not nearly so good as future comedies will be in which this charming young woman appears, when she gains a little more poise.

WAGES NO OBJECT—Metro

There is no good reason for selecting "Wages No Object" as the Drew comedy to be commented upon this month, but it happens to be the one I saw last. Like Lowell, "I know not if I am as other men," but all any exhibitor needs to do to get the price of admission plus the war tax from me, is stick a Drew one-sheet in front of his emporium—and I'm a tough bird when it comes to giving up money to see pictures. But these Drews are so human, that in watching their comedies I have all the sensation of sneaking around to the next-door-neighbors' house and peeking in.

THE ETERNAL TEMPTRESS—Paramount

Lina Cavalieri is not new to the screen, but until now the pictures in which she has appeared have been of foreign origin, and mostly rather old-fashioned. "The Eternal Temptress" is her first American-made production, and it is distinctly foreign in flavor. There is the same mechanical plot, without the close alliance with life conditions which is more and more demanded by American audiences. For example, the entire situation hangs upon the hypothesis that a message of vast international importance will be left lying about in the office of an ambassador, with no more consideration than a picture post card, for any sneak thief to purloin. This is the worst inconsistency. The Cavalieri beauty is not sufficient to carry this fable. Nor is the unique fact that two popular leading men, Alan Hale and Elliott Dexter, are the villains of the piece, the former as the spy, the latter as the weak American. The photography is remarkable.

I LOVE YOU—TRIANGLE

In pastoral surroundings, a beautiful peasant girl dreams of a lover who, she feels, one day will come. An artist arrives, finds her an ideal model, plays at love with her, and leaves her, unhappy. Another man sees in the painting, the soul of the girl, finds her, marries her, and they are happy. The artist then tries to

(Continued on page 114)

The Rejected One

(Continued from page 49)

read it. He did. I got it back in four days, with a letter saying that it was 'commonplace and trite.' It was refused, of course.

"I determined to submit it to someone else, but before doing so I made up my mind to come down and see you. I thought I might in some way induce you to look the thing over. It was a forlorn hope, but I was desperate. Before I came I re-typed the first page of my script, leaving off the title, and my name. I had some sort of a vague idea that I would leave it on your desk, when you weren't looking, and that you might read it without knowing what it was. So I came.

"I wasn't taking any chances on being turned down by the boy at the desk, so I just nodded to him the way I did before, said something about an appointment, and walked down the corridor. When I got to your door, I came in. The room was empty. I thought at first that I would drop my synopsis on your desk and beat it. I went over to the desk to carry out this plan, when I saw lying before me Mr. Fleming's script. I knew you would read it, because it had his name on it, and you wouldn't read mine, because my name meant nothing to you. Then I remembered that my wife had said to me, 'if you don't see your opportunity, *make one!*' So just took the cover from Mr. Fleming's script and put it on my own. I took his, without any cover and handed it to Miss Bradley, for reading. She didn't even glance at it. I've been wondering ever since what happened to it."

"Nothing happened to it," I said. "Mr. Baker had not yet had time to read it. I gave it back to Mr. Fleming yesterday."

"I hope I haven't caused him any trouble," McKay said, then began to laugh. "Gee," he said. "Wouldn't it have been funny, if Mr. Baker had refused his script?"

I did not answer this question. Instead, I tried my best to look very severe.

"What you have done, Mr. McKay," I said, "is equivalent to obtaining money under false pretenses. You took advantage of Mr. Fleming's name and reputation"—

"Oh, come now," he interrupted. "You produced the picture because you liked it, didn't you, and not because Fleming's name was on the cover? You wouldn't have produced it, if it had been punk. All the good Fleming's name did me was to get you to read my script, and that was a blessing, not a hardship to you, for you get one of the best pictures your company has ever put out?"

"Are you ready to sign a contract with us for that picture on the usual terms?" I asked, getting down to business.

"Am I ready? Say, I'm so ready that if I don't sign it soon, and telephone the good news to my wife, I think I'll have heart failure right here on the spot. Am I ready? Is a cat ready for a bowl of cream? Bring on your contract."

I saw that we would have no trouble with our new contributor on the business end of the deal.

"Now that you are here," I said, "why not come down to the projecting room and take a look at your picture."

He glanced at the clock on my desk.

"Before I do that," he said, "I must telephone the wife. She—she's not feeling very well. And I—I'd like to get a bit of breakfast—haven't had any yet, and I—I wonder if you could let me have a dollar on account?"

I handed him a five dollar bill.

"There ought to be about five hundred coming to you today," I said, "in advance royalties. I suppose from what you say it will come in very handy."

He looked at me for a moment so gravely that I wondered whether what I'd said had hurt his feelings.

"Handy," he said. "Let me tell you something. Last week Mrs. McKay presented me with a son and heir. I pawned everything in the flat to pay the nurse and the doctor. Tomorrow I was going back to my old job, for the boy's sake. That's how handy it comes in."

Facts and Fallacies of the Films

(Continued from page 64)

tion picture audiences would go wild over a scene produced in this manner. Now they would hardly be deceived by it. So it isn't considered good taste in the best of studios. They just pray for rough water and take scenes on the good old ocean, but not necessarily too far from shore.

Have you ever seen an automobile go over a cliff with people in it? Probably you thought it was faked. It wasn't with the slight exception that the camera was stopped just before the plunge to allow dummies to be substituted for the real players. Even the lives of motion picture actors are quite valuable, although you may have seen some that you thought such a fate entirely too good for. Automobiles are not so highly thought of. Many good cars have been smashed to produce a punch. In the olden days they produced the same effect by using toy autos worked like the train wreck.

If one but reads of the narrow escapes from death and serious injury that befall so many well known stars of the screen, it is quite possible to realize that very little is faked nowadays. Even the famous Mary Pickford had a close call recently. The fact of the matter is, movie fakes have been buried along with the old circus side show and Doc Cook's discovery of the North Pole. When next you see a motion picture try to remember this and do not look for fakes. Appreciate the wonderful advances that have been made in this business which now ranks fifth among the great industries of our country and of which President Wilson said that it would do more than any other one thing to bring order out of chaos in Russia and help us win the war.



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N.B.C. GRAHAM CRACKERS

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 112)

revive in the woman's heart the emotion she felt for him before. The husband believes his wife unfaithful and turns her away. The wife has been exposed to contagion from the black plague, and she returns to the artist, yielding her lips to him, and then telling him it is the kiss of death. The husband is later convinced that his wife's soul is what he had believed from the moment he saw her portrait. This is "I Love You." It is a passionate story, with Alma Rubens in the central role. There is almost a breathless ecstasy in some of her scenes. The story is unfolded in a dramatic manner, with a crashing crescendo at the close. It reminds the musician of a Beethoven overture. The curious thing about the title is that it has never been used before. It would fit hundreds of stories as well as it does this one.

UNKNOWN 274—Fox

"Unknown 274" is the orphanage designation for the girl whose misadventures form the story of the photoplay of that name. The plot is as full of holes as a barrel of doughnuts. The child is taken to the orphanage when she is precisely the age of Kittens Reichert, and is surely old enough to know her own name. Also, she has been living in the town with a woman who lived across the hall from her in New York, before the mysterious accident to her father, and she also would have known the child's name, and told others. It is slipshod story-telling. Then, there is the injustice to orphanages, against which PHOTOPLAY has protested, and will continue to protest. The managers of these institutions as conceived by many picture producers, are not recognizable as human beings. June Caprice labors under all these difficulties heroically. The stars of the production are Kittens Reichert, who is getting to be quite a big girl, and a brilliant collie dog. The Fox scenario department can do good work when somebody cracks the whip, but a few stories like this will durn nigh ruin June Caprice.

BECAUSE OF THE WOMAN—Triangle

Usually when an innocent youth accepts the blame for something, he comes back in the fifth reel and marries the girl. In "Because of the Woman," he comes back, but there is another girl on hand. This story is told at rather too great length, and yet, from the time Belle Bennett arrives upon the screen, half way through the tale, everything is so lively that the drama does not bore. This young woman has a twinkle all her own.

SADIE GOES TO HEAVEN—Essanay

When it comes to producing pictures of child life, George K. Spoor of Essanay—or whoever he hires to do it—can give everyone in the business ten laps head start, and win in a walk. Of course, the advantage he possesses in that adorable child, Mary McAlister, must be taken into consideration. Her latest, "Sadie Goes to Heaven," is one of the best of the productions in which she has appeared. She has a dog, as usual—not Bobo, this time, but a long-suffering nondescript. The two find their way into a wealthy mansion, where the servants believe they have been sent by a freakish mistress. It is heaven while it lasts, but Mary refuses to stay when the mistress says she must choose between her newfound luxury and her dog. But you don't care. She's just as happy back home, even if you're not quite sure about how her new clothes will look in a few days. Director W. S. Van Dyke has done a gemlike piece of work in this story.

HIS ROBE OF HONOR—Paralta

Henry B. Walthall emerges from private life in the Paralta production, "His Robe of Honor." The role is that of a crafty and unscrupulous lawyer, for sale to the highest bidder. His interest in a finer type of young woman than he has previously known, awakens a desire to arrive at a position of respectability, and so, characteristically, he "fixes" a jury for a political boss as the purchase price of an appointment to the supreme court, with the promise of election to the long term later. But having won the honor, he refuses to sully

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N.B.C. OATMEAL CRACKERS

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

it, though he is on the verge at one crisis. It is a clean story, told with a keen regard for decency in passages where the sensation mongers would have found opportunity to introduce a sordid strain. But, most interesting of all, it is a big role for Walthall, whose capacity for suggesting dynamic mentality is unique. The hand of Robert Brunton, production manager, is manifest in the external beauties. A few genuine antiques from the storehouse of melodrama are introduced by the director, as in the closing scene, where a young woman speaks to her uncle in behalf of the man she loves, but looks at neither one, gazing into the camera instead. That is not being done this century. Still, these few lapses cannot spoil such a generally excellent picture as "His Robe of Honor."

MY UNMARRIED WIFE—Bluebird

We once heard a man express his admiration for Carmel Meyers by saying that she was the "candy kid." She is truly just as sweet as she sounds in "My Unmarried Wife," a Bluebird production made from Frank Adams' charming story, "Molly and I." It speaks well for Molly or for Carmel that as soon as Kenneth Harlan found out she was his unmarried wife he hastened to make the tie permanent. Molly, whose surname is Cunningham when the story opens, witnessed an accident that robbed Philip Smith (Kenneth Harlan) of his sight. Now as Molly must marry to inherit a fortune, and as the time was up, she decided to marry Philip. The ceremony took place just before the bridegroom was sent abroad for treatment. Philip recovered his sight but love remained blind, and so it happened that Philip could not see that Molly was breaking her heart for him. This gave Miss Meyers an opportunity to pose as an Italian girl and wear most becoming earrings and kerchiefs and every thing, before she finally declared her hand, which happened to be the left one with a wedding ring on it. It is delightfully done.

THE VOLUNTEER—World

Madge Evans is the star in a new World-Brady picture called "The Volunteer" and it is something to be the star in a cast which includes Kitty Gordon, Ethel Clayton, June Elvidge, Evelyn Greeley, Carlyle Blackwell, Montague Love and Harley Knoles—oh yes and William A. Brady himself.

It happens like this. Madge Evans, who remains Madge Evans in the story, has a father who is called away to war and a mother who offers her services as a nurse, so little Madge is sent to her Quaker grandfather and grandmother. But before she goes she bids good-bye to all of the notables in the studio at Fort Lee. This is where all of the actors and actresses and managers and directors, whose names appear just to the north of this sentence, come in. One of the most pleasing features of the picture is the acting of Henry Hull. So far as we know this is his first appearance on the screen and he is indeed an acquisition. He appeared as the Quaker uncle of little Madge, who volunteered to fight for his country and thereby forever cut himself off from his pacifist people.

THE AUCTION BLOCK—Goldwyn

"The Auction Block" is full of stumbling blocks before it finally settles down to tell the real story. The picture is taken from the Rex Beach novel. As a matter of fact, there is not one story there, but a dozen and the original text is closely adhered to in the scenario. There is lamentable dearth of continuity in the "getaway" and it almost looks as if some of the entrees are going to be left at the post, but Larry Trimble is an adept at getting big fields away and he finally had all of the characters introduced and working nicely with each other. Rudbye De-Remer was chosen by Mr. Beach to play the role of Lorelei because she was so beautiful. She was not expected to act, but this did not prevent her from doing so. Miss De Remer forgot that she was a beauty and played the part simply, naturally and delightfully. The whole cast was excellent.

RUNAWAY ROMANY—Pathe

Marion Davies, one of the prettiest of musical comedy stars, makes her debut in



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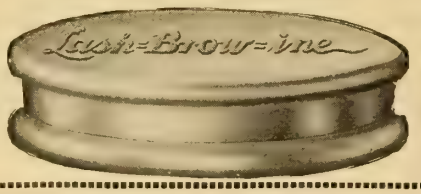
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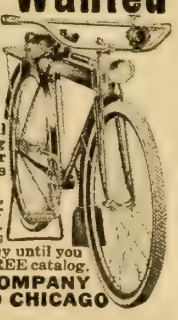


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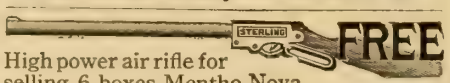
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

pictures in "Runaway Romany," one of the most beautiful productions that has ever come out of the Pathe shop. It is notable for its ocular charm and for this remarkable supporting cast—Joseph Kilgour, Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore, Ormi Hawley, Gladden James, Boyce Coombe, and W. W. Bitner, directed by George Lederer. That is an array of talent which would make any picture worth seeing regardless of the story. Which is a good thing. The plot and scenario are blamed to Miss Davies herself. You can tell by looking at her that she is too pretty to be a successful author. It is the stone age tale of the lost heiress with the strawberry mark on her left shoulder. But Miss Davies is sufficiently attractive, and her cast sufficiently brilliant, to carry anything.

THE GIRL BY THE ROADSIDE—Bluebird

A screen version of Varich Vanardys' novel "The Girl by the Roadside," has been used by Bluebird to present Violet Mersereau in a particularly pleasing role, that of Judith Ralston. Miss Mersereau seems especially designed by nature to appear in white riding breeches and little shiny boots, and if she had to be deposited by the roadside by a fractious mount, everyone should be thankful that she did it in front of a camera. Miss Mersereau overacts, but not enough to spoil the general results.

IN THE BALANCE—Vitagraph

Truth compels one to say that—"In the Balance," a Vitagraph picture is not so satisfactory if one has read the story from which it was taken as it might be if one had not done so. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose book, "The Hillman," furnishes the theme for the Vitagraph picture, probably would not recognize his brain children as they appeared on the screen; but then, there are plenty of people who will meet John Strangeway for the first time in the person of Earle Williams and who will welcome Grace Darmond as Louise Maurel. Robert Gaillard was perfectly cast as Stephen Strangeway, the misogynist, and Denton Vane was fairly satisfactory as Prince of Seyre. Miriam Miles also decorates the cast. Probably the greatest fault which one could find with the picture was that—unless one knew the story it was not at all times easy to follow the characters in their sudden and seemingly unpremeditated jumps from place to place. But then the fact remains that Earle Williams and Grace Darmond are the two handsomest Vitagraph stars and one could not look at them and feel the lack of just ordinary things like continuity or coherency. It is to cavil.

THE HEART OF A LION—Fox

A Fox picture called "The Heart of a Lion" introduces William Farnum in the stellar role, assisted very nicely by Mary Martin and William Courtleigh, Jr. The photo drama was made from Ralph Connor's novel, "The Doctor." There is no

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

denying William Farnum's charm, and somehow we liked him better as the simple-hearted Barney Kemper than we have in some other more pretentious roles. Mary Martin is sweet and pretty as Margaret Danford, the ministering angel, and young Courtleigh seemed more at home as the scapegrace student than he did as the young divine. Walter Law cannot escape. He is the villain as usual, and two small parts are extremely well done by Wanda Petit and Rita Bori.

OVER THE HILL—Pathe

The best story in which Gladys Hulette has projected her unique charm upon the screen in a long time, is "Over the Hill." The pampered son of an owner of a syndicate of newspapers, is sent to a small town to make a man of himself. The business manager of the paper is sincere and hard-working. The son of the owner tries to double-cross the manager, and would succeed only that a young girl steps in and burns an entire edition of the paper. It is a clever story, with no hint of the outcome until the end.

Face Value

(Continued from page 58)

recalled stories he had read about shoplifters, wealthy women who could well afford to pay a dozen times over for whatever they wanted, but could not resist the temptation to steal. What if she was one of these unfortunates? It came to him like a blow. He could not believe it, but he must know.

He found Joan still standing on the balcony. So—she was trying to hide. Bertram became convinced against his will.

"Joan!" he exclaimed. "Tell me it isn't true. Tell me you didn't take the necklace."

She had not recovered from the shock of Louie's sudden appearance and his threat. Mechanically, and without a word, she reached into her bosom and drew out the necklace. She handed it to him and hung her head. She was too bewildered to explain. She could not frame the words. And she was in mortal terror of Louie. Bertram took the necklace, stared at her, horrified, and, turning on his heel, went back to the ball room. Pretending to be merely moving about among the others, he went to the place where the dowager had been sitting, leaned down, and when he stood up he held the necklace in his hand.

"Here it is," he shouted. "It was on the floor all the time."

There was a general laugh of relief, and the incident was forgotten.

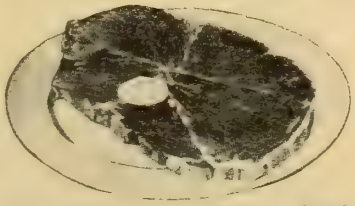
But the activity of the detectives had revealed the presence of the uninvited stranger. Louie was wanted for several other little affairs in which he had been more successful. One of the detectives recognized him, and, taking him by the arm, warned him not to make any disturbance, but to come along quietly. Louie, slippery as ever, pretended to surrender, and walked away with the sleuth. But as they left the ball room, with a quick movement he sent his captor



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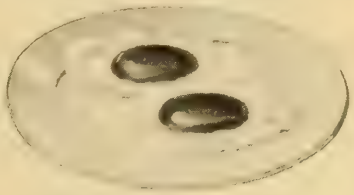
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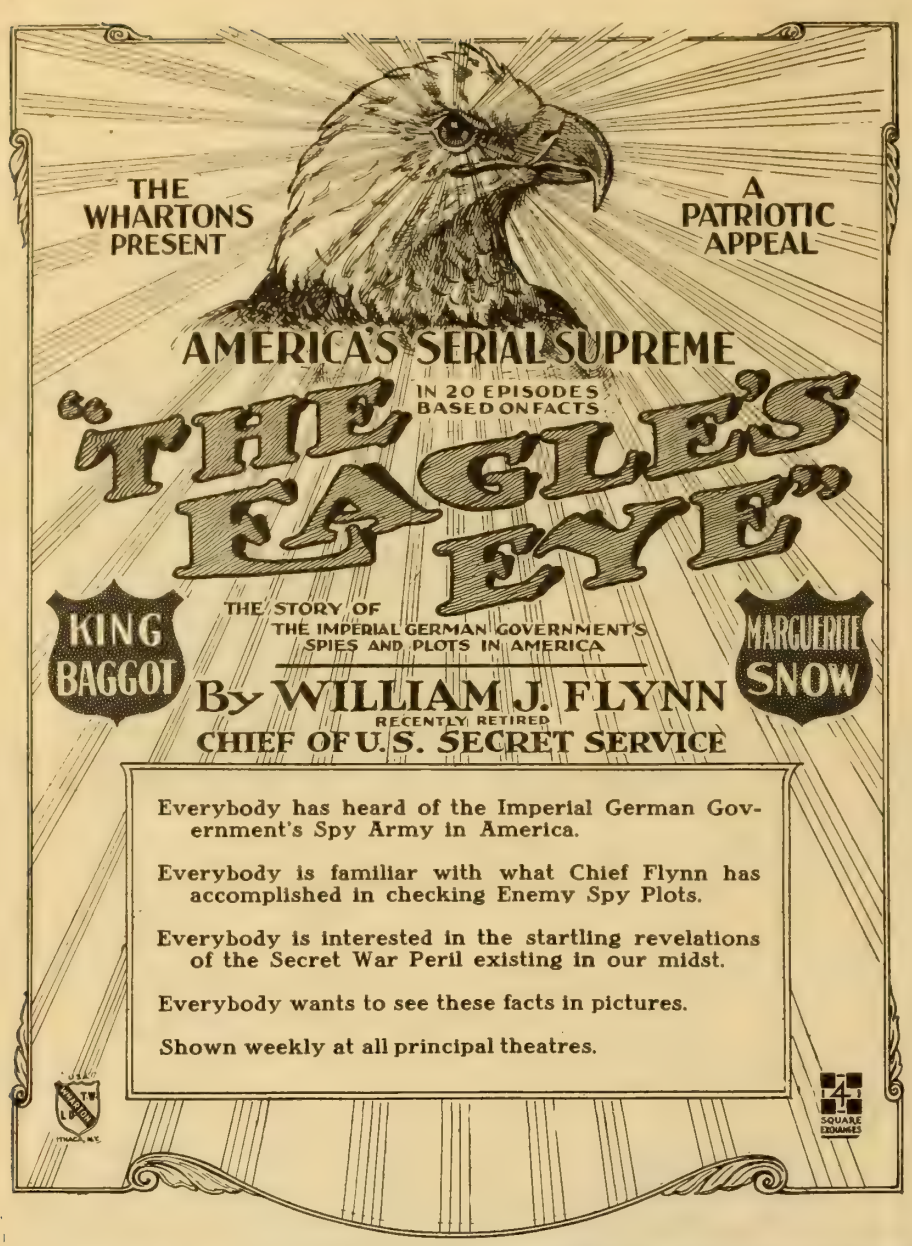
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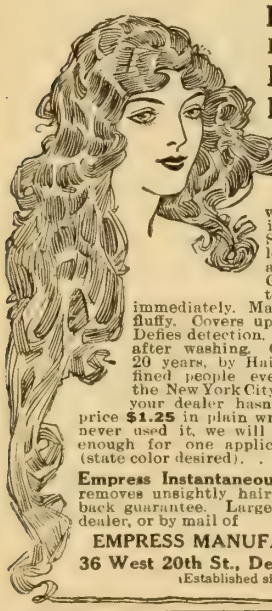
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Face Value

(Continued)

sprawling, dashed down the stairs, and in an instant was speeding off in a borrowed automobile.

Meanwhile he had discovered that Joan was living with the Van Twillers. He had seen Bertram return the necklace, and realized that he would not have done so if he had not been anxious to protect Joan. Well, the necklace was out of his reach, but there might be a possibility of doing a little something by way of blackmail. So he drove to the Van Twiller home, and, hiding in a corner, waited for Joan.

Joan, sick at heart, also had hurried away from the ball room, and arrived home soon after Louie. She started for her room, but Louie confronted her.

"So—you had to squeal after all, eh?" he sneered.

"I didn't squeal, Louie. I just gave the necklace back. , I didn't say where I got it. They think it was I who stole it. And I don't suppose they'd believe anything else, now."

"Oh yes they will. Gee, kid, but you look great. You could make a guy believe anything in that make-up."

Joan turned from him in disgust.

"Nix on that high-brow stuff," Louie snarled. "Come back to earth. I got to have some coin. And you're going to give it to me—or get it for me. I don't care how you get it, but you've got to turn the trick. If you don't—there's still a reform school sentence calling for you."

"Louie! You wouldn't do that. You wouldn't!" Joan exclaimed.

"Now look here, kid. The cops are hot on my trail. I've got to make a getaway. That bunch of sparks would have done it, but you lost them for me. Now you owe it to me to make good. Understand?"

"I'll undertake to pay Miss Darby's debt," came a voice from the stairs.

Bertram had returned home, and, hearing the voices in the hall, had entered by another door. He had listened to enough of the conversation to learn the truth. He was down the stairs in two bounds, and the slippery Louie soon discovered that he was in the hands of no weakling. It mattered not to Bertram, however, whether or not Louie was arrested. He had something else on his mind, and could not waste any time with the thief. So he satisfied himself with opening the door and giving Louie a running start down the steps. But the police had found the stolen automobile, and were waiting, so Louie had left the frying pan only to jump into the fire.

Within the Van Twiller mansion, Bertram had found it necessary to put his arm around Joan to keep her from falling. She was weak and dizzy from the peril through which she had passed, and from the relief at having the truth revealed to Bertram. But she gradually recovered, and smiled up at him. Then a terrible thought came to her.

"What if Louie should tell?" she exclaimed. "I'm a fugitive from justice."

"There isn't much danger of my wife being sent to a reform school," Bertram replied, with a happy laugh.

"Your wife?" Joan cried. "You're not married? —Oh, I understand," and she buried her blushes on his shoulder.

Griffith, Maker of Battle Scenes, Sees Real War

(Continued from page 28)

lish. Hardly had they taken refuge before the storm began.

Griffith crouched down behind a cement pillar that had been part of the old German fortifications. Then it began. Shrapnel and explosive shell came like a terrific storm around them. The noise was beyond all human description. Every shell that came near threw up torrents of mud and slime.

In the middle of it, a British officer appeared on the scene and looked with astonishment at this lone civilian crouching down behind a hunk of cement while the shells rained all around him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm trying to keep out of sight," said Griffith.

The officer was standing at the window of a shell proof that faced the other way. "I shall have to arrest you," he said sternly.

"Oh thank you; pray do," said Griffith gratefully seeing a chance to get into the shell proof. As the British officer would have been obliged to come around in plain sight of the German to "pinch" the intruder, he evidently thought better of it and closed the aperture.

Griffith had to stay there, squatting in the mud until night came and the shelling stopped. The British officers said afterward that they had never seen a fiercer artillery display than this little private battle between Griffith and the German artillery.

Since he has come home, he is the adored of all the war veterans in Los Angeles. And already there are scores of men who have done their bit and are home again from the war.

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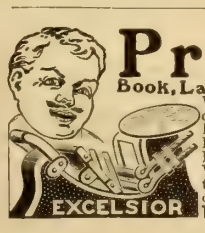
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and receive the April issue and five issues thereafter.

I Love You

(Continued from page 35)

his love for her. She pushed him from her, looked full into his face, and laughed at him. Bewildered and angry, Mardon attempted to grasp her. She broke away from him and drew from her hair a sharp little stiletto.

"Come an inch nearer and I'll let this find your lying heart," she cried.

Jules drew away from her in horror. She turned on him and poured forth in a torrent all the bitterness of her long years of waiting, all the humiliation, all the suffering she had endured through him and his desertion of her. Maddened, Jules sprang upon her and snatched the dagger from her. There was a knock at the door. Startled, Felice tried to regain her poise and frantically snatched at her rumpled hair. The boy's nurse entered and in a frightened voice exclaimed that the villagers were crying that the plague was upon them. "And Madame, the boy is ill," she cried. "I am afraid; so afraid. He has the fever and is calling for you."

"Go back to him quickly," ordered Felice. "I will follow."

The nurse hurried away, and without even a glance at Mardon, Felice started after her. He stopped her.

"If the boy has the plague he will die, and you with him. That is needless sacrifice. You cannot help. Come with me and I will save you."

"My place is by my child," she answered. "Do not dare try to stop me!"

"You shall not go, Felice, my beautiful Felice! Come away from this stricken place. We will love each other as we did long ago."

She struck at him fiercely. He caught her arms. She struggled and tried to cry for help, but he placed his hand over her mouth and smothered her voice.

Beside his, her strength was nothing. Then there burst forth the loud pealing of the bell again, and now Felice could hear the cries of the terror-stricken peasants fleeing from the place. With one last, desperate, ineffectual effort to release herself, she fainted.

Mardon threw a robe over her, and lifting her in his arms, carried her from the place into a trap which was waiting and drove away.

When Felice came to her senses, she was lying on a rude cot in a deserted peasant's cottage. Jules Mardon was pacing the floor, his clothing disarranged, his face drawn with terror of the pestilence. Turning, he saw that Felice's eyes were open, and he tried to force some home-brewed brandy, which stood on a table, between her lips. With a moan, she pretended unconsciousness again. Jules lifted the brandy bottle to his lips and drank.

Soon the strong, raw liquor began to dull his senses. Through half closed eyelids, Felice watched him. It was not long before he was sleeping in drunken oblivion. Like a shadow, she stole from the cot and made her way home.

At last she reached the bedside of her child, worn to the point of exhaustion. Lifting the little fevered body in her arms, she covered it with kisses. A hand upon her shoulder rudely jerked her back, and the child's body slipped from her hold and went limp.

I Love You

(Continued)

"He is dead!" moaned the nurse. Felice tottered to her feet and met the accusing eyes of her husband.

"How dare you profane your child with your touch! To your knees!"

He forced her down, down, before Mardon's unfinished painting. Seizing a palette knife, De Gautier cut the canvas to ribbons. "Go back to your lover," he cried hoarsely to Felice, "you who would leave your child to die! Never let me see your face again."

Incoherent, bewildered, Felice dragged herself from her husband's house, her brain seething with a million emotions. Her revenge had proved a boomerang which had destroyed her. "But not yet," she whispered. "Not yet! He shall pay."

She went back to where Jules Mardon lay. She shook him, called his name. Presently he stirred, and recognizing her, opened wide his arms. She did not repulse him; instead, her lips met his. Jules was wide awake now with joy of what he believed was her surrender. Then her wild laughter rang out, peal on peal. "At last we are even! You shall die as my boy has died, as I will die. I carry the plague upon my lips!"

She ran from the hut and on and on through the night, until she was in the mountains. She saw a light in the distance, and made one last effort to reach it, but sank unconscious to the ground. There the kindly priest of a little mountain church found her. He took her in and nursed her through the fever. Listening to her ravings, he learned her secrets and sent word to the priest of De Gautier's village.

The world wondered at the disappearance of the great artist, Mardon. It never knew that he lay in a nameless, unidentified grave, with dozens of other victims of the great plague.

* * * * * *

Long weeks after Felice was physically well, her mind wandered. Her husband had come to see her, but she did not know him. She still had the obsession that she was stricken with the plague, and that her boy was dead.

De Gautier sent to Paris for a famous physician. With the child, who had at last recovered his strength, they went to the little church one evening, when Felice was kneeling, as was her wont, before the altar. Gently De Gautier set his little son on the ground and whispered to him to go up and kiss his mother. The little fellow stole to the side of the kneeling woman and softly slipped his arms about her neck. She looked at him gently, but with no sign of recognition. Then the baby lips were pressed to hers, and a long convulsive shudder crept over her as an arrow of remembrance pierced the cloud which hung over her tortured brain. Her eyes flooded with tears as she clasped the little figure in her arms and turned to greet her husband.

"Felice, will you forgive me?" he pleaded, on his knees before her.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered. "I love you."

And the light of perfect love illumined her face and shone from the depths of her great eyes.

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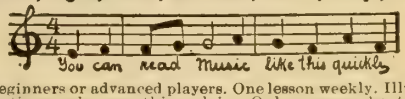


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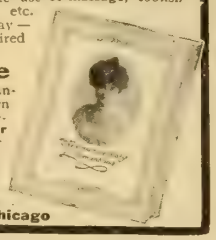


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AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; Vine and Selma, Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

EMPIRE ALL-STAR CORPORATION, 220 S. State St., Chicago; Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT CO., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KALEM CO., 235 W. 23d St., New York City; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM CO., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION CO., Times Bldg., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

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WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 102*)

DICK, ST. LOUIS, MO.—You are deadly crazy in love with Olga Petrova are you, and would like to have her address so you may write her? Well here it is, but beware—807 E. 175th Street, New York City. You don't like angels, that's why you like Olga Petrova? Mme. Petrova *will* be flattered. Why nickname her "Ski" then? Skies and angels and stars go together.

R. A., EUGENE, ORE.—William S. Hart is his honest-to-goodness name. He's forty-three and admits it. "The Silent Man" is the picture you asked about. Dorothy Dalton is her own name off stage and on.

R. T., WEST END, N. J.—William and Constance Collier are not related. Hardie is Miss Collier's real surname. Collier has belonged to William for the last forty-nine years. "The Hidden Hand" is the Pathe serial you have reference to.

J. F., SCHNECTADY, N. Y.—September 25, 1916, is the release date of "Circumstantial Evidence." Emily Stevens and Frank Mills were the featured players in that production. The name of the baby was not given in the cast.

D. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.—We are glad you like our department better than any others with the exception of the art section. Those pictures are too much competition. We give up in their flavor. Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters," Rupert Julian in "The Pretty Sister of Jose," Clifford Bruce opposite Mabel Taliaferro in "The Barricade." William Stowell with Dorothy Phillips in "The Rescue." Billy Sherwood was the "lucky man" in "The Jury of Fate." John Cumberland, the luck or unluck—y husband in "Baby Mine." Herbert Heyes was the hero in "The Outsider." Alma Rubens played with Doug Fairbanks in "The Americano" and Dorothea Abril with Wallie Reid in "The Hostage." Thank you for the biography suggestion. *We* patient, cheerful and witty?—thank you.

O. J. D., PASCOAG, *R. I.*—Juanita Hansen is not married. Address her at Universal City, Cal.

MOVIE ENTHUSIAST, SANTA ROSA, CAL.—You are wrong. "Broadway Arizona" is neither a paramount nor a Fox production. It was made by Triangle. The cast: *Fritzi Carlyle,* Olive Thomas; *John Keyes,* George Chesebro; *Uncle Isaacs Horn,* George Hernandex; *Jack Boggs,* Jack Curtis; *Press Agent,* Dana Ong; *Old Producer,* Thomas Guise; *Indian Squaw,* Leola Mae; *Doctor,* Robert Dunbar.

V. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The deep-dyed villain in "The Man from Painted Post" was Frank Campeau. Mr. Campeau hails from the city that was built by, with and for speed—Detroit, Mich. Doug is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty.

B. E. S., HASTINGS, MICH.—Pauline Frederick, Theda Bara, Mary Pickford or Alice Joyce never lived in your town. True Boardman is with American Co. now. He was born in 1885. That was Nigel Barrie in "Bab's Diary." Jack Pickford is twenty-one and has a wife. She's Olive Thomas.

DAGO, FREMONT, NEB.—In "Zaza" the title role was played by Pauline Frederick. Robert Warwick is at Plattsburg. He has been commissioned Captain. You are sure are you that you want a "Beauty and Brains" contest for men and think it would be great fun? Do you know any beautiful men?



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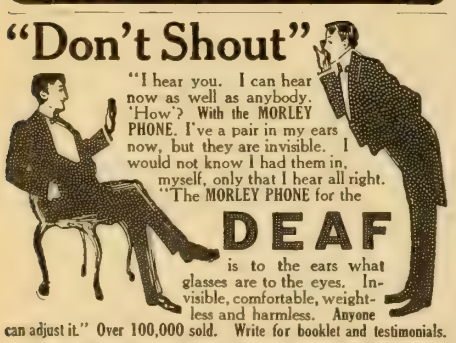
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Questions and Answers
(Continued)

O. MC., CANTON, PA.—Believe you are right about Mary Anderson and Antonio Moreno not appearing together in that production. Thank you for calling our attention to the mistake. Belle Bruce was last with Metro.

MONSIEUR, MONTREAL, QUEBEC.—We translated your French greeting and thank you for the good wishes you sent. Grace Cunard says she was born in Paris. Max Linder returned to France in the fall. The American climate did not agree with him.

K. D., LAKE BLUFF, ILL.—Sorry, but we can't help the romance along that you have planned. Ethel Clayton already has a husband of whom she is very fond and we have a slight suspicion that John Bowers is married. It is not likely that Virginia Pearson will become Mrs. Irving Cummings; firstly because the title Mrs. Sheldon Lewis is much more to her liking and secondly because Ruth Sinclaire (Mrs. Irving Cummings) might object.

L. M. R., RENO, NEVADA.—Conway Tearle is the handsome man you have reference to in "The Judgment House." He appeared opposite Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris." Just at present he is on the legitimate stage—Ethel Barrymore's leading man in "The Lady of the Camellias."

O. P., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—We'll speak to Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky and Mr. Laemmle and Mr. Fox and Mr. Rowland and all the others about moving their studios from Hollywood to Jacksonville. We'll tell them what you say about the Florida climate. Moving studios across the country should be an easy matter and would be something entirely new in the film world.

PATTY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Welcome to our midst Patty. Found somewhere in Los Angeles a girl of twenty who has no desire to become a screen star. We're at your service and are more than glad to tell you that Olga Petrova is still making pictures at 807 E. 175th St., New York City, and that "The Studio Girl," with Constance Talmadge, is soon to be released. Write again.

L. M., ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Joe, Mary, Matt, Tom and Owen Moore. Quite sure you aren't their sister, but you might ask them if they lost a sister in the wilds of Georgia some ten years back.

P. B. W., WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Oh yes, we have automobile trucks and street cars and telephones and one or two skyscrapers in Chicago. Why, in New York they even have a river. What hast thou in Wellington?

H. T. T., AUGUSTA, MAINE.—Grace Darmond is at the western Vitagraph studio. She is Earle Williams' leading man at the present time. Harry Morey and Alice Joyce are Vitagraphers though they are no longer playing opposite one another.

"U-ANN-SIR-THIS 1," GREEN BAY, WIS.—Some nom you have. You had one of your "Why-Do-They-Do-Its" accepted? That is the supreme test. We are quite, quite sure you have a most brilliant literary future. George Chesebro in "Broadway Arizona" and Vernon Steele opposite Marguerite Clark in "Little Lady Eileen."

LAVENDER, SYDNEY, N. S. WALES.—We do not know the present whereabouts of Marie Newton. Helen and Dolores Costello aren't in pictures. They are attending an eastern school.

M. D., NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.—Address Grace Cunard and Ruth Clifford at Universal City, Cal. Julian Eltinge at the Lambs Club, N. Y. C. Bessie Love in care of Pathe, Jersey City and Elsie Ferguson in care of Artcraft, N. Y. Miss Ferguson is married. Charlie's mustache isn't a permanent fixture. Address Virginia Corbin in care of Fox's western studio. Eugene O'Brien was *Adam Ladd* in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

L. C., MONTREAL, CAN.—Pearl White is her name, we're sure. Address Olive Thomas at Culver City, Cal., and tuck an International Coupon worth twenty-five cents in the letter if you want her to send a photo.

G. M., LEXINGTON, KY.—Marguerite Clark has been showering her radiance about this earth for thirty-one years. She is four feet eleven inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. Address her in care of Famous Players.

VAN, NEWARD, N. J.—Not Mary Miller, but Gladys Smith. The "Old Folks at Home" cast follows: *John Coburn,* Sir Herbert Tree; *Mrs. Coburn,* Josephine Crowell; *Steve Coburn,* Elmer Clifton; *Marjorie,* Mildred Harris; *Lucia Medina,* Lucille Younge; *Stanley,* W. E. Lawrence; *The Judge,* Spottiswoode Aitken.

M. M., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Dick Barthlemess was born in 1895. He has to his credit juvenile leads in the following photoplay productions: "War Brides," "The Valentine Girl," "The Eternal Sin," "Moral Code," "Soul of a Magdalen," "Streets of Illusion," "Bab's Burglar" and "For Valor."

A. V., CAPE GIRARDEAN, MO.—Billie Burke isn't the fifth wife of Flo. Ziegfeld. He is in his early forties and is the man who invented the "Follies." Chester Barnett is not the husband of Pearl White. Crane Wilbur married Mrs. Williams in the late fall of 1916. He's twenty-eight. Francelia Billington is twenty-two and happily unmarried. Jack Pickford, if he became a member of "Only Their Husband's Club," would register under the name of Mr. Olive Thomas. Ashton Dearholt was *Frank* in "The Masked Heart."

P. A. R., NEPONSET, ILL.—Mary Miles Minter is single, Billie Rhodes is divorced and your Crane Wilbur question is answered elsewhere.

N. N., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Mary Pickford is living in Hollywood. That lil old place is a suburb of Los Angeles. Lottie and Jack Smith, though no one knows them by any name but Pickford. "Doug" is thirty-five.

H. P., MONMOUTH, MAINE.—We'd do anything for anyone from the Pine Tree State, so here is all the info you asked for: Florence Marten with Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington." Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty. Edward Earle is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and weighs just one hundred and fifty-nine and one-half.

A MURDOCK AND LOCKWOOD ADMIRER, WISSOTA, WIS.—Ann Murdock was born in 1890 in New York. She has hazel eyes and red hair and is five feet four inches tall. You might try and see if she sends her photo upon request. Harold Lockwood's wife is a non-professional.

CAMILLE, CANTON, MASS.—Tom Forman is no longer the husband of Ruth King and Blanche Sweet never has been married. Tom undoubtedly would have been a star in his own right ere this if he hadn't gone to war.



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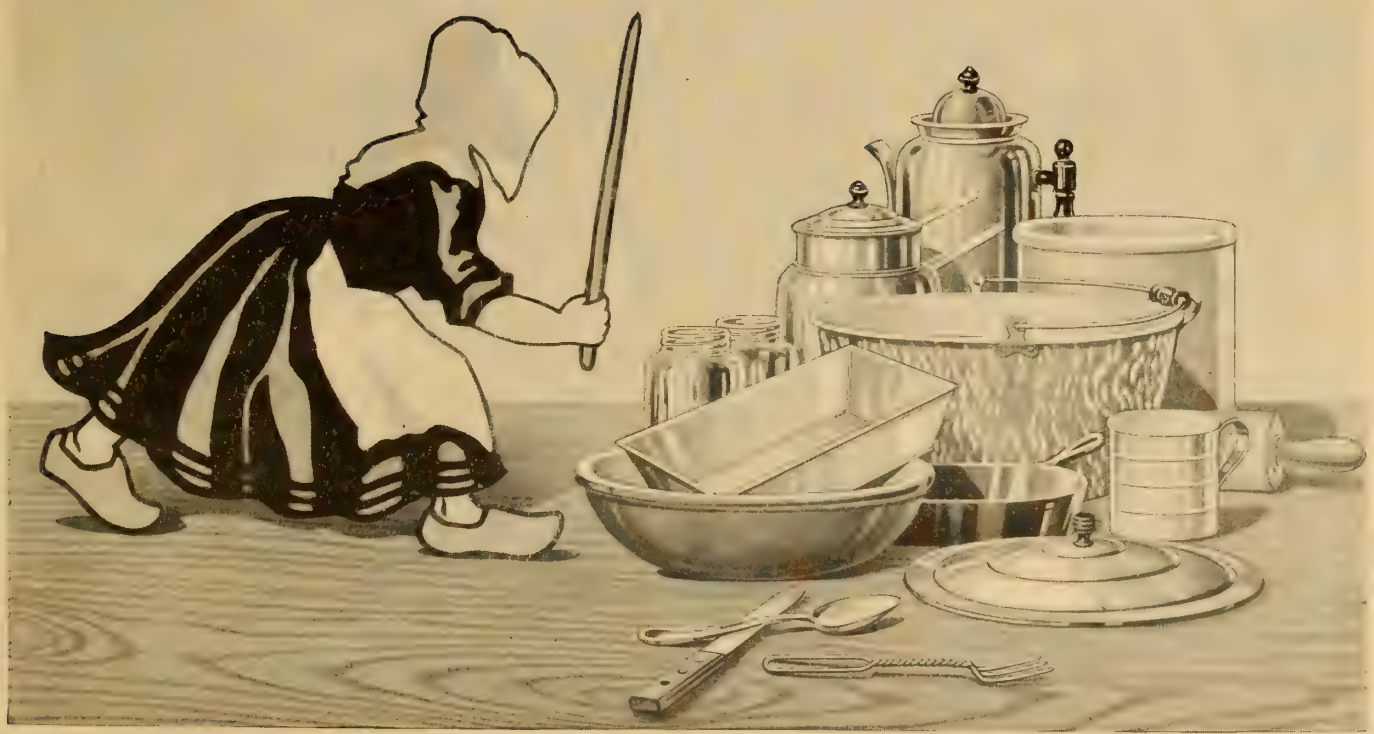
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